

Chapter 350 I Won't Abandon You

Isaac's initial reaction on encountering the message was one of skepticism, as he suspected someone was pulling another prank on him.

Just like Jaylen had done in the past.

But he was abroad.

Besides, it seemed impossible for Jaylen to repeat such an act.

So, who was the culprit this time?

And what was their motive?

Despite recognizing the deliberate intent behind the message, Isaac decided to respond. "You seem to possess knowledge of her whereabouts. So, tell me, where can I find her?"

After replying, he put down his phone but couldn't take his eyes off it.

Deep down, he hoped against hope that this wouldn't lead him into yet another entanglement but instead provide a miraculous solution to his plight.

"I can tell you, but everything comes at a price!"

As expected, the phone soon rang, and Isaac hastily picked it up.

Though he maintained a calm expression, inwardly he had braced himself for what was to come.

"What do you require in exchange?" he asked.

"Free Travis. And I shall reveal Camila's location to you."

Isaac replied, "Okay."

Having sent his reply, he promptly dialed Alick's number.

Alick picked up the call without delay. "Check if anyone has recently had contact with Travis," Isaac instructed.

"Understood," Alick replied.

Isaac terminated the call, his mind fully engaged.

Just then, a message appeared on his phone screen. "Let us exchange at the Seven Port."

A cynical smile played on his face as he read the message.

Did he truly believe that he could simply waltz while at the port and escape?

The chosen meeting spot was a clear indication of his intention to flee the country by boat.

Nevertheless, Isaac replied, "Agreed."

He was eager to see who would be there to save Travis.

Could it be Gunter?

After all, Travis was Gunter's son.

So, it wouldn't be surprising if he took drastic measures.

At Simpson Psychiatric Hospital.

Meanwhile, Travis had resigned himself to his fate.

Lilith had dedicated considerable time to investigating his whereabouts, finally discovering that Travis was being held there. She managed to secure a job at the hospital and, through her covert efforts, learned that Travis was confined to solitary confinement.

Lilith proved her mettle in her role, even resorting to bribes to become the one responsible for delivering food to Travis.

Travis had resorted to a hunger strike, a desperate act to end his own life. Yet, the hospital director intervened, administering nutrition injections to ensure his survival.

Each day, the hospital delivered meals to Travis.

But he steadfastly refused to eat anything!

"You will live, and I will help you escape!" Lilith whispered to him.

Travis gradually lifted his eyelids, fixing his gaze on the door. Beneath

the iron door, there was a small gap used for sliding food trays into his cell. His existence was akin to that of a neglected dog. Dogs possessed freedom at least, but he was denied even that basic right!

He couldn't recognize the voice that addressed him.

"Travis, Travis..."

Lilith called out to him.

Finally, he stirred.

"How did you manage to come here?" Travis asked, astonished by Lilith's sudden appearance.

"I'm here to save you, Travis," she declared.

Travis couldn't help but perceive it as a joke.

"You want to save me? Can you truly stand against Isaac?" he scoffed.

How could a powerless girl stand a chance?

"Trust me, I have a plan," Lilith asserted with unshakable confidence.

It was evident that she felt very confident about this.

"What is your plan?" Travis asked.

"I sent a message to Isaac, informing him that I know where Camila is..."

"Camila is no longer among the living; he won't believe you," Travis interjected, dismissing the idea as foolish.

"No, he will believe me. Isaac is undoubtedly the only person in this world who still thinks Camila could be alive. I told him that I possess knowledge of her whereabouts, and I will offer that information in exchange for your freedom," Lilith explained, convinced of the plan's viability.

After all, so far, so good!

Travis laughed bitterly. "You are incredibly naive. While he may desire Camila to be alive, he is not dumb. I've heard that he hasn't cremated or buried her body yet. He has preserved it, and once he conducts a DNA test, he will ascertain his doubts. Your plan is doomed to fail!"

Lilith was unaware that Isaac had not laid Camila to rest.

Initially brimming with confidence, she now asked, "What should we do now?"

"Lilith, you can't save me. It's better if you distance yourself," Travis urged.

"No, I have to help. I won't abandon you," Lilith asserted.

Lying on the ground, she could only catch glimpses of him through the slot where the food tray was delivered.

Travis suddenly realized that the greatest achievement in his life was a woman.

He ended up in this wretched state.

Yet, she hadn't forsaken him.

"Thank you." He vowed to treat her well if he managed to escape.

"Isaac will be convinced of her demise after examining Camila's body. However, if he doesn't, we still have a chance," Lilith said, gazing at him. "Don't give up. Make sure you eat properly."

Travis observed Lilith intently. She never wavered. Had he given up on himself too soon, surrendering to hopelessness?

"All right, I will follow your lead," he acquiesced.

Seated on the sofa, lost in thought, Isaac had Joe lying across his legs, playfully engrossed with his toy dog.

He never harbored doubts about Camila's demise. His subordinates reported that when they rescued her, her injuries were severe, rendering her unrecognizable. Subsequently, he identified the body they found as hers.

But was that truly Camila's body?

Perhaps, just perhaps, there was room for doubt!

Picking up his phone, Isaac dialed a number, patiently waiting for the call to connect. 