

Chapter 439 What Are You Up To

Beaming, Forrest told her, "Upon close look, I see a resemblance between you two."

The truth was, he didn't perceive any similarity.

But if he avoided saying that to the lady, his conversations with her would cease.

She responded with a joyful smile, "Indeed, a child should mirror her mother."

Cautiously, Forrest questioned, "She's probably around my age, isn't she? Is she turning twenty-seven this year?"

The lady was taken aback. Gazing at Forrest she queried, "Why this interest in my daughter? What's your intention?"

"I was merely guessing her age, I..."

"You're fond of my daughter, aren't you?"

Forrest had intended to express his desire to befriend her daughter.

However, he was cut off.

Conceding, he feigned shyness.

"Oh, so staying at my guesthouse was a strategic move? Are you trying to win my daughter over?" The woman seemed to connect the dots instantly.

Forrest chose not to refute it.

The woman scrutinized Forrest, acknowledging his good looks.

She was quite pleased with him.

Her daughter wasn't a young girl anymore.

Marriage was inevitable.

She wasn't one to deter suitors for her daughter.

After all, it wasn't the old times where marriages were parentally arranged.

Love's freedom was crucial.

She would give her blessing as long as her daughter's suitor was decent.

Grinning, Forrest nodded in affirmation.

The woman disclosed, "My daughter can be quite temperamental."

"I have a patient nature and can endure her moods," Forrest hastily retorted.

The woman smiled, stating, "My daughter is an adult now, we can't decide for her. It's up to her whether she takes to you or not."

Forrest agreed, asserting confidently, "I am a good man. She's bound to like me."

His confidence amused the woman. "My daughter is more complex than you imagine."

She then stood up to clear the dishes. "There are many scenic places you can visit. Feel free to explore."

"Thank you for your generosity," Forrest got up and exited.

He spotted Annot perched on the stone platform at the door.

He approached her.

"Hi there." He stepped back. "How about we get to know each other again?"

Annot glared at him, her eyes sparkling with chilliness and scorn. "Have you lost your mind?"

Forrest wrinkled his brow. "Why would you say so?"

"I've observed what type of person you are. Can a few good deeds transform you into a better person?" Annot scoffed.

Forrest was dumbstruck.

Was he a bad guy?

She wouldn't even consider giving him an opportunity.

"Sometimes, our perceptions may be flawed," Forrest said. "The other day, I mistook you for a woman I held dearly."

As he spoke, he observed Annot's reactions.

She remained indifferent.

Had she been Laura, wouldn't she have shown some emotion on hearing his words?

But she didn't.

Not in the slightest!

"Is that a common pick-up line? Don't you find it cliché?" Annot stood up, dismissing him. "If you're here without a purpose, I might have to ask you to leave."

Forrest remained rooted.

He simply watched her diminishing silhouette.

Her figure was reminiscent of Laura's.

The woman claimed that this was her daughter.

Annot seemed oblivious to their past.

Perhaps, he had mistaken her identity.

But he found it hard to believe that two unrelated individuals could look exactly identical.

Forrest realized that Annot was not easy to get along with.

Regardless of his attempts to appease her, she remained aloof.

He had to find another way to confirm if she was indeed Laura.

Given his residence here, he was well placed to investigate.

He noticed Annot grooming her hair outdoors.

Once she was gone, he went to see if any strands of hair had fallen.

He easily found a few.

Holding the hair, he pondered for a moment, then dialed his associate.

Shortly after, a man arrived.

He handed over the hair, instructing him to head to Skystead.

He wanted to verify if Annot was indeed Laura.

A paternity test with Laura's father was required.

"Understood, I will."

"Alright, get to it."

Forrest dismissed him with a wave.

As the man left, a woman's voice echoed from behind.

"What are you up to?"