

Chapter 433 He Is A Harasser

As soon as Forrest turned around, his gaze landed on a lady whose silhouette echoed Laura's.

In a flash, his rationality appeared to escape him and he dashed towards her.

"Laura."

The lady, a waitress, turned around.

Eyeing the handsome man before her, she inquired, "Sir, how may I assist you?"

Forrest gazed at her intently, his eyes boring into her.

The waitress wasn't merely a Laura lookalike.

She was the spitting image of Laura.

"Are you still breathing? You're really alive?" Emotions welled up in Forrest, a jumble of laughter and tears.

Yet the waitress merely considered him unhinged.

"Sir, perhaps you've mistaken me for someone else?"

Ignoring her confusion, Forrest wrapped her in a desperate embrace.

Suddenly, a loud clatter filled the air.

The plates she was holding dropped, scattering food across the floor.

The delicious food was all over the floor.

Believing she was in the clutches of a harasser, she felt fear which propelled her to wriggle and call for help. "Help! Someone, help me!"

"Laura, what's troubling you?" Forrest's brow furrowed in confusion at

her fear.

Her face turned ashen.

"Do you not remember me?" he asked, gazing into her eyes.

Her eyes reflected pure terror. "Release me!"

Their commotion drew a crowd.

"What seems to be the problem?"

The manager approached.

Surveying the mess, he asked with a friendly grin, "Mr. Walters, what happened? Was there an issue with the waitress's service?"

Forrest's mind cleared a bit.

Despite the striking resemblance to Laura, this waitress appeared clueless about him.

Her fear seemed genuine.

She didn't seem to be acting.

What happened?

Was it possible she had forgotten him?

"What's her name?" Forrest directed his question to the manager.

The manager responded, "Her name is Annot Griffin. She's been with us for two months. Mr. Walters, are you acquainted with her?"

"Yes," Forrest responded.

"I don't know you." Annot took refuge behind the manager, accusing, "He harassed me!"

The manager chastised her in hushed tones, "What are you suggesting? This is Mr. Walters."

Forrest was a frequent customer, often here for social gatherings.

The manager recognized him.

But this was his first encounter with this waitress.

He refused to believe two people could be identical.

She had to be Laura.

Could she have survived a near-death experience only to lose her memory and forget about him?

The more he mulled over it, the more plausible it seemed.

"You bear a striking resemblance to an acquaintance of mine. My actions were due to mistaking you for her," Forrest explained, fearful she would truly view him as a harasser.

Annot was far from convinced. "Save your excuses. I won't buy them. You are just a creep..."

"Annot," the manager interjected, "mind your language. Mr. Walters isn't a menace. He's a regular here. Show some respect. If you can't manage that, this job might not be for you."

Finding this job hadn't been easy for Annot and she didn't wish to lose it.

She held her tongue, swallowing her outrage.

"Apologize to Mr. Walters," the manager instructed.

Annot didn't wish to.

The fear of joblessness gnawed at her.

She bit her lower lip, a picture of resentment.

Forrest dismissed the manager with a wave. "No need for an apology."

"Then..." The manager was left unsure.

"Return to your duties." Forrest waved him away again.

"Very well. Should you need anything, give me a call. I'll personally attend to you." With a nod of respect, the manager led Annot away.

But Forrest's gaze lingered on Annot.

He pledged to uncover the truth.

He was certain he could verify whether she was Laura or not.

"Forrest, what are you up to?"

Upon her return from the restroom, Camila found Forrest lost in thought.