

Chapter 462 Feigning Madness

"Isaac, did I say something to upset you?" Camila questioned.

Why was his temper flaring up?

This left her perplexed.

Isaac reclined back onto the bed, cocooned in a comforter.

After freshening up, Camila found Isaac sprawled on the bed once more, her lips twitching in uncertainty.

What had gotten into him?

Surely, he just woke up on the wrong side of the bed.

"Time for breakfast," she urged.

Isaac responded by pulling the quilt over his head, disregarding her.

Witnessing his childish behavior, Camila couldn't suppress a chuckle.

"I have plans for today, I'll head down first for breakfast then I'm heading out."

Suddenly, Isaac sat upright, narrowing his eyes at her. "Who are you going to meet?"

"A cosmetic surgeon. Regarding my burn mark," clarified Camila.

Isaac exhaled in relief, responding with a brief "Alright."

He then repositioned himself for another round of sleep.

His eyes were deprived of rest the previous night.

A few hours of sleep seemed necessary.

Camila then approached the bed and tucked him in. "Rest well."

She then retreated downstairs.

However, Isaac found himself wide awake once again.

After freshening up, he too descended downstairs.

"Why aren't you sleeping?" Camila questioned upon his arrival.

Rowena, laying out the food, also noted the shadows under his eyes.
"Trouble sleeping last night?"

Isaac shot a quick look at Camila before responding to Rowena, "A complicated case is at hand."

"Work matters, but so does your wellbeing. Make sure to return early tonight. I'll prepare a special dish for you. It's healthy," insisted Rowena.

"Appreciate it, mom." He settled into his chair.

Each time he addressed her as mom brought her immense joy.

After breakfast, Isaac and Camila set off together.

"I could have had the driver take me there."

Upon hearing this, he glanced at her thoughtfully and responded, "I can drive you."

She didn't object.

He had been behaving rather peculiar since the night before.

She dared not provoke him.

She chose silence during the car ride.

Before long, they reached the cosmetic hospital.

"I guess this is it then," Camila uttered as she exited the vehicle.

Isaac pondered over the content of her diary and a wave of melancholy washed over him.

He remained silent and drove off, leaving a trail of obnoxious fumes.

Witnessing this left her astounded.

She scrunched her brows and chastised, "Isaac, have you lost your sanity?"

His mood swings were insufferable!

Upon reaching the office, Alick briefed him about the work. Once the company-related discussions were over, Alick inquired, "What's your plan for Travis?"

He couldn't be confined in the psychiatric hospital again.

Everyone was aware of his prior confinement there.

"He's supposedly gone mad?" Isaac questioned incredulously.

Alick confirmed, "That's what your grandfather conveyed. Travis appears deranged. I specifically consulted the hospital director and he said it's probable. Spending extended time with unstable individuals could lead to mental disruption."

Isaac found it hard to believe that Travis could deteriorate mentally so quickly.

"Let's pay him a visit."

After Alick retrieved Travis from the airport, he was yet to find a suitable place to confine him.

For the time being, Travis was locked up in a storeroom located in the company's basement parking area.

They took the elevator to the basement and entered the storeroom cluttered with unused furniture and office equipment. The room was devoid of windows.

A single bulb hung from the ceiling casting a dim white light.

Travis appeared thin and frail, with sunken cheeks. His hair had been cut when his grandfather rescued him. Before that his appearance was that of a homeless man with unkempt hair and a beard.

He now at least resembled a regular man.

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 +120 Points at most

Nevertheless, he was hunched on the floor like a madman, toying with a rope in his hand. At times he chewed on it, and sometimes burst into inexplicable laughter.

Isaac motioned for Alick to bring a chair. He sat across Travis, his legs elegantly crossed.

"Do you honestly believe feigning insanity will earn you your freedom, Travis? No, even if you genuinely lose your sanity, I won't grant you liberty."

Travis simply resumed his laughter and continued gnawing at the rope in his hand.

In the moment he dipped his head, a swift flash of rage flickered in his eyes.



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