

Chapter 492 Someone Jumped Off The Building

"My job is to wake you up," Aldrin responded.

Camila was taken aback.

She frowned.

Aldrin had approached her the previous day, expressing regret for his outburst, acknowledging that he shouldn't have acted so angrily and prematurely quit his job.

He was open to resuming his job again.

But was this part of his duties?

Finding humor in the situation, Camila queried, "So, Isaac hired you to wake me up?"

"Mr. Johnston assigned me to accompany you to the wedding venue. It's nearing completion, so you can inspect it to see if there are any elements you're displeased with. These can be amended today. Waking you up was my personal decision. It's getting late, you should get up."

Camila glanced at him and questioned, "Mr. Johnston?"

Aldrin affirmed, "He'll be my employer from now on, so I should address him accordingly. I don't want to be seen as leveraging my connections or being incapable. I intend to build a solid career."

Camila was about to express her admiration, saying, "You have such self-awareness, which indicates personal growth."

Aldrin rolled his eyes and retorted, "I'm an adult. Get up quickly. I'll be waiting for you downstairs."

"Alright."

Camila stretched herself.

She quickly dressed, freshened up, and descended the stairs.

Upon seeing her, Glenda admitted, "I tried to prevent him from going upstairs to wake you, but he was insistent."

"It's fine. It was time for me to get up anyway."

After having a casual breakfast, she set out with Aldrin.

Around half an hour later, they arrived at the wedding venue.

It was situated in the iconic Global Towers Hotel, a landmark building in Heinz.

The car came to a halt, and Aldrin handed the keys to a security guard, instructing him to park the car in the underground garage.

Because parking was not allowed here.

This was also a preventive measure against any possible traffic congestion on the wedding day.

Isaac had informed her that there would be media presence at the wedding and he had granted exclusive coverage rights to an entertainment network.

She moved forward, followed by Aldrin.

As she stepped in, the sight before her left her speechless.

The entire venue was transformed into a wedding banquet capable of accommodating two thousand people and featuring two hundred tables.

Soft milky tea color, elegant curtains... It was like a scene in French movie, showing elegance and romance everywhere.

Soon enough someone approached, one of whom was a foreigner.

However, he spoke English fluently.

"Miss Haynes?" He greeted her, a smile adorning his face.

Camila responded with a slight nod. The event planner likely knew that she was there to inspect the setup, so he directed his team to switch on the lights.

When the lights flickered on, the scene didn't become brighter but took on a softer glow instead.

Warm hues of yellow and orange, strategically placed, gave the scene an ethereal, dreamlike quality.

The subtle scent of blossoms filled the air. Closing her eyes, she felt as though she was standing in a lush garden.

"Is there anything you're unhappy with? I can make modifications right away."

Camila dismissed the concern with a wave of her hand. "No, it's absolutely perfect."

Hearing this, the wedding planner's mouth turned upwards in a satisfied smile, clearly pleased with his own work.

Having completed her review, Camila was more than satisfied. "Aldrin, we can leave now."

It appeared that Aldrin was equally impressed. "If only Laura and I could have such a wedding one day."

"What did you say?" Hearing that, Camila stopped!

She looked back at Aldrin!

Aldrin quickly corrected himself, "I didn't say anything. Let's go."

Camila had clearly heard him mention Laura.

She sighed in her heart.

Love wasn't something she could dictate or force.

As she neared the exit, she noticed a crowd gathering outside.

"They are reporters," Aldrin informed her.

Camila furrowed her brow. Reporters?

Before she could ponder further, someone in the crowd shouted that a person was contemplating jumping off the building

Camila moved closer to the entrance and looked upwards.

She could indeed spot a figure.

She could discern a figure, albeit unclearly due to the height

The person stood not on the rooftop but rather one-third of the way up the building

"Who is that? Isn't it a bad omen?" Aldrin grumbled, visibly displeased.

Camila also felt uneasy.

With someone on the verge of a suicide attempt and reporters being the first to arrive instead of emergency services, it appeared as if someone was stirring up trouble.

"Aldrin, come with me to the upper floors."

Turning around, she swiftly made her way back inside the building