

## Chapter 438 Is She Really Your Daughter

Annot voiced her impatience. "What do you want?"

Grinning broadly, Forrest queried, "Do you provide food here?"

Annot responded in a chilly tone, "Nope."

Forrest posed a question. "I'm unfamiliar with this place. Any food suggestions?"

Annot, smirking with sarcasm, retorted, "You're accustomed to fine dining. Modest diners here have nothing to cater to your palate."

Forrest replied, "I don't fuss over food. I can eat just about anything." He smiled.

"Even shit?" Annot inquired.

Before Forrest could articulate a reply, she motioned towards the restroom, suggesting, "There's your meal."

Again, Forrest was left wordless.

Laura was not so rude as she was.

He even pondered if she really was Laura.

If not, why the striking resemblance?

The likeness was uncanny.

He maintained his composure. "You are joking."

With a swift glance, Annot retorted, "I'm dead serious."

Then she left, descending the stairs.

Undeterred, Forrest, at dinner time, asked the elder woman, "Do you offer the meal?"

The woman was stunned for a moment, and then she smiled. "We have a mark on it. We are not responsible for eating. If you don't mind, you can have a simple meal at my home..."

"Mom," Annot interjected, "he's accustomed to gourmet meals. We're simple folk who can't afford such luxuries. Let's go eat and leave him to his business."

Then she ushered her mother away.

Forrest joined them, commenting, "I can adapt. I'm okay with simple food like pickles."

The elder woman warmly invited him, "Join us."

Annot shot Forrest an annoyed glance.

Her mother's approval left her no room for objections.

She suppressed her rage.

But she remained unreconciled.

The thought of enduring the man who had been a nuisance at her job now dining at her home was unbearable.

Her anger surged with each passing moment.

Gazing at Forrest, she lost her appetite.

Forrest, on the other hand, enjoyed the home-cooked meal.

The dishes were delicious.

Upon seeing Annot's visible discomfort, a sense of unexplained joy swept over Forrest, making the food even more enjoyable.

"I plan on staying here a while. How about I join you for meals and I pay some money?" With that, Forrest pulled out his wallet.

The elder woman immediately declined, "You don't need to pay for the

meals. Your long stay will be great for our business."

At a rate of one thousand five hundred a day, her guesthouse stood to make a decent profit. The meals were a small expense.

"Feel free to join us for meals if you're okay with it," The elder woman was a pleasant, plump figure.

"All right, it's a deal then." Feeling victorious, Forrest was pleased with the arrangement. Noticing Annot's stare, he taunted, "Miss Griffin, did you swallow a fly? You seem perturbed."

"You're the one dining on flies," retorted Annot.

She then stood up and exited the room.

The elder woman turned to Forrest and inquired, "Do you know my daughter?"

Forrest nodded. "Yes, we met during a meal at her workplace."

"I understand." The woman nodded. "I only have one daughter. She can be quite volatile at times. I hope you don't take her rudeness to heart."

Curious, Forrest asked, "Is she really your daughter? She doesn't resemble you."

He couldn't help but ask.

The woman's expression momentarily clouded over.

Realizing her overreaction, she quickly resumed her cheerful disposition and replied, "If she isn't my child, then where could I possibly have picked her up from?"