

Chapter 372 Specter

The perhaps noise of shattering objects reached their ears!

Camila pushed open the door cautiously and called out, "Aldrin, are you there?"

Silence greeted her, as no response came.

Just as Camila prepared to go in, Isaac interjected, stopped her in her tracks, and said, "Hold on, don't enter just yet."

Taking charge, he declared, "Let me go have a look instead. Wait here."

They had no idea what went on in there. He feared that something bad was inside.

Camila nodded in agreement.

Isaac entered the room, bracing himself for what he would come across.

And there, behind the sofa, he found Aldrin.

Just now, a bottle had toppled, and it lay shattered.

The room was permeated with the pungent stink of alcohol.

Empty bottles cluttered the floor.

They stood as evidence of his excessive indulgence.

The odor of alcohol was also present on him.

Isaac's brow furrowed, expressing his concern and disappointment.

"Is that Aldrin?" Camila, attempting to enter the room, inquired.

Isaac nodded solemnly in confirmation.

Aldrin appeared to have inhabited the room for an extended duration, with drawn curtains casting a dim ambiance, punctuated by a ray of light that sipped through.

Unaccustomed to the brightness, Aldrin instinctively shielded his eyes

with his hand.

"Aldrin." Camila approached him gently.

Aldrin squinted at her in response.

He registered Camila's presence without surprise, asking, "Sister, have you come to see me?"

At that moment, he mistook Camila for a specter.

He chuckled uneasily. "And how did Isaac find his way here?"

He comprehended Camila's return.

But at the same time, he struggled to comprehend Isaac's presence.

Wasn't Isaac still alive?

Aldrin scratched his head, his mind muddled.

Camila, struggling to tolerate the stench of alcohol, covered her nose and said, "Get yourself cleaned and awoken from this stupor. I have questions that need answers."

"You can inquire about anything you wish to know. I shall furnish you with the answers you seek. I pledge no lie before your specter," Aldrin slurred in response.

Camila was rendered speechless.

Isaac too was not so different from Camila momentarily.

"Snap out of it!" Only then did she realize that Aldrin believed her to be a specter.

Truly, he was lost in his drunken haze.

Witnessing him in this state evoked both sympathy and anger within Camila. 

Words held no power over him now.

She scurried off to the bathroom, returning with water. Without hesitation, she poured the water over his head.

The frigid water jolted Aldrin up.

"That's freezing!"

He hugged himself for warmth, and his voice trembled as he questioned her sanity. "Have you lost your marbles?"

Camila fixed him with an unwavering gaze and retorted, "Are you in your right mind now? If you are, then make your way to the shower. I'll be waiting outside the door."

The room lay in disarray, marred by his chaotic actions and an unpleasant odor that pervaded the air.

Camila couldn't endure it any longer.

"Are you flesh and blood or some ethereal specter?" Aldrin's bewildered stare didn't faze her.

She maintained her composure and uttered calmly, "I am unequivocally human, and I have pressing inquiries about Laura. Wash up and rouse from your stupor. Then, enlighten me about what transpired with her."

As she spoke, Aldrin impulsively reached out and grasped her arm.

His grip was intense and forceful.

Camila winced in pain. "Ouch!"

"Do you truly feel pain? Are you genuinely human? Are you even alive? Whose is that lifeless body?" Aldrin's confusion overwhelmed him.

He grappled with the plethora of unanswered questions that plagued him.

"Fine, go take a shower," said Camila in a serious tone.

"Okay."

Aldrin's mind remained muddled.

Camila stationed herself outside the door.

Isaac stood beside her, adjusting her coat. Concern etched his face as he suggested, "I fear you won't glean much from him in his inebriated state. Should we return home and let him sober up first?"

Aldrin appeared far from his best at the moment.

Camila deliberated for a moment before asserting, "We need to enlist the aid of a cleaning service. Otherwise, we won't be able to enter the house again!"

"I'll ask Alick to arrange it," Isaac offered.

Camila acknowledged Isaac's busyness, yet he willingly undertook this small task for her.

"Thank you," she said sincerely.

Isaac raised his hand and affectionately brushed her nose. "No need for such politeness." ②

Camila lowered her head, contemplating her relationship with Isaac.

They were going to have the second child.

Despite their marriage, she felt an underlying sense of disconnect. ④

Perhaps they hadn't truly connected on a profound level yet.

"Let's go back first," she conceded. She recognized that Aldrin's level of sobriety wouldn't facilitate a coherent conversation, so she deferred to Isaac's judgment.

Just as they were about to enter the car, Aldrin emerged from the bathroom.