

Chapter 11 Something Precious

Camila was so startled that she jumped, accidentally knocking the box off the shelf. It fell on the floor with a resounding thud.

Isaac shot her a murderous glare.

Camila immediately panicked, knowing that she had messed up. "I... I'm sorry. I didn't mean to... It was an accident."

She was already bending over to retrieve the box. But before she could even touch it, Isaac grabbed her hand in a painful grip.

Camila winced in pain, her face and neck breaking out in cold sweat.

His hold was so tight that for a moment, Camila feared he would break her bones.

"Don't touch it with your filthy hands!" Isaac roared, his eyes burning with rage.

He forcefully threw Camila aside, causing her to fall back and hit her head against the corner of a nearby cabinet. 9

A much sharper pain lanced through her body. Her head began to buzz. She could feel something hot and sticky at her nape. Sure enough, when she reached up to touch it, she found blood on her fingers.

Thankfully, she wasn't bleeding too much. 3

She raised her eyes, and through the curtain of her hair, she saw Isaac picking up the box with the utmost care, bordering on reverence. It was obviously very important to him.

Isaac slowly opened the box, his heart hammering with fear that the contents had been damaged in some way.

Fortunately, the box had borne the brunt of the impact, and the item inside was safe and intact.

He sighed in relief.

But then he remembered how the woman had tried to touch it without his permission, and his anger flared up again. She had almost damaged the precious item inside the box!

It wouldn't be an understatement to say that he wanted to kill her for her bold and careless actions. 2

"Camila!" he snarled. "Are you tired of living

already?"

Camila scrambled to get up. The pain was overwhelming, but she still chose to grit her teeth and bear it. "I'm really sorry..."

She couldn't blame him for being furious. She was obviously in the wrong.

"Sorry? Do you think your pathetic apology is enough?" This woman's shamelessness knew no bounds! ⁴

Isaac stalked over to Camila. The cold air emanating from him made her tremble with fear. She backed away from him until she reached the wall. "Don't come any closer."

Before she could do anything else, Isaac grabbed her by the chin and forced her to look up and meet his eyes.

First, Camila heard a cracking sound as he pulled her face into an unnatural angle. And then the pain followed. The agony was too much. She couldn't even make a sound, but could only stare at Isaac with fear and despair. ¹¹

The man had turned into the devil himself.

He was acting beyond any reasonable person would, and clearly didn't give a damn about the

repercussions.

He loomed over her, his hand clamped tight around her jaw. Camila tried to struggle against him, only for another shot of pain to pierce through her skull. Isaac leaned close and whispered in her ear. "I will destroy everything you care about!"

His voice dripped with murderous intent, and she knew that he meant it.

Camila shuddered.

With one last sneer, Isaac let go and tossed her back. 3

Camila was limp from all the pain, and she fell back against the wall like a rag doll. If it hadn't been there, she would no doubt fall on the floor and bash her head open.

She pulled herself up, but she couldn't take a step forward. She needed something to support her weight, just to remain upright.

Isaac no longer paid her any mind. He put the box back to its proper place on the shelf, next to a framed photo of him and his parents.

Camila's eyes had been following him the whole time, and they were fixed on the open

box. It looked familiar for some reason. ①

"Get out!" Isaac bellowed, interrupting her thoughts.

Desperate for an escape, Camila didn't mind anything else and rushed to the door.

If she stayed for a minute longer, Isaac might really kill her.

She dashed out of the room as fast as her body would allow.

Isaac's ferocious expression gradually softened once Camila was gone. He gazed at the contents of the box with a tender look in his eyes.

His heart had turned into stone after his parents passed away.

The only flicker of warmth he had encountered since then had come from the owner of this bauble.

Although more than a decade had passed, he still remembered that tiny body dragging him out of the water. He recalled how hard she had struggled, but she persevered until the end. ②

He remembered looking up at her face, and how pure and clear her eyes had been.

Even the simple thought of it now still managed to ease his raging heart.

Downstairs, in the living room.

Camila pressed her hand against the wound in the back of her head to staunch the bleeding. Robin rushed over, having heard the commotion. He took one look at her pale face and demanded, "What's the matter?"

"I got hurt," was all Camila said, her voice small and weak.


The old man scowled. He knew all too well that Isaac had a foul temper, but his grandson would never raise his hand against another without reason.

"What happened, exactly?" Robin prodded.

"I accidentally knocked over a box, and it fell..."

"The one next to Isaac's family photo?" Robin immediately asked.

Camila nodded mournfully. "That's right."

The old man sighed in understanding. "I'm afraid I can't help you with this one. That box... It holds something very dear to Isaac. Even I do not dare to touch it." 

Camila already knew this, of course. In truth,

she should have already known from the beginning, seeing as how it had been placed next to a picture of his family.

She used to have something precious, too, but she had lost it long ago.

It was the first birthday gift her grandfather had given her.

The memory of how she had lost it was still vivid in her mind. When she was seven, her grandfather had taken her to the Johnston mansion. At the time, she had known that they were there for a funeral service, and she just hadn't known whose. It was only when she got older that she found out it was the funeral of Isaac's parents.

Being the nosy child that she was, she had run around in the mansion grounds while her grandfather tended to some duties.

She had wandered over to a small, man-made pond, and from behind a pile of boulders, she had witnessed a woman tossing a boy, who looked to be around ten years old or so, into the water.

It was the moment that opened Camila's eyes to

the reality of human nature, and how evil it could be.

She remembered how she had instantly ducked out of sight, trembling with fear.

She had been terrified of what would happen to her if she was discovered. She had wanted to run away.

But when little Camila peeked through the rocks again, she saw the boy struggling desperately in the water. She then had chosen to stay. She had waited for the woman to leave, then ran over to the pond and jumped in to save the boy.

It was a good thing that she had learned how to swim at an early age, but it hadn't made things easy for her. She was far too tiny, with a much larger load. In the end, Camila's grandfather had appeared and dragged her and the boy back to safety.

The boy had been unconscious by then.

Her grandfather had to administer CPR, and the moment the boy had coughed up the water in his lungs, the old man whisked her away.

Camila remembered being confused with the

old man's reaction. "Who was that, Grandpa? Why did someone throw him in the water when he doesn't know how to swim?"

"He is also here for the funeral, just like you and me," her grandfather had told her. ²

Unbeknownst to little Camila, her grandfather wasn't telling her the whole truth, for fear of retaliation.

"You need to forget everything that happened today. You must never tell anyone about this." It was a reminder that Camila had heard repeatedly on that day.

She was extremely close to her grandfather, and obeyed his every word.

It wasn't until they had returned home that day that she realized she had lost her jade pendant.

It was a carved piece that her grandfather had claimed to be blessed. He had given it to her hoping that it would grant her kindness, patience, optimism, and ultimately, happiness. ⁶

In a way, it was her grandfather's blessing to her.

She had been wearing the pendant since she was one, and would likely be wearing it still if

she hadn't lost it.

Therefore, she understood Isaac's anger.

She didn't blame him for lashing out at her, but she truly feared the man.

He was much too cruel for comfort. 2

"Stevie, call for Dr. Walters," Robin instructed the butler. "Have him check Mila."

Camila was snapped out of her reverie and quickly said, "No, no. Thank you, but that won't be necessary. Do you have a medicine kit on hand? I can treat the wound myself." She already knew that the injury wasn't serious. 3

Robin still looked uncertain, though, so she added, "I'm a doctor. Trust me, I know what I'm doing." 3

The old man heard the confidence in her voice and finally relented.

Her wound was indeed not serious. It was just a small cut, but it went quite deeper than a normal gash, hence the blood.

Camila used a mirror to give herself first-aid treatment. She would need the wound to dry up, so she didn't bother bandaging it.

Not that it would have been possible, anyway,

since the wound was covered by her thick hair.

Stevie and Robin lingered in the living room to make sure that Camila was all right. The butler glanced cautiously toward the bathroom before speaking in a low voice.

"She hasn't even been here for an hour, and she's already injured. If Young Master Isaac treats her like this under your watch, I can't even imagine how he treats her when they're alone."

Robin heaved a woeful sigh. "It looks like I have to come up with a contingency plan in case she decides that she couldn't put up with Isaac and asks for a divorce." ¹⁶