

## Chapter 301 Disfigured For Life

---

Josiah was too nervous to say anything.

With his hands clasped behind his back, the director of the hospital looked at him the way the principal of a school catches a naughty student. He scolded Josiah, "What do you take this place for? Your home? You think you can do whatever you want here? Huh?"

Previously, the director didn't punish Josiah after he found out about what happened to Nelson. He only left Josiah with a warning.

This time, however, Josiah had taken advantage of his position to help Camila.

He was not wrong to help her.

But his fault was in lying. Lying was taboo in the hospital.

Camila was still alive, but Josiah had proclaimed her dead and even carried some other woman's corpse into the operation room.

"Director, I'm sorry..." Josiah said feebly.

"Your apologies won't work this time. I'm informing Isaac right now—"

"No, don't!" Camila struggled to sit up.

Josiah hurried to help her up. "Don't move. You're still injured."

But she ignored him and locked eyes with the director. "I was the one who asked Josiah for help. If there's anyone to blame, it's me. I hope you can forgive Josiah."

The director frowned as soon as he got a better look at her face.

She used to be so beautiful.

But now...

"Your face..."

"It's not that serious. My face might be scarred for life, but at least I'm still alive. Director, I've worked hard for this hospital, and I haven't made any mistakes before. Can you please help me this time?"

The director stared at her disfigured face with pity. In the end, he sighed deeply and said, "Well, fine. I'll pretend that I didn't see you, but this is the last time I'm helping you. If this happens again, both of you can kiss your jobs goodbye."

The director's voice was gruff, but he didn't punish them. He simply turned around and walked out of the operating room without looking back.

Josiah breathed a sigh of relief. "Good thing he didn't blame us."

"I'm sorry, Josiah. I'm the one who got you into trouble," Camila said, lowering her head guiltily.

"Don't say that. We've got each other's back. I've gotten you into trouble, too. You helped me with Nelson." Josiah smiled at her warmly.

Camila wanted to smile back, but the slightest movement on her face made her wounds hurt.

Seeing her wince, Josiah said, "Don't say anything. Just get some rest. I'll transfer you out of the hospital in the evening."

Camila nodded gratefully.

As she watched Josiah leave, she felt guilty.

She felt that she always brought him bad luck.

Truth be told, she only helped Nelson before not because of Josiah, but because of the letter given to her by Cathy.

But none of these things mattered anymore.

It was all over now.

Taking a deep breath, she slowly lay down and closed her eyes.

Alick didn't have as many connections in the city as Willie did. After all, Alick had been abroad all this time. If he was to find a satisfactory place for Isaac, he had no choice but to ask Willie for help.

Fortunately, Willie was well-connected and knew a lot of people in the city.

It didn't take long before he found the perfect place.

It was a stone villa located on the hillside.

The previous owner of this villa was fond of medieval architecture and had his home constructed in the style of a European castle. Later, the owner died, and his son didn't like the villa, so he wanted to sell it.

But because of its exorbitant price, it had stayed on the market for a while.

Alick looked at the stone fortress in shock. "This villa cost two hundred million dollars and we're using it to store a damn body? Is it just me or does that sound a little crazy?"

Willie rolled his eyes at Alick impatiently. "Which is more important—the money or Mr. Johnston's wellbeing?"

"The latter, of course. But isn't it strange that he doesn't even want to bury her body? Will he be able to mourn properly if we keep her body in this villa?" Alick asked suspiciously.

Willie shrugged and decided to play it by ear.

"He might need some time to get over her death. Whatever happens, we have to do what we're told. I've already set your plan in motion and put a micro tracker in Travis's body, causing a wound visible on his body. I'm afraid that he'll find out about it sooner or later. I might not be able to let him escape for now."

Alick sighed. "We have no choice but to wait and see."

Then he changed the subject. "I'll tell Mr. Johnston that I found a place to store the body. Willie, you've got to help me build a cold storage unit."

"Don't worry. I'll take care of it." It wasn't a big deal for Willie.

"Do it quickly," Alick said agitatedly.

Willie waved his hand at Alick, indicating he had nothing to worry about.

Once that was settled, Alick then returned to the hospital.

But Isaac wasn't in the operation room.

The corpse of Camila was still there though.


He was confused.

Where was Isaac?

When he was about to look for Isaac, he saw him coming over from the other end of the corridor, only Isaac wasn't alone. There was a person with a suitcase following him down the corridor.

Who was that person?



 Limited-time offer: 30  
minutes of free reading>>

Claim Now