

## Chapter 151 A Bad Feeling

Wearing a painful look, Camila stammered, "I... I didn't want to tell you that our child was still alive. You should be punished for falling in love with another woman."

Isaac grabbed her by the shoulders and asked anxiously, "Are you telling me the truth?"

"Why would I lie about this?" She went limp in his arms, as though the last of her strength had left her. "I was pregnant with twins. Because Debora gave me an amniocentesis, one of the two fetuses didn't make it. But I was able to save the other one. That time I went missing for a few months was when I delivered the baby."

Isaac's heart was pounding wildly in his chest, rendering him unable to think straight.

He felt like he was losing his mind.

All of a sudden, he too felt as though all his strength left his body. He asked weakly, "Where is the child now?"

Camila burst into tears. "Jaylen has him. That's how he forced me to marry him."

Isaac's initial shock disappeared in an instant and was replaced with sheer rage.

"What did you just say?" His voice was icy cold.

"Let me go! I need to find my baby!"

Isaac wrapped his arms around her waist, turned over, and put her on the bed. "I'll ask Wynter to send you clothes. As for the child, leave it to me."

Without giving Camila the chance to react, he stood up to leave.

He was determined to find their baby.

Camila leaped out of bed to stop him. "Joe is still a baby. Don't let him get hurt, please."

She was worried that Isaac would infuriate Jaylen and that Jaylen would take out his anger on Joe.

Isaac nodded. "Don't worry."

Then he strode out of the room.

He went to see Jaylen, even without a plan in mind.

He had never done something like this before.

Isaac was not the sort of person who would take action without thinking.

But this time was different.

Maybe the anxiety clouded his judgment.

Whatever the case, he was too worked up to think calmly.

Unfortunately, Jaylen was already back in Skystead.

"Let's go there now," Isaac said as soon as he found out.

"What?" Willie wondered if he was imagining things. Why was Isaac acting so rashly?

Thinking that Isaac might've misheard him, he repeated himself slowly. "Jaylen is in Skystead. Are you saying we're going to Skystead now?"

Isaac glanced at him impatiently. "Yes, right away."

Willie wisely didn't dare ask any more questions and did as his boss asked.

Later that night, Isaac and his men arrived at Jaylen's home in Skystead.

The journey was a bit long, and he had calmed down somewhat along the way.

Because they had come unprepared, it was unlikely they'd be able to successfully negotiate with Jaylen.

If he wanted Jaylen to give back the child, he had to get a little creative in his approach.

It didn't take long before Isaac's men caught Jaylen. After putting a sack over his head, they manhandled and beat him.

Jaylen cursed at them furiously. "Who the fuck are you? Take off the sack! Fight me like a man— Ouch!"

Somebody kicked him in the gut.

He curled up in pain.

After catching his breath, he continued to talk at his attacker fiercely. "I said, fight me like a man!"

As soon as he finished speaking, he was kicked in the stomach a second time.

Jaylen doubled over and finally fell silent.

God damn it!

He knew that if things went on like this, he might get beaten to death.

"Take the sack off my head and face me like a man!" he shouted once more, but he wasn't as fierce as earlier.

After all, he was in a lot of pain.

"I can't," Willie muttered.

Jaylen paused.

Wait a second. That voice... It sounded like...

"Willie? Let go of me, asshole!" Jaylen shouted exasperatedly. "Are

you insane? I'm going to kill you!"

Only then did Isaac signal at Willie to pull the sack off of Jaylen's head.

Willie promptly obeyed.

The look on Jaylen's face became even fiercer when he met Isaac's cold gaze.

"Isaac, what is the meaning of this?" he demanded angrily.

"Where is the child?" Isaac went straight to the point.

Jaylen's eyes widened in surprise. "Ask your grandfather, not me! Why the hell did you come to me?"

"What the hell are you talking about?" Willie raised his leg and was about to kick Jaylen again. But Isaac stopped him. "What do you mean?" he asked Jaylen suspiciously.

"What do I mean? What else could I mean?! Your grandfather has the child!"

Isaac's frown deepened. Did Robin know about the child?

He had a bad feeling about this. The baby might've been safer in Jaylen's hands than in Robin's.

After all, Robin always defended Isaac's uncle's family.

If his uncle's family knew about the child...

Panic seized Isaac's heart.

He couldn't calm down, no matter how hard he tried.

With trembling hands, he took out his phone to call Robin.

"Your grandfather kidnapped my mother in exchange for the child. Otherwise, I wouldn't have given the child to him." As Jaylen spoke, he tried to sit up, but his hands and feet were tied, so his efforts were futile. He glared at Willie and barked, "Untie me!"



Now that they knew that the baby wasn't here, Willie felt a little guilty.

They had beaten up Jaylen for nothing!

Wearing a sheepish expression, he went to untie Jaylen.

As soon as Jaylen was set free, he punched Willie in the face.

Caught off guard, Willie was knocked to the ground and blood oozed from the corner of his mouth.

"Still want to kick me, asshole? Huh?" Jaylen shouted at Willie furiously. "Still think that you can walk all over me, huh?"

Then he kicked Willie while he was still on the ground.

Grimacing in pain, Willie spat out a mouthful of blood.

Instead of fighting back, he wiped the blood on the corner of his lips and said, "We're even now."

"'Even'? How many times did you kick me just now?" Jaylen asked sourly.

His stomach still hurt badly from Willie's kicks.

Willie felt a little guilty again. Truth be told, he lost count of how many times he had kicked Jaylen.

"Do you think you can just beat me?" Guilty or not, Willie wasn't going to let Jaylen beat him up.

He would definitely fight back if Jaylen tried anything.

Instead of continuing to argue with Willie, Jaylen rolled his eyes and shifted his focus to Isaac. "Did you capture Camila?" Before Isaac could say anything, Jaylen said quickly, "And don't even think about denying it. I won't fight with you. I don't have time right now."

After all, his mother was watching him closely now. Besides, he had other things to deal with and didn't have the time to go to Heinz.

Isaac looked back at him indifferently and said, "Willie, let's go."

Despite him neither confirming nor denying, Jaylen was sure that Camila was with Isaac.

Maybe it was because Isaac didn't even bother to deny it.

Isaac and his men had come to Skystead in a rush, and now that they knew that the baby wasn't here, they needed to rush back to Heinz.

Although Skystead and Heinz were neighboring cities, it still took time to go back and forth.

As soon as they returned to Heinz, Isaac went straight to the Johnston family's ancestral home.

He had been running around all day and didn't have the time to change his clothes. By now, his suit was badly wrinkled, but it didn't lessen his domineering aura.

"Grandpa?"

Isaac entered the room just as Robin was about to go out. The flustered expression on Robin's face told Isaac everything. The old man couldn't even look directly into Isaac's eyes.

"Oh, Isaac—" he started to say.

"Where is the child?" Isaac asked abruptly.

Robin frowned. Isaac didn't know about Joe, did he?

How could he suddenly know about the child's existence?

Or was Isaac messing with him?

"What're you talking about?" Robin asked unconvincingly.

It wasn't that he wanted to hide the child from Isaac, but that he had no choice now.

"Grandpa, give the child to me now." It wasn't a request, but an order.

Robin still wanted to play dumb, but Isaac wasn't in the mood to

waste time. "Do you want me to call Jaylen right now?"

Robin looked a little flustered. "H-how did you find out?"

"Where is the child?!" Isaac's patience was running thin.

Robin's evasive behavior made him feel extremely uneasy.

"Is the child missing?"



## Chapter 152 A Mother's Instinct

Robin widened his eyes in disbelief. "How did you know?"

There was a terrible look in Isaac's eyes. "Who did it?"

"I... I don't know." Robin finally dropped the act. He held Isaac's arm and said, "Calm down. I'm sure the child is fine..."

"When did you find out about the child?" Isaac shook off Robin's hand and asked coldly.

Robin was stunned. "Isaac..."

"Grandpa, you know perfectly well how my parents died. You know how I fell into the water. I've been holding back my anger, not because I've forgotten the past. I just didn't want you to grieve your son's death again. But if they hurt my child, Grandpa, don't blame me for being ruthless."

Isaac turned around and strode out. While walking, he said to Willie, "I want all the intel you can find about them."

"Got it."

Nodding seriously, Willie set out to do what he was told.

"Isaac?" Robin's voice was a little shaky. The last thing he wanted to see was his family members at each other's throats.

With trembling hands, he asked, "Stevie, do you think Travis kidnapped the child?"

"I don't think so," Stevie answered with a frown.

"No, it has to be him. He bumped into us when we conducted the paternity test at the hospital. He must've investigated it himself. He went here at night, and it didn't take long for us to realize that the



child was missing. If it wasn't him, who else could it be?" In fact, Robin already knew the harsh truth.

But he was too unwilling to admit it.

"You're overthinking things." Stevie tried to comfort him.

The stress got to Robin, and his knees buckled from underneath him. Stevie practically had to hold him up.

"It seems that there's nothing I can do to protect them this time." Robin sighed.

"But we have to admit that they've wronged Isaac too many times. I heard that when Isaac got married, Audrey hired hitmen to murder Isaac. Isaac decided not to pursue the matter, and I figured that was for your sake," Stevie said slowly. He believed that this matter had something to do with Robin.

"At that time, if you gave them some shares, they wouldn't have been so vicious. But it could be seen that they just wanted to seize the family property." After a slight pause, Stevie continued, "You've been protecting them for too long. I know that in order to ease Isaac's hatred for them, you tried to arrange a marriage for him... Although things ended up going south, you did your best."

Having worked for Robin for so long, Stevie wasn't afraid to speak his mind. "I think Isaac's hatred is only natural."

After all, it was his aunt who struck first.

Robin was also painfully aware of this.

But these people were his family. Of course he'd feel sad if anyone got hurt or died.

"Alas," he sighed heavily.

"You're getting old, Mr. Johnston. You should leave them to their own devices," Stevie advised sensibly.

Robin's body was deteriorating, and he definitely couldn't stand the stress.

He was, as Stevie said, old.

"Yeah, I'll leave them alone." He sighed, feeling an inexplicable sense of helplessness.

As soon as Camila was released, she knew that Isaac had followed Jaylen back to Skystead. She could do nothing but wait anxiously.

First, she went to the Haynes family and told Rowena that she was fine. She also found out that Aldrin was doing well at the company.

Knowing that a capable Aldrin was taking care of the company's affairs, she felt relieved and focused on her missing child.

After leaving the Haynes family, she went to the villa and asked Glenda to call her as soon as Isaac came back.

During this period of time, she felt extremely restless and kept going to the company to ask whether Isaac had come back.

She was about to go inside the company for the nth time when she saw Isaac's car pulling to a stop. She immediately ran over and called, "Isaac!"

Isaac opened the door and got out of the car.

Camila poked her head in but didn't find the child in the car. Frowning tightly, she asked, "Where's my baby?"

Isaac feigned a calm expression and said, "I left him at my friend's place for the time being—"

"What?!" Before Isaac could finish his sentence, Camila grabbed him by the collar. Isaac was too tall for her, so she had to stand on tiptoe to be eye-level with him. "I said that the child is yours!"

"I know."

"Then why'd you leave him at someone else's house?!" Camila just couldn't wrap her head around it. "You don't want Joe. Is that it?"

Joe?

Hearing this name, Isaac's heart skipped a beat. The child's name was Joe?

"You named him that?" It took a great deal of effort to swallow the lump in his throat.

Camila was too hysteric to answer this question. At this moment, she wanted nothing but to see her child safe and sound.

"Bring him to me! Or better yet, tell me where your friend lives. I'll get him myself. He's my son, and you have no right to leave him with a stranger. Why? Are you scared that the child will ruin your relationship with Fidelia? If so, then just admit it! I'll hide him from the public. I won't tell anyone about who his father is. You can still be with Fidelia, even marry her if you want to..."

Isaac's expression got darker and darker.

"Just shut up. I'll get the baby back. Give me a few days..."

"No! I want him now! Right now!" Camila was growing hysterical.

Unbeknownst to her, Isaac had no idea where the child was now. He didn't want to tell her this because he didn't want her to worry.

But he underestimated the madness of a mother!

"Calm down first." Isaac reached out his arms and tried to hold her, but she pushed him away and shouted madly, "Give me my son!"

Isaac was forced to take a step back. He pursed his lips and looked at the crazed Camila.

"Do you want to take the child away? Is that it? That's why you didn't bring him to me?"

Isaac turned around. Camila's current state of mind was too unstable.

But this only served to make Camila even more hysterical. All sorts of horrific ideas came to her mind, so she stopped him and demanded, "Don't turn your back on me! Is it because you're guilty? Can't you look me in the eye? Are you trying to erase me from the picture? You just want the child for yourself! Isaac, I'm telling you, he is my son! You can't take him away from me, let alone make my child call someone else 'mother'..."

"Camila!" Isaac snapped, rubbing his temples in distress.

The more she said, the more ridiculous she sounded!

Camila refused to give up. "What? Are you angry because I saw right through you?"

Isaac shut his eyes for a while and took a few deep breaths to suppress his mounting anger.

"The child's whereabouts are unknown right now. I didn't tell you at first because I didn't want you to worry, but you started throwing accusations at me anyway." He put his hands on her shoulders and continued earnestly, "The child is mine, too, and I'm also worried about him. But I know that I have to stay calm if I want to find the child. And stop talking about Fidelia. I already told you that we have nothing to do with each other."

Looking at Isaac, Camila's blood ran cold. "You don't know where my son is?"

Her brain went completely blank.

Out of everything Isaac said, she only heard one thing—that her child was missing!

Could this be the reason why she had that terrible nightmare? After all, a mother's instinct was unmatched.

"Wh-who took him?" Her voice was so hoarse and trembling.

Isaac immediately felt sorry for her. He wrapped his arms around her and stroked her back comfortingly, whispering, "I swear I'll find our son. I'll bring him back safe and sound."

Camila couldn't control her emotions. She shivered uncontrollably in his arms.

"I'm scared. I... I..." Her eyes turned red.

Isaac pulled her closer. "Everything will be fine. Trust me."

She raised her head to look at him, crystal tears resting on thick lashes. "What should we do? What if he's in danger?"



"He's not." Isaac wiped away her tears.

Isaac's phone suddenly rang.

He quickly took out his phone and answered it.

"Yes?"

Camila immediately pricked up her ears.

## Chapter 153 Deep Resentment

Willie's voice sounded from the other end of the line. "I've looked into the matter, and it turns out that Travis went to the family home earlier. The child went missing afterwards. We can safely assume that Travis kidnapped the child. I heard from Stevie that Robin had bumped into Travis at the hospital after the paternity test, but that Robin tried to hide it from Travis..."

Isaac frowned. "What paternity test?"

"In order to verify whether the child had Johnston blood, your grandfather conducted a paternity test with the child." After a slight pause, Willie then added, "The results proved that the child is indeed yours. It's a boy."

Isaac had never doubted the identity of the child ever since he found out that Camila was the woman from that fateful night.

He was the only man Camila had ever slept with.

After a moment's hesitation, Willie continued, "Although we're pretty sure that Travis has the child, we don't have anything concrete on him now."

Back then, in order to protect Travis and his family and to calm Isaac down, Robin drove Travis and his parents out of the Johnston family home. He didn't give them any property, let alone any shares from the company.

Audrey used her own savings to open a club named Charm. But because of what happened last time, Isaac made sure that Charm was closed down.

Now, they lived off of the rent of several factory buildings and some stock dividends.

"Have our men follow them at all times. If anything happens, inform me immediately. Also, when you come back, I need you to do something else for me." Isaac was hatching a plan in his mind.

"Got it, boss,"

Willie answered promptly.

As soon as Isaac put the phone down, Camila couldn't wait to ask, "Isn't Travis your cousin? Why would he take Joe away?"

Camila knew that Robin had two sons, Isaac's father and Travis' father.

She also knew that Travis and his parents didn't live in the Johnston family's ancestral home.

But she didn't know the extent of the grudge between Isaac and them.

Generally speaking, this kind of thing was never divulged to outsiders.

After all, family drama like this would be nothing but juicy gossip to outsiders.

Isaac said in a low voice, "Because Joe is my son."

Isaac's answer only served to confuse Camila even more. "Since you know that your cousin has Joe, we can just ask him—"

"Not here. Let's go in and talk there." He put his arm around her shoulder and started leading her inside.

Camila gradually calmed down. After all, it was useless to worry. They had to figure out what was going on first in order to save Joe.

The first floor of the building was practically empty. There was a reception area, with sofas and tea to the side. At the end of the corridor were two elevators.

Isaac went straight to the top floor. When they passed by his secretary's desk, he told Wynter, "Cancel everything on my schedule. I won't be having any social engagements these days. And bring two

cups of coffee inside my office."

"Okay," Wynter answered obediently.

Isaac led Camila to his office with his arm wrapped around her waist. He pushed the door open and said, "Come in."

Camila went inside promptly.

As soon as the door was closed behind them, Isaac shrugged off his coat and threw it on the sofa and loosened his collar.

Camila had been so worked up just now that she didn't notice the dark circles under Isaac's eyes. It was obvious that the man hadn't gotten any rest.

He must be also worried about Joe.

The child was his biological son, after all.

"Isaac, do you like kids?" she suddenly asked.

She just wanted to gauge Isaac's attitude towards Joe.

Isaac glanced at her meaningfully. It seemed he had seen through her at a glance. "Are you asking me if I'll accept the child or not?"

Pursing her lips, she nodded.

Indeed, this was exactly what she was wondering.

"Of course I'll accept my child." He walked over, took her hand, and pulled her to sit next to him on the sofa. His expression suddenly became serious. "Mila, as soon as we find out our son, we'll get married and I'll announce to the whole world that you are my wife and Joe is my son."

Camila wasn't expecting him to say such a thing. It was as though he had tossed a stone into the calm lake that was her heart, stirring up waves.

"Are you going to officially recognize Joe as a Johnston?" she asked.

Isaac's expression softened. His answer surprised her. "I want a home."



And in that home was his wife and his child.

Camila could see the sense of longing and expectation in the man's eyes.

It was the first time she had seen him like this.

"A home for you and me?" Camila was surprised. "But what about Fidelia?"

Isaac's smile stiffened.

This woman was talented at destroying intimate atmospheres.

"Why do you keep mentioning that irrelevant person?"

Camila averted her gaze. Even she had to admit that she seeing Isaac with that woman made her terribly unhappy.

"Stop worrying about her. I've asked Willie to transfer her to someplace far from here. And for the last time, I have nothing to do with her, okay?" He stretched out his hand and was about to touch her face, but she turned her head away and mumbled, "You don't need to explain things to me."

Isaac's hand paused midair. Then he let it fall to his side awkwardly.

"Don't you want to give our child a home? A complete family?"

Of course she did. All she ever wanted was for her child to grow up in a healthy environment with both parents present.

It would be good for the child.

And she couldn't deny that she had feelings for her son's father.

So for the sake of her child, she might do his bidding.

Besides, Isaac was nothing but affectionate to her.

"Yes."

She made up her mind. Be it for Joe or for herself, she had to fight for their happiness!

"So why did your cousin take Joe?" she suddenly asked.

Isaac sighed. "Audrey Johnston is the one who hired people to kill me the night we met. Audrey is Gunter's wife, and Gunter is my father's younger brother."

He mentioned their names as if they were his peers.

Because those people didn't deserve to be called his aunt and uncle.

And he refused to address them as such. He always called them by their first names.

There was a soft knock on the door. Isaac called, "Come in."

Wynter came in with two cups of coffee.

She set them on the table, bowed, and then left.

Isaac was used to taking his coffee black. The taste was bitter, but very refreshing.

These past several days, he had been very busy and didn't have the time to rest.

As a result, he looked exhausted.

Camila stood up and walked around the sofa. "I'm a doctor, you know. I can give you a massage to relieve a little bit of the fatigue."

As she spoke, she reached out and pressed her fingers against his temples.

Her fingertips were a little cold and soft to the touch.

As soon as her skin touched Isaac's, his heart skipped a beat.

"Is the pressure too hard?" she asked while she rubbed his temples.

Isaac replied in a low voice, "No, it's just right."

Camila expertly massaged his shoulders and back, and Isaac felt inexplicably relaxed.

"You've been overworking yourself. Your muscles are so tense," Camila commented.

All of a sudden, Isaac reached up and grabbed her hands. "Mila..."

Standing behind him, Camila could see the outline of his face and his chiseled chest from his slightly open collar.

Blushing, she quickly looked away and asked, "Will they hurt Joe?"

The fact that these people were willing to kill Isaac spoke volumes about the grudge they had against each other.

There was no telling whether they'd leave Isaac's son unharmed.

Isaac squeezed her hand reassuringly. "No. They kidnapped Joe to use him as leverage to get my family's property. They know very well that if anything happens to the child, they can get nothing, and that I will never let them get away with it. So you can rest assured that our child will be fine."

"I'm still worried about him. I carried Joe in my belly for nine months. I gave birth to him. I can't lose him, Isaac. As long as you can bring him back safely, I'll do anything for you."

"Including marrying me again?" Isaac asked, with one eyebrow raised.



## Chapter 154 Special Girlfriend

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"Not for Joe, just for me," Isaac added as soon as he finished speaking.

He was referring to love.

Camila bent down, wrapped her arms around his neck from behind, and buried her face unto his shoulder.

She liked this man so much that she would grow furious whenever he was with another woman.

She wanted to fight for him, not just to give Joe a complete family, but also for herself.

Out of nowhere, Willie arrived.

He was in such a hurry that he forgot to knock. When he opened the door, he saw Camila holding Isaac intimately. Only when he saw this did Willie realize his mistake.

Slowly, he tried to walk backwards and leave the room when suddenly, Isaac said, "Wait for me in the meeting room."

"Okay," Willie answered. After that, he left and closed the door.

Feeling a bit embarrassed, Camila withdrew her arms from Isaac's neck. "Will you be planning how to save Joe?" she asked.

"Yes. If you don't have anything else to do, just stay here for a while. Once I'm done talking to Willie, I'll come back here."

Again, Camila was forced to do nothing but wait. The anxiety was starting to snake up her gut, and the only thing she could do to alleviate it was crumple the hem of her clothes. Looking on the bright side, doing nothing was the best way to help Isaac. He knew the Johnston family members—the ones responsible for kidnapping



Joe—more than anyone. He would surely come up with an effective plan to deal with them.

The least Camila could do was not to make trouble for him.

"I see. Go ahead," she said, forcing herself to sound relaxed.

However, the truth was that her heart was pounding hard against her chest.

Isaac stood up and left.

Camila wanted one last glimpse of Isaac, but the door blocked her sight.

Since she could no longer see him, there was no more reason to pretend.

Instantly, the smile on her face disappeared, replaced by a forlorn expression.

Just now, she was trying her best to remain calm in front of Isaac because she didn't want to worry him any further.

Now that she was alone, she took a deep breath to try and relax herself.

She walked towards the giant French window and gazed at the overlooking view of the city.

From where she was standing, she could see almost everything.

But despite the splendid view, she wasn't in the mood to appreciate its beauty.

Suddenly, Wynter came in and said, "Mr. Johnston has asked me to show you around the company."

Isaac had ordered Wynter do to so because he was afraid Camila might overthink if she just stayed in the office and did nothing.

Indeed, Camila wasn't familiar with the layout of the whole company. In the past, she didn't want to know it. But ever since she took over her family's company after Marvin's death, she gradually began learning about company operation. Now that she was given

another chance to learn more about it, she agreed.

Wynter first showed her around this floor and began explaining the layout to her. "On this floor, there are only three offices and a meeting room, which can accommodate a lot of people at the same time. Next to the meeting room is a tearoom as well as the secretary's desk."

Then, she moved on to the next area and continued, "This is the reception room. Mr. Johnston and his business partners usually meet here to discuss important things."

As Camila looked around, she couldn't help but let out a secret sigh. It deserved to be called a big company.

Isaac's office was much larger than the meeting room of the Haynes Group. Not only that, they also had spacious meeting rooms of their own and a reception room that was almost half the size of the Haynes Group's entire office.

"Let's go downstairs." Wynter led Camila to the elevator and pressed the down button. "There are three departments on this floor," she explained as the silent hum of the elevator filled the air. "The Public Relations Department, the Accounting Department, and the Legal Department. The job of the Public Relations Department is to take care of all the publicity materials and maintain the company's image. If ever they encounter something that might potentially damage the company's reputation, then it's their job to solve it. The Accounting Department is self-explanatory. I don't think I have to explain their function any further. Then, there's the Legal Department, which is filled with lawyers who deal with many legal matters..."

As Wynter explained everything to her, Camila kept nodding to show that she understood.

She couldn't help but compare this to the Haynes Group. Unlike this company, the Haynes Group didn't have a public relations department nor a full-blown legal team. They only had a small financial department.

She continued to follow Wynter and listen to her explanation.

Upstairs, in the meeting room, the only ones who were there were

Isaac and Willie.

"I just discovered that Travis has been very close with a woman recently." Willie began his report. "He met your grandpa at the hospital who had required a paternity test for the child. When Travis went there, the woman was with him. As far as I know, this is the first time that he had done that. In my opinion, he treated that woman differently."

As Willie spoke, Isaac leaned back on his chair and straightened his back. His clothes became wrinkled as he sat in the most comfortable position possible. He wasn't being neat and meticulous like he usually was. Despite that, he didn't look sloppy at all. He still exuded that strong aura akin to a mature man.

"Do you know who she is?" Isaac asked him.

Willie nodded. "Yes. She's a girl from an ordinary family. While she doesn't belong to any notable family, she's now the mistress of Travis."

Isaac raised an eyebrow. "Does he have money to keep a woman?"

"Gunter still has money, doesn't he? They haven't come to an end," Willie answered.

Isaac knew Travis very well.

Travis was an arrogant person who didn't care how much money he spent. He was so lavish in his expenses that Gunter's money couldn't cover everything that Travis had bought.

Aside from that, Travis also thought highly of himself and was a bit pretentious. How could he just rely on his family?

Isaac turned to Willie and complained, "You found out about his mistress, but you didn't find the source of his secret income?"

Willie was surprised by the question. "You mean he has other businesses after his club was shut down?"

"What do you think?" Isaac asked with a grave expression. Before Willie could open his mouth, Isaac cut in and added, "Give me the result before midnight."



Isaac stood up, but before he could leave, he thought of something else. He turned to Willie once again and said, "Send everything you know about Travis' woman."

"Okay," Willie answered.

When Isaac returned to his office, Camila had not yet come back. He sat at his desk, turned on his computer, and opened his e-mail.

Then, he skimmed through the content that Willie had sent him.

There was one detail in the report that caught Isaac's eyes.

Based on this, Travis had been with this woman for half a year.

Isaac found this odd.

The Travis he knew had a different woman every month. He had never been in a relationship with another woman for more than half a year.

Did Travis love this woman?

It was hard to tell.

Meanwhile, Camila came up and saw Isaac back in his office. She approached him and asked, "Have you found a way to save Joe?"

"Don't worry." Isaac hovered the mouse and exited the information page. Before it closed, Camila caught a glimpse and saw that it was a woman's information file. "Who was she?" she asked.

Isaac frowned. This woman had eyes like a hawk! "It's a woman."

"What woman?" Camila asked.

Isaac reached out his hand to her.

When he did this, Camila looked at his hand and stared at his soft and delicate palm. After hesitating for a while, she placed her hand on top of his. Slowly, Isaac's hand closed into a fist, wrapping Camila's hand around his.

He gave it a gentle squeeze as Camila walked toward him.



Then, Isaac held her waist and propped her by his lap.

The way they were positioned looked very suggestive, which made Camila feel shy. Not only that, they were in an office. If Wynter or any other staff came in and saw them, it would be very embarrassing for Camila.

She tried wriggling her body, but Isaac only held her tighter. "Don't move," he whispered to her.

With his free hand, he clicked on the e-mail and said, "This woman is Travis' girlfriend."

Camila turned to Isaac and asked, "Are we going to start with this woman?"

Isaac shook his head. Although Travis treated this woman differently, it wasn't sure yet if she was important enough to Travis that they could use her to threaten him.

"She's close to Travis. Perhaps we can find the whereabouts of the child if we follow her."

In order to get more information, Isaac wanted to find another woman to get close to Travis' woman.

"I'll go," Camila volunteered.

"No!" Isaac denied straight off the bat. "They must know who you are. Remember that you only got married with me thanks to their help."

"But I've never been in touch with them before," Camila answered. She was staring deep into Isaac's eyes, hoping it would help her persuade him.

"But if what I know is correct, your father has contacted them before."

"My father?" Camila knew that Marvin had married her off to Isaac to further the family's interest. However, she had no idea that Marvin was connected with Travis.

Initially, Isaac didn't know that Marvin had made a profitable deal

with Travis back then. It was Willie who had told him that they indeed had contact. However, Marvin was now dead.

"It doesn't matter anyway." Isaac pulled Camila closer to him and gave her body a light squeeze. "If it weren't for them, I would've never met you."

As soon as he said that, Camila's face inexplicably turned red.

Isaac's remark sounded sweet, and it made Camila feel shy and delighted at the same time.

Did he just imply that he liked her?

In the past, he had already said that he liked her. But...

These messy thoughts quickly piled in her head that she had to shake them off.

Right now, her top priority was to save Joe.

All of a sudden, an idea dawned upon her. "Travis and the others might know me, but this woman doesn't. That means I can get close to her. As long as I don't run into Travis, my ruse won't be blown. Besides, Joe is imprisoned somewhere. I can't just sit still and do nothing, right?"

Isaac still didn't agree to this plan.

So, Camila grabbed his collar and pulled him closer. "Please," she said, trying to sound flirty.

Despite her best efforts, her voice wasn't coquettish at all, and her body language was as stiff as a plank.

Despite that, Isaac still bought it!

As long as Camila was willing to act like a spoiled child in front of him, he would be under her spell.

"Okay."

After agreeing, Isaac took her out.