

Chapter 51 Where Is The Key

Camila turned her head to the side. When her eyes landed on the window, they lit up.

The door was locked, but she could escape through the window.

At once, she sprang to her feet and headed towards the window.

Camila wanted to check how high it was and see if she could leave through it, but the window could not be opened in any way.

She turned the knob and gave it a hard shake.

The window did not move, though.

She frowned.

From the outside of the door, Glenda asked, "Mrs. Johnston, did you make Mr. Johnston mad? He looked really angry earlier. Then, before he left, he asked us to lock the door to your room. He also told us not to let you out without his permission. If that's the case, then you should apologize to him and ask for his forgiveness."

"With his temper, I don't think he'll forgive me even if I apologize." Camila doubted that Isaac would forgive her.

With rage consuming her, she slammed her hand against the glass window.

"Bastard!" Camila hissed.

"Well, you don't have any other choice," Glenda muttered.

While Camila was thinking of a way out, she lay down on the bed to save her energy.

Over and through, she mulled over possible solutions.

In the end, though, she came up empty-handed. The door was locked, and the room was secure.

She was at her wits' end.

Isaac said he would make her pay for what she had done.

True to his word, he did what he said he would do.

Before now, she only fell asleep for a while.

Then, she woke up to find the door locked.

"Glenda, I'm fine. Try to calm down."

Suddenly, Glenda heard noises from the first floor.

She hastily made her way downstairs.

Isaac had returned.

Glenda said, "Mrs. Johnston said she was hungry..."

"Let her starve." Isaac looked up to the upper level before adding, "I have to go on a business trip. Don't you dare feed her behind my back." Glenda opened her mouth to say something.

Isaac, however, gave her a warning look.

Frightened, Glenda dropped her head and remained silent.

Isaac did not return for the next three days.

Camila had lost all of her strength after being confined for three days. @ On the bed, she lay as though dying. Her face was wan. She felt dizzy, and her lips were dry and pallid.

For all she knew, she could have been suffering from hypoglycaemia right now. Later on, she might experience other symptoms. #

If that happened, who would save her?

As her hopelessness grew, Camila's hatred toward Isaac increased. That man really wanted her dead, didn't he?

She was starting to feel desperate when she suddenly thought of Forrest. Camila dragged herself from bed and made her way to the door. With every ounce of her strength, she knocked on the door.

Glenda paced in the living room anxiously. #

Camila had not eaten or drunk anything in

The noise alerted Glenda, and she hurriedly headed toward th stated, "I'll call Mr. Johnston and try to convince him..."

"No, call Forrest instead." Camila then proceeded to recite Forrest's contact number. "Tell him about my current situation." Camila sat immobile by the door, unable to move anymore. She looked like she was suffering from a critical illness, given how frail her appearance was. Isaac would definitely not give in to her pleading.

Perhaps Forrest would be able to rescue her.

He was her only hope now.

"I'll call him right away."

Glenda was really worried. At this rate, Camila might have died downstairs and called the number Camila provided.

Soon, the call connected. "Hello?"

"Hello, Camila asked me to call you.

Forrest's eyes widened.

Camila was pregnant. It was unhealthy for her to go without food and water.

"Where is she locked up?" Forrest asked hurriedly.

"In the villa..." Forrest ended the call before she could finish her words.

It was because he already knew where Isaac lived.

Glenda put the phone down and stood.

Half an hour later, she heard a knock on the front door.

She immediately went to open it.

"Where is she?" Forrest questioned anxiously.

"On the second floor."

The man hastily made his way to the second floor.

"Where's the key?" Forrest asked once he reached the door to Camila's room.

Glenda shook her head. "I don't know."

Forrest swallowed nervously. What should he do now?

"Maybe we should call Mr. Johnston," Glenda suggested. Her voice was shaking.

She had just called Forrest to come to the house.

"I don't think he'll tell us where the key is. It was him who locked Mila up to starve her to death, after all,"

Forrest replied in a grim tone. While Glenda was concerned for Camila, she was also terrified of Isaac's rage. Anxiously, she rubbed her hands together and asked, "What do we do now?"

"I have to kick the door open." Forrest then knocked on the door. "I don't want to hurt you, so get away from the door as far as possible."

Camila, despite her frailty, managed to crawl away from the door.

Forrest retreated two steps and gathered his stronger voice of a man stopped him. "What are you doing?"

Glenda and Forrest turned their heads toward the doorway from them. None of them noticed his arrival at all.

Glenda hurriedly explained, "Mr. Johnston, please. At this rate, Mrs.

Johnston won't be able to—"What did Mila do for

Did Isaac find out about the baby in Camila's womb?

Was that why he was so angry?

"Is she dead?" Isaac scowled menacingly.

Forrest and his actions annoyed him beyond words.

What was his relationship with Camila?

This was not the first time that he intervened to help her.

He even rushed to Isaac's villa to save her.

It provoked Isaac's wrath to a high degree.

It gave him the impression that his personal belongings were being coveted by other people.

"Glenda, go to the study and get the key."

He was curious as to whether or not that woman had really died.

At the moment, the expression on Isaac's face was ghastly.

Out of fear, Forrest held himself back from commenting further.

He was sure now that Isaac had discovered Camila's pregnancy.

Forrest sighed.

Soon, Glenda returned.

"Mr. Johnston, here's the key." She handed it to Isaac's awaiting hand.

With the key in his hand, Isaac walked to the door and inserted it in the keyhole.

He then turned the knob and opened the door.

The first thing that greeted him was the sight of Camila lying on the floor. Her hair was a tangled mess.

Her lips were dry and cracked, and her face was deathly pale.

Camila sat up slowly and then scowled at
Those small acts of kindness from
Isaac looked at her with chilly eyes. "I s
Both Forrest and Glenda exchanged a glance.
Silence ensued next, as no one dared to speak
With her eyes glaring at him, Camila sp

"I can do that now if you want," Isaac retorted flatly.

"Do it, and when I die, I'll drag you to hell with me!"

A sudden rush of strength washed over Camila. She had been desperate to get out of her current predicament.

She sprinted over to Isaac and grabbed the collar of his shirt.

Isaac did not panic at all. Instead, he gazed at her in a nonchalant manner.

After three days without food and water, she looked emaciated and feeble, like she might pass out at any moment. However, in spite of her frail and deathly appearance, her eyes were alive and shining with hatred.

She exuded the resolve of a woman who refused
her. He leaned his face closer to hers.

It dawned on Camila all at once that she was defenceless. Camila felt humiliation and rage rising in her heart.

In a frenzy of rage, she jumped up on tiptoe and bit his neck.