

Chapter 321 Angered Isaac

Name: Jane Perez

Age: 30

Born in Azmar.

Camila had concealed her true identity by assuming a new name and altering her age. She had arrived with a purpose, a hidden agenda that compelled her to obscure her past.

There was nothing more about her.

Isaac's brow furrowed in contemplation. Was that all?

Harrell, sensing Isaac's dissatisfaction, explained, "I've exhausted my resources, and while I possess the capability, that's the extent of what I could uncover. However, if you're willing to invest, I'll personally journey to Faymoor and meet this enigmatic Jane. I believe that as an individual with a conscience hailing from Azmar, she'll be inclined to return and contribute to its development."

Isaac's response was immediate and resolute. "I have no interest. Wynter, kindly escort our guest out."

He was unwilling to engage any further.

Isaac had no desire to waste his time discussing unpromising ventures.

Harrell, not reconciled, added, "Mr. Johnston, if Miss Haynes were still alive, what path do you think she would choose?"

Isaac's countenance changed unannounced. His eyes, deep as an abyss, betrayed a calm exterior but a restlessness threatened to erupt at any moment.

Harrell regretted his choice of words the instant they left his lips.

Bringing up Camila in Isaac's presence was no trifling matter.

Else, Isaac's fuse would blow up!

"Please ignore what I just said." Then, perhaps fearing for his life, he quickly left the office!

He wiped the chilly perspiration from his brow as he went out; that was one hell of an episode!!

Camila was a doctor. He brought her up on purpose because he needed Isaac to give him his word because of Camila.

It was as if Harrell had unwittingly angered Isaac.

Oblivious to him, Isaac's restlessness had been awakened by his words!

Isaac found himself unable to sleep once again that night, the medication failing to lull him into slumber.

From a single pill, it went up to an escalating count of six!

He had grown resistant to their effects.

He popped a handful of pills into his mouth, washing them down with water.

The exact number he took eluded him.

He seemed indifferent to the potential harm his haphazard pill consumption could cause, his health of little concern.

Lying down, he mulled over Harrell's words.

If Camila still lived, what would she want him to do?

Camila had embraced the path of a doctor, driven by a desire to heal the world.

Undoubtedly, she would yearn for his investment.

With resolve, he grabbed his phone and dialed Alick's number, issuing a directive, "Instruct Harrell to draft a comprehensive feasibility report on

the proposal he presented."

"Consider it done."

Alick then ended the call.

Having taken the pills, sleep remained elusive to Isaac.

He turned his gaze toward the window.

The moonlight seeped through the gauze curtains, caressing his face with a gentle touch.

In the moon's embrace, his chiseled features had some more depth and allure.

Yet, beneath his calm facade, a tempest of emotions churned, intertwining longing and pain.

Meanwhile, upon receiving Isaac's call, Harrell sprang into action, conducting a meticulous investigation and preparing a detailed feasibility report. Determined to convince Isaac once and for all, he embarked on a journey to Faymoor.

With his background in medicine, Harrell had cultivated connections within the field.

Through these, he managed to establish contact with Camila, finally reaching her at the Madeline Research Center.

At the bustling research facility, Camila immersed herself in experiments, delving into the intricacies of the total artificial heart.

They had recognized the complexity and uniqueness of human hearts.

The human heart, with its myriad components, presented a formidable challenge.

Their task entailed identifying and replacing each individual part.

This groundbreaking concept, the total artificial heart, sought to encompass the heart's entirety.

That was what they would call the total artificial heart!

Presently, their focus rested on finding a substitute for blocked cardiac blood vessels; they were mere tenths of a micromillimeter in diameter!

These slender vessels couldn't be detected without the aid of a mirror.

Their fragility and minuscule dimensions rendered finding a viable replacement a daunting task.

They weren't totally lost for ideas, however; they'd gleaned some insight from the leaves.

Every verdant leaf, vibrant with life, revealed a web-like network of microtubes—a botanical tapestry resembling the intricate microvascular system within the human body.

Harnessing this natural phenomenon, they embarked on their quest.

"Jane, shall we dine together?" The man hailed from Azmar, like Camila. However, his upbringing and education had transpired in Faymoor.

Six years had passed since he had joined the ranks of the Madeline Research Center.

During this time, he had amassed numerous accomplishments.

Within the research center, Faymoor-born colleagues fostered a sense of camaraderie, even the two.

Camila had a good relationship with him.

Even better, she shared a harmonious rapport with all.

"Very well," Camila consented, nodding.

"Then I'll book a table," Jeff Bates, the Azmar native, replied, donning a warm smile.

Timely, Camila arrived at the designated restaurant.

Jeff had already taken his seat.

Camila stopped short as she approached the entrance and saw Harrell talking to Jeff.