

## Chapter 315 He Missed Her Too Much

Alick was perplexed and questioned, "Why do you want to get the surveillance video of the auction?"

Isaac looked back at him, his eyes suggestive.

He didn't need to say a word!

The air was pretty heavy with oppression.

As he lowered his head, Alick muttered, "I'm dealing with it now."

Since Camila's passing, Isaac's demeanor had transformed from despondency to relentless toil, plagued by sleeplessness that only medication could alleviate.

He had once been cold and unfeeling in the past.

But now, his frigidity had reached new depths, his ruthlessness magnified.

His previous aloofness toward others left a chill that permeated every interaction, but it hadn't extended to his subordinates.

Even Willie, his former assistant, had resigned.

Now Willie stayed in the company.

It was not because he was a coward or something, but because it was hard to get along with Isaac.

Everything around his life was as cold.

He gave people a sense of oppression all the time.

That constant source of oppression made working with him an agonizing ordeal.

Alick, unsure of Isaac's intentions, found himself compelled to obey all his orders.

Upon his return to the auction, Nelson had slipped away through the back exit.

He had been too late!

Apparently, Nelson had anticipated his arrival.

In an effort to protect Camila's secret, Nelson had already alerted the relevant authorities.

He instructed them to claim that the surveillance camera was malfunctioning if anyone inquired about the footage that night.

Nelson's familiarity with the auction organizers allowed him to manipulate the situation effortlessly.

Alick returned empty-handed, his disappointment overwhelming.

He dreaded facing Isaac, knowing he had failed in his task.

However, escape was not an option; he was bound to follow Isaac's orders!

Resigned to his fate, he reluctantly made his way back to the hotel.

Isaac, clad in a white bathrobe, sat on the sofa, the open neckline exposing his elongated neck, reminiscent of a seductive hero leaping out of the pages of a comic book.

He reclined, trying to relax.

A bottle of his daily medicine was resting on the table beside him.

The bottle hadn't been moved.

He hadn't eaten a morsel.

Alick approached him cautiously, calling out, "Mr. Johnston."

Without deigning to meet his gaze, Isaac issued a low, commanding

A distressed Alick confessed, "I couldn't retrieve it. The surveillance camera was reportedly faulty."

Isaac's eyebrows raised, fixing Alick with an enigmatic stare.

Alick shivered, feeling an eerie chill crawl up his spine.

As a result, his hair stood on edge!

"Mr. Johnston..."

"Do you honestly believe that the organizers would allow such a significant auction to be marred by a faulty surveillance camera?"

Isaac's irritation surged forth.

It was all directed at Alick's carelessness.

The efficiency he once possessed was dwindling to nothingness.

Alick crumbled under the weight of intense pressure, unable to maintain his usual composure.

Only now did he realize that something must have been wrong after Isaac's admonishment.

All the items on auction were invaluable, and the organizers would have been meticulous in their preparations. How could they have overlooked repairing a malfunctioning surveillance camera?

Any mishap or loss would result in significant financial repercussions for the organizers.

"I'll return and try again," Alick offered, desperate to rectify his failure.

Isaac raised a dismissive hand. "Forget about it! Go to bed."

Alick acquiesced, hastily leaving the room, desperate to escape its suffocating atmosphere.

With the door closed, the room fell into a heavy silence.

Isaac gazed out at the city's vibrant night, framed by the floor-to-ceiling window. The kaleidoscope of lights painted his form, casting an elusive halo around him, rendering his face and emotions obscure to any onlooker.

He pressed his hand to his forehead, caught in a whirlwind of thoughts.

Perhaps he yearned for Camila's presence too intensely.

That led him to associate the mention of the "ugly woman" by Jaylen with her.

He had even tasked Alick with investigating the surveillance footage in search of this woman.

Perhaps he had lost his grip on reality!

His longing for her had become unbearable.

She had transformed his existence into an agonizing torment.

Every passing moment felt like an eternity, devoid of the solace her presence once brought.

Mila, Mila...

Her image persisted, relentlessly haunting his mind.

The phone on the table vibrated abruptly, breaking the stillness.

Isaac turned his head languidly, his eyes landing on the message displayed on the screen.

It read, "Camila Haynes is still alive!"