

## Chapter 509 Sorry For Keeping You Waiting

Jaylen forced a smile. "Would you consider letting Camila be with me?"

Before Jaylen could complete his sentence, Isaac had tossed him into the pond.

Bang!

Water splashed!

Jaylen knew how to swim, but it demanded strength that he no longer had. Exhausted as he was, he could only hold his breath.

Submerged, Jaylen sunk without a fight.

Standing on the edge, Isaac instructed Alick, "Leave him."

Bowing his head, Alick simply responded, "Understood."

Once Isaac was out of sight, Alick motioned for his men to covertly rescue Jaylen from the water.

If Jaylen were to die, it wouldn't be difficult to wipe the evidence clean.

But what if the video surfaced? How would that affect Camila?

Alick knew Isaac well enough to know he was not typically impulsive. Anger had clouded his judgement this time.

As Isaac drove off, Alick followed. Isaac needed someone to keep an eye on him, someone to prevent any further rash actions.

He called his men. "Hold Jaylen captive. Don't let him die."

They needed to retrieve the video and photos from Jaylen first.

After ending the call, Alick trailed Isaac's vehicle.

The car abruptly stopped at the roadside.

Isaac didn't move for some time.

Uncertain, Alick exited his car and approached.

In silence, Isaac sat motionless in his vehicle.

Alick was at a loss for comforting words.

Words seemed useless in the face of such heartbreak.

Even if he hadn't experienced it personally, he could empathize with that kind of depression.

Perhaps silence wasn't what Isaac needed.

Carefully, Alick suggested, "How about a drink? It might help."

A drink might sober him up, help him regain his calm.

Isaac lifted his head, eyed Alick dispassionately for a couple of seconds, then without a word, started his car and drove off.

For a moment, Alick was speechless.

He remained standing, confused about Isaac's intentions.

Regardless of his concerns, his capacity to intervene was limited.

Perhaps, Isaac just needed time.

Isaac didn't return home. He headed straight to his office.

He watched the video to its end.

The video ended with the computer's shutdown.

In the video, Jaylen seemed to be doing that with unconscious Camila, but because of the angle of the lens, it wasn't sure whether he really had done it.

Overwhelmed, Isaac realized he needed time to compose himself.

It took a while for him to regain his usual calm demeanor.

He dialed Camila's number.

The phone was picked up after a brief pause.

He pretended as if nothing had happened.

"Are you home?"

"No."

Camila was in her car at the moment.

"Where are you headed?" A wave of panic washed over Isaac. Standing up, he inquired "Where are you? I want to see you."

Camila shared her destination.

"I'll be there soon," Isaac said as he left his office.

"Mmm," Camila's reply was barely audible.

Camila's car halted, and she stepped out.

She instructed her driver to wait and walked into a cafe alone.

Picking a seat at random, she sat down. A waiter approached and she requested a glass of water.

She stared blankly out the window, at the bustling street, but her eyes were vacant.

She exuded indifference, devoid of any emotional fluctuations.

Like a beautiful doll without a soul, she appeared lifeless.

"I apologize for the delay. There was traffic," Harland apologized as he sat down across her. "I'm sorry to have kept you waiting."

Slowly, Camila turned to face him.

Unaware of her turmoil, Harland queried, "Did you manage to clear things up with Jaylen?"

Her gaze fixed on him, her hands clenched into fists under the table, her knuckles turning white.

The next instant, her hand shot out, slapping Harland across the face!

Bang!

The slap echoed through the cafe.

Stunned, Harland looked at her, a mix of surprise and anger on his face.

His temper flared. After all, no one liked being slapped for no reason.

"What's the meaning of this?"