

Chapter 61 Who Her Lover Is

As she struggled desperately to get him off her, Camila yelled, "Isaac, let me go!"

Her resistance to Isaac's advances was ultimately futile.

He was currently fuming with rage.

With his anger at full throttle, he easily took Camila's hands and pressed them above her head.

She swung her legs around to kick Isaac in the torso, but he had anticipated her move. Using his own legs as pressure, he pressed down on hers.

With that, Camila was completely pinned to the bed.

Now, she was really anxious about what might happen.

It would not be her first time having sex with a man.

However, this time was different.

The man from that night had been very gentle with her.

Right now, Isaac resembled a beast who had completely lost his wits.

"If you touch me, I will file a rape lawsuit against you!"

Isaac grasped her chin so tightly that he could have broken it.

His face was scrunched up in anger as he snarled, "You can try. Let's see if you can win the case."

He unbuttoned Camila's pajamas as he talked.

As the cold air hit her bare chest, she shook with fear.

Her eyes began filling with tears.

She trembled under him.

Why was Isaac doing this? What did he take her for? "Do you still consider yourself clean, Camila? You've had sex with a man before, and you even got pregnant. Your body is filthy now. Do you really think I want to touch you?" He sneered, "I just want to see your humiliated face. Do you have any idea how much I enjoy watching you cry? Do you know that, Camila?" =

Camila bit her lower lip to choke back her tears.

She did not want to be looked down on by him.

She also did not want to show him how humiliated she felt.

Camila tried to suppress her emotions, but it was no use. Even so, she looked him straight in the eye and hissed, "Who do you think you are, Isaac? Someone like you who finds pleasure in tormenting a woman has no right to judge me. You're a stinking piece of garbage, you bastard!" "If I'm trash, then what about you? You're nothing but a whore," Isaac spat. @

A tremor ran through Camila's body.

How could he say that?

In his eyes, was she really just a whore?

Then again, perhaps he was right.

She did cheat on him, after all.

Even if they did not love each other, what she did was wrong.

She had been unfaithful to him.

She knew that, but when he used such foul language to call her, she felt like dying of shame and humiliation.

It hurt so much.

"I won't deny it," Camila said in a hoarse voice. "Let me go if you hate me so much."

"No way!" Suddenly, Isaac sat bolt upright, gazing at her nearly bare upper body. As he looked down at her, he muttered, "Look at yourself."

Camila made no attempt to cover herself.

Isaac wanted to see her cower in fear and embarrassment, but she would not let him.

Her clothing was a tangled mess when she sat up. "You don't like a woman like me, right?"

She then added, "If you do, you're just as filthy as me."

At first, Isaac just wanted to humiliate her. However, he underestimated the woman's ability to tempt him.

"You really can't go on without a man, do you?"

Isaac moved forward, grabbed her by the throat, and planted a passionate kiss on her mouth.

Camila flinched in pain.

Still, the suffering in her heart was worse. Suddenly, she smelled blood.

Isaac had bitten her lips.

Camila slowly closed her eyes
She was beyond desperate now.
Tears started streaming down her cheeks until they landed on Isaac's hand.
It was like her tears were hot.
Isaac's hand trembled, and he let go of Camila as if scorched.
After that, he hurriedly gathered his belongings and fled the scene. Upon hearing the door close, Camila had to take some time to regain her composure.
She grabbed the blanket Isaac had discarded and wrapped it around herself.
The pain in her heart was intense at the moment.
It was as if a knife had been plunged into her chest.
Isaac left the villa in his car.
There was an overwhelming sense of dejection in his heart.
He could not come to terms with the fact that Camila had helped Debora obtain him so that she could leave him.
That woman was really heartless. @
Despite his best efforts, he was unable to win her affection or even make a dent in her cold heart. #
Isaac really wanted to get the rage out of his system before it killed him. The fact that he was feeling like this just because of a woman was ridiculous
When Camila went to the company to inquire about his schedu turned out she was just planning to set him up with Debora.
He got his hopes up for nothing.
More ridiculously, because he thought that Camila had prepared the dumplings with the intention of pleasing him, he overindulged in food for the first time in his life and had to take some medication to ease his discomfort.
Camila must have been laughing secretly at him at that time. She definitely mocked him.
Isaac had never felt this level of annoyance before.
He had never experienced such a level of embarrassment before.
He had never been so enraged in all his life.
More importantly, he had never been fooled by a woman like this. Soon, he stopped the car in front of a bar. He walked inside and booked a private room.
He then started drinking alone.
Suddenly, the phone in his pocket rang.
Isaac clicked his tongue in irritation. Swallowing his rage with a glass of alcohol, he answered the call.
The person who called was the one whom he instructed to look into Camila's hospital visit.
"Sir, she went to the hospital to get some medicine for her cold."
Isaac hummed in acknowledgment before ending the call.
Camila was such an annoying woman.
However, even though she was driving him crazy, he could not deny her continued existence in his life.
It was like everything was working against him.
Isaac tossed his phone aside with a frustrated groan.
What Debora had said earlier popped into his head all of a sudden According to her, Camila wanted to leave him because her lover was waiting for her.
The question was, who the hell was her lover?
Forrest and Camila were friends
Isaac wondered if Forrest knew anything about it.
He grabbed his phone again and dialed Forrest's number.
When the call went through, he told the other man where he was and asked him to come as soon as possible
Then, he ended the call,
Forrest stared at his phone with furrowed brows, wondering why Isaac was acting strange. The man had given him the address of a bar.
In any case, ignoring Isaac was not an option.
So, Forrest went to the bar in a hurry.
When he got there, he found Isaac drinking on his own.
He almost did a double-take.

As far as he knew, Isaac was not a drinker.

In general, he was a fairly self-controlled person. @

It seemed that something had happened earlier.

He closed the door as he walked into the private room. "Isaac, what happened? Why are you in a bad mood?"

Isaac grabbed a glass and filled it with alcohol before handing it to him. "Drink with me."

Forrest had a low alcohol tolerance.

However, he knew better than to refuse Isaac right now.

He sighed. "All right."

He took the glass as he sat down and clinked glasses with Isaac.

As usual, Forrest felt discomfort in his throat as soon as he drank the alcohol.

"If you want to forget your problems by drowning them in hing but make you feel more miserable," Forrest persuaded.

Isaac slouched on the sofa, his collar opening to show off his collarbone. He stared at Forrest with blank eyes before asking, "You and Camila are friends, right? That means you know who her lover is. Tell me everything you know about him."

Forrest froze.

What should he answer? If Camila did not know who that man was, how could he?

"Is that why you asked me to come here..."

"Cut the crap! Answer me," Isaac interrupted impatiently.

Forrest remained quiet, at a loss for what to say.

Isaac scowled harder. He snarled, "Are you really going to hide it from me?"

"No, no, no, it's not like that." Forrest hastened to explain, "It's because even Mila doesn't know who that man is."