

## Chapter 46 Jealousy

Isaac showed no interest in the performance at first, but Harrell's reminder made him turn his attention to the stage.

Under the spotlight was a beautiful woman sitting in front of a piano. His eyebrows shot up in astonishment. He did not expect to see Camila there.

And he certainly did not anticipate that she knew how to play the piano. "Miss Haynes is really talented. I heard from my wife that she's also good at dancing," Harrell remarked.

Isaac continued staring at the woman unblinkingly.

Camila relaxed her body as she placed her slim fingers on the keys of the keyboard, then her fingertips flowed across the surface of the instrument. The song she played was very melodious, beautiful, and had a romantic feel to it.

Harrell's musical knowledge was limited, so it did not take a long time for his attention to go elsewhere.

"I've devoted a lot of time and effort into perfecting this drug, but it wouldn't have been finished in such a short amount of time without the money you invested."

Isaac was there because he was an investor in the project.

And because he owned the majority of the shares, he had the most influence in its decision-making process.

"The sales price will be discussed in the meeting the day after tomorrow. Will you be able to attend it?"

Harrell asked

However, Isaac was not listening to him.

The woman on the stage held him spellbound. Unlike Harrell, she had a good ear for music. He immediately recognized the piece Camila was playing as a famous one. It was Pachelbel's Variations on the Canon.

The melody of the song seemed enchanted. It was as if it were telling its listeners that anything was possible so long as they believed in themselves and their goals.

This was Isaac's first exposure to Camila's greatness.

Not only did she have a stunning appearance, but she was also an accomplished dancer and pianist, in addition to having a strong background in medicine.

He might not have believed her if she claimed to have such refined musical talent if he had not heard her play himself.

When the song ended, applause from the crowd quickly followed.

In truth, however, only a few people really appreciated the performance. After all, the piano was an instrument that was too sophisticated for the masses.

One particular man in eyeglasses was enthusiastically clapping his hands.

It was clear that he enjoyed the performance very much.

He even turned to Harrell to ask, "Does this female pianist work at your wife's studio?"

Harrell replied, "She used to work at the studio, but not anymore. She's only here to help."

The man with the spectacles then inquired, "Does she have a boyfriend?" Isaac immediately turned to him.

The guy adjusted his glasses. Based on his expression, he was obviously interested in Camila. In an instant, Isaac scowled.

Before Harrell could answer, he chimed in, "She's married."

Harrell looked at him in surprise. "Really, Mr. Johnston? But my wife said she doesn't even have a boyfriend. How can she get married if she doesn't have a lover?"

"She's really pretty, and she plays the piano so well," the spectacled man remarked, clearly taken with her.

After saying that, he got up and walked to the backstage area, presumably to get Camila's number.

As a man himself, Isaac could identify the signs of a man's attraction to a woman.

With a grimace, he stood up and declared, "I'm leaving. I have something else to do."

"But this is only the opening act," Harrell protested. However, he attempted to convince him to stay and simply replied, "I'll see you off."

"Is that man with glasses an employee of your company? Who is he?" Isaac asked as they made their way to the exit.

Harrell answered, "Yes. I snatched him away from another pharmaceutical company by promising him higher pay. He..."

"Enough." Isaac did not want to know more,

Harrell, assuming that his talkativeness had annoyed Isaac, clamped his mouth shut.

He did not say anything more.

As Isaac exited the company, he called Forrest to ask for Camila's contact information.

Once he had her number, he hopped in the car and phoned her. Camila had just finished getting ready to leave when a man in glasses came up to her. "I watched your performance. You played the piano beautifully."

"Thank you," Camila simply replied with a polite smile.

The man followed her outside when she exited the building. "Are you free today? Can I invite you to watch a movie with me?"

Her phone rang at that exact moment. Camila promptly answered it.

The person on the other end of the line instructed in a low voice, "Stay away from that man. Don't give him your number or go out with him. Go

to the side of the road now." Camila furrowed her brows. She looked around in confusion. What was going on?

Then, her eyes landed on Isaac's car, which was parked on the side of the road. At that moment, she recalled that he was Elva's husband's investor. That explained why he was there.

A frown formed on her face. How did she forget about such important information? "Get moving already," Isaac snarled. "Okay, okay," Camila said with a sigh.

Bringing her phone down, she turned to the spectacled man. "Sorry, I have to go now. I have a lot of things to do."

With that, she took a few strides toward the parked car.

She was about to enter the back seat when Isaac said, "Sit in the front." Camila went to the passenger seat reluctantly.

As soon as she sat down, Isaac sighed helplessly

"Can't you behave yourself for once?" Camila's frown deepened. She looked at him as if he had lost his mind. What was wrong with him?

Had she agitated him again?

"Stop causing me trouble." Instead of replying, Camila just ensured that her seat belt was secure.

Isaac himself did not know what was wrong with him. For some inexplicable reason, he was always quick to get angry about the things

that she did or the words that she uttered.

Ever since the time they first met, he had been a lot more irritable than usual.

If anyone asks, tell them you're not single anymore."

A few minutes later, Isaac managed to control his wrath, albeit barely. To avoid making him upset, Camila knew she had to make a good impression on him. She would leave soon, anyway.

"Fine."

After a moment, the tension in Isaac's brows eased.

He looked pleased with himself.

During the drive back to the villa, the two of them savoured their rare moment of quiet together.

Soon, they arrived. Camila was about to exit the car when Isaac suddenly grabbed her hand.

Her mouth dropped open in disbelief as she exclaimed, "What are you doing?"

Isaac had been avoiding coming home because he was upset with her. He still had not forgotten that she had asked Forrest to find a woman to have sex with him.

It was as though the idea of him having sexual relations with another woman did not affect her at all.

Even worse, he could tell by the glow on her face that she was leading a joyful life in his absence.

What a heartless woman.

"Can you stop making me angry?" Isaac asked through gritted teeth.

He did not want to admit that he had feelings for her.

However, he was powerless to stop himself from longing for her or becoming obsessed with her.

He was aware that she had a lover, that she had been pregnant, and that she had miscarried. Despite that, he still thought she was the perfect woman for him.

He really liked her.

"What did I do to piss you off again?" Camila asked.

She really could not understand him,

Why was he always angry?

She had a lot of complaints about him

However, she could not express her discontent verbally.

Feigning obedience, she added, "All right. I won't make you angry again." She then smiled and asked, "Can you let me go now? I want to get out of the car now."

Isaac looked down at her beautiful, soft lips. Remembering how she exuded poise and sophistication as she played the piano, he bent down and kissed her.

Camila's eyes widened in bewilderment. Immediately, she tried to push him away.

However, he grabbed her hands to keep her from resisting and captured her lips again before she could finish what she was about to say.