

Chapter 458 Brain Cancer

Isaac preemptively declined on Camila's behalf before she could reply.

"She's pressed for time. You can talk to me."

Stevie countered, "Her presence is explicitly requested by your grandfather."

Isaac was about to retort, but Camila intervened. "I'll go."

She was curious to discover what Robin wanted to say.

Isaac's gaze lingered on her for a moment before he nodded. "Alright then."

Thus, Camila accompanied Stevie into the patient's room.

Robin was propped up against the pillows on his bed.

He appeared extremely frail.

Exhaustion shadowed his face and a glassy haze covered his eyes.

His state suggested serious illness.

"We've been strangers for a while now. How have you been?" Robin asked with a soft tone.

"Not bad," she responded with deference.

"You are a smart girl. I assume you have a hunch about my reason for summoning you?"

He cut to the chase.

"Apologies, but I honestly have no clue about your intentions." She feigned ignorance.

He scrutinized her briefly before remarking, "You've changed after

spending so much time with Isaac. You used to be so submissive."

With a sigh, Robin added, "I wasn't wrong about you. You truly complement him. One bad decision leads to another. Regardless of my remorse, I can't change what's been done. Since you pretend to be oblivious, I'll be frank. Travis is a relative, Isaac's cousin to be exact. Would you really let him languish in that facility?"

Camila struggled to comprehend why Robin was suddenly keen on rescuing Travis.

It had been months. Surely, Robin had ample opportunities to help Travis before.

"I didn't wish to meddle before. But recently, I was diagnosed with brain cancer. Death appears imminent. I want to depart this life with a clear conscience. That's why I've approached you to convince Isaac. Travis' sanity is deteriorating due to his long imprisonment. Even if released, he wouldn't pose any threat to you."

Camila remembered Travis' past actions.

She couldn't make this choice for Isaac.

"Grandpa, Isaac is determined. No one can sway his decision."

"You have an influence over him," Robin retorted, surprised at her refusal. "He values your opinion. He will listen to you."

"Perhaps you're mistaken, grandpa," Camila stood her ground.

"For the sake of my impending death, won't you reconsider?" Robin's voice held an icier tone.

Despite his plea, she remained adamant. "You chose to discuss this matter with me instead of Isaac because you knew he wouldn't be swayed. How do you expect me to succeed where you've failed, grandpa?"

His response died on his lips.

His rage was escalating, and her words seemed to aggravate his headache.

Seeing his condition, Stevie moved to his side to console him. "Please

calm down, sir. Your health can't withstand such strain."

"Let's assess your condition." She moved to examine him.

Stevie looked at her and said, "If you agree, perhaps his health would improve."

Ignoring his words, Camila carried on with her examination of Robin.

The tumor in his brain was pressuring his cranial nerves, resulting in the headache.

It was evident that Robin hadn't fabricated his illness.

Suddenly, he suffered a seizure.

In a panic, Stevie called for medical assistance.

After a while, Camila discreetly exited the room.

"We should leave," Isaac suggested as he saw her emerge.

He didn't inquire about Robin's condition.

Without a word, Camila followed him.

In the car, after a prolonged silence, she finally voiced, "Your grandfather is genuinely gravely ill."

Isaac leaned back, absentmindedly playing with her hair, seemingly oblivious to her words.

Knowing he must have heard, she added, "He's battling brain cancer."