

Chapter 440 Feel Guilty

Forrest turned around and encountered Annot. He did not attempt to avoid her.

He flashed a grin and responded, "Nothing."

Annot's gaze shifted to a car departing.

"You are not at my doorstep out of goodwill." Her eyes squinted at Forrest. "You have no place in my guesthouse. I will reimburse you now. Please leave immediately."

Forrest, still grinning, queried, "What do you mean by that?"

"Are you pig? Can't you comprehend my statement?" Annot's anger was mounting.

"If you refuse to depart, I shall notify the authorities."

Forrest yearned to remain but was helpless.

Her fury reached such a pitch that she threatened to alert the police.

Forrest was reluctant to exacerbate the situation.

His only option was to respond, "Alright, I shall leave."

"Well, aren't you a piece of work? The moment I mentioned the police, you turned timid. I wonder what's going through your mind. Get out of here quickly!" Annot scoffed at him.

Forrest, beaming at her, remarked, "You seem to despise me. Is it because of what happened on the boat? Is there a necessity for such animosity?"

"What then is important? Taking a life?" Annot inquired.

Forrest's expression turned grim.

His face was ashen.

Laura was a victim of his mother and the Guzman family.

Had he not been involved, Laura would not have been harmed.

His gaze met Annot's.

He regarded her as if he was seeing Laura.

Guilt washed over him.

"I'm sorry!"

He turned around and took his leave.

His stride quickened.

Guilt induced him to tremble!

Annot watched him and declared, "You seem to have a guilty conscience."

Hearing her words, Forrest hastened his step.

It appeared as if he was seeking an escape.

Camila had just put Joe to sleep.

As she prepared to ascend the staircase, the doorbell sounded. She approached to answer the door.

Alick stood at the doorway.

"I wish to discuss something with Mr. Johnston."

Camila invited him inside.

"Please make yourself comfortable in the living room. I'll notify him."

She ascended the staircase and opened the door. She caught sight of Isaac exiting the bathroom. Dressed in a grey silk nightwear, his robust and towering figure was accentuated. The nightwear suited him perfectly.

His damp hair brushed his forehead, adding depth and clarity to his gaze.

Towel in hand, he padded over drying his hair and questioned, "Has Joe fallen asleep?"

"Yes." Camila nodded and informed, "Alick awaits you downstairs."

Isaac handed her the towel and announced, "I'll join him downstairs."

Camila took the towel and proceeded to the bathroom.

Downstairs, Isaac joined Alick.

Alick rose from the sofa. "Mr. Johnston."

Isaac seated himself. He reclined, gestured Alick to take a seat, and tersely instructed, "Proceed."

Alick complied and disclosed, "I have conducted an inquiry on Jaylen and discovered that he is the baby's father. The woman he wedded was an employee at a bar, and they had a brief romantic encounter. When the woman conceived, she concealed her condition and compelled Jaylen to marry her as her pregnancy became apparent. Jaylen consented for the child's sake."

Isaac was convinced that Jaylen's appearance was deliberate.

He likely harbored a secret and was using his son as a distraction.

"Alick, Jaylen and I go way back. Should I extend an invitation to his son?"

Alick was at a loss for words.

He rapidly deduced, "Seizing his son?"

Isaac shot him a narrow look and queried, "Why do you say seize? We're merely inviting him."

Alick conceded, "Yes, an invitation it is. I'll arrange it immediately."

Isaac signaled his agreement.

After Alick's departure, Isaac spent a moment in thought.

He then ascended the staircase.

Simultaneously, Camila was arranging Joe's clothes.

The clothes were purchased by Isaac's man. There was an abundance of them.

She had yet to organize them.

"Aren't you retiring to bed?" Isaac approached. He seated himself behind her, wrapping his arms around her waist.

"We need to fold these clothes properly," Camila stated.

Isaac rested his chin on her shoulder and suggested, "You could assign this task to Glenda."

"As a mother, I feel indebted to my son. I wish to do this myself." Camila resumed her chore.

The phone on the bedside table abruptly rang.

He released Camila and proceeded to answer the call. "The inquiry has been conducted. The doctor too has confessed."