

Chapter 373 Disappeared

Aldrin's unkempt appearance spoke volumes about his neglect. His tresses, wild and unruly, cascaded down his shoulders.

Neglected stubble adorned his chin, hinting at a huge lack of self-care.

He resembled a wanderer without a home, lost in a world of disarray.

"Please, don't leave," he pleaded.

His sobriety was evident as he came out, trying to make Camila stay.

"I require your assistance in handling Laura's matter."

"Very well, I shall wait for you," Camila replied, her gaze fixed on him.

With a resolute nod, Aldrin hastened back to his room, embarking on a mission of self-restoration. A refreshing shower cleansed him of his former odorous aura, while a swift shave transformed his visage.

Camila exhibited patience. However, she experienced the strain on her weary legs.

Isaac, perceptive of her discomfort, suggested, "Let's wait in the car."

Accepting his suggestion, Camila nodded in agreement.

About an hour later.

When Aldrin emerged, he looked like a man reborn.

No trace of alcohol lingered on him; instead, a subtle scent of invigorating body wash enveloped his body.

He had spent days in the room reeking of alcohol. Now, rejuvenated through the time he took inside, Aldrin's handsome countenance had been restored.

Camila beckoned him into the car.

Entering the house proved intolerable due to its disagreeable smell.

Lacking another suitable place, they could only talk while in Isaac's

spacious car.

"Where is Laura?" Camila inquired eagerly once Aldrin sat down.

Aldrin shook his head despondently. "I do not know. I have scoured far and wide, but she's nowhere to be found. And the company..."

The twin blows of his company's bankruptcy and Laura's disappearance had left Aldrin bereft and desolate.

It felt so helpless!

Unwilling to accept these misfortunes, he struggled to reconcile himself with the reality that unfolded before him.

"Sister, I am truly sorry," Aldrin murmured, his sorrow evident in his downcast gaze.

"Share with me what transpired," Camila implored, her eyes on him.

After a brief contemplation, Aldrin commenced his narrative. "Let me start from the beginning. Forrest and his conniving mother firmly believed Laura was responsible for the banner. They clandestinely schemed, orchestrating Laura's dismissal from her job. This occurred while you had the accident."

With measured words, he recounted, "We all believed you were... Deceased. Laura returned during that period, having lost her employment. I allowed her to stay, hoping she could assist me in salvaging the company. She agreed. Since you were no longer with us, she felt obligated to offer assistance in running the business."

Aldrin's voice grew hoarse.

"I am unsure why she sought out Divya. Subsequently, Divya experienced a tragic miscarriage. The Guzman and Walters families, both enraged, joined forces, determined to suppress our company. My own negligence led to its demise. Shortly after the company's collapse, Laura vanished into thin air. No matter how diligently I searched, she remained elusive, and still is."

"What about Skystead?" Camila interjected.

Aldrin's head shook solemnly. "She never returned there. Her father and his newlywed wife luxuriated in their own lives, having seemingly forgotten Laura. When they learned of her disappearance, her father offered nothing more than a slight nod, telling me to cease my search. Never before have I encountered such an irresponsible parent. The anger



that surged within me was so potent, I yearned to confront him physically!"

Recalling Laura's father ignited a fierce anger within Aldrin.

It even surpassed any negative sentiment he held toward Marvin in the past.

But only when he met Laura's father did he realize the true depths of a truly abhorrent father.

Laura could not have run away, Camila mused, her thoughts spiraling.

If she didn't flee, then what compelled her to disappear?

Abruptly, a revelation struck her. "No!"