

Chapter 508 I Didn't Steal Your Wife

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Isaac was teetering on the brink of insanity, more unhinged than he had ever been.

Grabbing Jaylen, who lay battered on the floor, he landed another punch

Jaylen hit the floor once more, his face numb with excruciating pain. The only sensation that he could perceive was the intensified metallic taste of blood in his mouth. He spat, ejecting something hard.

A bloodied tooth lay on the floor.

He cautiously lifted it, his features creasing into a frown. The blood stain on the corner of his mouth was vividly red. After licking his lips, he lifted his head to meet Isaac's gaze and laughed sarcastically. "What can possibly be redeemed if you beat me to death now? Haha..."

Lying on the floor, he continued, "Isaac, you always had the upper hand. Does this mean I finally win?"

Isaac's eyes bore into him, forehead bulging with blue veins straining against the skin.

Alick kicked Jaylen. "Shut up!"

He bent over, attempting to cover Jaylen's mouth. If Jaylen continued to be so defiant, he would undoubtedly be beaten to death.

Isaac stopped Alick.

This was his battle to fight.

Bending down, he seized Jaylen by the hair and dragged him out of the room.

Alick, hoping to mitigate the situation, ordered the hotel's surveillance footage to be deleted.

Once they left the hotel, Isaac put Jaylen into the car and drove to a secluded spot.

Alick drove another car and followed them.

By the time Alick arrived, Jaylen had already been pulled out of the car.

His cries for mercy echoed in the deserted place.

Alick ordered his men to stay back while he watched from a distance, making sure no one would get close and notice it.

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Despite his worsening condition, Jaylen maintained his defiance, saying, "So what if... you kill me? What difference does it make? I've enjoyed your woman... quite the enchantress... I... I like her..." His voice trailed off into a quiet hum, eventually fading into silence.

Jaylen was rendered speechless.

Concerned that Isaac would really kill Jaylen, Alick moved closer, only to see Isaac's foot still pressing down on Jaylen's disfigured face.

Jaylen lay motionless on the ground.

Isaac proceeded to wrap his tie around Jaylen's neck, and Alick instinctively reached out to stop him, pleading, "Mr. Johnston, let me handle this."

A fierce look from Isaac had Alick retracting his hand in fear.

Isaac then dragged Jaylen to a nearby pool and submerged his head in the water. Jaylen jolted awake and began to struggle, his muffled pleas for help filling the air. "Help... Help..."

Each time Jaylen was on the brink of suffocation, Isaac would release him only to repeat the process.

After several rounds of this torment, Jaylen was barely hanging on to life.

"Now, tell me how many backups you've made and where they're hidden"

"I... I don't... understand... what you're saying..." Jaylen, barely able to form the words, feigned ignorance.

He knew exactly what Isaac was referring to, but he decided to play dumb, hoping to drive Isaac further into insanity and keep him on edge.

Even if it cost him his life, he didn't care.

He'd already made arrangements for his wife and child to be safe.

He was prepared to meet his end in this face-off with Isaac.

He had a legacy to leave behind after all.

"Do you think... having hordes of henchmen will help you... Go ahead hack into my... devices... But you're wasting your time. I've grown wiser."

For the evidence of Aldrin's pushing Lilith, he truly didn't save it USB drive, and it had been hacked and deleted by the hacker.

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So this time, he refrained from storing it in any electronic device that could be hacked.

Since Isaac posed this question, he must have known that hacking his system would be futile.

"Isaac, remember when you handed Camila over to me, only to interfere later and take her back. She was mine, not stolen from you..."

Isaac probably regretted his decision more than anything else in his life.

If only he had known he would fall for Camila, he would never have put her in that situation.

Regret, however, had no remedy.

"Let's make a deal."