

## Chapter 454 Who Did It

"Travis and his girlfriend were rescued," Alick stated.

Isaac's expression became stormy. "What's the situation?"

"The moment the call came in from the head of Simpson Psychiatric Hospital, I sped there. The room they were kept in had a big hole carved from the outside."

Isaac shut his eyes and responded, "I see. Find out who saved them as soon as possible."

"Affirmative," Isaac acknowledged.

Isaac disconnected the call.

"Can you tell me what happened?" inquired Camila.

"Travis and his girlfriend escaped from the mental institution." Isaac laid down his utensil, his hunger vanishing.

"Regardless of what's happening, you need to eat." Camila picked up his spoon for him. "Here you go. I put a good amount of effort into this."

He glanced at her and gave a small smile. "Alright, I'll eat it."

Camila wasn't concerned about the security of their home as it was well protected.

"Who do you think did it?" she asked.

Without a moment's hesitation, Isaac replied, "It's got to be my grandfather. He's always wanted to save Travis, I'm unsure why he waited till now."

Camila had the same thought.

She was equally puzzled.

She couldn't piece it together.

"Don't stress over it. Alick will get to the bottom of it." Isaac didn't want her to worry. "Head upstairs and rest."

"I'll wait till you're done." She grinned. "I need to ensure you actually eat, so you don't throw them into the trash can sneakily."

"I won't throw it." Isaac scooped a spoonful of food and offered it to her. "Try some."

Unable to resist him, she opened her mouth to accept the spoonful of food.

In the morning, Isaac had left early, not even stopping for breakfast.

Camila understood his anxiety over Travis' escape. He was bound to have a hectic day.

She woke up at her regular hour and had no plans to leave the house.

She planned to devote more time to their children.

Around 10 AM, her phone buzzed.

The call was from the director of the research institute, he wanted to arrange a meeting.

He had helped her with her medicinal research. She couldn't decline.

"Let's meet at the Chinese restaurant at noon. Does that time work for you?"

"Sure," Camila answered.

Upon seeing her hang up, Rowena queried, "Will you be going out later?"

"Yes, I need to," replied Camila.

"When you return, could you get some cotton fabric? Regardless of how superior the diaper is, it's too coarse for a baby's tender skin. I'd like to make some cotton nappies for the baby, we're running low at home."

"Sure. Anything more? I can pick it up during my return trip."

"I want toys." Joe scampered over, embracing Camila's leg. "I want to eat cake and pudding."

Stroking his face, she affirmed, "Alright."

At 11 AM, Camila left the house.

She had reached the restaurant and the director was there.

Her strides quickened.

"My apologies for the delay."

"No problem. I've just got here." The director dismissed it with a wave, inviting her to sit.

Once seated, Camila queried, "Is there something you wished to discuss?"

Indeed, there was a matter he wanted to discuss.

"Shall we chat over lunch?"

Camila responded with a nod.

"The cuisine here is excellent, the abalone in particular. It's delicious, you're going to love it."

"Sure," she replied, grinning.

The director ordered several house specialties.

Soon, the food arrived.

"Give it a try." He encouraged her to taste the food.

It indeed was delicious.

And she found the fish very much to her liking.

Having sated their appetites, the director broke the silence, saying, "My apologies for my sudden invite."

"Not an issue. If there's something on your mind, feel free to express."

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He contemplated for a moment.

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