

## Chapter 437 Arrogant

Forrest was not blind.

Annot's clenched jaw was unmistakably in his vision.

Chuckles bubbled out of him. "If it pains you so much, why did you return?"

"You wield influence and power. My job's at stake if I avoid you. Do I have a choice but to serve you, haughty man?"

Forrest knitted his brows. "How am I haughty?"

"Don't you use your status to pressure the manager into pushing me around?" Annot bore no fond memories of him.

Forrest was at a loss for a comeback.

The sting of truth in her words!

He admitted honestly, "I offer my apologies once more. I had no such intentions that day."

"Well, apology accepted. Can I take my leave now?" Annot scoffed.

Forrest was speechless momentarily.

A sigh escaped as he massaged his temples, realizing she probably didn't think too highly of him.

Their interactions were limited to two encounters.

He dared not pursue her too eagerly. He gave a nod. "Sure, you may go."

Annot took swift steps.

However, she paused at the door.

Forrest thought it was a change of heart.

A grin crept onto his face.

"Perhaps we could be friends..."

"Do I still have a job?" Annot inquired.

Again, Forrest was at a loss for words.

His smile hung awkwardly.

It looked funny.

In response to Forrest's silence, Annot prodded, "Mr. Walters, you won't tattle to the manager, right?"

Forrest snapped back to reality and gave a shake of his head. "No."

Upon hearing this, Annot made her exit, visibly relieved.

She really didn't know him.

Yet her face was a mirror image of Laura's.

It was like a trip down memory lane to his early days with Laura.

However, the two women's personalities were poles apart.

He wasn't ready to back down, so he resumed his meal at a leisurely pace.

He had spent a good couple of hours there, solitary.

After meal, he ventured out for a stroll.

The picturesque view of the sea was pleasing to the senses.

He lingered until the fall of night.

As Annot clocked out, he followed her discreetly.

Annot resided in a picturesque village, a short distance from the coastline.

Despite being a small village, the residences were modest villas.

The strategically located ones offered stunning views of the twinkling sea from the window.

A few even ran guesthouses, lending a vibrant atmosphere to the village teeming with visitors.

Annot's home occupied a prime location with a guesthouse.

Upon reaching, Forrest glanced at the signboard hanging on the second story of the building. He pulled out his phone and found the guesthouse's website.

Given the off-peak season, there were vacancies. He promptly booked one room.

After loitering a bit, he decided to go in.

Upon entering, he was met with a warm welcome.

An elderly lady dressed impeccably greeted him.

Forrest showed her his booking confirmation.

The woman was all smiles. "Mr. Walters, correct?"

Forrest gave a nod in affirmation.

She took down his details at the front desk and told him, "Follow me. I'll show you to your room." She led the way.

The room was on the second floor. Cleanliness and decor were top-notch!

It wasn't the biggest of rooms, but the arrangement and decoration were splendid.

Forrest nodded in approval.

"Enjoy your rest!" With that, the elderly lady exited.

Forrest refrained from inquiring about Annot.

He would get settled in first.

As he closed the door, another sound echoed.

Upon opening the door, he was met with the sight of Annot.

She stood at the door with a white bath towel in her grasp.

"You again?" Annot's eyebrows creased. "Really, did you follow me home?"

Forrest shook his head in denial. "No, not at all."

Annot found the coincidence hard to swallow.

But with no solid proof and his guest status, she held back her irritation and placed the towel in the bathroom. "My mother forgot to put this in. That's all. Should you need anything, dial the front desk."

With that, she made her way out.

"Hold on!" Forrest held her back.