

Chapter 507 A Permanent Scar On Your Soul

Initially, Isaac wasn't bothered by the situation. However, once he laid eyes on Camila, his countenance hardened into seriousness.

In the video, Camila was seen lying on the bed with Jaylen seated beside her. Their conversation was clearly audible and visible.

Jaylen asked, "Are you afraid? Do you think I'm disgusting? But I just want to make you sick, and make Isaac sick."

His words hung heavy in the room, and then his actions became more violent. He proceeded to strip her clothes!

The footage didn't stop. Isaac was forced to watch as Jaylen undressed Camila, leaving her body exposed.

Jaylen was about to lean down...

"Slap!"

The laptop clamped shut, echoing throughout the room, reminiscent of shattering glass.

Isaac's hands on the laptop were tightly clenched into fists. Blue veins stood out on the back of his hands and forehead, and his jawline was visibly tense.

His nerves were consumed by intense anger!

The crimson rage in his eyes focused into a deadly point.

The following instant, he stood up abruptly.

Quickly dialing a number, he strode out, leaving the air seemingly thin in his path.

Half an hour later, Isaac stormed into the hotel where Jaylen was holed up. He found his room with unwavering accuracy.

Jaylen appeared to have been anticipating Isaac's arrival.

He lounged on the sofa, legs crossed, sipping on red wine.

Catching sight of Isaac, he grinned "You've arrived sooner than I anticipated."

Isaac had no time for idle chit-chat.

He strode towards Jaylen, grabbed him by the collar, and hauled him onto the floor. Jaylen attempted to resist, but against a man incensed beyond reason, he stood no chance.

As he tried to regain his footing, he was shoved down once more.

Isaac's hand coiled around Jaylen's throat, the thought consuming his mind was simple.

That was to end Jaylen's life.

Gasping for air, Jaylen managed to utter, "If you kill me... I can assure you that... Camila's explicit photos and videos will circulate on adult websites. She'll be the object of many men's lust..."

This threat did nothing to dissuade Isaac, in fact, it only steeled his resolve. He applied more pressure, intent on snapping Jaylen's neck.

Jaylen's face grew redder as he struggled for air, tongue lolling out in distress.

Alick intervened desperately, "Mr. Johnston, please, calm down!"

Isaac was deaf to the world at this point, consumed by the desire to end Jaylen's life.

Simultaneously, Jaylen found himself in peril, gripped by the fear of death.

His instinct for survival compelled him to fight back.

Alick implored again, "The images and videos can't be disseminated. Once they hit the web, they'll be virtually impossible to erase. Think of the ramifications! Killing Jaylen now isn't the wisest decision!"

Isaac lifted his gaze, his eyes glowing with unspent anger.

Alick, despite his long-term partnership with Isaac, had never witnessed him in such a state of wrath.

He could perceive the severity of the situation, even without reading Isaac's email, because Jaylen's words were telling enough.

Suddenly, Isaac's grip loosened. Killing Jaylen now wasn't the strategic move.

Before dispatching him, he'd make him suffer.

Isaac pulled Jaylen up by the hair, allowing him to catch his breath.

Jaylen, drawing in ragged breaths, tried to threaten Isaac again. "Even if you manage to kill me, do you think you can live peacefully afterwards? I want to leave a permanent scar on your soul..."

His words were cut short by a punch to the face, sending a spray of blood splattering.