

Chapter 424 A Feeling Of Despair

In no time, Wynter's features were beyond recognition!

Her limb was nearly chomped to shreds.

Wynter wailed in agony.

Luckily, they were in an isolated area where no human ears could catch her cries.

Only the birds in the forest were startled.

The two men strived relentlessly, hoping for freedom.

Various implements of harm, including whips, blades, lighters were utilized to torment Wynter.

Wynter's screams echoed.

She was on the brink of death.

Her agony was indescribable!

She had lost the strength to even utter a cry.

"That's enough." Isaac demanded cessation.

The men halted and scampered over.

"Are we free now?"

Isaac singled out one. "You may depart."

The other spoke up defiantly. "I was the cruelest, I should be freed."

At this, the one chosen to leave shot a glare at his partner. "Quit your lies. I dealt the harshest blows!"



They bickered amongst themselves.

Isaac had intended this.

Scoundrels of their ilk, who could be bribed, would wreak havoc if set loose.

So he had incited this quarrel.

Isaac proclaimed, "You both seem equally capable. Whichever of you can make it out, shall be pardoned."

His intention was to create discord.

Yet the men, clouded by their desperation to escape, didn't ponder upon his words. They were hellbent on securing their own freedom.

They wouldn't bow down when their own gains were at stake.

In no time, they were at each other's throats.

Their brawl was intense.

They seemed equally matched.

Soon both the men were injured.

They had expended significant energy brutalizing Wynter.

Now they appeared exhausted.

They collapsed in a heap.

Isaac looked at them dismissively. "You're free to go."

They were too weary to even rise.

But they were aware that staying here could mean their end.

If they couldn't walk, they would crawl out!

"Help me... Help... Me..."

Wynter was clinging to life.



She moved her fingers, attempting to beg for mercy.

She was a gruesome sight, drenched in blood.

Isaac was stony and menacing. He uttered in a grave tone, "After working with me for so long, you ought to understand who I am."

"You won't... kill someone by yourself..." Wynter understood Isaac's ruthlessness.

But she knew he had his own principles.

Isaac had never personally taken a life before.

That was because he had never had anything of importance to him before.

Something he would jeopardize everything for.

But the scenario had changed now.

Joe was his own child.

Even Wynter's death wouldn't quench his wrath!

"Dump her in that coffin," Isaac coldly ordered someone to dispose of Wynter.

"Ah! No, no..." Wynter was petrified.

However, in a swift motion, her body was effortlessly lifted and then forcefully hurled into the coffin.

There was a preserved corpse already inside.

The repugnant odor assailed her nostrils, sending waves of nausea and terror through her!

"Ah, ah! Help! Help!"

Wynter was gripped by horror.

Sharing space with a corpse was a horrifying prospect!



The coffin lid was sealed.

She was entombed alive.

Isaac showed no emotion.

He addressed his subordinate calmly, "There will be a conflagration soon. The two that escaped are the arsonists."

"We know what to do," the subordinate responded. "The two deceased were also victims of the arsonists."

Isaac nodded approvingly.

He turned and cast a final glance at the coffin.

Sounds of commotion and fear filled the air.

Wynter was launching a relentless assault against the coffin.

Trapped in a horrifying predicament, she feared an imminent death.

The thought of her panic-induced death was unbearable.

If not death, the mere presence of a corpse would torment her beyond measure.

Isaac hadn't ignited the flames yet because all he desired was to plunge her into the abyss of despair.

Isaac bade farewell to the villa.

He retreated to his hotel, freshened up and slipped into new attire.

Having been to a place soiled by dread and death, he wouldn't let Camila witness his current state.

Thus, he made the extra effort to cleanse his tainted attire!

An hour had passed when he finally reached Camila's place, a dwelling he had personally set up for her.

Joe had been lulled to sleep after taking medication.



At the table, Camila relished her soup.

A comforting dish, lovingly prepared by Glenda.

Seeing the toll recent events had taken on Camila, Glenda was moved to compassion.

Now Joe was getting better.

Everyone could finally breathe a sigh of relief, and Camila could focus on her own recovery.

Rowena, perched on the sofa, was busy folding Joe's clothes.

Out of the blue, the doorbell chimed. Rowena, puzzled, asked, "Who could that be?"

Visitors were a rarity since their move.

Camila was staying at home.

So who could it be?

The sudden doorbell had to be Isaac. She thought he must have dealt with Wynter.

"Mom, please answer the door."

Rowena obliged and walked over.

Upon seeing Isaac, her expression turned sour instantly. She barked, "Why on earth are you here today?"

Rowena had always thought highly of Isaac.

He had always been a good boy.

But after Wynter's audacious move and Joe falling ill, they had been evicted.

Would Wynter dare to do such a thing without Isaac's backing?

Rowena was still holding onto that resentment.



"You're about to tie the knot, aren't you? What brings you here?" Rowena scoffed.

Isaac's face mirrored his discontent.

His gaze landed on Camila, peacefully dining at the table.

He was puzzled. Had Camila not informed Rowena?

Seeing Isaac's attention drift, Rowena shifted, blocking his view of Camila. "What are you staring at? Scram before I lose my cool!"

Isaac attempted to clarify, "Mom..."

But he was cut off by an incensed Rowena. "Don't dare call me mom! I'm not blessed enough to be your mother. Leave at once. We have no desire to see you. Also, Mila and I have decided to change Joe's surname. He was abandoned too, after all. It's fine if you don't care for him. We'll take good care of him."

Rowena didn't stop at that, she continued, "Have you come to ridicule us? Well, save it! We're doing just fine. You should focus on your upcoming wedding instead of wasting your time here."

Camila finally set her bowl down and walked over.

Isaac thought she was about to defend him, but she only added fuel to the fire. "Indeed, with your wedding coming up, what are you doing here?"

Isaac was taken aback.

Rowena, protective of her daughter, shut the door on Isaac.

Camila was startled.

Her intention was merely to provoke Isaac.

She hadn't planned on shutting him out completely.

"Mom..."

Camila tried to explain, but Rowena interjected, "Mila." Holding her hand, Rowena advised, "You've already been hurt once. You cannot afford to be hurt again, okay? Now, get some rest." Rowena led Camila to the bedroom



and cautioned her, "Never show mercy to a man, or he will assume you are an easy target. I cannot bear to see you hurt again."

Camila sat pensively on the edge of the bed. Despite Isaac's pretense with Wynter, the whole incident was triggered by a betrayal from those close to him.

Isaac did bear some responsibility.

Joe had been through a lot.

Deciding to clarify everything with Rowena the next day, she lay down.

Today, she chose to let Isaac stew in his own juice.

She grinned at Rowena and advised, "Mom, if Isaac shows up again, give him a piece of your mind."

"Alright," Rowena responded.

A cunning smile crept onto Camila's lips.

She shut her eyes.

The past few days had worn her out.

She succumbed to sleep.

Darkness engulfed the surroundings.

Half asleep, she felt a heavy pressure on her body, making her struggle to breathe!

"Hmm..."

Slowly, she opened her eyes!