

Chapter 434 I Saw Her

Spinning on his heels, Forrest turned his gaze to the voice's owner.

Upon spotting Camila, a surge of nervous anticipation swept over him.

He moved towards her, fervor tinging his actions as he seized Camila's arm, his words tumbling out. "Mila, I've seen Laura. She's alive. She's not dead!"

Camila initially considered that Forrest's longing for Laura had led him to hallucinations or assumptions. She responded, offering a reassuring nod. "I understand. Let's talk in private."

Forrest's eyes bulged in disbelief. "Don't you believe me?"

"Of course, I do," Camila quickly affirmed.

"You're just humoring me!" Taking a moment to compose himself, Forrest declared solemnly, "I really saw her. This isn't a figment of my imagination. It's real."

Camila regarded Forrest, scrutinizing him.

He seemed certain about his claims.

"And where did you spot her?" she queried.

"Right here, she's working as a waitress and goes by Annot Griffin."

"Annot Griffin?"

"She didn't recognize me, used a different name. I suspect she's suffering from memory loss." Given Forrest's unyielding stance, Camila instructed, "Show me."

In a bid to substantiate his claim, Forrest beckoned the manager over.

"Fetch the waitress."

The manager responded, "I sent her home after her shift. She was quite careless today, even managing to upset you..."

"Do you have her address?" Forrest probed.

"No," the manager denied.

Forrest persisted, "Then you surely have her contact details?"

The manager nodded.

"Give it to me," Forrest demanded.

Camila quietly watched from the sidelines.

As Forrest began dialing the number, she interrupted him, "Hold on."

"Your haste is understandable, but remember you mentioned she doesn't recall you? Wouldn't such an abrupt call frighten her away?"

On reflection, Forrest concurred.

Her earlier resistance flashed in his mind, even having misinterpreted him as a harasser.

Thanks to Camila's timely intervention,

He didn't want to scare her off.

"Now what should I do?" Forrest became panicked.

Perhaps it was because he was overly excited that he couldn't think calmly.

"Follow her discreetly." She couldn't remain outside indefinitely. Having already been out for a prolonged period, she suggested, "Let's return first."

"But..."

"She's not working today. Waiting here serves no purpose. Come back tomorrow. Track her address when she shows up, explore her living quarters. Confirming her identity as Laura should be straightforward then," Camila reasoned.

Forrest agreed.

"Sounds like a plan." To him, Camila's advice held merit.

Returning to their table, no dish, regardless of its delectability, could whet his appetite.

Laura dominated his thoughts.

Simultaneously, gratitude welled up inside him.

He was grateful he had another shot at seeing her.

It was another opportunity for redemption.

With renewed hope, his spirits lifted, he regained his appetite.

Camila glanced at Forrest, her curiosity piqued about the waitress Annot, yet she chose to let Forrest handle it.

She still hadn't located her own child.

Time and energy were scarce.

After the dinner, Harrell's team said goodbye to Camila.

The dinner was finally over.

Before she could engage further with Forrest, he'd left.

"Whom are you searching for?" Isaac inquired.

Shaking off her absent gaze, Camila answered, "Nobody."

Isaac didn't buy it. "Can't you even tell me?"