

Chapter 404 Ugly Woman

"Aldrin... Is that really you?"

She couldn't believe her eyes—it was Aldrin standing there. As she regained her composure, she immediately questioned, "Where have you been all this time?"

"Camila, let me go first," Aldrin said, his arms visibly bruised.

Camila signaled the bodyguards and said, "I know him. Let him go."

The bodyguards released their grip and left the room.

"What were you thinking? Why did you sell the house?"

Aldrin explained, "I hoped you could help me find Laura, but you vanished. Isaac wasn't at home, and I couldn't find anyone else to assist me. I wanted to search for her on my own, but I had no leads. She disappeared without a trace. One day, while drowning my sorrows at a bar, I coincidentally overheard Isaac's secretary conversing secretly with a man in a corner. Intrigued, I followed the man..."

He glanced at Camila and asked, "Care to guess what I witnessed?"

"Well, what did you see?" Camila pressed, her impatience evident.

"I saw the man deliberately hitting Alick, Isaac's assistant, with a dump truck."

Camila's expression turned to one of shock and disbelief.

She stared intently at Aldrin, barely blinking. "Are you absolutely certain about what you saw?"

"Absolutely. I have leverage on that secretary now. I used her to drive a wedge between Divya and Forrest, and made Divya pay the price."

Aldrin felt a sense of pride as he spoke. However, he quickly lowered his head and continued with palpable resentment, "Selling the house wasn't a choice. I needed to monitor the secretary's every move, and I had to enlist someone's help. But if I wanted someone's assistance, I had to compensate them. The company had shut down, and I was strapped for

cash, so I sold everything of value at home."

Camila didn't admonish him; she acknowledged that he wasn't useless.

At least he had done a good job regarding Alick's situation.

Without him, no one might have ever discovered what Wynter had done to Alick.

"Did you have someone tailing me?" Camila asked.

Aldrin scratched his head sheepishly, confessing, "It was me. I was afraid you would be angry about me selling the house, so I didn't dare to approach you. I sent someone to monitor your movements and investigate."

"You certainly have become quite resourceful," Camila remarked, fixing her gaze on him. "But why did you muster the courage to come before me again? Weren't you afraid I'd give you the beating of your life?"

"Did you report me to the police? They're investigating me. I had no choice but to show up," Aldrin admitted. If he wasn't concerned he'd be arrested for all the stalking he'd done, he wouldn't have shown his face.

"You better retract that report immediately. Tell them I've returned, safe and sound."

"Alright." Camila nodded.

At present, her worries were focused on Laura, while simultaneously looking for a swift solution to the Wynter situation.

With the constant presence of this time bomb by her side, Camila couldn't predict when something might go wrong.

"Have you found any leads on Laura?" asked Camila.

Aldrin shook his head dejectedly. "No."

Now, Camila needed to think clearly. "Stay at home. I'll go out."

"Where are you going?"

Camila locked eyes with him and responded, "Don't worry about it. Thankfully, I've already notified the police. Otherwise, you might have remained in hiding for who knows how long."

Aldrin bowed his head meekly, like a chastised bird.

While leaving the police station, Camila recalled Aldrin's words and felt compelled to investigate Alick's situation.

She dialed Forrest's number. With Willie absent, Isaac would likely have tasked Forrest with looking after Alick.

Furthermore, given Forrest's background as a former doctor, he was the most suitable person for the job.

"Hello."

"It's me," Camila spoke. "Which hospital is Alick admitted to? I want to visit him."

Recognizing her voice, Forrest replied, "He's in the inpatient department of the Military Central Hospital."

He added, "If you're available, let's meet up!"

"Come to our house tonight. The Roseland. You're more familiar with the place than I am."

"Okay, see you tonight."

Camila hung up the phone.

She instructed the driver to head towards the hospital.

Upon arriving, she located the ward and gently pushed open the door.

Inside, she saw Wynter and Annis.

Wynter's eyes twinkled at the sight of Camila. Camila immediately sensed that Wynter's presence was anything but favorable.

"Why are you here?" Wynter's tone lacked any trace of respect.

She didn't acknowledge Camila as her boss's wife. She didn't even bother to hide her disdainful expression.

Camila reciprocated with a disdainful glance before stepping inside. "I'm here on behalf of Isaac to visit Alick."

Annis observed Camila and inquired, "You know Alick too? Who are you to him?"

"A friend," Camila replied.

"Alright," Annis murmured. "Why are all his friends women?"

Wynter was a woman, and now another woman had arrived. Although Camila concealed herself well, one could tell she was a beautiful woman just by looking into her eyes.

Camila inspected Alick's condition. Annis was massaging him.

Though Alick lay in a coma, he appeared to be well taken care of.

Camila turned to Annis and said, "I know you and your father. You grew up in Faymoor and recently arrived here. If you need any help, feel free to come to me."

"You know my father?" Annis was a little surprised.

"Yes," replied Camila.

"Then what should I call you?" Annis asked.

"My last name is Haynes, and my name is Camila. You can call me whatever you prefer," Camila responded.

Today, Wynter had come here covertly with the intention of removing Alick's oxygen tube. However, Annis had been present throughout, preventing her from carrying out her plan. And now, with Camila's arrival, Wynter saw no opportunity to execute her scheme.

She made her way towards the exit, intending to leave.

But Camila stopped her in her tracks.

"Wait!"

She looked at Wynter and said, "Isaac has entrusted Forrest with everything concerning Alick. You don't need to worry about him and shouldn't come to the hospital anymore."

Camila worried that Wynter would continue harming Alick. She had to stay on her guard.

Wynter stared back, her eyes filled with jealousy.

Camila could confidently mention Isaac's name without any reservations.

She was just an ugly, disfigured woman. What qualifications did she have?

Wynter was unreconciled.

"If Mr. Johnston truly issued such an order, he would inform me personally."

She emphasized "personally", as though flaunting in front of Camila.

In a flat tone, Camila responded, "If you doubt my words, feel free to call him."

She deliberately retrieved her phone and added the term "Honey" next to Isaac's name in the contact list.

She then handed it over to Wynter and said, "Call Isaac."

Camila purposefully called Isaac by his name and left the note visible on the screen for Wynter to see.

Her intention was clear: to make Wynter aware that she was Isaac's wife and could address him however she liked.

Wynter glanced at the note on Camila's phone screen, her expression turning increasingly ferocious and her face turning abnormally red.

She was seething with anger.

Yet, she couldn't say a word.

Camila was only so arrogant because of her status and child.

If it weren't for these, she would be nothing!

"Aren't you going to call him?" Camila probed.

She was certain that Wynter wouldn't dare to call Isaac.

Because she lacked the authority to do so.

If she did call Isaac and ask, what would Isaac think of her?

Wynter cared deeply about her image in Isaac's eyes.

Wynter clenched her fists, turned around, and walked away.

Camila's expression darkened as she watched her receding back.