

Chapter 160 No Good Ending

Camila's heart began to race in panic. She kicked as hard as she could, but she couldn't break free from her shackles at all.

Cold sweat was starting to form on her forehead as a cloud of dread hung over her.

"Help!" she screamed.

Even though she tried her best to stay calm, it was just impossible under this circumstance. A lot of people were staring at her and weren't willing to let her out of their sight. From the looks of it, there was no chance that she could escape.

"Keep shouting! The louder you shout, the more excited I'll be," a man said as he took off his shirt.

When he was about to go on top of her, a loud bang echoed inside the container. The iron door had been kicked open!

The man gnashed his teeth in annoyance. "Who in the hell..."

Before he could utter the next word, a black shadow flashed in front of him. All of a sudden, his body was launched forward by a strong kick.

There was so much power behind that kick that the man flew upwards and crashed hard on the iron walls of the container. Once he was on the ground, he was painfully holding his abdomen and wincing in agony.

"W-who are you?" the man asked, struggling to speak. These people came out of nowhere that Travis' subordinates were caught off guard.

Now that they knew they were being invaded, one of the Travis' men shouted, "Do you have any idea whose territory this is? Do you want to die?"

"You overestimate your ability," Willie said coldly. "None of you will

escape here today."

As he spoke, a group of men from behind rushed in and took care of everyone inside in a short span of time.

Since the container was closed off, the wails of Travis' men echoed as Willie's men beat them up.

While all this was happening, Camila tried to stand up. Suddenly, she felt a warm hand on her shoulder. When she looked, she saw that it was Isaac.

Although his expression appeared calm at first glance, she could tell that there was a simmering anger lurking behind his eyes.

But aside from anger, Camila also saw fear and pity.

Was she the one making him feel that way?

She didn't know and had no time to think about it. Quickly, she grabbed her suit jacket and got out of the boxes. Then, she ran to Joe and picked him up. The child was now responding to the loud noise, which meant the effect of the drug had already worn off.

He didn't cry. Instead, his eyes were wide open and watched everything happening around him with curiosity.

Even though Camila tried her best not to cry, tears still streamed down her face and fell on Joe's cheeks.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," she whispered repeatedly as her words were choked with sobs. A feeling of both hatred and guilt gnawed at her heart.

She blamed herself for not taking good care of her son. At the same time, she hated Travis for making Joe take sleeping pills.

When she looked up, she saw Isaac staring at the baby in her arms.

There was a conflicted but passionate look in his eyes.

He wanted to touch the baby, but he was so overwhelmed by excitement that he couldn't stop his hand from shaking.

Was this his child?

Did he really have a child?

Was he a father?

"He..." Isaac uttered in a low and hoarse voice.

While holding Joe in her arms, Camila said in a calm voice, "Isaac, now isn't the right time to be emotional. I was almost..." She couldn't bring herself to say it. Instead, her eyes fell on the baby and continued, "Joe was fed with sleeping pills."

"I know." Isaac had never forgotten that detail. As soon as he received the message from Camila, he immediately asked someone to locate her mobile phone, which led him to find the dock. However, once they got there, the trace disappeared. He then speculated that Camila's disappearance must've something to do with the dock.

So, he roamed around the area, trying to look for clues. During the search, he saw Robin ashore by the ship.

As soon as he saw Robin, he knew what he was looking for. He brought with him a couple of people on board and began looking for a ship in the middle of the sea.

The entire time, Isaac blamed himself for acting too slowly.

Had he been late by a mere minute, the consequences would've been unimaginable.

Just replaying that scene in his head where someone was about to rape Camila was enough to make his chest tighten.

Suddenly, he was so overcome with rage that he wanted to destroy the whole world and watch it burn.

But as soon as he saw Camila and her child, the murderous look in his eyes softened and disappeared. He only looked like this whenever he was facing the people he cared about the most.

Gently, he pulled Camila close into his arms and said, "I'll send you back to a safe place first."

Camila nodded. He was right. This place wasn't safe for them to stay for a long time.

So, she followed Isaac out of the container. At this point, Travis had heard the noise and rushed towards the sound.

When he saw Isaac saving both Camila and her child, his face darkened instantly. "How did you find this place?" he uttered in disbelief.

He never expected Isaac to find this place.

After all, he familiarized himself with Willie's investigation method and made sure that he wouldn't be detected by it.

Thus, it completely baffled him how Isaac had discovered this place when he had already taken the necessary precautions to remain hidden.

Meanwhile, something had just occurred to Lilith. She looked at Camila and asked, "Was it you? I remember on the way to the dock you glanced at your cell phone. When you did that, did you tell someone that we were coming to the dock?"

Travis gnashed his teeth in anger. "You're the one who ruined my plan?!"

Camila shot a cold look at him. "What you have done is evil and inhumane! You will definitely pay for everything that you've done!"

When Lilith realized that she had ruined Travis' plan, a tinge of guilt surged in her heart. She owed Travis a lot and felt like she had let him down. However, instead of wallowing in her guilt, she decided to direct her anger to Camila.

If she hadn't trusted Camila, then Camila wouldn't have used and deceived her. The casino wouldn't have unraveled, and she wouldn't have caused Travis' plan to fail.

Thinking of all this, she couldn't help but clench her fists in anger.

Despite the odds stacked against him, Travis was still unwilling to admit defeat. In his mind, he had not yet lost. This wasn't the end of the story.

He still believed that he could turn the tables.



So, with an arrogant smirk, Travis looked up and said, "It's not yet clear who's the winner and who's the loser."

Isaac straightened his back and put an arm around Camila's shoulder. The sun cast a long shadow in front of him, making him look more ominous than usual. "One day, you'll pay for everything that you did today."

After saying that, he turned to Willie and called his attention.

Willie immediately walked towards him. "Yes, Mr. Johnston?"

"Throw that man into the sea and feed him to the fish," Isaac ordered. The look on his face was cold-blooded.

Even though Isaac wasn't pointing at anyone, Willie immediately knew that he was referring to the man who had molested Camila. That man was so beaten up that he could no longer stand by himself. As a result, he had to be dragged out.

"Throw him down," Willie ordered.

All of a sudden, the man's face turned pale in fright. "Please, forgive me!" he shouted in terror. "I won't ever do that again, I promise! I was just following orders. It was Mr. Travis Johnston who had asked us to do it —"

"Throw him to the sea," Isaac repeated his order. He already knew that Travis was behind all of this.

The first reason why Isaac wanted to kill this man in particular was because he wanted to punish him for what he had done to Camila. How reckless was this hooligan to even dare touch his woman?! Such a man must not be allowed to live!

The second reason was that he wanted to set an example to the rest of Travis' subordinates.

Let them know that no good would ever come out if they tried offending him. Not only that, he also exposed Travis' helplessness in front of his men. It sent a clear message: the person they were following couldn't even save them.

"Sir, help me!" The man turned to Travis and cried.

Unable to do anything, Travis gnashed his teeth and looked away. He was well-aware how powerless he was at this moment.

There was nothing he could do to save the man.

"Sir, please! I've done so many things for you. You can't just stand there and do nothing. Please! You're the one who asked us to rape her!"

Despite the desperation in the man's voice, his plea to Travis fell on deaf ears.

From Travis' perspective, the ship was already under Isaac's control. He himself couldn't escape. How else could he save another person?

Willie pulled the man up and, in one quick motion, threw his body into the sea. After a second, everyone heard the sound of splashing water.

The man didn't know how to swim, so he thrashed his arms wildly as his body struggled to stay afloat.

"Help..." He struggled to cry. Water was starting to enter his mouth. "Help..." The water around him kept splashing as he vigorously tried to fight for his life.

Meanwhile, the people on the ship could do nothing but watch. None of them even dared to help.

As the scene unfolded before their eyes, Travis' men couldn't help but cower in fear.

They were afraid that they were the ones next to be thrown to the sea.

Even if they knew how to swim, they knew they would eventually grow exhausted and drown because they were in the middle of the sea.

The man was starting to get tired. His movements were getting weaker, and he could barely keep his head above water. It was obvious that he was already on the verge of death.

Seeing this, Isaac flashed a faint smile. "It seems that nothing good happens when people follow you," he said to Travis.

As soon as Travis heard this, his face turned red with rage.

Was he trying to drive a wedge between him and his subordinates?

Suddenly, they heard the sound of a police whistle.

