

## Chapter 450 I'm Laura

"You're awake?" Forrest voiced carefully.

Annot continued to eye him warily.

She had overheard Forrest's chat with Camila. Their words were few, yet they carried immense weight.

She had lost her memory due to some people's murderous attempt.

However, she had survived.

And the individual who had tried to kill her was the mother of the man standing before her.

"What's your intention?" Her gaze bore into him.

"Our junior schoolmate is someone close to you. If she recounts your past, you'll believe I haven't been deceitful."

A derisive laugh echoed in Annot's mind.

He wasn't eager for her to recapture her past.

And he claimed he was truthful?

She must have had a horrid past with this man.

Otherwise, the fear of her remembering him wouldn't exist.

"I'll meet her." She finally compromised.

"Good." Forrest fetched her slippers. "Put these on. She's in the living room."

Annot rose, questioning, "What's her name?"

"Camila Haynes," Forrest responded.

"Do you recall your former profession? You were a forensic analyst, she's

a physician. I too was a physician once, but I returned to manage the family business."

Annot nodded. "Understood."

She entered the living room. And Camila rose from her couch.

Her teary eyes studied Annot as she tenderly murmured, "Laura."

Annot had no recollection of her relationship with Camila.

She merely stood.

Camila approached and embraced her, repeating, "I'm glad you're okay. So glad."

Her voice was ragged.

Her anxiety and joy seemed authentic.

Annot returned the embrace.

Camila, trying to control her emotions, spoke softly, fearing she might frighten Annot.

After all, she had lost her memory now. "My name's Camila Haynes, and that's Forrest Walters. We share an alma mater. You're my best friend. Do you still remember?"

Annot shook her head.

She really had no recollection.

As Camila wiped the teardrops streaking her cheeks, she drew Annot to a seat and resumed, "We worry about you. If you're reluctant to stay here, would you consider my place?"

Annot studied Camila's earnest demeanor.

It didn't seem deceptive.

Annot shook her head and inquired, "Am I truly Laura?"

"Absolutely." Camila presented her mobile, displaying their old group

photos.

Annot browsed through each.

From these images, it was evident they had shared a close bond.

"Mila?" She tried addressing her.

Camila giggled. "I used to call you senior, but you preferred a more informal address, so you asked me to call you by your first name. Remember?"

Annot shook her head.

Camila felt a pang of sorrow.

Laura had lost all her memories.

She had forgotten everything, including her.

"It's fine. As long as you're okay, we remain best friends."

Annot mumbled, "I guess I truly am Laura."

Forrest intervened, "You are Laura."

Annot glanced at him before finally settling her gaze on Camila.

"You're the Laura Ballard we remember." Camila nodded for affirmation.

Annot nodded. "I'm Laura."

In fact, she yearned to recall her past.

She pondered over previous events.

And why had she been injured?

She conceded to being Laura.

She turned to Forrest and stated, "The couple that rescued me. I owe them my gratitude. I can't just take off. I need to express my thanks for saving my life."

"I'll accompany you," Forrest offered.

"It's time for me to take leave. Proceed on your way. I'll head home."  
Camila knew when to make her exit.

Forrest assured Camila, "I'll bring her to see you when the time is right."

Camila agreed and took off.

She climbed into her vehicle, instructing the driver, "Go back."

Waiting for the signal at the crossroads, Camila spotted something  
through the car window...