

## Chapter 389 Finding A Way Out

The entire time, Camila was locked up like this.

She had no water nor food, and occasionally, she could hear a baby's cry.

It was the anguish wail of a baby after being abused.

Every time she heard it, her body would instinctively shrink as her hand caressed her stomach.

Her worst fear was that something similar could happen to her own baby.

Camila had been locked up for such a long time she had already lost track of time.

Right now, she didn't even know what day of the week it was.

She also couldn't see anything.

It was like she existed in a world without either time or light.

At first, she tried pounding on the door, but no one on the other side responded. All she got was the hollow reverberation of the metal door echoing across the empty hallway.

After a while, she realized that banging on the door was an exercise in futility. So, with nothing else to do, she just sat there and sulked in silence.

After all, she needed to save her energy.

She was thirsty, and her stomach grumbled.

Her eyes were itching to see any semblance of light.

"Can anyone save me?" she muttered to herself as she cowered in the corner.

Her mind was no longer functioning properly.

From time to time, she would even have hallucinations.

Whenever she heard that baby's distant cry, her entire body would shake in fear.

Meanwhile, in Dali, Isaac and Ferris met.

They were in a seven star hotel, whose building was the epitome of magnificence and luxury. Despite its grand design, its facade blended perfectly with the local aesthetic. Upon entering the hotel, the first thing that one would see would be the multiple crystal lamps, each adorned with national characteristics mixed with various elements. It gave whoever entered it the impression that they were in a palace.

On the other hand, the hotel's exterior had a modern and unique flourish.

As the owner of this world-famous hotel, Ferris was considered one of the richest billionaires in the world.

He wore a white robe, and his black hair glistened under the light. His fuzzy beard complemented his deep eyes. With a cigar in his mouth, he was lazily leaning against the red leather sofa.

On the table, there was an open bottle of red wine.

Based on the brand, this was worth eighty hundred thousand dollars per bottle.

However, he looked at it as if it was worth nothing.

He took a drag of his cigar and blew upwards, the smoke curling and obscuring his face.

"I really can't understand why you want to terminate our cooperation," he said. "You should know that our cooperation—"

"I'm very well aware," Isaac cut him off.

He might not be as rich as Ferris, but what he lacked in wealth, he made up for his commanding aura.

Compared to Ferris, he looked much more composed and intelligent.

While Ferris' achievements came from his inheritance, Isaac fought tooth and nail and earned everything by himself.

Because of all the setbacks he had experienced, he had a much stronger aura.

"These are the documents," Isaac slid the paperwork across the table.

When he got here, he had already made up his mind.

Ferris motioned for the beautiful girl next to him to pour him some wine. He sat up and stared directly at Isaac. "I really want to know why you're doing this."

"Faymoor has been cut off from the oil supply because of the war happening between other two countries. Although they still have some oil left in their storage, they have been busy exporting them to other countries at an increasing price. You have two oil mines, which is a great temptation for them—"

"Businessmen put profit above everything else," Ferris interrupted. "I want to know what's more tempting than this to you that you're willing to give up on our deal and then tell me to cooperate with the Joviek family instead."

Isaac had a good relationship with Ferris.

Not only that, they had also cooperated in the past and had known each other for a long time.

Isaac didn't try to hide anything from Ferris. "I want to rescue a person from Faymoor's government."

As he spoke, his face darkened.

Ferris picked up his wine and took a sip. "Who's this person that you're willing to sacrifice this deal?"

Isaac didn't tell Ferris about Camila's identity to avoid stirring unnecessary trouble.

"She's a woman from Azmar," he simply said.

Hearing this, Ferris frowned. "Faymoor has been trying to stop Azmar's development for a long time now. If they can get ahold of a hostage, they will certainly exploit it down to the last resource. If she's not that important to you, then I don't think you need to—"

"Ferris, this is very important to me." A look of steely determination flashed in Isaac's eyes.

He knew very well that in order for Faymoor to release his wife, he had to offer them something that they couldn't refuse.

As the biggest oil dealer in Faymoor, the Joviek family would definitely be willing to make this deal.

Isaac believed that when that time came, they would try their best to help him save Camila.

"Why don't you seek help from Azmar's ambassador in Faymoor?" Ferris suggested.

"It's too late for that." The reason why Isaac didn't place all his hopes on the embassy was because he knew how complicated and tedious their release process was. Camila was pregnant right now. Could she wait that long?

Of course not.

And neither could he.

Faymoor's government was a corrupt and evil entity. He was sure that they would try all means to torture Camila.

Isaac's only choice was to resort to this.

While it would certainly cause him some economic losses, those were nothing compared to Camila.

Ferris clicked his tongue in pity. Of course, he didn't mind his withdrawal since regardless of who he would be cooperating with, he would still be making money. It was just that he didn't like the people from Faymoor.

Once he accepted that Isaac was past the point of convincing, Ferris lightened up and said, "By the way, I've invited some pretty girls here. You don't come here often, so come to my villa tonight and let's have some fun—"

"I'm not interested," Isaac refused outright.

Ferris chuckled. "Are you not interested in girls? Or do you have any hidden disease?"

Isaac pushed himself up from his chair and sighed. "I have no choice. I'm afraid that my wife might get jealous."

As soon as he said this, Ferris' eyes widened in shock.

For a second, he thought he was mishearing things.

"Isaac, you're married? How come this is the first time I'm hearing about this? When did you get married? Did you purposely hide this from me?"

The entire time, he thought that Isaac was single. When did he have a





wife?

More importantly, what kind of woman did he end up marrying?

Isaac simply smiled and said that he would introduce her to Ferris next time.

Right now, he couldn't afford to stay here a second longer.

It was rare for Ferris to see a hint of anxiety on Isaac's face. So, he grabbed the document that Isaac had handed to him and affixed his signature.

It was a transfer agreement.

Meanwhile, Josiah also came to Faymoor.

He had just learned from Nelson that what Camila had gotten involved into was a very tricky situation, and he was the one who had gotten her into this.

With eyes narrowed, Nelson asked him, "How did the data get leaked? If Hammaslahti got the data, then they should've used it secretly to further their own research. Why did they have to announce it to the public and cause Camila so much trouble? Isaac and I can't visit her yet."

Josiah felt a pang of guilt gnaw at his heart. "It's all my fault. I gave the data to an unreliable man and resulted into this. He exposed it to the public without discussing it first with me for his own interests. Now, he has paid the price. Because this matter has such a great impact, his career is now over—"

"I don't care about him!" Nelson snapped as he seethed in rage. "We don't even know where Mila is. I'm really worried about her!"

"I know I made a big mistake, which is why I came here in a hurry. I'm worried about her as well."

"You can't help," Nelson told him flatly. "It'd be better if you just go back."

As soon as he heard this, Josiah's face darkened.

What did Nelson mean?

"I know I did something wrong, but does that mean I no longer have the right to make amends?"

Nelson let out a deep sigh and explained, "It's not like that. I'm just afraid

< Chapter 389 Finding A Way Out

 +120 Points at most

that Isaac will put all the blame on you once he sees you. He's rushing over here as we speak. I'm sure he must've found a way."

"I have to confirm that Camila's okay before I can leave," Josiah said. "I don't want to sit on my hands and do nothing. I know I can do something to help save her!"

Seeing that nothing he could say would dissuade Josiah, Nelson let out a resigned sigh and said, "Fine. If you insist, then I won't stop you. You can stay in my house for the next few days."

"I'm not here on vacation. I'm here to help. I'm sure Isaac is short of hands right now. His capable subordinate... What's his name? I can't seem to remember." Josiah cast his eyes downwards and racked his brain for that name. After a while, he recalled it. "Ah, Alick. He had a car accident and unfortunately became a vegetable. Such a tragic turn of events. He was so young and talented—"

"What did you say?"

A shocked voice echoed from behind.

When Josiah turned around, he saw the person standing by the door.

Recommended for you