

Chapter 187 A Slim Chance Of Survival

Camila was unconscious. She was tied to a cement pillar, and a bomb was strapped around her waist.

This was what Isaac found when he arrived.

Within seconds, the colour left his face.

Aldrin, with the bomb's detonator in one hand and his phone in the other, instructed, "Tell me. How did you kill my mother?"

"I didn't," Isaac hissed.

"I don't believe you. If you didn't kill her, why were you there?" Aldrin snarled. "Just because I'm young doesn't mean I'm stupid."

"You're young?" Isaac gave him a once-over before adding, "Indeed, you're very immature."

Aldrin visibly bristled in irritation. "Whatever. Anyway, you have to follow what I say."

"All right, but let me ask you a question first. Is the fact that I was at the crime scene proof that I killed her?" Isaac asked patiently.

"Of course," Aldrin answered.

His reply nearly caused Isaac to lose his cool. "I was there because I was directed there. If you don't believe me, you can check my phone."

He then presented his phone to Aldrin.

However, Aldrin could not grab it because his hands were full.

The injury on his arm had not fully healed yet.

He had a phone in one hand and a device to set off the bomb in the other. He glared at Isaac, unconvinced. "You're lying to me."

"Aldrin, please!" Camila had woken up.

Only then did she realize that Aldrin never believed her.

"You have to believe us. Neither Isaac nor I have any intention of harming her. We would've put an end to her life a long time ago while she was still in jail if we really wanted to kill her. Why would we wait until she got out of jail?" Camila reasoned.

She was sure that someone was taking advantage of Aldrin's grief. He must feel so brokenhearted that he got manipulated so easily.

His mother had just died, after all.

Although Aldrin could not disprove Camila's claims, he shook his head and stated, "Isaac killed her. I'm sure of it."

Camila's heart sank. Why was he being unreasonable?

In any case, she had to think before saying anything. Aldrin was not in a good place right now, and one wrong move would set him off. "Aldrin, you have to stop this. Can't you see that someone is using you?"

Aldrin's face began to show signs of hesitation.

He was unable to refute either Camila's or Isaac's claims.

"Aldrin, I promise I'll help you find out who killed Trudy. I assure you that whoever murdered her will be punished by the law," Camila declared firmly.

Aldrin's mind was in a jumble now.

The tragic news of Trudy's passing devastated him. Soon after, he received a video of Isaac arriving at the place where his mother died with a note explaining that the man had motives to kill Trudy.

His suspicions and hatred toward Isaac, as well as the resentment he felt toward him for beating him up, were what convinced him to believe that Isaac had killed his mother.

When Aldrin's emotions subsided, so did his irrational thoughts.

Indeed, it looked like someone was manipulating him.

He was being used.

Camila was right. They did not need to break his mother out of prison if they really wanted to hurt her. They could kill her right there.

It did not make sense for them to do otherwise.

The person or people who orchestrated this probably released Trudy from prison so that they could use her to manipulate him.

After giving it some thought, Aldrin ultimately decided not to voice his opinion.

Instead, his voice became fiercer as he shouted, "I don't

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believe you! Don't try to brainwash me because I won't let myself be fooled by you. Camila, you and my mother had some serious disagreements. I doubt that you don't harbour resentment toward her for hurting you in the past. You definitely played a role in her death, and I won't forgive you for it!"

He made a motion with his hand as if he were about to activate the detonator.

Camila gaped at him. She was shocked, not because Aldrin wanted to blow her up but because, as it turned out, he thought she was lying all this time.

"Aldrin..."

"Save it! I don't want to hear your lies!" Aldrin then turned to Isaac. "Do you love Camila?"

His question did not fit the mood of the moment at all.

The pair were caught off guard by his inquiry.

Camila's gaze strayed toward Isaac almost unconsciously.

The man's eyes were already on her.

The two stared at each other.

"Why won't you answer me? You don't love her, do you? That's what I thought. It's impossible for a man like you to have romantic feelings for a single woman. You're only with Camila because she gave birth to your child. Am I right?"

Though Camila had never considered such a possibility before, Aldrin's statements made perfect sense.

Was Isaac's treatment of her because of his feelings for her? Or was he acting like that solely because they had a

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Aldrin's words obviously had an impact on Camila.

Isaac, ever astute, noticed it as well.

He walked toward Camila.

"Don't come near me! It's dangerous! There's a bomb attached to me," Camila warned.

Isaac strolled over to her and halted in front of her as if he had not heard her.

Camila lifted her head, and the wetness on her curled eyelashes glistened. She faked a smile and said, "It's okay. I believe you. I already know that you like me."

"Camila, are you an idiot? What do you mean you believe him? He hadn't even said a word. Well, let's see then. If he really loves you, that means he's willing to die with you, right?" Aldrin asked in a softer tone.

Camila snapped her head in his way. "What do you mean by that?"

"Let me test this man for you." Aldrin turned to Isaac and continued, "If I activate the detonator and you don't budge, I'll believe it wasn't you who killed my mom. I'll also believe that you truly love Camila."

He then activated the detonator.

The bomb strapped to Camila's torso started its countdown at 60. Soon, it became 59, then 58, then 57.

Only less than a minute was left now.

Camila looked at Isaac with panicked eyes. "Leave now!"

She did not need Isaac to prove his love for her in this way.

Their child would be left without parents if they died. Not to mention, Isaac had a lot of enemies who would definitely target Joe once they were gone.

If someone tried to kill their son, he would not make it.

On the other hand, Isaac would be able to keep him safe as long as he was still alive.

Isaac gave her a warm smile while maintaining his intense gaze.

Camila was at a loss for words.

Was he out of his mind?

With everything going on, how could he still smile?

"Isaac, think about our baby..."

Before Camila could finish what she was about to say, Isaac leaned forward and kissed her lips.

The countdown clock on the bomb continued to tick away: 45, 44, 43...

"You must be terrified right now, aren't you? Don't worry. You're not alone. I'm with you," Isaac whispered in her ear.

Camila's heart skipped a beat.

Both of her eyes were wide with bewilderment.

Her voice was scratchy and shaky as she muttered, "We're going to die."

"I'm glad that I met you, Mila." Isaac wrapped his arms around her.

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Camila felt a tightness in her throat and had to swallow.

It itched excruciatingly.

She was terrified, but now that Isaac was by her side, not even death seemed so terrible.

At this very moment, she was convinced that Isaac loved her.

"I'm sorry." She buried her face in his chest as she whispered, "I shouldn't have suspected you."

In a tender gesture, Isaac cupped her face in his hands and caressed her cheeks and ears.

The fullness, warmth, and tenderness of his fingers seemed to have magically soothed Camila's heart.

The countdown on the bomb's timer continued: 10, 9, 8, 7, ...
In the blink of an eye, the number went down to 3, 2, 1, ...

Camila closed her eyes when the timer read zero. She was no longer afraid because Isaac was right there with her.

She braced herself and waited for one second, two seconds, and then three seconds.

Several seconds passed, but no explosion happened.

What in the world was going on?