

## Chapter 298 An Idea

Alick sighed helplessly and shook his head. "Let's just go out."

If Isaac wanted to be alone, it was better to let him calm down for now.

Once Alick said this, the medical staff slowly walked out the door.

Josiah didn't have the guts to talk to Isaac at a time like this. So, he said to Alick, "Alick, she is dead, and as such, we can't leave her exposed out here like this. She needs to be taken to the morgue as soon as possible."

Alick nodded in understanding.

He knew that the body had to go to the morgue quickly.

Then, he stole a glance at Isaac, wondering if his boss would ever move on from this.

"I will try my best to convince him, doctor," Alick said with a sigh.

"Please do. Thank you," Josiah said in a low voice.

Alick furrowed his eyebrows in confusion. He couldn't understand why Josiah would thank him whereas this was his job.

Once he was all alone in the operating room, Isaac stood in front of the operating table and stared down at his unmoving "wife".

The room was so deadly quiet.

At this point, Isaac felt like he was alone in the world.

Meanwhile, Alick waited outside anxiously.

He didn't have the guts to go in. Not so soon.

So he waited, until it was dark.

So many hours had gone by already, and still, Isaac didn't think to come out for even a second.

Alick's anxiousness only grew as time went by.

Willie suddenly showed up and stood in front of his anxious colleague. "Hey, how's it going?"

Alick looked at Willie with red and tear-filled eyes. He gulped, then told Willie about Camila's death in a rough voice.

"No! You're not serious. It's impossible! We planned everything to a T and took all the precautions. So, how did this accident occur? Does that mean... How about..."

Willie couldn't finish his sentence, but Alick understood.

"He drove everyone out hours ago and hasn't stepped out since. No one has gone in either."

"But we can't just let his sadness eat at him!" Willie said, his eyes pressed tight together in frustration.

Alick nodded in agreement. But what on earth could they really do?

Willie sat on the bench close to Alick and scratched his head. "What should we do?"

Alick shrugged. He couldn't think straight either.

Instead, he looked up sharply and asked, "How about the baby and Rowena? I hope they're okay now."

Their safety would make him feel better, or at ease maybe.

On hearing their names, an idea suddenly popped up in Willie's mind. "There is something we can do."

"What's that?" Alick asked curiously.

"Camila wasn't Isaac's only family." Willie looked at Alick suggestively.

Alick furrowed his eyebrows, then widened his eyes when he understood.

"You mean Joe?"

"Of course I mean Joe. He may be sad, depressed and can't accept Camila's death, but he can't ignore his own son, right?" Willie explained hopefully.

Alick agreed with him, however, he was hesitant. "Do you think it's a good idea to bring Joe close to a dead body? I mean, he's still a baby."

"That's true, but it's not just any dead body. It's his mother. We need to help Isaac make peace with Camila's death!" Willie insisted.

Alick pursed his lips for a while, then finally nodded. "Fine. Let's do it."

"Let me go and get Joe," Willie readily said.

Alick replied, "You do that. I'll stay here and keep an eye on Isaac."

Willie came back with Joe in his arms in an hour.

Joe was so shaken by the kidnapping that he cried for a long time. Rowena had only succeeded in getting him to sleep not long ago.

He was actually still asleep, but it clearly wasn't a beautiful or deep one.

He would sob and whimper from time to time.

"Okay, take him and go in," Willie said.

He had no desire at all to get close to Isaac right now.

He was scared of facing Isaac's anger all alone in that cold room.

Alick however, was ready to do whatever it took to take his boss out of that depression, so he agreed, albeit reluctantly.

"It's all on you now. You'd better do well."

Alick glared at Willie after his not so encouraging words. "You are a coward. You're always letting me go ahead and smoothen things."

"Well, you can't blame me. You are more capable and skilled, are you not?" Willie said mockingly with a sly grin.

"Screw you!" Alick narrowed his eyes at him.

Alick then took a deep breath and walked in with Joe in his arms. As soon as he reached the door though...

"Get out!"

Isaac's voice boomed and awakened Joe from his fragile sleep.

"Waaah... Waaah... Mommy..." cried the child at the top of his lungs.

Alick shook involuntarily and tried coaxing the baby. "There, there, stop crying, Joe."

"Mommy..."

Alick held the baby in a very rusty way. He was clearly new to this. The more the baby wailed the more anxious he got.

"I don't know what to do?" Alick was in a panic.

"It's impossible that Isaac didn't hear Joe crying considering how loudly he's going at it. Yet, he didn't come out or say a word. Does he not care about the child anymore?"

"Maybe, it's just really hard for Isaac to digest the news," Alick answered to Willie, in an effort to be understanding.

"He was sad when Cathy died. But he wasn't like this..."

"Because this is different, Willie!" Alick cut in through gritted teeth. "To him, Cathy was dead more than ten years ago. He didn't love his mother deeply. Granted, he was happy when he found out she was still alive, but they only spent a short amount of time together, and that was it. But you see, with Camila, it's very different. It runs deeper than a few moments spent together. Camila was the first woman Isaac loved," Alick explained, his voice heartbroken.

Willie sighed helplessly. He knew that Alick was right. They really needed to help Isaac come back to himself.

Willie paced back and forth in the corridor irritably. "I mean, Joe has been crying so hard for so long that his voice is now hoarse. How can Isaac

stay in there and act so indifferently to his cries? Doesn't he care about his son anymore?"

Alick suddenly looked up at Willie and said, "I may have an idea."



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