

Chapter 400 Being Followed

"I did," Glenda replied.

Camila nodded and got off the couch to carry Joe back to her room.

Glenda trotted towards her and offered, "Let me help you carry him."

Camila shook her head. "No need. I can handle it."

"The items on the table, do you need me to put them away?" Glenda asked her.

Camila looked back, and she couldn't tell whether those gifts came from Isaac or Wynter.

Regardless of who gave it, it would be better to leave them as they were.

"Leave them be."

"I believe they're all good things to nourish the body. Right now, you're currently in need of replenishment. Wynter delivered them, which must've been an order from Mr. Johnston. It would be a pity for them to be left untouched."

"I can't eat too much now. If I do, I'll get easily irritable," Camila gently said to Glenda. "Let's leave them be for now."

"Alright, then. I'll leave them here for now."

After saying that, Glenda went to clean up.

Camila then went back to her room.

Joe had to take a nap in the afternoon.

Right now, his eyelids grew heavy.

While still holding him in her arms, Camila caressed Joe's back until he slowly fell asleep.

Although Joe was not yet that close to Camila, he did not reject her physical affection.

In fact, he was actually a bit curious about her.

All of a sudden, there was an additional person in the family who was treating him very well.

Once Camila had coaxed her son to sleep, she was already having difficulty keeping her eyes open.

It seemed that her body had no more strength left.

For a while, she just stared in a daze and let the time pass her by.

All of a sudden, the door swung open, snapping her back to her senses.

When she turned to the door, she saw Rowena, and in an instant, her mind cleared up. Sitting up in bed, she asked in hushed tones, "Did you see him?"

Rowena shook her head. "No." Since she was also afraid of waking up Joe, she was also speaking in whispers. "That house has already been sold."

"What?" A look of surprise flashed on Camila's face. "I remember that house was supposed to be for you. How come it's already sold?"

"I left all the things your dad gave me at home," Rowena began to explain. "When I came here, I only brought with me some clothes." Rowena paused and blew through her mouth. Then, with brows furrowed in disappointment, she added, "We were wrong about him. He must've stolen the things your dad has left for me."

As Rowena said this, Camila's mind began to wander.

Why did Aldrin sell the belongings in the house?

Where did he go?

How could he disappear just like that?

She had no idea when he went missing.

After thinking for a while, Camila stood up and said, "I'll be back."

But before she could leave the room, Rowena grabbed her arm and said, "Where do you think you're going? You have just given birth to a child! Those belongings should be the least of your problems."

Camila looked at Rowena's eyes and replied, "I'm just afraid that



something bad might happen to him. Mom, did you know that the company has closed down?"

As soon as she heard this, Rowena's eyes widened in surprise. She didn't know about this at all! Since Isaac had arranged everything for her so that she could focus on taking care of Joe, she hadn't gone back. Usually, she just stayed here and watched Joe play. Even when she went out, she wouldn't go far away. Without any chance to talk to people, there was no way she could learn about what was happening at all.

"How... How could this happen?" Rowena muttered, still reeling from the shocking news.

"It's a long story and can't be explained in just a few sentences," Camila simply answered, opting not to give a detailed explanation.

She didn't know where Laura was. On top of that, if Aldrin was really missing, that might mean something bad was happening unbeknownst to her.

"But where are you going? Isaac isn't here. Why don't you call him?"

Camila knew that Rowena cared about her, but Isaac had bigger things on his plate right now.

If she called him, she was afraid that he might just get distracted.

Camila stared at the items that Wynter had delivered. She felt uneasy about them, so she didn't want to eat them and asked Glenda to keep them first.

Actually, she could call Isaac right now and ask if he had given any instructions to Wynter.

But in the end, Camila decided against it. She didn't want Isaac to be worrying about something at home while he was outside.

"I can't rely on him for everything." If she did, then she would've proven Wynter's words to be true—that she was nothing but a burden to Isaac.

"Who are you going to call?" Rowena asked.

"I'll go to the police station first," Camila said.

"Okay, I'll go with you." The look of worry on Rowena's eyes was apparent.

Knowing that things might get dangerous, Camila said, "Isaac has

arranged bodyguards for us. Wherever we go, there would be bodyguards secretly following us."

"Well, I hope you put on thicker clothes."

Camila nodded and put on layered clothing. Rowena even brought her a hat to prevent her from catching a cold.

"Bring a scarf as well!" Rowena wrapped the scarf around her neck. "This way, your neck will stay warm."

Camila knew that the reason why Rowena was doing this was to cover the scars on her neck and face.

"Get back as soon as you can, okay?" Rowena instructed.

"Okay," Camila replied with a nod.

She went out and hailed a taxi to the police station to report the case.

Since the driver was busy buying a dog, Camila opted not to call him.

After a while, they arrived at the police station.

"Missing person?" the policeman asked.

"Yes, sir," Camila answered.

"How long?" As the police officer asked, he pulled a small notepad from his breast pocket and started taking notes.

"Two days." Since Camila didn't know any of the details, and she knew that a case had to be filed within 48 hours, she decided to give this answer.

"Do you have any information about the missing person?"

Camila then proceeded to tell everything she knew about Aldrin.

"Leave your phone number here. We'll contact you as soon as we get any news."

"Okay."

She wrote down her phone number and then left.

After leaving the police station, she stood at the door and took a deep breath. Right now, all she could do was to place her hope on the police.

Since Alick had just gotten into a car accident, there wasn't anyone else she could contact.

This was the only way.

She stood by the road and hailed a taxi.

When she casually turned her head, she sensed that someone was watching her from a distance. However, as soon as she looked over, the person watching her quickly hid behind a pine tree.

When Camila walked over there, she didn't see anyone.

Her face crinkled in confusion.

Was her mind just playing tricks on her?

At this time, the taxi had just arrived.

She shrugged the thought off her head and got in the taxi.

Then, she headed straight home and didn't dare to stay outside any longer.

As the taxi arrived at the destination, she got out and was about to walk into the residential area when suddenly, she heard a sound.

She turned around and saw two of her bodyguards apprehending a person wearing a duckbill cap. This person emanated a suspicious vibe, which made her very wary against him.

Slowly, Camila walked towards him.

"This man has been following you all the way," one of the bodyguards said.

Upon hearing this, Camila's eyebrow raised. She didn't expect that her intuition was actually correct.

Apparently, the feeling she got outside the police station wasn't just an illusion.

Someone was really following her!

But instead of feeling fear, she felt more curious to know who was following her.

"Raise his head," Camila ordered.

The bodyguard obliged and took off the man's hat before showing his face.

Camila's eyes narrowed. She didn't recognize this man at all.

"Ask who sent him here,"

Camila ordered.

"Yes."

Without a word, the bodyguard punched the man in the abdomen.

"HMM..." The man fell to the ground, clutching his stomach in pain as his entire body shriveled.

"Who instructed you to follow me?" Camila asked coldly.

"I... I was just doing it for the money!" the man cried, but not answering her question.

Seeing this, the bodyguard continued raining him down with boots and fists.

After a while, the man eventually gave in.

He wasn't a tough guy, so it wasn't hard to break his spirit.

"Originally, we were street thugs, but one day, this man approached us and asked us to do tasks for him," the man began to confess. "He paid us money, but I have no idea who he was or what his name was. He always wore a mask, and we couldn't even tell whether that person was a man or a woman. There are around five or six of us doing tasks for him. As long as he paid well, we were willing to do whatever he ordered."

"How can I get in touch with him?" the bodyguard asked.

"I have his phone number," the man answered.

The bodyguard fished the phone out of the man's pocket and handed it to him. "Call him."

With his hand trembling in fear, the man scrolled down his phone until he found the number. When he found it, he dialed it immediately.

It didn't take long for someone to answer the call.