

Chapter 516 Think It Over

The assistant was just about to play the video for Harland when his phone rang.

He quickly answered it.

To his shock, Jaylen's scream blasted through the phone.

The assistant's heart raced with anxiety, hearing the sheer misery in Jaylen's voice.

"Mr. Williams," he said, but there was no answer. Just the unending scream for a whole minute, which he listened to, his face draining of color from fear.

He couldn't even begin to imagine the kind of pain Jaylen was in.

Then, abruptly, the call ended.

The assistant stood there, frozen, trying to make sense of it all.

Why would someone call just to let him hear Jaylen's scream?

What did they want?

Harland, noticing his distress, asked, "What's wrong? You look really upset."

The assistant shook his head. "No worries, I'm just concerned about Mr. Williams's well-being."

"Did he just call you?"

He nodded, then hesitated, shaking his head.

That call couldn't have been from Jaylen.

He suspected it was Isaac, commanding his men.

But why did he call him?

Bang!

Suddenly, the door burst open.

A group of tall, muscular men in black suits stormed in.

Leading them was Alick.

He gestured authoritatively. "Arrest him."

The assistant realized the reason behind the call.

They were tracing his location.

But this realization came too late.

Resistance was futile, and there was no chance to escape.

"Search the place," Alick commanded, beginning his own search.

Harland stood frozen, silent, never having witnessed such a scene.

The unease was palpable.

Alick rummaged through a drawer and found the disk, only to discover that some videos were gone from the computer.

Gathering his things, he and his men prepared to leave.

As they neared the door, Alick cast a glance back at Harland.

In a rush, Harland blurted out, "Look, I barely know the guy. I just need to find out where Jaylen is."

"Do you have any clue where Jaylen might be?" Alick inquired.

Harland, shaking his head, replied sincerely, "I have no idea."

Randal issued a stern warning. "You should steer clear of things that aren't your business."

"But Jaylen's family to me. I deserve to know what's happened to him."

Harland argued, his voice gaining strength.

Alick's interest piqued. "I'm curious why you're so involved in this. Are you part of it too?"

Harland was taken aback.

How should he respond?

Agreeing could mean trouble for him.

He shook his head firmly. "No, I'm not a part of it."

Alick didn't press further. He simply departed with his men and Jaylen's assistant, thinking it best that fewer people knew about Camila's situation.

Once Alick had left, a wave of fear washed over Harland.

He found a chair and sat down, overwhelmed by the gravity of the situation.

Alick led Jaylen's assistant to where Jaylen was locked up.

Jaylen was in a bad shape, lying in bed with an IV drip in his arm.

The assistant barely recognized him; Jaylen's face was swollen and unrecognizable.

He couldn't imagine what Jaylen had been through.

Quietly, Alick handed something to Isaac, whispering "This guy was close to Jaylen. Maybe he knows things Jaylen wouldn't tell us."

Isaac glanced up.

Jaylen's assistant, flanked by two men, entered the room.

He trembled at the sight of Isaac, avoiding his gaze.

Isaac stood and approached him, his tall figure casting a menacing shadow.

The assistant shivered with fear.

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 +120 Points at most

Before Isaac could speak, the assistant blurted out, "I don't know anything."

Isaac said calmly, "You're his trusted man, yet you know nothing? I find that hard to believe. Take your time to remember. You'll talk eventually."

He nodded to his men. "Let him think it over."

Understanding the signal, they forced the assistant to the floor and began to beat him.



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