

Chapter 53 The Lunch Bag

Before Camila could hit the floor, Isaac wrapped his strong arms around her waist.

Then, he drew their bodies closer.

It was as if he was trying to permanently attach Camila to himself. Through her clothes, Isaac ran his fingers along her waist.

Camila's face flushed as she barked, "Let go, you damn pervert!"

She gaped at him. To think that there were men like Isaac in the world was inexplicable.

Isaac ignored her clearly displeased expression and continued touching her. He became more brazen, and his hand reached into the hospital gown she was wearing.

As his fingers gently stroked her soft skin, Isaac took a deep breath. Fascinated by the sensation of her skin, he fought the urge to take her right there and then.

Camila's eyes widened in shock before she struggled desperately to get away from him. She shouted. "Let me go!"

Isaac ignored her protests and answered playfully, "Hey, in case you forgot, you have duties to fulfil as my wife. It's fine if you don't know how to serve your husband. I can help you learn."

Camila glared daggers at him.

She wondered if Isaac was out of his mind. First, he tried to kill her. Now, he was taking advantage of her.

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She could not understand him at all

He was completely beyond her comprehension. Unfortunately, Isaac was stronger than Camila could ever hope to be. It was basically impossible for her to get away from his grasp.

She continued to struggle, but to no avail.

Once again, Camila realized how much she hated Isaac.

In the end, she could only glare at him to show her displeasure.

Despite her protests, Isaac lifted her up and carried her to the bed. Instead of leaving after placing her on the bed, he leaned into her ear. "I will give you a much worse punishment the next time you try to run away. I'm not joking."

"I know you're not. I also know how cruel you are," Camila retorted coldly. Isaac tried to ignore the distaste in her tone. , It should not have surprised him that the woman who tried to escape from him despised him.

"Good. You'd better remember it for the rest of your life." After saying that, he grabbed the blanket and draped it over her body. "Go to sleep. You need to rest."

Camila shot him a glare. He was really weird.

Most of the time, he was mad at her, but there were times when he cared about her.

Was this his way of deceiving her?

Unfortunately for him, Camila would never let herself be fooled by him. She would never like him just because he occasionally treated her with basic human decency.

She would never forget how horrible he was to her. #

With a huff, Camila turned to the other side and closed her eyes.

Isaac cast his gaze downward.

He felt a wave of disappointment when Camila turned her back to him. For a while, he just stood by the bed.

Camila proceeded to act as if she was fast asleep.

They made quite an odd sight.

One of them was lying in the bed, while the other one was standing. One was pretending to be asleep, while the other refused to leave. Neither was very far away from the other.

However, they never tried crossing the distance between them. Eventually, Isaac went back to the sofa, Camila slowly opened her eyes.

Isaac still puzzled her.

If there was one thing she knew about

When Camila closed her eyes again, she slip

It was morning when she woke up again.

She sat up on the bed, turned in the direction of he found. He must have left while she was asleep.

On the bedside table sat a lunch bag.

Camila grabbed it and opened it. The food inside was still warm.

She wondered who had placed it there.

Suddenly, she heard a knock. Once s

With his brows furrowed in concern, he asked, "How do you feel?" "Fine," Camila answered.

"You're not. You fainted because of hunger."

Forrest then joked, "Why didn't you tell me that you wantedape because she was certain he would inform Isaac about it.

She could not say that to him, of course.

With a small smile, she replied, "I don't want to get you in trouble. If Isaac found out that you knew about my plan, he'd get angry at you." Forrest immediately saw through her lie. "You thought I'd snitch on you to Isaac, didn't you?"

"No," Camila denied.

"Well, indeed, if I knew about your plan, I'd be torn between remaining silent and telling Isaac about it. He's my friend, after all. So, if you still plan on running away in the future, don't let me know about it." Forrest really did not want to know.

It would be too troublesome for him.

"Did you bring this here?" Camila asked, raising the lunch bag.

"I just arrived," Forrest pointed out.

"Then who brought it here?" Camila frowned in confusion.

Forrest shrugged. "Maybe it's Isaac."

Camila snorted. "He's not that nice."

"He's not that bad."

Forrest proceeded to change the subject. "You just tried you think he'll do if he finds out about your pregnancy?"

"He'll definitely kill me. That's why I must leave him," Camila f he ever discovered that she was carrying another man's child. 2

"You have to think of a good plan," Forrest stated.

"I know," Camila said with a sigh. Sh

"You need a glucose infusion," Forrest informed.

Camila nodded.

"Anyway, I have to go back to work. Remember to eat something."

Camila glanced at the lunch bag again. She did not want to eat its content because she did not know where it came from.

Forrest seemed to have picked up

"Please do. Thanks."

"You're welcome."

With that, Forrest exited the ward.

A few minutes later, he returned.

"I've asked the nurses. They said it was

If Isaac heard what Forrest said, he would definitely punch him.

He went too far with his last sentence.

He just openly slandered his friend

How dare he imply that Isaac would poison someone? ®

Did he really think he was that cruel?

Camila scowled. "I doubt that."

"Don't think so badly of him," Forrest reprimanded.

Camila rolled her eyes. No matter what Forrest said, she could never

consider Isaac a good man. It was because she experienced first-hand how vicious he could be.

When Forrest opened the lunch bag, he disco

Since she had been hungry for a long

"He's so considerate."

Camila was not impressed at all.

She was hungry, though.

So, she grabbed the container containing porridge from the bag.

“Do you want me to get someone to take care of you?” Forrest asked. Camila shook her head. “No, I’m good. You can go back to work. I’ll call the nurses if I need something. Also, I’m leaving after I receive the glucose infusion.”

All right. I’m leaving now,” Forrest said while waving at her.

Camile nodded.

After breakfast, a nurse walked in to give her the infusion.

Her body finished consuming the infusion at noon.

Because her confinement was arranged by Forrest, she did not medication with her, she was finally ready to leave the hospital

Before she could do so, however, she was stopped by someone.

“May I speak with you in private?”