

## Chapter 297 Disbelief

The doctor conveyed his sympathy and remorse saying, "Although we did our best, the injuries she had sustained were too severe."

Alick's heart skipped a beat as he unconsciously turned to look at Isaac, who was gritting his teeth and obviously struggling to hold back tears.

"Mr. Johnston..." Alick said with his voice full of caution.

"Is this some kind of joke?" Issac growled. His voice was low and monotonous that it seemed to be emanating from his chest.

The doctor replied with unease, "We would never even consider making such a joke."

Despite his reluctance to accept the doctor's verdict, Isaac couldn't ignore what was clearly communicated to him.

He swallowed audibly.

"Mr. Johnston, please try to stay calm," Alick said in an attempt to reason with him.

Nevertheless, Isaac remained agitated and was not pacified by his words.

That was likely the most arduous moment he had ever experienced.

He marched forward, but as he neared the operating room door, his steps became heavy and lethargic.

The door was ajar.

The surgeons in charge of the operation stood in a row beside the operating table.

All of them bowed their heads.

The leader, Josiah, also bowed his head and remained silent as did the others.

It was more appropriate to remain quiet at such a time.

The lifeless body on the operating table was still connected to various tubes.

Isaac stood at the door and could see her.

Her face was badly charred.

Tears welled up in his eyes as he struggled to comprehend what he was seeing. Could it really be Camila lying there? He scoffed, "Are you trying to trick me with someone else's body?"

Josiah lowered his head, his heart racing. How could Isaac know?

The body was severely disfigured.

He looked up at Isaac, who was attempting to conceal his panic. It wasn't that he knew it wasn't Camila. He simply refused to believe that she was gone. He was in denial.

Summoning his courage, Josiah spoke up. "We did everything we could, but she was injured in an explosion. We simply couldn't..."

Isaac shot them a piercing glare, as though he could harm them. "Isn't it your incompetence that prevented her from being saved?"

Josiah refrained from arguing back.

He knew that if he provoked Isaac at that moment, the situation could spiral out of control.

Isaac scrutinized each of the doctors with a piercing gaze.

He made his way to the operating table.

He made sure to get a closer look at the woman's face.

At that moment, his breath caught in his throat and he felt like he was suffocating.

His body trembled, becoming rigid.

It couldn't possibly be her, could it?

He refused to believe it.

Isaac uncovered the blue surgical cloth that covered the body, searching for the red mole on Camila's right shoulder.

However, due to the burn injuries, he couldn't see the mole.

He couldn't confirm if it was really Camila or not.

He searched thoroughly, but saw nothing.

Despite knowing Isaac's temper, Alick attempted to divert his attention. "We didn't anticipate this tragedy, but it has happened. There are several decisions that require your attention such as what to do with Travis."

Alick was trying to redirect Isaac's focus.

But it was too late as Isaac had already lost his composure.

The once-confident man was now consumed by grief.

"End his life at once." Isaac spoke with great agitation.

Alick was taken aback. That was not how Isaac usually behaved.

Alick knew that if Isaac wanted to exact revenge on Travis, he would have to find a lawful and legitimate means to do so.

Taking someone's life is considered a criminal act.

"Perhaps, there are alternative methods to make him pay for what he has done," Alick suggested cautiously.

Isaac refused to comply with his suggestion.

He immediately ordered everyone to leave the room. He had whispered the command, but it still sounded very threatening.

Alick was concerned about Isaac's emotional state and tried to reason

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with him. "Mr. Johnston..."

"Leave now!" Isaac interrupted forcefully.



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