

## Mistaken Marriage, Unexpected Love

### Chapter 9 Look For Her Yourself

Isaac pushed past the door to his office. "I don't want to see him. Make me a cup of coffee."

He headed over to his desk while the secretary, Wynter, fidgeted by the doorway.

"Mr. Williams said that he won't leave until you see him."

Isaac finally looked at Wynter, who, in turn, immediately lowered her head.

Isaac closed his eyes and sighed. "Bring him in." He unbuttoned his suit jacket and sat behind his desk.

Soon, Wynter returned with Jaylen and a cup of coffee.

Jaylen didn't beat around the bush, and demanded, "Where the hell did you find that woman?"

Unfazed by the sudden questioning, Isaac slowly picked up his cup and gestured for Wynter to leave. Only then did he meet Jaylen's hostile gaze.

"Do you see this?" the latter huffed, pointing at the patches of gauze on his neck and wrist. "She almost damaged my hand permanently!"

Isaac raised an eyebrow, feeling somewhat pleased with Jaylen's injuries. "How did you get those wounds, anyway?" he prodded deliberately.

Jaylena answered, a trace of fear flashing in his eyes, "That woman had a scalpel with her! She knew how to use it, too. The doctor who treated me said that she almost cut my main artery. I couldn't believe my misfortune! Not only did I fail to enjoy that feisty little wench, I almost died at her hands!"

Isaac's mood lifted even more upon hearing that. So Jaylen hadn't taken advantage of Camila. Isaac leaned back against his chair, his demeanor remaining cold. "So why are you still looking for her?"

"To take revenge, of course!"

Jaylen had literally suffered insult and injury last night. It was the first time he had experienced such a thing.

He needed to find that woman and teach her a lesson.

"In that case, you should just look for her yourself," Isaac said.

Jaylen paused and blinked at the other man, visibly confused.

"Forget it, then. I'll send my people to hunt her down. Once I find that bitch, I'm going to break both of her hands! Let's see if she can pick up a scalpel again!"

He made his declaration with so much vehemence that even Isaac winced slightly.

Meanwhile, in the hospital, Camila had just exited the examination room when she felt a shiver run down her spine.

Was someone cursing her behind her back?

"Dr. Haynes," a passing colleague called out, breaking through her thoughts. "Don't forget to come to Dr. Griffith's farewell party tonight. It's at eight, in the Section B of the Crowne Hotel."

Camila tucked her hands in the pockets of her lab gown and nodded, though she didn't really want to go.

Isaac would likely be there as well, and the thought of seeing him with Debora filled her with dread.

Despite this, Camila still went to the designated venue at eight o'clock that evening.

She was about to enter the hotel when she spotted a familiar car screech to a halt in front of the entrance.

Sure enough, Debora alighted from the vehicle, followed closely by Isaac.

Camila immediately ducked behind one of the massive pillars adorning the building's facade.

She peeked at them, careful not to reveal herself. She had to admit that Isaac and Debora made a good match. For him to attend tonight's gathering, he must like Debora very much.

Besides, practically every staff member of the hospital would be in attendance. They would surely speculate about the pair's relationship.

"Thank you for coming today, Isaac," Debora said softly. Her makeup was exquisite, and the dress she wore hugged her figure perfectly. She offered a shy smile at her companion and batted her eyes at him.

"It's no big deal," Isaac replied. "We are friends."

He was only here because of the favor he owed her for that night.

As for Debora, she had grown to fancy Isaac rather quickly, and wanted nothing more than to be intimate with him. Unfortunately, in her attempt to make a good impression during their last meeting, she had effectively removed that option for herself. She had no choice but to stick to her word for now, and hope their friendship would develop into something more.

They passed through the pillars, and Camila slowly edged in the opposite direction.

She realized that she didn't want to face Isaac, and decided to call Debora with some excuse about being needed elsewhere.

Camila took out her phone and was about to press the call button when another colleague arrived and called out her name.

It caught the attention of the people nearby, including Debora. She turned to look at Camila.

Caught off-guard, Camila froze where she stood, but her thumb ended up brushing against the call button anyway. By the time she realized what she had done, Debora's phone was already ringing.

Camila hurriedly pressed the end button. "Oh, sorry. A misdial."

Finding the voice familiar, Isaac swiveled around as well. His eyes immediately zeroed in on Camila, and a touch of amusement passed over them as he took in her awkward stance and the phone in her hand.

He raised an eyebrow.

So, this woman was also a doctor in Wellness Hospital?

"It's quite all right," Debora said with a gracious smile, making a point of moving closer to Isaac

Isaac had forbidden Camila from revealing to anyone that she was his wife, so she did just that and pretended that she didn't know him.

"Is this your boyfriend?" Camila smiled, her eyes bright and clear.

Debora only continued to smile and said nothing.

Isaac was silent, too, though his eyes took on a sharp edge as they fixed on Camila. He wanted to see how she would react in this situation.

To his disappointment, his new wife chuckled and said, "You two make a perfect couple."

Isaac's fingers twitched. He had the sudden urge to walk up to her and wipe that damn smile off her face!

Well aware of the man's vicious tendencies, Camila wasted no time making her escape. "Well, I won't keep you any longer. Please excuse me."

She rushed over to the colleague who had called her just now, hooked arms with her, and hurried inside the hotel.

"That man," the colleague whispered when they had put some distance between themselves and the couple. "That's the boss of Paramount Corporation. He is young and successful, and still holds so much promise. I really envy Dr. Griffith. She's so lucky to have scored such a man."

Camila didn't respond.

The colleague continued to prattle on. "How can someone be so perfect? Not only is he rich and good at business, he is also handsome and charming—"

"How do you know he's all that?" Camila finally interrupted. "For all we know, he might be a pervert." She thought back to last night, and the way he had strangled her and thrown the most vile insults at her. The word pervert wouldn't even begin to cover what he was.

Her colleague burst out laughing.

It went without saying that Debora had risen among the ranks by virtue of her association with Isaac. Everyone who worked in the hospital attended her farewell party, and all the tables in Section B were occupied.

Camila and her colleague entered the function hall. They were about to head toward the table in the far corner when the hospital director raised his hand and stopped her. "Camila! Please come and sit with us."

Camila turned to find Isaac staring straight at her.

She fixed a polite smile on her face and made to decline the director's offer. "I'm sorry, Sir, I—"

"Come on." The director easily brushed aside her refusal and pulled her to an empty chair.

She had no choice but to join them in their table, though she made sure to keep her head down.

The director wasn't done yet, however. He leaned close and nudged Camila with his elbow. "You and Debora go all the way back to university, right? Now that she is off to the Military Central Hospital, you should offer her a toast."

"She doesn't drink," Isaac cut in without warning.

A hush fell over the table as they glanced between Isaac and Camila. How did he know that she didn't drink?

Camila herself was taken aback. She finally raised her eyes and met Isaac's teasing gaze.

Her hands balled into fists under the table.

What was the bastard up to now?

Debora sensed that something was amiss, but she decided to ignore her hunch. She told herself that she must have misunderstood Isaac's meaning.

"Well, as doctors, it isn't good for us to indulge in alcohol. Our patients' lives rest in our hands, after all." Debora had a demure smile as she looked at

Camila. "Camila and I have always shared a good relationship. I will surely miss her when I leave."

Just then, Isaac's phone rang. He didn't bother excusing himself and just answered it at the table.

The caller said something, to which he replied that he understood before promptly hanging up.

As soon as he put his phone away, Camila's phone rang. She glanced at the other guests and pressed the answer key. It was Stevie Cooper, the trusted butler that served Isaac's grandfather. "Good evening, Young Madam. Please come to the Johnston mansion right away. Mr. Johnston wants to see you."

"I see. Okay."

Camila ended the call and turned to Debora. "I'm sorry, something urgent came up. I need to go. Let me offer you a toast with this glass of water. I wish you all the best." She held up her glass of water toward Debora and drank it.

Isaac watched Camila gather her purse with a meaningful smirk. He waited for her to stand up and said, "What a coincidence! I have something to take care of as well. Why don't we leave together?"

Camila paused, her eyes growing wide as saucers.

For some unknown reason, Isaac was irked that Camila was pretending not to know him.

He was eager to see how long she could keep up the act.

As expected, all eyes turned to Camila.