

Chapter 380 Take The Risk

The translation was mainly for the male colleague, who more or less had said the following:

"When does Hammaslahti publish their new breakthroughs?"

"Did you check the news online?"

"It wasn't until we got that one phone call that we were made aware of the situation. Madeline is known as the best heart research institution in the world. And yet, Hammaslahti has somehow beaten us in one particular study. Don't you find this a disgrace? How should Madeline proceed in the future?"

"Yes, that's right."

"There is something wrong with the milk."

"Correct! How clever of you. I did indeed lace your milk with something. I received a call earlier. They want me to take you back. Everyone knows that you leaked important data. I need to take you back to Faymoor, or my career will be over. I'm sorry, but I can't afford to get fired before I have the chance to retire. I need to do as they say."

"Give it up. I know that you are a skilled doctor, so I was extra careful with the dosage of the drug I put in the milk. There is no way anyone can detect, but it will render you limp and helpless." ①

Isaac's eyes ran over the words and instantly pieced the situation together.

Camila had been abducted and taken back to Faymoor because she had leaked important research data from Madeline.

The people of Faymoor were notorious for their temper and tenacity. The entire world knew it.

They would never back down from a challenge.

Isaac grew even more worried about Camila, especially when she was currently pregnant.

"Should we investigate how this information got leaked?" Alick suggested. He senses that something was not right with the way things had developed. "Camila has been away for a long time. How did she even manage to get a contact within Hammaslahti?"

His words triggered a memory, and Isaac recalled that Camila went and saw Josiah that day.

That meet-up probably had to do with the research results.

"Find Josiah and bring him to me."

Isaac's voice was low, and carried a hint of danger.

"I'll have someone bring him here right away."

They would spare no expense or effort at this point.

"And find out how Camila and her colleagues left the building."

Surely, they couldn't have disappeared without a single trace.

"Of course." Alick left to do what he was tasked.

Isaac then dismissed the others from the room. The waitress gathered the money in her arms and exited last.

Isaac sat by himself at the table, his expression dire.

Without him noticing, his hands had balled into fists.

He had no idea what Camila had come here to do, in the first place.

He thought that she was just here for the symposium.

Now that things had come to this, Isaac deeply regretted ever helping to materialize the event.

Because of him, Azmar had been elected as the venue, and Camila was compelled to steal top secret documents and risk stowing them back home.

And now, she was in danger.

If the higher-ups knew that she was the one who had leaked the data, she would undoubtedly be punished.

He knew it for sure, because the experts here in Azmar would have done

the same thing.

Isaac took a deep breath. He really couldn't do much at the moment, except to establish the ins and outs of this whole affair as soon as possible. Only then could he plan his next course of action, and go and save Camila.

Soon enough, Josiah was brought into the room by Alick's subordinates.

Alick himself had gone to Hammaslahti to find out who had published the thesis.

Josiah was oblivious to it all, so he was quite miffed about being accosted yet again. "What do you want now, Isaac?"

Isaac cast a cold glance at him and went straight to the point. "Did Camila give you something when you last saw each other?"

Josiah was taken aback. Why was Isaac suddenly asking him this?

Was it a good thing or a bad thing?

His instincts told him to keep the matter a secret.

"I'm afraid I have no idea what you're talking about," Josiah replied. "We simply talked and caught up with each other."

Isaac's face darkened.

That day, Camila had used the word "urgent" when she went to meet Josiah.

Their meeting must have involved something very important.

That meant that Josiah was lying.

"Do you know that Camila was apprehended because she leaked valuable data from Madeline? Tell me, who did you hand that data over to?" Isaac spoke through gritted teeth. It was all he could do not to lash out and rage at the other man.

He needed to keep a level head if he wanted to come up with a plan to save Camila.

The fact that Josiah was lying to his face was no help at all, but Isaac managed to stifle his fury.

"What did you say?" Josiah asked in surprise.

"No, that can't be. I made a deal with the people at Hammaslahti. They were supposed to do the study in secret and only publish it once they had created a successful prototype..."

"Well, they did announce it to the world. Didn't you know?" Isaac showed him the published article. "It's gained a lot of attention."

Josiah read it, his expression changing from one of shock, to horror, then finally, anger. "Those bastards did not keep their word! They threw Camila under the bus!"

"So you know nothing at all?" Isaac snapped, frustrated at how unreliable Josiah was with such sensitive matters.

This research must be done in secret, not announced for the entire world to gawk out. They were practically setting themselves up for a possible disaster.

What would happen if they eventually failed in getting favorable results? They would be humiliated!

"Brainless bastards!" Isaac cursed.

"Is Camila in any danger?" Josiah asked, fully comprehending the seriousness of the situation.

"Yes." Isaac's eyes flashed. "Whom did you give the data to?"

"The Vice-President of Hammaslahti. What can we do to save her?" He was concerned about Camila, too.

Isaac wasn't sure what to do next, at last not yet.

He was still waiting on his informants to see if they could trace Camila's whereabouts. As long as they were still in Azmar, they had better chances at taking her back.

"How could the Vice-President be so careless?" Josiah lamented.

Just then, Alick arrived with the man in question, the Vice-President of Hammaslahti.

He was a man who enjoyed a high status, and wielded the power and influence that came with. Alick stood back, and kept watch, in case the man tried to flee.

Contrary to his expectations, the Vice-President clasped his hands behind his back and calmly sauntered into the room.

Unable to help himself, Josiah rushed forward and demanded, "You made a promise that you will keep this research a secret until the right time comes! What the hell did you do?"

The other man shrugged with indifference. "If the research becomes successful, it would be published, anyway."

"Is this your research result?" Josiah seethed. "That's not what you said when I gave you the data!"

"What was it that I said?" The Vice-President was unfazed.

Josiah gritted his teeth. What blatant deceit!

"Are you telling me that you've forgotten? According to our deal, this research will be limited to the staff of Hammaslahti. Word must never get out! So explain to me, why the hell it was published exactly one day after we established that agreement?"

The Vice-President gave him a look and sighed. "It's true, I did say that. But..."

"But what? You'd better give us a proper explanation, or I will never let you walk out of this room on your own two legs. Mr. Johnston here might do even worse!" Josiah was using Isaac's name to threaten their common enemy.

The Vice-President turned to Isaac and frowned in confusion.

What did it have to do with him?

"Mr. Johnston, I understand that you have significant contributions to making this year's symposium possible. I'm sure that everyone involved is grateful for your generosity. But I don't see how this particular affair is any of your business."

"The person who acquired that information is Jane Perez, an attending doctor at Madeline. She used to be called Camila, and she is also Mr. Johnston's wife. Do you still think it isn't any of his business? Because of your greed and ambition, Camila was taken away by the people of Madeline. What do you propose we do about it now?"

The Vice-President was a prominent figure in the medical field.

But Isaac didn't take him seriously.

The Vice-President knew what he had done, and that he had done it for selfish reasons. Never had he imagined that things would turn out like

this.

"Tell us everything you know, right now!" Josiah growled.

The Vice-President was reluctant at first, but he eventually gave in. "This... It was decided by the institute as a whole..."

"Bring me the President." Isaac immediately barked at Alick.

"No!" the Vice-President yelled, looking flustered now. "Don't contact the President. I'll talk." 