

Chapter 463 His True Colors

Isaac resumed, "Travis, defeating me is beyond your abilities! You can't deceive me by acting mad. I won't permit you any means of escape."

He paused, and with an evident air of scorn, added, "Do you understand why you're always the loser? Because you're an idiot! A complete blockhead!"

Travis's eyes burned with rage.

His laughter grew more high-pitched.

He seemed to be struggling to hold back his anger.

Isaac leaned towards him, trampling over his self-esteem. "Look at your pathetic state. You can't even protect your woman. She suffers due to your incompetence. What sort of man are you? Even a beggar has more courage than you!"

"Hmm, want a piece of this?" Travis extended the rope in his hand towards Isaac, appearing moronic.

Isaac squinted his eyes and declared, "I don't believe someone can suddenly go crazy like that."

Travis laughed. "You're the mad one. Not me!"

Alick said to his boss in a hushed voice, "We can't keep Travis confined here indefinitely. We must find a new location for him."

Isaac exhaled deeply, finding it astonishing that Travis could still retain his composure.

Travis didn't lose his temper.

Seemed like his confinement in the hospital was somewhat beneficial after all.

At the very least, it enhanced his endurance and patience.

"Forget it. Didn't my grandfather ask me to release him? Then I'll set him free," Isaac declared.

Immediately, Alick caught on to Isaac's intent. Playing along, he suggested, "Mr. Johnston, you're right. It's a futile expenditure of our manpower and resources to imprison him here. What if we cripple his legs and hands, and sever his tongue before setting him free? He'll be rendered incapable of speaking or writing, and unable to cause harm. Releasing such a handicapped man into your grandfather's care, we wouldn't need to fear any backstabbing."

"Sounds like a good idea," Isaac responded with a smile. "Proceed as you proposed."

Travis was willing to endure all insults and humiliations for a glimmer of hope towards survival and freedom.

However, he couldn't stomach the prospect of becoming disabled!

What was the point of living like that?

"Isaac!"

Travis's eyes flared with rage.

"I'll kill you."

Then, he lunged towards Isaac, intending to meet their end together.

Isaac was aware that Travis wasn't insane. He persistently provoked Travis, hoping for him to drop his act. As such, he was ever vigilant. The instant Travis launched himself, Isaac counterattacked with a kick. Travis's descent drew a flawless arc in the thick air, his body landing heavily against the table legs. The intense vibrational force knocked the chair stacked on the table, which landed directly on him.

For a moment, he couldn't get up.

He writhed in agony on the floor.

"Who says he's gone mad?" Isaac scoffed. "He's finally revealed his true colors."

Travis's eyes blazed with loathing. "Isaac!"

Isaac gazed down at him with contempt.

Alick exhaled in relief, murmuring, "I almost fell for his act. He's really a master of deceit. If I was duped into releasing him, heaven only knows what wicked deeds he'd carry out against us."

Meanwhile, Camila entered the hospital.

The doctor was recommended by her coworker Jeff.

The doctor was reputed to be a renowned plastic surgeon with exceptional skill.

They had arranged for a consultation.

Upon reaching the outpatient department, she knocked on the door.

A deep voice responded from within.

Camila then gently pushed the door open and stepped in.

The doctor's gaze shifted from his computer screen to her. "You're Jeff's friend..."

She nodded in affirmation.

Upon getting a clear view of her face, he was momentarily taken aback. She seemed oddly familiar.

Removing his mask, he asked, "Jane?"