

Chapter 302 The Undertaker

Alick walked over quickly. "Mr. Johnston," he greeted.

Isaac glanced at him and asked flatly, "Have you found a place yet?"

Alick nodded. "Yes, sir. We're just finalizing the sale. It should be ready in around a day or two."

Isaac grunted expressionlessly in response.

Alick looked at the man behind Isaac. The man was dressed in a formal suit, and his skin was pale, as though he had never seen the sun before in his life. His face was gloomy, his expression serious.

"And he is...?" Alick asked, referring to the stranger Isaac was with.

But Isaac didn't answer him.

Instead, he led the man into the operating room.

Albeit dubious, Alick followed them in.

The man set the suitcase on the table and then opened it. He first pulled out a pair of rubber gloves and put them on. Then he lifted the cloth on the head of "Camila". When he saw her face, he frowned and said, "I'm afraid there's not much I can do for her face. It's been burnt beyond recognition. If she was still alive, we could've conducted a skin graft, but alas, she's dead. I can't even put makeup on her."

Isaac had found the best undertaker in the city. He was supposedly known for making the dead look alive. The undertaker was skilled in using makeup and other tricks to make a corpse look lifelike.

All Isaac wanted him to do now was to give her body eternal beauty.

"I'm afraid she's been too badly damaged. There's not much I can do for her," the undertaker concluded.

Isaac's expression darkened, and a hint of disappointment quickly flashed across his eyes.

This was how he had to remember her?

"I suggest you put the corpse in the morgue as soon as possible," the undertaker added briskly.

Alick took the opportunity to butt in. "If you don't want to put her in the morgue, we can just put her in an ice coffin and take her to the villa now."

As long as Willie built the ice box, they could directly place the coffin into it. Her boy would soon freeze and could be kept there for a long time.

The undertaker nodded in agreement. "It's good to preserve the body that way. Otherwise, it'll rot soon."

Isaac knew that it wasn't a good idea to leave her here like this, but the second he laid her body inside a coffin, he'd have to face the fact that Camila was dead.

He'd have to announce that she was dead.

She was dead.

She was actually dead.

Isaac refused to accept it.

But he couldn't lie to himself anymore.

He turned around and said in a very, very low voice, "Alick, do whatever you have to. You can all go now."

Since her face couldn't be fixed, the undertaker had no reason to stay.

After they left, Isaac's impeccable posture suddenly slumped over, as though all the life had been sucked out of him. At this moment, he was no longer the superior man he used to be. Back then, he could calmly deal with any situation, even being abandoned by his family.

But at this moment, he looked so fragile.

It turned out that a coldhearted man like him could also feel pain.

He could also feel sad.

And his pain was so deep and depressing and... quiet.

Not long after, Alick brought in an ice coffin. The undertaker had tidied up the corpse somewhat, sprinkling a special powder on it to keep the corpse from decaying. At last, they carefully laid the body into the coffin.

Aldrin heard the news and rushed over as quickly as he could.

When he saw the badly mutilated body lying in the ice coffin, his legs buckled from underneath him and he collapsed on the floor.

"No, no. It can't be her..."

He grabbed the hem of Alick's shirt and asked in a daze, "That's not my sister, is it? How could such an ugly woman be my sister? My sister is beautiful, not at all like that woman in there..."

Alick squatted down and covered his mouth to silence him, wanting him to be quiet.

"I wasn't there when the bomb exploded, but others were there. They saw Camila die with their own eyes. They jumped into the river and pulled her to the shore at the first opportunity. There's been no mistake. Of course we all hoped that she was still alive, but she's dead. That's all there is to it." Alick looked him in the eye and added in a low voice, "Don't make a fuss here."

Aldrin stared at him, tears rolling down his cheeks uncontrollably.

Alick sighed and shook his head. "It's useless to stare at me like that. It won't bring your sister back."

Aldrin shakily got to his feet and asked, "Who did this to my sister?"

"Travis," Alick replied grimly.

"Where is he?" Aldrin asked, clenching his fists.

"I can take you to him sometime," Alick replied.

"No. I want to see him now." Aldrin's expression darkened and his eyes lit up viciously, as though he wanted to beat Travis to death.

Alick knew that Aldrin needed to vent his anger, so he figured it wouldn't hurt to let Aldrin beat Travis, so long as he didn't kill him.

"Fine. Do whatever you want, but don't kill him," Alick warned.

Aldrin said through gritted, "But he deserves to die."

"I know he deserves to die, but you can't kill him. If you can't promise me that, I won't let you see him," Alick said helplessly.

Finally, Aldrin loosened his fists. "Fine."

"Good," said Alick. "Come with me."

Soon, Aldrin was led to the place where Travis was being kept.

But before he could come any closer to the man who killed his sister, he suddenly received a call.

When he saw the caller ID, he was so shocked that his jaw dropped to the floor.