

Chapter 245 Acting

Aldrin pulled the car over and asked, "What's wrong?"

Camila's eyes were fixed outside the window. There, she saw a woman walking into the hotel.

She opened the door and got out of the car.

Aldrin was puzzled by her behavior. "What's wrong?"

Camila was already on her way inside the hotel when she said, "Find a place to park the car and then come find me inside."

Since Aldrin had no idea what was happening, he just obeyed Camila and did as he was told.

He drove the car to the parking lot.

When he entered the hotel, he saw Camila standing by the front desk.

"We'll book a room next to that lady," Camila told the receptionist.

"Which lady?" the receptionist asked.

"The lady who just entered, Greta Williams."

"Okay." After a slight pause, the receptionist added, "Her room was booked by a Mr. Williams."

"That's Nelson," Camila said.

When the receptionist heard Camila utter his first name, she couldn't help but ask, "Do you know them? How come you seem to know them very well?"

Camila nodded, implying that she did.

The receptionist then checked the room to see if it was available.

"They're in a presidential suite. One night costs 18,888 dollars. Are you sure you want to book that room?" the receptionist asked.

"Yes," Camila replied.

The receptionist began clacking away on her keyboard and booked the room for her.

Once everything was settled, Camila turned to Aldrin. "Let's go!" She led the way upstairs, while Aldrin followed her from behind.

"Why did you have to book such an expensive room?" he asked her. "And who are those people that you've just mentioned?"

"I don't know them either," Camila responded.

"If you don't know them, why are we still following that woman?"

"It's because I don't know! So I have to figure it out," Camila explained exasperatedly.

Aldrin stared at her in a daze.

Since he couldn't figure out what was going on, he had no choice but to follow her orders first.

Anyway, they had already booked a room and spent so much money doing so. At the very least, he could see what a presidential suite actually looked like.

After all, he had never stayed in such an expensive hotel before.

As soon as they entered the room, Aldrin was amazed by how large and luxurious the room was. From this alone, he already felt that he was getting his money's worth.

However, the same could not be said for Camila. She wasn't in the mood to observe the room. Rather, she was busy finding a way in order to connect with that woman. Only by getting close to her would Camila find out her secret.

All of a sudden, Camila came up with an idea.


"Aldrin, come here."

Aldrin approached her and joked, "You're not going to sleep here with me, are you?"

Camila frowned at this. She was not in the mood to kid around. "I need you to pretend that we're having a fight. Make yourself look like you want to badly hit me—"

"What are you talking about?!" Aldrin cried. His face turned white as a sheet. "How could I hit you?!"

Camila's tone remained serious. "Like I said, you'll just be pretending. That way, I can knock on that woman's door and ask for that woman's help. It's a good plan, right?"

Aldrin's eyes widened as he tried to process what Camila was telling him. Of course, he knew she booked this room just to get close to that woman. 

Seeing how important this was to Camila, Aldrin nodded. "Okay."


After all, all he needed to do was act. This should be easy for him.

"Are you sure you can do it?" Camila asked.

"Of course! It's going to be a piece of cake!" he said, his chin raised in confidence.

Camila chuckled a bit. "Okay. You seem like you got this, so I'm counting on you!"

But how would they start?

When Camila saw the teacup on the table, an idea occurred to her. She picked it up and smashed it at Aldrin's feet. 

"Camila!" he cried. The shattering sound startled him.

"I didn't mean to..."

After saying that, Camila opened the door and ran out.

Quickly, Aldrin realized what she wanted him to do. So, he ran after her and shouted, "Camila! Where the hell are you going?! I'll beat you to death!"

Camila was impressed by his acting skills. She gave him a thumbs up in her heart. Well done!

After hesitating for a while, Camila knocked on the door next to their room.

At this time, Aldrin was able to catch up with her. "Don't run away," he shouted. He grabbed her arm, and since he thought their act wasn't convincing enough, he also grabbed her ponytail. "Don't panic! I won't use much strength."

Camila was too focused on the door that she didn't hear what Aldrin was whispering to her.

Her heart was thumping hard against her chest.

Finally, the door of the room opened!

Camila's eyes lit up as she saw that woman in front of her.