

Chapter 299 The Culprit

"What technique?" Willie inquired in sheer excitement.

"Who is responsible for Camila's death?" Alick asked.

His apparent lack of insight prompted Willie to question his intelligence as he confidently asserted, "Travis is behind all of this, of course."

Alick then asked what would happen if Travis tried to escape.

Willie reassured him saying that he would not let Travis have the chance to run away. However, before Alick could say anything else, Willie chimed in, threatening to break Travis' legs if he tried to flee.

Alick remained silent, waiting for Willie to calm down before suggesting that they consider allowing Travis to go free.

"He's fortunate that we're not ending his life immediately. Now you're proposing we release him? Are you crazy?" Willie was unable to grasp Alick's intent.

Alick gave him an exasperated look before he said, "Can you please just listen to me quietly? Stop cutting me off."

Willie asked, "What is it that you want to say?"

"Isaac is deeply grieving over the loss of Camila, and if we tell him that the person responsible for her death has escaped and gone unpunished, it might motivate him to seek revenge."

Willie pondered over the idea for a while.

He concluded that it might be their only option. Even Joe had been unable to get Isaac's attention, so their only resort was to provoke him to action by stirring up his hatred for Travis.

Willie thought that the plan seemed like it could work.

He stated that he would return with Joe first. After that, they would release Travis.

"Hold on!" Alick stopped him and cautioned, "Don't be in a rush to release

Travis. It wouldn't be advantageous if he got out of reach. We need to make some arrangements first. He's still in a coma, isn't he?"

"Yes, that's right. Once one has been hit with the anesthetic gun, he'll be out for more than ten hours," Willie answered.

"Increase the dosage to ensure he falls into a deeper sleep. We could also insert a tracking device into his body to keep tabs on his whereabouts, for good measure."

After gazing at Alick for a few seconds, Willie exclaimed, "That's a brilliant idea! let me handle this." He wanted to be the one who did it.

"It's crucial that the tracker isn't discovered by him, otherwise he'll remove it," Alick warned.

"Sure thing. I'll take care of it immediately," Willie replied confidently.

Joe was too feeble to weep. All he could manage was soft sobs as Willie carried him.

Due to Willie's lack of experience in taking care of babies, he had no other option but to bring Joe back and entrust him to the care of Rowena and Glenda.

Once they left, Alick remained outside the operating room, consumed by his anxiety.

He rested his weight against the wall.

He was mentally willing for Willie to hurry.

He was in a difficult situation.

"Alick."

It was Isaac's voice and the way it had echoed jolted him out of his thoughts.

Alick was taken aback.

At first, he believed he had misheard the voice. He thought it was just his imagination.

He cautiously stepped inside the room and positioned himself by the door and tentatively called, "Mr. Johnston..."

"Locate a suitable storage facility for the body that has favorable

conditions in terms of location and environment. If a suitable place cannot be found, one should be constructed," Isaac said in a monotone.

Alick was too stunned to speak. He couldn't even grasp what Isaac was asking for.

Did he really want to preserve Camila's body instead of the conventional way of burying people in a grave?

He was of the opinion that it was best to lay the dead to rest and be done with it.

"Pardon me, Mr. Johnston. But, if I may... I think it'll be better for us to bury her and let her rest in peace," Alick suggested in a subdued voice.

Isaac directed a chilly glare towards him.

Nevertheless, he didn't say anything harsh to him.

He seemed to have wanted to tell him something frightening but had thought better of it.

However, the usual glint of life in his eyes was long gone.

He didn't exude any form of emotion, be it anger or sadness.

His blankness was frightening.

"Are you trying to question my decision?" he asked coldly as he cocked his head slightly.

Alick answered immediately, "Not at all. I'll do as you've said right away."

With that, he turned around and hurried right out scared to his bones that he could be torn apart by his boss.

Although Isaac seemed calm, he looked ten times more terrifying than he did when he was angry.

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