

Chapter 406 The Real Murderer

A photo slipped through the pages of the notebook and fell to the floor.

Camila lowered her head to take a look at it.

Her eyes widened as she stared at the photo in disbelief.

It was not until after a long time that she returned to her senses.

Why was her photo in Isaac's notebook?

Camila bent down and picked it up. She kept thinking she might be seeing things wrong, but she did not.

Without another word, she quickly put the photo back to where it was.

She did not look at it anymore and quickly put the notebook back on the table.

With that, she turned around and strode out of the study.

She walked so fast that she did not notice Rowena standing at the door.

"Mila, what's the matter? Why are you in such a hurry?" Rowena asked with concern.

Upon seeing her, Camila put on a calm and composed demeanor and assured her, "Oh, it's nothing."

"Anyway, someone wants to see you."

Just as Camila was about to ask who it was, she saw Forrest standing in the living room.

"I got off work early, so I decided to come here," he explained at once.

Camila turned to Rowena and Glenda and asked them to take Joe to the park to play. "I'd like to have a talk with Forrest in private."

"Okay," Rowena went out with Glenda, Joe in her arms.

Once they were gone, Camila walked over to the sofa and settled down.
"Have a seat."

Forrest sat down.

Silence enveloped the two with neither of them taking the initiative to speak.

It was Camila who broke the ice a few moments later.

"I believe it's best if you relocate Alick. But make sure nobody finds out about it."

"Why? Isn't he safe there?" Forrest asked with a frown.

"I'm worried someone will try to hurt him. If you don't have a safer location in mind, I can ask Josiah for help. He may have retired, but it should still be okay for him to arrange a secret ward—"

"I can do that," Forrest interrupted her before she could finish her words and continued in a serious tone, "Anyway, I came here because I wanted to talk to you about Laura."

"Have you found her? Where is she? I want to see her. Aldrin has sold almost all the properties of the Haynes family just to find her. Oh, she's dead when I see her. Why did she have to hide? We're all worried sick about her!" Camila exclaimed in both helplessness and anger.

"All the properties of the Haynes family?" Forrest repeated, at a loss. He was aware that the Haynes family's company was done for. But there was no need to sell everything that belonged to the family, right?

"He has sold all the properties my father left to us," Camila said with a somber expression. She didn't intend to tell Forrest how much Haynes family had lost. She just wanted to inform Forrest that Aldrin had done a lot for Laura.

In the past, she believed that Laura was not suitable for Aldrin because of their age gap.

However, she could now see that he had feelings for her.

Once Laura returned, Camila would support him in pursuing her.

As for Forrest, she was disappointed because of what he had done.

Forrest slowly lowered his head with a look of guilt.

Compared with Aldrin, what he had done was not enough. He could not help but blame himself. After all, it was all his fault this happened.

If he had not gone to see Laura, the tragedy might not have happened in the first place.

"Laura..." He opened his mouth to speak but only ended up uttering her name and choking on sobs.

For some reason, his eyes had also turned red.

A sinking feeling emerged in Camila's stomach.

"W-what are you trying to say?" she asked while staring intently at Forrest as if looking for answers on his face.

"She won't come back anymore..." he replied in a hoarse voice.

"What the hell are you talking about?!" Camila bellowed, not wanting to believe what he was saying. 

Forrest lowered his head in guilt. "I'm not lying. I also hope it's not true, but... it is."

All of a sudden, the door of one of the bedrooms swung open.

Camila instinctively turned in the direction of the noise, and her eyes widened in shock upon seeing Aldrin make a beeline toward them. "Aldrin? You... you didn't go out?"

"If I had gone out, how could I hear what Forrest just said?" Aldrin spat while staring daggers at Forrest. Before the latter could open his mouth to speak, the former rushed over, grabbed Forrest by the collar, and hit him square in the face.

The sound of Aldrin's fist hitting Forrest's face echoed across the living room.

Moreover, there was a faint smell of blood coming from the corners of Forrest's mouth.

As if that was not enough, Aldrin tackled him to the floor, pinned him, and threw two more punches at Forrest.

Upon realizing what was happening, Camila tried pulling Aldrin away. "Aldrin, stop! Calm down!"

"How can I calm down?! This was all his fault. He's married, but he still

kept pestering Laura. That's why she got killed. It was all his fault! It's all because of him..."

At this moment, anger seemed to have gotten the best of Aldrin, and all he could think about was killing Forrest.

"Go away!" Aldrin shook off Camila's hand, causing her to fall into the sofa and pulling the wound on her stomach. The intense pain made her wince and groan.

However, Aldrin did not seem to notice she was in pain. He continued beating Forrest, who did not even try to resist nor block his punches.

In his mind, Aldrin was right. If he had stayed away from Laura after getting married, Divya probably would not have targeted her, and such a tragedy would not have happened.

"You're right. This is all my fault," Forrest admitted.

"Do you think I'll let you go if you look pathetic? No fucking way!" Aldrin grabbed him by the neck and strangled him. "Since you're remorseful, find her, kneel in front of her, and beg for her forgiveness!"

Although it was difficult, Camila stood up and implored, "Aldrin, stop it! Even if you kill him, nothing will happen. What you need to do is find Laura's real murderer!"

Aldrin stopped hitting Forrest.

It appeared that Camila's words brought him back to his senses.

"Her real murderer?" he repeated.

"Yes." Camila, enduring the pain in her abdomen, walked up to Aldrin and grabbed his shoulders. "Forrest may have done something wrong, but he would never harm Laura. If you want to avenge her, you should find the person who killed her."

Forrest fixated his gaze on them and uttered, "I'm the murderer."

What was the difference between what he and his mother had done?

"Don't think that I won't dare to do anything to you," Aldrin warned Forrest.

"I know you will. But please give me some time. There's still something I need to do. When I'm done, I'll be at your disposal," Forrest sincerely replied.

Camila took the opportunity to pull Aldrin away from Forrest and persuaded him, "We're all devastated. But we have to work together so that we can hold the murderer accountable for her death."

Aldrin turned to look at her and gradually calmed down. But before letting Forrest go, he cast a long, intimidating stare at him.

Camila rushed to Forrest's aid and worriedly asked, "Are you okay?"

Forrest slowly got up and assured her in a low voice, "I'm fine."

"I'll get the first-aid kit and tend your wounds."

But before Camila could take a step, Forrest stopped her, "I'm fine. Don't bother."

She stared at him for a couple of seconds and then sat down.

"How did you know that Laura was killed?" Aldrin suddenly asked.

Camila, too, wanted to know.

The two looked at Forrest, waiting for his answer.

"Maybe you got the wrong information?" Camila asked, hoping there might be a chance that Laura was still alive.

Forrest wiped the blood on the corner of his mouth and replied, "The source of the information... is reliable."

"Who was it?" Aldrin clenched his fists as he spoke as if looking for a fight.

However, Forrest was aware violence would never solve anything.

"I'll explain everything to you. Just give me a little time." ⓘ

"We'll give you time," Camila said before Aldrin could open his mouth to speak. "But you must give us a satisfactory explanation then."

"I will," Forrest firmly replied.

After making sure that both parties had calmed down, Camila finally stood up. "I'm tired. Do whatever you want to do. I don't care."

Without waiting for their response, she returned to her room, closed the door behind her, and leaned against it.

Tears began to well up in her eyes.

All of a sudden, her phone rang, disrupting her thoughts. She took it out and found that Isaac was calling.

She wiped the tears off her face at once and calmed herself down before answering the call. 

"Hello?"