

Chapter 37 A Stalling Tactic

Isaac grabbed the document and read the words written on it. Sure enough, he found Camila's information on it. "Are you sure this is the driver of the car?"

As far as he remembered, the person behind the wheel at that time was a man.

Wynter did not know why he suddenly got angry, but she still answered, "Yes, the car involved in the accident belongs to Miss Haynes..."

"How can you be so sure that she was the one driving the car?" Glaring coldly at Wynter, Isaac climbed out of bed. "Was it Camila who you punished?"

Wynter lowered her head and did not respond.

"Answer me!" Isaac barked.

Wynter timidly replied, "Yes, sir."

Isaac felt like the wind was knocked out of him.

Wynter hurriedly said, "I'm so sorry, sir!"

Ignoring her, Isaac hurried out the door.

Outside the ward stood Debora, who was waiting to be allowed inside. After the accident, she now had a perfectly reasonable excuse as to why she had a miscarriage.

And because it was an accident, she was sure Isaac would not blame her for it

"Isaac." She reached out to grab his arm.

To her bewilderment, Isaac shook her off fiercely and yelled, "Get off me!"

As a result, Debora was thrown to the floor. However, no one even tried to help her stand up.

Wynter went after Isaac to open the door of the car for him.

Isaac hopped in the vehicle while dialing a number on his phone.

Soon, the call connected.

"Do you know where Camila is?"

Forrest answered, "Yes. I'm in the hospital with her right now." Without pausing for a second, Isaac ended the call and instructed Wynter, who had taken the driver's seat, to go to the Military Central Hospital

A little while later, the car came to a halt in front of the aforementioned hospital. As soon as the vehicle stopped, Isaac stepped out of it and walked inside the building.

He made his way to the hospital's inpatient department and located Camila's ward.

At the entrance, Forrest blocked Isaac from getting in.

"Mila was pregnant, but she had a miscarriage. I assume you already know what happened," Forrest said.

It was his idea to tell Isaac about what had happened before he reached Camila

Isaac had the right to know.

Camila was not just anyone, after all.

She was Isaac's wife.

Now, if Camila wished to keep her other child, she must divorce Isaac. Instantly, Isaac's worried expression was replaced by one of disbelief, and the muscles in his face became rigid. "What did you say? She's pregnant?"

Forrest nodded. Isaac felt like he was punched in the gut. Suddenly, it was hard to breathe.

He could not believe Camila was pregnant.

Whose child was it?

He had not slept with her, so he was sure he was not its father.

"calm down, Isaac. Mila might have cheated on you, but you cheated on her too. Didn't Debora become pregnant with your child? You're even now, so don't get angry at Mila. Now, you can end things with her peacefully and..."

Isaac shoved Forrest aside and bellowed, "Fuck off!"

He then kicked the door of the ward open.

Because Camila had expected Isaac's arrival, she was able to maintain her composure.

She was well aware that it would negatively affect the baby if she exposed it to intense emotions.

That was why she was doing her best to calm down.

"Isaac, let's get a divorce," Camila said in a measured tone.

The fire of rage became more evident in Isaac's eyes as he spat, "Divorce? What makes you think I'd agree to that?"

He took in the woman's frail form. For a second, a pang of concern pricked his heart.

Then, he remembered that she got pregnant with someone else's child, and his vexation returned.

While fighting the urge to strangle her, he asked, "Tell me. Who is the father of the child?"

"You knew from the start that I had a lover," Camila stated emotionlessly.

"Weren't you taking contraceptives? Why did you get pregnant? Or did you sleep with another man behind my back?" As he glared aggressively at her, the blue veins in his forehead became more noticeable.

Camila replied, "That's right. I cheated on you more than once, so let's get a divorce." @

"Camila!" Isaac roared at the top of his lungs. His cheeks flushed before his entire face went purple. His neck felt like it was going to burst with pressure. Grabbing her by the throat, he demanded, "Do you really think I won't strangle you right now?"

"I know you can, but I'm not afraid of you," Camila retorted

Her gaze was unusually resolute and resentful as she added, "I hate you so much, Isaac."

"Why? Because I accidentally retaliated against the wrong person and caused you to lose your child?"

Before she could respond, Isaac continued, "Even if the accident didn't happen, I wouldn't allow you to disgrace me by giving birth to this bastard child. I would've forced you to abort it, but thankfully, I didn't have to do anything. It seems like the heavens don't want you to have this child as well." #

Every word he said was like a dagger to Camila's heart.

"[I hate you! I hate you so much! Die, you bastard!]" Suddenly, she went into a fit of hysterics.

Her eyes glowed with a combination of rage and loathing as she glared at Isaac.

Was she wishing for his death because she lost the child of her lover? The hands around Camila's neck trembled.

Then, Isaac slowly loosened his grip on her. "I'll never let you go, Camila. I'm going to make you suffer even more by keeping you by my side." Camila clenched her hands into fists. She made repeated attempts to

calm down before she finally succeeded. "Isaac, Debora is carrild a family? What good will it do if you stay married to me?"

"My child died in the accident. Tell me. Who was driving the car at that time?" Isaac demanded.

Camila's eyes widened. She did not know that Debora's child had died too.

Was that why Isaac ordered his men to find the driver of the car?

In any case, Camila did not really care what woarriage was coming to an end because of him and his mother. "It was Aldrin, Marvin's illegitimate son."

Camila would not stop Isaac if he decided to exact revenge on his brother.

"He's going to pay for what he did." Isaac sat

Camila thought about the child in her womb and realized that an open confrontation with him would only end in disaster." However, it was only a delay tactic on her part. If she wanted to escape from Isaac, she must wait until he let his guard down.

For a while, neither of them said a word to the other.

The ward had gone so quiet that every breath they took by asking, "How are you feeling?" Camila did not reply.

"Why don't you speak?" Isaac questioned.

She wanted to say something, but she was at a loss for ff her, her eyes widened in shock. "What are you doing?"

"I'm going to look at your wounds," Isaac stated.

"No," Camila immediately refused.

She did not want him to touch her.

Annoyance flickered in Isaac's eyes. "If I'm not allowed to see your wounds, then who is? Your lover?

Camila, you'd better not let me find out who that bastard is. I'll kill him and make sure you won't cheat on me again."

Camila sent him a watchful glare. "Isaac, don't you know?"

"What?"

"Don't you know that you're a very strange person?" She could not make sense of his behavior.

More precisely, she could not understand why he wanted to keep her by his side.

"Don't you hate me?"

Isaac stiffened.

If he was going to be honest with himself, he could admit that he was attracted to Camila. @
However, he could not accept the fact that sh
He would rather die.

Isaac could not believe he had fallen in love with a tainted woman. He must be mad.

“I don’t like you. Do you really think that the re to see your body? Don’t flatter yourself, Camila.
T’ll never like a woman who sleeps with another man that’s not her husband.”

Suddenly, he pressed her onto the bed and hoveands on his chest. “Get away from me! Can’t you
see I’m hurting all over?” Isaac peered over her collar and noticed the bruises on her shoulders

With his frown deepening, he reached out to pull her clothes up, but Camila grabbed his hand and hissed,
“Don’t touch me!”

“Be still, and I won’t touch you, but I might if you keep struggling. I’ll just take a look, so quit playing hard to
get already.”

Camila looked at him in disbelief.

Who the hell was playing hard to get? It was definitely not her.

How dare he say that to her?

“Behave, okay?” Isaac muttered while undressing her. It was then that he saw the multiple bruises on her
body

A sympathetic look crossed his face. In a hushed tone, he inquired, “Do they still hurt?”