

Chapter 405 Aldrin's Plan

Camila's gaze turned cold as she watched Wynter's retreating figure.

The calm and composed expression she had worn just moments ago gave way to a somber and sullen demeanor.

Wynter's audacity had become increasingly apparent. 

That was why, Camila had to find a solution fast.

Alick keeping lying here was prone to danger.

"Wynter mentioned earlier that she's Alick's best friend. But it appears that you don't like her."

Camila was more than just disliking her.

"It might just be because we're not compatible," she reasoned.

Well, she could not risk revealing that she already knew Wynter was Alick's murderer. She opted to tread cautiously, avoiding any potential triggering of Wynter's anger or defensive reactions.

"Are you here every day?" Camila curiously asked.

"Yes," Annis replied.

Given the circumstances, it was not safe for Alick to remain in this place. Camila had to find a new and secure place for him.

As Camila observed Annis's skilled massage posture, she could not resist complimenting her. "Your technique is exceptional."

"Thank you. I've learned a lot from the nursing worker."

Forrest managed to find a nursing worker for Alick, whose monthly fee amounted to \$3000. This nursing worker possessed extensive expertise in both caregiving and massage therapy, which explained Annis's impressive skill development under their tutelage.

Camila turned to look at her. "You like Alick, don't you?"

If Annis did not genuinely care for him, she would not have traveled a

long distance and provided care for him following his accident.

Annis lowered her head, her face as red as a tomato in embarrassment.

She must admit, she was unsure about her feelings for Alick. But when she learned of his accident, she felt overwhelming concern and anxiety.

Her willingness to care for him wholeheartedly spoke volumes about her feelings.

Maybe she did like him.

Otherwise, how could she do these things for him?

"I better go," Camila suddenly said.

Annis nodded.

As Camila made her way towards the door, she advised, "If possible, try not to leave the ward."

"I'll mostly be in the room. Even if I'm not present, there will still be nursing worker available to attend to him."

"Well, I have a suspicion that someone is targeting Alick, although I don't have concrete evidence yet. I'm concerned for his safety, so I'll ask Forrest to make arrangements to relocate him to a more secure location."

Annis rushed up to Camila and anxiously asked, "Who wants to hurt him?"

She looked straight into Camila's eyes as she spoke.

"Stay calm. I'm currently conducting an investigation. It's crucial that you keep what I just shared with you strictly confidential and show no signs of knowing it. Do you understand?"

Annis nodded. "I'll do anything for his safety."

With that, Camila patted her on the shoulder comfortingly. "I'll be going now. I have something important to do."

Annis nodded yet again.

Upon leaving the ward, Camila hailed a taxi and made her way back home.

When she arrived home, she saw Aldrin cradling the dog and happily playing with Joe.

Joe's face lit up with joy, his eyes forming crescents as he grinned from ear to ear.

At this moment, Camila walked in and took off her coat and scarf.

Glenda took the pieces of clothing and advised, "You just had a baby. It's not advisable to be constantly out and about. Take some time to rest and recover."

"I won't go out again," Camila assured her.

Glenda hung up the clothes without another word.

Meanwhile, Camila came into the house and called Aldrin into the study. "Aldrin, come with me."

"Mila, what's up? I'm having a blast playing with Joe," Aldrin exclaimed. "By the way, the last time I saw you, you were pregnant. Have you given birth? Did you give birth to Joe's younger brother or sister? Why haven't I seen the baby?"

As the topic of the child was brought up, Camila felt an overwhelming feeling of suffocation. Her heart constricted painfully as if it was being squeezed, and the pain left her breathless. Moreover, her face turned noticeably pale.

"Are you sick? What's wrong?" Aldrin asked with concern.

Camila raised her hand, signaling for him to stop talking. She needed a moment to compose herself.

Aldrin rushed to her side and assisted her as she sat down on a nearby chair. "Has something happened to the child?"

Camila lowered her head, her eyes welling up with tears. "Please, don't mention it to my mother," she uttered in a hoarse voice.

Aldrin nodded solemnly, respecting her request. "I understand. Can you tell me what happened?"

"It appears that the child was taken away by someone."

Camila could only hold onto this glimmer of hope.

If the child was taken away, it meant that he was still alive.

As long as she lived, she would be reunited with her child sooner or later.

She clung to the belief that they would have a chance to meet again.

Aldrin was silent for a long time.

At the same time, Camila was trying her best to stop herself from breaking down.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" Aldrin asked, his voice filled with concern.

Camila gazed at her brother and earnestly said, "Actually, there's something I need you to do for me right now."

Aldrin turned serious at once. "What is it?"

Whatever Camila asked, he would do it.

"You said Wynter bribed the driver to kill Alick. Where's the driver?" she asked with a somber expression.

"He's dead."

"What?!" she uttered in shock. "Could it be that he was silenced?"

"After the car accident, the police became involved and discovered issues with the vehicle. The driver, however, wasn't held accountable to a significant extent and was subsequently released. At first, I planned to capture the driver to intimidate Wynter. But before I could execute the plan, the driver unexpectedly passed away from a heart attack. Whether the heart attack was real or not, nobody knows for sure. The driver was buried quite some time ago."

"If it was Wynter who did it, it only goes to show how ruthless she is. We all need to be cautious and vigilant around her."

"Why not let Isaac handle it, like firing her?" Aldrin suggested.

Camila knew it was not that simple.

If Wynter got fired, she might do crazier things.

"Do you know why Wynter wanted to kill Alick? Did Alick find out her secret?" Camila asked with a frown.

"I have no idea. But isn't it easy to apprehend her?"

Aldrin took out his phone and continued, "Take a look at this. I have a chat record between her and me, which is enough to prove that she's

Alick's murderer."

The record clearly revealed that Wynter had inflicted harm upon Alick.

If they wished to secure a lasting solution, they'd better gather additional evidence of her crimes.

That would guarantee her long-term imprisonment.

"Aldrin, try to find a way to establish contact with the driver's family and verify whether the driver had a heart condition. If it turns out that the driver did suffer from this illness, we might not be able to convict Wynter of murder."

"Mila, I think Wynter is still useful," Aldrin began, sharing his thoughts. "I have a suspicion that Laura's disappearance is connected to both the Guzman and Walters families, but I lack concrete evidence. However, I see an opportunity to utilize Wynter as a means to exact revenge on Forrest and Divya. I've been successful in sowing discord between the couple, and there's a chance they may end up divorcing in the near future."

Camila fixed her gaze upon her brother. "You've managed to exploit a vulnerable point and leverage it against her. But let's not forget that even though she may be under your control, she's not a good person. Look at the harm she inflicted upon Alick. You should take that into consideration as well."

Wynter and Alick had been colleagues for years.

And yet, how could she do that?

Her actions proved her vicious nature.

"You be careful," Camila reminded him.

"I will. Anyway, I'll be outside."

Camila merely nodded in response.

As the door closed behind her, Camila took a moment to gather herself. She massaged her temples that were throbbing with a cacophony of thoughts.

Once she felt a sense of relief, she rose to her feet with the help of the handrail. Her gaze chanced upon a notebook resting on the desk. Out of curiosity, she approached the notebook and picked it up.

She opened it and found Isaac's handwriting.

Was he still keeping a diary?

It was unlike him to do this, was it not?

He would not do such a childish thing, would he?

With intrigue getting the better of her, Camila delved into the contents of the diary.

But instead of finding a personal journal, she discovered records of his work.

Just as she was about to set it aside, a photo slipped out from between the pages. 