

Chapter 316 Remain Single Forever

Isaac stood frozen, his mind reeling from the shocking words.

Abruptly, the phone screen went off.

Summoning his resolve, he pressed the button, and the screen flickered to life once more.

His trembling fingers hovered uncertainly over the message, the anticipation building within him like a coiled spring.

Taking a deep breath, Isaac attempted to steady himself, but the tumultuous storm of emotions raging inside him refused to be quelled.

With trepidation, he finally mustered the courage to click on the enigmatic message.

However, to his dismay, the words that greeted him were disappointingly scant.

"Camila is still alive."

Isaac's brows furrowed in confusion.

His eyes turned into pools of darkness, reflecting the depths of his inner turmoil.

Just as he began to process the implications of the cryptic message, a sudden buzz reverberated from his phone, signaling a new incoming message.

"Come to room 709 if you wish to know Camila's whereabouts," the message read.

Isaac's mind raced, knowing that it was all orchestrated.

Someone was intentionally leading him to room 709.

He scowled and went there, despite knowing that it was a trap.

Yet, his love for Camila burned inside him day in and day out!

It burnt so fiercely inside him that he found himself unable to resist the pull.

She was dead for God's sake!

Despite knowing it was a lie, he still believed the message!

And so, against all reason, Isaac ventured forth, striding purposefully toward room 709 which was on the same floor as his.

"Isaac, you must be stupid!" Jaylen laughed uncontrollably.

He knew Isaac, and Isaac was so perceptive that he would never fall for such a ploy.

But he still came here!

"I mean, how does someone like you become so stupid?" Jaylen burst out in fits of hysterical laughter.

Isaac's gaze pierced through Jaylen, cold and unforgiving. "Utter one more word about her, and I will ensure your demise is agonizing!" Isaac warned, his voice dripping with icy venom.

Without sparing Jaylen another glance, Isaac turned on his heel.

Leaning against the doorframe, Jaylen crossed his arms defiantly, his face contorted with stubbornness. "Even without Camila, mark my words, Isaac. You will not remain single forever!"

Isaac continued his departure without pause, Jaylen's words trailing behind him like scattered dust in the wind.

Desperate to prove his point, Jaylen called after him, "How about we make a bet, Isaac? I wager that within a year, you'll find love once more. Care to accept?"

Isaac offered no response, his silence a resolute rejection of Jaylen's proposition.

"Hey!"

With a resounding bang, the door closed.

Jaylen was left speechless alone with his thoughts.

"I'll lose a year of my life if he falls in love with another woman," said Alick.

Alick emerged from his room at that moment, a mischievous glimmer in his eyes.

He heard Jaylen's words.

"He will. Have faith," Jaylen remarked, a knowing smile tugging at his lips.

But Alick didn't buy that. "You think so? I beg to differ."

Alick had a more in-depth familiarity with Isaac than Jaylen had.

"Ah, men like you are all cut from the same cloth!" Jaylen snorted dismissively before turning away and returning to his room.

Alick's eyes twitched, and he couldn't help but ask, "Aren't you a man as well?"

His words suggested he saw himself as distinct from the others.

"Are you implying you're gay?"

With that, Alick closed his door.

Jaylen couldn't react for a moment.

"I made that remark because I believe I'm different from you fickle love-struck fools!" Jaylen muttered to himself, his voice echoing down the empty corridor.

He then snorted at Alick's room, "You fucking jerk!"

Meanwhile, Isaac returned home after completing his errand.

Little Joe had just mastered the art of walking, his steps growing steadier.

As Isaac stepped into his residence, Joe hurriedly toddled over and wrapped his tiny arms around his father's legs. "Mama..."

The term daddy hadn't found its way into Joe's vocabulary yet!

Isaac hadn't deliberately taught him to call him daddy.

He found joy in hearing Joe's adorable mispronunciation of mama.

"Mama..."

Joe nuzzled his face against Isaac's legs, cherishing their reunion.

Isaac bent down, scooping up his son in his arms.

Joe beamed with delight, embracing Isaac tightly as if he had missed him dearly. He peppered his father's face with affectionate kisses, leaving traces of drool in his wake!

Isaac cringed in mild disgust.

He then reached for a tissue to wipe away the saliva from his face.

Just then, the phone rang once again.

Glenda answered it.

Her gaze shifted toward Isaac as she listened and then relayed the news. "Sir, they say Travis has escaped again."

The word "again" hung in the air, catching Isaac's attention.

Glenda appeared unfazed, suggesting this was a recurrent occurrence.

Wasn't this like Travis's hundredth escape?

And subsequent capture?

Isaac offered a slight nod in response, acknowledging the information.

Travis had been placed in the Simpson Psychiatric Hospital.

Isaac didn't hand him over to the police.

Instead, he took Travis to the facility as a lunatic!

The guards, perhaps overly relaxed, provided him with ample opportunities to flee.

Travis did try his best to escape.

He did it time after time, only to be caught and brought back!

He repeated this cycle tirelessly.

Eventually, he started to doubt his sanity!

Every time he ran away, he was caught.

Even the line between reality and fantasy about his escapes was blurring in his chaotic mind!

In a nutshell, his mind was a total shamble!!

"Isaac, release me from this hell if you dare!" Travis pounded on the iron door frantically, his voice tinged with madness.

"Mr. Johnston..." The door swung open, revealing the hospital director's concerned face.

Isaac stood in the doorway, his presence commanding.

Travis, still knocking on the door, stumbled and fell as the door suddenly opened.

Lifting his head, he locked eyes with Isaac, his fists clenching with seething animosity.

"Isaac!" Travis gritted his teeth, venom dripping from his words.