

Mistaken Marriage, Unexpected Love

Chapter 6 Plan B

"What did you just say?" Isaac raised an eyebrow. Although his tone remained calm, Forrest could feel the dangerous shift in the air between them.

"Forget it," he said through gritted teeth. "I care about your happiness, so I'll let it slide just this once."

Isaac's gaze turned pensive as he studied Forrest. Then he shut the car door and gestured to Willie. "Drive."

Willie started the car, and the car slowly cruised into the highway.

Forrest was still on edge. He felt obligated to do something for Camila, anything to make things better for her.

He turned just in time to see her exit the building. "Mila," he called out to her.

"I'm heading home." Camila smiled.

"Mila... I just want to say that I will do my best to find your mother a suitable heart donor. I'll make sure she gets her surgery as soon as possible."

The thought of her ailing mother made Camila's heart ache. She tried not to let it show, but the tremor in her voice betrayed her. "Really?"

A heart donor was one of the most difficult organ donors to find.

Not only were they rare, but there was never a guarantee that the organ would be compatible with the patient's body. Most died from failing to get a transplant.

"Thank you, Forrest," Camila whispered, her eyes filling with tears.

She didn't know how else to convey her sincere appreciation for him.

"You're welcome. Don't take it to heart, we are friends. This is what friends do." Forrest's emotions were all over the place. If it hadn't been for Isaac, Camila would be one step closer to her goals. And although he wanted to

support Isaac in his pursuit of Debora, Forrest hated the fact it was at Camila's expense.

"Let me drive you home."

"No, no, it's all right," Camila said in a hurry. "I'm fine, really."

She wasn't going to the Haynes residence, after all. She couldn't let Forrest know that she was already married. She couldn't let anyone know.

Luckily, Forrest didn't insist.

The pair exchanged goodbyes, and Camila took a taxi back to the villa she shared with Isaac.

If there was any consolation to be had, it would be the knowledge that her new husband didn't care to go home to her. It brought Camila immense relief.

Glenda greeted her at the door. She was glad to see that Camila wasn't as uptight as when she had first moved in. "You look happy," the housekeeper remarked kindly. "Did something good happen?"

Camila was bent over, changing her shoes. "It's nothing Glenda. I just realized I like living with you, just the two of us."

Glenda didn't reply.

"Are you saying that my presence is not needed?"

That voice...

Camila jerked her head up to find the man standing in the middle of the living room. If she hadn't seen him on the news, she would have never recognized her own husband.

He looked as cold and distant as he always did in the photos, only his eyes seemed to hold a considerable amount of disdain.

Camila wasn't expecting him to be here.

"You... You're home? Why?"

What was he doing here? Didn't he hate this marriage?

He was supposed to hate the mere sight of her.

Camila hadn't thought it was possible, but Isaac's expression turned even darker. "What?" he spat out. "Do I need to ask for your permission to stay in my own villa?"

Camila lowered her head to hide the flush in her cheeks. He was right. It was she who had intruded into his home.

Isaac tossed a folder on the table. "Sign it."

Camila walked into the living room and glanced at the documents. Divorce papers. This didn't surprise her at all. If anything, she had been expecting this. But she couldn't divorce him now. She had to wait until her mother had a successful surgery first.

She looked up at Isaac, unsure of how to address him. "Uh, Isaac... Can we..."

"Are you refusing to divorce me?" Isaac cut her off. It looked like he had been expecting her reaction, too. Of course, she wouldn't agree so easily, not after the lengths her greedy family had gone through to secure the marriage in the first place.

"All right, have it your way. I hope for your sake that you won't regret your decision." Isaac turned and walked away without waiting for a reply.

He had gravely misunderstood the situation. Camila tried to go after him to explain herself, but in her hurry, she tripped and dropped her purse.

Its contents went rolling in all directions on the floor.

Camila crouched and gathered them up, only to realize that an important item was missing. When she looked around, she found the box of pills right beside Isaac's feet. She immediately lunged for it, desperate to hide it before Isaac noticed.

Her fingers touched the surface of the box just as a premium leather shoe stepped on it.

She raised her head.

Isaac's face was mostly blank, but the nervous glint in Camila's eyes piqued his curiosity.

He snatched the box before she could grab it. He peeked inside and took out a packet of pills.

There were two slots.

One had obviously been consumed.

Isaac frowned and checked the label on the box. "Plan B One-Step." He had no idea what that meant, but then he caught sight of the description underneath. "Emergency contraceptive. Take as soon as possible within 72 hours."

Now, he would be a fool not to understand that.

He slowly lowered his eyes to look at the panicked woman at his feet. "So, you've already cheated on me," he said in a sarcastic tone. "And on our wedding night, no less."

Whatever disgust he had previously felt for this woman was now multiplied by a hundredfold.

Camila clenched her hands into fists to keep them from shaking. She pulled herself up and took a deep breath.

She didn't refute his words, she couldn't bear to.

Isaac wasn't wrong. She had indeed cheated on him.

"I never wanted to marry you," Camila muttered under her breath.

Isaac felt sick to his stomach. He threw the plastic packet at her face, its edge grazing the corner of her eyes and leaving a thin, red mark in its wake.

Thankfully, Camila had closed her eyes before it hit her. She crouched and retrieved the medicine, her grip so tight that she bent the plastic plate. The stinging in her skin was nothing compared to the humiliation she had just suffered in the hands of Isaac. He had trampled on her dignity in a matter of seconds.

"So you like men, don't you?" he said now, his voice dripping with malice. "I'll be sure to give you what you want." With that, Isaac stomped out of the villa.

Camila didn't know what he meant by that, but she would soon find out.

The next day, Willie was waiting for her as she prepared to leave for work.