

Chapter 423 Send You To Hell

Caught off guard, Divya blurted out, "Are they coming for Wynter?"

The man started to feel uneasy. From the look of the shadows outside, it seemed there was a crowd gathering.

Just the two of them were there, Divya and him.

And Divya was female.

Even if she were male, the odds of winning against a horde seemed low.

To face such a crowd was an uphill battle.

And it appeared like they had to fight against ten?

"What's our move?" Fear crept up on Divya.

The man was no calmer.

His fear was palpable!

"Why not make a break for it immediately?" the man proposed.

Reluctant to let go, Divya countered, "We've not laid hands on the money yet."

"Would you prefer money or life?" the man challenged.

After some thought, Divya admitted, "Life."

What good was wealth to the deceased?

"Exactly. There will always be opportunities while we're breathing." The man took Divya's hand, leapt from the window down to the platform below, and then vaulted onto the grass, making their escape.

"Looks like we gave them quite a fright and they escaped," Forrest commented nonchalantly.



"Shall we chase them down?" one of Isaac's men queried.

"No need." Isaac decided.

They were enemies to Wynter.

Not to him.

In fact, they'd done exactly what he'd wanted, albeit not ruthless enough!

But still, Isaac wanted Forrest's input.

Because it was Divya.

"She's free to do as she pleases now that we've ended things." Forrest had severed ties with Divya definitively.

Isaac strolled towards Wynter.

Wynter was puzzled as to why the two had bolted so suddenly.

Seeing Isaac, it clicked.

"Isaac, assist me!"

Wynter was oblivious to the fact that Joe was healed.

And that Aldrin had been saved by Isaac.

She no longer had leverage over him!

Before Isaac could respond, Forrest approached her. "You don't know how will you die. How can he assist you?"

Before Wynter could retort, Forrest went on, "I'm astonished by your pettiness and malice."

He remembered what Divya had shared about Wynter. It was true!

Wynter looked away. "What are you blabbering about?"

"Alick is conscious again," Forrest revealed with a smile. "It was you behind his accident, wasn't it?"

Wynter was taken aback and in denial. "Alick, has he regained consciousness?"

She quickly regained composure. "What proof does he have to accuse me of the accident?"

She was confident that she had erased all proof.

Even if Alick had suspicions, he couldn't prove anything.

As long as she didn't confess, he was powerless against her.

Moreover, she would soon become Isaac's woman!

Alick was inconsequential!

Reading her like an open book, Forrest couldn't resist a scoff. "Delusional!"

Wynter retorted, "What would you understand?"

She addressed Isaac, "I'm wounded. Take me to the hospital now."

"Humph! Take you to the hospital? We're sending you straight to hell!"

Forrest's words were ice cold.

At this point, was she still blind to reality?

Wynter was taken aback and studied Isaac intently.

His face was expressionless, yet emanated a deep-rooted darkness that incited an unexplainable terror!

Wynter was so tense she stuttered, "Is... Mr.... Mr. Johnston..."

She had begun to address Isaac by his name but thought better of it.

Isaac was completely uninterested. "Gag her and haul her away."

"Affirmative," the subordinate responded and after untying Wynter, took her into custody.

Wynter resisted. "Where are you taking me to..."



Before she could finish, her mouth was gagged.

"Hmm..."

Her lips parted, attempting to utter a word. Yet only soft murmurs slipped out.

They hit the road.

In no time, they arrived at a villa.

The villa was Isaac's gift to Camila when he mistakenly believed she had passed away.

There were many good things for Wynter.

Her demise was not meant to be swift.

He was adamant on making her suffer before her eventual end.

Their destination reached.

The subordinates roughly tossed Wynter onto the ground!

In disarray, Wynter was sprawled on her belly, akin to a discarded hound!

The lifeless body lay still inside the villa.

The mourning hall still stood.

A dreary atmosphere loomed over the entire villa.

Fear gripped Wynter.

She wanted to convince Isaac that his son's life was her leverage and he couldn't harm her.

But words failed her.

The sheer terror of feeling subjugated was horrifying.

Her body trembled in fear.

She was so terrified that she could barely register the pain on her face.



Scrambling towards Isaac's feet, she clutched his pants, attempting to remove the gag from her mouth to plead her case, but was violently shoved away!

Her body collided with the wall.

A loud noise echoed.

She felt as if her spine would snap.

She instinctively shielded her stomach with her hands, letting out a painful moan.

Isaac sauntered over.

Through her tousled hair, Wynter gazed up at him.

Isaac instructed someone to ungag her.

"Isaac, how... How dare you treat me so savagely? Don't you want your son's life?" Wynter quickly voiced out, knowing what mattered most to Isaac.

Isaac studied her as one would a corpse.

Wynter was baffled.

She was convinced that Isaac had no cure.

"Kill me and your son will perish with me, as will Aldrin." Wynter attempted to leverage their lives against Isaac.

But to her surprise, two familiar figures emerged.

It was the men she had paid to guard Aldrin.

Their presence here implied that Isaac had located Aldrin.

In a state of alarm, Wynter blurted, "Even without Aldrin, your son..."

"My wife happens to be one of the top medical professionals in the world. Don't you know?" Isaac's eyes narrowed. "Do you comprehend your fate?"

Startled, Wynter's eyes widened, flecked with red veins.



Had Camila discovered a cure for their son?

How, how was that even possible?

"Still, you can't murder me. Firstly, it's unlawful. Secondly, I hold company secrets. If I disappear, those secrets will be exposed, causing significant damage to the company. Do you not care?" Wynter had kept her bases covered.

Yet she had underestimated Isaac.

As soon as Isaac discovered her betrayal, he had scrutinized every business she had been involved with, and taken immediate actions to secure any critical information she could access. He found the encrypted email where she had stored the key information. However, Isaac had a proficient team at his disposal. Cracking the code was no challenge.

The threatening email had already been eradicated!

"Are you referring to this email?"

Isaac presented her the obliterated email, ensuring she knew all her gambits had failed and she couldn't escape the imminent trouble.

This time, desperation consumed Wynter!

"Have mercy..." Wynter pleaded.

Isaac wouldn't dirty his own hands.

He turned to the two men who were previously in Wynter's employ. "Do you wish for freedom?"

"Yes." Both men fell to their knees!

Begging for mercy, they promised, "We won't repeat it."

Isaac announced frostily, "I'll provide an opportunity. The one who makes her suffer the most, earns their freedom first."


At Isaac's words, the men lunged at Wynter.

One of them seized Wynter's arm, sinking his teeth into it, oblivious of his own dignity.

The other one mounted her, slapping her fiercely across her face!

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