

Chapter 531 Get To The Bottom Of This

Camila fixed her gaze on the person appearing on the screen.

This guy glanced around, ensuring that he was alone in the office, then approached her table.

The security footage clearly showed him slipping something into her tea.

This sight made Camila's hands ball into fists, her expression turning stormy.

She turned to the security staff. "I need a copy of that video."

The security staff hesitated. "I can't just hand it over without the director's okay."

"Just hand it over. I'll tell the director later."

"But..."

"Everyone knows the director is retiring soon, and I'm up for his job. Don't I have some say in this?" Camila's tone hardened.

The security guy wavered, unsure.

"I need that video," she insisted.

"Alright," he conceded. He knew better than to cross her. After all, he had to keep working here.

Plus, with Camila likely becoming the new director, making her mad now could mean trouble later.

Jobs were hard to come by, and this one paid well for easy work.

"Send me your email, and I'll forward it."

He quickly got Camila's email.

Moments later, her phone pinged with a notification.

Her email and phone were synced, so her phone would notify her when an email arrived.

"Just so you know, you should inform the director, or I will be..."

"I got it," Camila interrupted.

She intended to talk to the hospital director anyway. She couldn't handle this alone.

And the security staff was just following protocol.

"Don't sweat it. I'll explain everything to the boss. You won't be dragged into this."

She turned around and left the surveillance room.

Pausing at the door, she inhaled deeply.

The sight of the sulfuric acid in her cup had initially filled her with rage and disbelief.

Now, she could only feel pity for the person responsible.

How could someone stoop so low?

Especially since he was in a hospital where he was expected to be responsible.

She collected her thoughts and made her way to the director's office.

He was still there, engrossed in paperwork, despite it being time to head home.

Even on the brink of retirement, he remained committed to his duties.

"You're just in time," he greeted, motioning for her to come over. "Take a look at this."

"Sir, I need to talk about Hyman," Camila cut in.

The director looked up, puzzled. "Hyman? What's up with him? Did he bother you?"

"It's more than just a bother. I need to get to the bottom of this," Camila replied, her tone grave.

"Really? That serious?" His attention shifted from the documents to her. It was rare to see Camila this upset.

Camila then showed him the video on her phone.

The director watched it intently.

"He slipped sulfuric acid into my tea. I took this footage from the surveillance room," Camila told him.

The director's head snapped up, startled. Where she got the video didn't matter; the content was shocking. "What? Sulfuric acid?" he exclaimed.

"Yeah, I kept the tainted water and now with this video, it's solid proof. He can't just brush this off."

The director, seasoned in such matters, regained his composure after the initial shock.

"Look, everyone's gone home now. I promise I'll sort this out first thing tomorrow. It just needs a bit of time," he assured her.

Camila hesitated, then pressed, "But you have to ensure he doesn't flee. Are you going to watch him or should I?"

"I'll handle it," the director assured.

Camila had faith in him, so she nodded in agreement.

"You should head home now. It's late," he suggested.

Ready to leave, Camila wasn't in the headspace for overtime after this ordeal.

She slipped out of her lab suit, mandatory attire for entering certain parts of the lab.

She chose the research center's back exit to avoid running into Stevie again.

She was in luck, not bumping into him.

However, just as she went back home, she unexpectedly encountered someone else at the door!