

## Chapter 391 Long Wait

The gentleman who answered the door stood quite tall, marginally towering over Isaac.

His skin was very fair, yet lacked the softness of delicacy.

His skin bore the marks of roughness.

With his hair combed back, he showcased deep blue eyes and sharply etched features.

He wasn't the type to grasp immediate attention, but rather a kind whose charm grew upon you over time.

He turned to the side and said, "I've been expecting you for quite a while."

Isaac stepped inside.

His suit was wrinkled from the day's exertions, his shirt collar slightly undone, and a stubble framing his chin.

However, these minor imperfections didn't diminish his attractiveness.

Instead, it contributed a sense of rugged maturity to his demeanor.

He sank into the sofa, stretching his neck for a moment.

The lengthy flight journey had taken a toll on him and made him feel tired.

Rafael, positioned opposite him, inquired, "So, where's the thing?"

Isaac slid the document across the table.

Rafael was a member of the Joviek family. The head of the Joviek family, nearing his eighties and plagued with heart ailments, wasn't expected to endure much longer. The matter of his successor was a topic of heated debate.

In fact, multiple viable heirs were in contention for the inheritance.

Rafael was among them.

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Just as Rafael reached for the document, Isaac intervened, stating, "You're aware of what I want."

"I do. I've upheld my end of the agreement. You chose to collaborate with me due to my background, isn't it?"

Isaac didn't deny it.

Rafael had the support of a powerful family backing him up.

His grandfather still held a place in the cabinet and wielded government influence.

The situation with Camila was merely a ruse for Faymoor to manipulate.

In reality, extricating Camila from the situation wouldn't pose much of a challenge if one were intent on doing so.

In Faymoor, money held a paramount significance.

Take Rafael's grandfather for instance, who wished to retain his governmental stance and required financial backing to fuel his political influence.

The Joviek family was affluent, amassing colossal wealth over generations.

It was reasonable then, that he desired for his grandson to be the custodian of this fortune and power.

This way, they could mutually support each other.

The alliance between government figures and businessmen could potentially boost their power.

So the collaboration between Rafael and Isaac was approved by Rafael's grandfather. 

"She is now being secretly detained. Our nation is riddled with political

factions, and those confining her belong to the faction my grandfather is up against. She has been interrogated on numerous occasions, but it appears they haven't extracted the information they were after, resulting in her continued detention. However, you can be at ease. My grandfather has mobilized party members to ensure her release."

Isaac was well aware that Rafael's grandfather's efforts were primarily driven by personal interests as well.

"This document has the potential to help you seize control," Isaac said. "Take a look."

He withdrew his body and leaned back. Beneath his outwardly calm demeanor, Rafael's revelations had set off waves of internal turmoil.

But he was straining to maintain composure.

He couldn't simply assume she was merely in custody. They might have already resorted to physical coercion.

"I can help you get what you want, but I need to see her tomorrow," Isaac said in a tough tone.

Rafael glanced at the document in his hand.

It was a contract proposing cooperation with Ferris.

Signing this contract would assure him an annual supply of ten million tons of oil from Ferris.

Rafael's resources were dwindling.

The fruition of this partnership would undoubtedly provide a timely boost.

Simultaneously, it could serve as a demonstration of his present standing to his family.

"I need to make a phone call," Rafael said.

Isaac gestured, signaling him to proceed.

Rafael placed the document aside and retreated to his room for a phone call.

After a short while, he came out.

"It's a deal."

Camila was in a daze.

She had been in the dark for such a long time that the sudden burst of light was overwhelming.

She shielded her eyes with her hands.

"Confess to us that you were manipulated, and we can set you free now."

Camila's throat was dry and hoarse, and she could not make a sound. She couldn't even remove her hands due to the piercing pain induced by



the intense light.

A delicious scent wafted through the air. It was the aroma of food.

She attempted to lower her hands and find the source of the tantalizing aroma, but the bright light prohibited her from opening her eyes.

Despite their intentions to use Camila, they refrained from inflicting excessive torture.

Using torture would only have worsened the situation, leading to further escalation of the conflict.

The other party against them was already critical of their methods from the beginning.

Facing pressure from all sides, they had no choice but to resort to mental torture to extract information.

"Do you want to drink water? Or perhaps you want to eat something?" They placed appetizing food and water before her.

"Just admit you're a spy and that you intentionally leaked the data, and these are all yours."

Camila could only squint, her lips chapped and bleeding, her throat aching. She weakly shook her head in denial.

"Oh, you choose the hard way, do you?"

Camila's resilience was commendable.

"She won't last much longer, we'll just monitor her here. Let's see how long she can resist!"

They didn't believe that Camila could remain indifferent in the face of temptation from food!

She could withstand it momentarily.

But could she bear it in the long run?

Especially considering she was carrying a child.

Maybe it was the extreme hunger, but her sense of smell seemed heightened.

The enticing scent of food was like an irresistible drug, gradually gnawing away at her resolve.

She found herself fixating on the food, her lips twitching slightly.

To bait her further, the man held the food up to her mouth. "You don't need to punish yourself like this. I can give you this food."

Camila was so hungry she was seeing double.

She suddenly raised her lips.

In this day and age, it was unlikely for anyone to know the true feeling of hunger.

But she had experienced it.

This wasn't even her first time.

The first time was because of Isaac.

She recalled a time when she went nearly three days without a drop of water.

"You might disregard your own wellbeing, but what about your unborn child?"

Camila instinctively curled up her body.

A dull ache emanated from her lower abdomen.

Having already given birth once, she recognized what this meant.

Camila clenched her fists tight.

"Let... me... go..."

Her voice was extremely hoarse.

The mere act of speaking these words strained her throat, causing pain.

"Confess, and we'll set you free."

They sensed that Camila's resolve was wavering.

Indeed, Camila had loosened up.

She could disregard her own welfare.

But she couldn't do the same for her child.

"Surely, you don't want your child to die, do you? We won't let that happen, but we can cause him unbearable pain, making him wail..."

The horrific child's cries echoed in her ears.

She was so shocked that she covered her head with her hands.

Tears of pain streamed down her face.

"No... It hurts..."

A stabbing pain radiated from her belly.

The contractions started coming every a few minutes.

It was a relentless, throbbing agony.

A warm fluid trickled down her legs.

At this point, she had no energy left to bring a baby into the world. ①

It was difficult for her to breathe.

The lights ahead of her flickered, casting an array of shadowy figures.

"L... L..."

"Go ahead! Spill it!"

All of a sudden, the door was forced open, and a swarm of people rushed in!

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