

# Mistaken Marriage, Unexpected Love

## Chapter 97

### Chapter 97 Does It Hurt

Jaylen stiffened. He had forgotten that he had promised to give Camila this painting after it was finished.

"can I have a word with you in private?" he asked, forcing a smile. In his eyes, Camila should be on his side.

After all, it was Isaac who pushed her down from the window.

That was how she got injured in the first place.

Logically, she should hate Isaac.

And now that Jaylen was extorting Isaac for his money, he figured that

Camila would be pleased with him.

"Let's talk right here," Camila said calmly but firmly.

Contrary to what

Jaylen believed, she definitely wasn't on his side.

How could she side with him when he used her as a tool to blackmail

others?

In her eyes, she deserved a piece of the pie.

Previously, she had a neutral perspective about money.

But now, her situation was different. She had a child and her mother to support, but she didn't have a source of income.

She had to figure out a way to provide for her family, one way or another. Jaylen knew that she was after the profit, so he started to negotiate with her in front of Isaac. "How about split it, thirty-seventy?"

He had lost too much money thanks to Isaac, and this lavish art exhibit had also eaten a chunk of his capital. Jaylen believed that he deserved a large portion of this money.

Initially, Camila was willing to settle for a low figure, so she was surprised when Jaylen offered to give her thirty percent. She only planned to send whatever she received to Rowena so that she and her child could live a comfortable life.

"Are you not satisfied?" Jaylen wasn't sure how to interpret Camila's silence.

Did she think it was an unfair split?

"No, I'm satisfied," Camila said hurriedly.

It was more than she could ever ask for.

Isaac stood behind Camila sulkily.

Did these two not take him seriously at all?

He hadn't even given them the money yet, but they had already begun to discuss how to divide it in front of him.

However, he couldn't help but feel a little better when he thought about how some of his money would end up in Camila's pocket.

"For the grand finale, I have one more work of art. Are you interested, Mr. Johnston?" Jaylen smiled smugly.

Ignoring him, Isaac wheeled Camila away.

Jaylen wasn't the least bit angry. On the contrary, he was in a very good mood. After all, he had just extorted nine hundred million dollars from Isaac.

He shouted after Isaac, "I'll send you the painting tomorrow!"

He didn't care about Isaac's indifference, nor did he feel embarrassed for being ignored. "Mr. Johnston, what do you think of these paintings?" Isaac kept on walking, treating him as though he was nothing but an annoying fly.

But Jaylen refused to give up. "Aren't you interested in finding out who painted them, Mr. Johnston?" Camila glanced at Jaylen warily, wondered what else he was playing at. It seemed he wasn't finished with extorting money from Isaac yet. Jaylen met Camila's wary gaze and smirked.

"What're you looking at? Did you miss me?" he asked provokingly. Camila was speechless.

Men tended to be out of their goddamned minds.

Isaac was crazy, and so was Jaylen!

Camila couldn't tell who was the crazier of the two. @ She could tell that Jaylen deliberately asked her this to provoke Isaac even further.

Sure enough, Isaac stopped abruptly in his tracks and said in a dangerously low voice, "You're asking for trouble." It was the first time that

Isaac had lost his temper in public!

But Jaylen didn't even flinch.

After all, he said those things to Isaac on purpose.

He knew that Isaac didn't give a damn about the paintings  
But talking about those paintings was key to his grand  
finale.

"Just look at the final painting." As he spoke, Jaylen went  
to reveal the last painting. The painting also had a human  
subject.

But this time, it wasn't Camila.

It was Jaylen.

The portrait was a lifelike depiction of Jaylen himself.  
Someone in the audience asked, "Did K also paint that?"  
Jaylen shook his head, grinning from ear to ear. "This  
painting is part of my personal collection. It was painted by  
a beautiful woman."

He deliberately locked eyes with Isaac and asked  
provokingly, "Mr. Johnston, what kind of woman do you  
think would draw for me?" Isaac  
stared at Jaylen wordlessly, his eyes filled with unreadable  
emotion. If it was painted by some ordinary person, Jaylen  
wouldn't have added it  
to his grand finale.

Even if it was painted by a renowned artist, Isaac wouldn't  
be interested in it.

But Jaylen was so confident that Isaac would be affected  
by this one painting

And the only person Isaac cared about was Camila.

But did Camila even know how to paint?

Camila knew how to dance and play the piano, not to  
mention her medical skills. But could she also know how  
to paint?

Isaac couldn't believe it.

Generally speaking, one could master one or two skills.  
But Camila seemed to excel at everything she did

Was she really so amazing?

Being met with silence, Jaylen found that Isaac didn't  
understand what  
he meant.

A complacent smile tugged at the corners of his mouth.

After all, he knew something that Isaac didn't!

Realizing this, he couldn't help but burst into hysterical  
laughter.

"[ heard that one would only draw someone's portrait if  
they liked them. Mr. Johnston, do you think the person  
who painted my portrait

likes me?" Camila indignantly. "You're the one who forced  
me to paint—" , She stopped abruptly mid-sentence.

Hadn't she been looking for a way to convince Isaac to  
divorce her?

This was the perfect excuse to make him hate her!

She quickly changed her tune and said, "Although you  
forced me, I really wanted to draw for you." She was  
basically admitting that she  
liked Jaylen.

Even though she was just pretending, the people around  
her thought otherwise.

Jaylen was stunned for a moment. Then, his eyes lit up as  
realization set in. Smiling arrogantly, he looked at Isaac  
and asked, "Mr. Johnston,

is your woman cheating on you? Haha!" 2

Isaac could endure what happened in Camila's past

But now, Jaylen was really getting on his nerves.

His patience with Camila was also running thin, thanks to what she said just now.

She could hate him, blame him, loathe him...

But she couldn't have any feelings for any other man!

Isaac just couldn't reconcile with the idea that Camila could have feelings for another man.

Despite the unspeakable anger brewing in his heart, he managed to keep a straight face. He pretended that he didn't care, but he didn't

intend to let Jaylen get away with this. »

The damn bastard dared to provoke him again and again!

If he didn't do anything, wouldn't he look stupid!?

Without a word, he wheeled Camila out of the room.

"Mr. Johnston, are you leaving already? Don't you want to get a closer look?" Jaylen shouted after him, adding more fuel to the flames.

Similar to the way they came here, Isaac carried Camila into the car before he got in. Nobody spoke a word throughout the whole drive

back. The atmosphere in the car was depressing.

Glancing at him from the corner of her eye, Camila knew that he must've been seething. She tried to ask, "Are you mad?"

Isaac didn't even look at her.

The car was so quiet that she could only hear the sound of their breaths. Soon, the driver pulled to a stop in front of the hospital. Isaac got

out of the car and carried her to the ward, setting her down on the bed. All the while, he didn't say a word.

Finally, he opened his mouth and broke the silence.

"Camila, did you really mean to draw that portrait for Jaylen?"

Camila shrugged indifferently. "Yes. I lived in his house in Skystead over the past few months. I've developed feelings for him. I even— Ah

—!" Before she could finish what she was saying, she was violently pushed down onto the bed.

She landed on her back with a thump. Fortunately, the mattress was thick, so her fall didn't hurt. She was just shocked.

"What on earth are you doing?" she asked warily, trying to sit back up. However, Isaac suddenly climbed on top of her. She was forced to lie down again.

Panic written all over her face, Camila asked shakily, "What are you doing? Get off me!"

She tried to push him off, but was unsuccessful.

Isaac grabbed her hands and pinned them above her head. Then without warning, he kissed her on the lips.

Camila's eyes went as wide as saucers.

What on earth—?!

When she came to her senses, she tried to turn her head to pull away

from Isaac's kiss, but he held her chin firmly in place, rendering her struggle futile. Her left leg had been injured, but the right one valiantly tried to kick at him.

Isaac saw this coming. He quickly planted his knee between her legs and clamped down on her restless leg.

His knee was so close to Camila's private parts, rubbing against her inner thigh provokingly.

Camila's face turned red in an instant. The man didn't know if it was because of anger or shyness!

Isaac's kiss was by no means gentle. He deliberately made it hurt in order to punish her.

And Camila couldn't do anything about it.

After a long time, she gradually grew numb to the stinging pain. Her eyes were bloodshot and filled with tears, sparkling feebly under the dim light

Only then did Isaac let go of her.

He reached out and wiped the tears from the corners of her eyes, asking

in a hoarse voice, "Does it hurt?" @