

## Chapter 469 Don't Piss Me Off

Unintentionally, Harland recoiled a step.

The man at the door exuded an intense presence, inducing a sense of nervousness.

"May I know whom you seek?" Harland inquired.

Isaac, however, paid him no attention.

His focus lay on the work card pinned to Harland's chest, a grim look crossing his face as he read the name.

Camila perked up, questioning, "Isaac?"

"Are you acquainted?" Harland asked.

Isaac moved towards her, coming to a stop beside her bed, a gaze full of concern though his words were sarcastic. "Are you happy?"

Camila overlooked his sarcasm, thinking he was out of his mind, definitely!

She introduced him to Harland with a smile. "Let me introduce him to you. This is my husband."

Harland replied amiably, "So, you're the man she's marrying. Pleasure to meet you." He extended his hand towards Isaac.

Isaac, however, flatly disregarded the gesture, acting as though he hadn't seen it.

Harland withdrew his hand, stating, "I have duties to attend. I won't intrude further."

He exited the room, walking away.

Camila frowned at Isaac, demanding, "What's wrong with you?"

"What's wrong with me?" Isaac scoffed, clearly upset.

"You refused to acknowledge his handshake. He's my surgeon. Shouldn't you at least be courteous?"

"Be courteous towards him? Had I known he was your surgeon, I wouldn't have let you come," Isaac retorted.

Camila was taken aback by his response.

"Do you know Harland, Isaac?"

"No!" Came Isaac's curt reply.

"Then why wouldn't you let me come here knowing he performed the operation?"

"I saw the name among your important things," he stated, irritated. Nevertheless, he checked her wound, asking, "Does it hurt?"

"I'm unwell, Isaac. Don't provoke me," Camila warned, fixing him with a stare.

Isaac frowned. He made her angry? He was the one who should be angry. But, considering her recent surgery, he decided to pacify the situation. He tucked her in gently. "Rest a while. I'll keep you company."

Then Camila drifted off to sleep.

Laura and Forrest returned to the Walters family's residence.

Hana was visibly startled upon seeing Laura. She knew from Forrest that Laura was alive, though with lost memory.

The guilt of having hurt Laura still gnawed at her.

"Mom!" Forrest addressed her.

Hana snapped out of her thoughts, managing a smile. "Come in."

Seeing the expressions on Hana's face, Laura couldn't help but feel a surge of resentment towards her.

However, she put on a smile and greeted her with a polite "Hello."

"Hi." Hana turned away, avoiding direct eye contact with Laura.

Somehow, she felt an intense gaze from Laura, as if her eyes had the power to pierce through her heart.

She didn't dare to look at her.

Forrest led Laura upstairs, holding her hand.

Once in their room, he embraced Laura, popping the question. "Shall we get married?"

The notion filled Laura with indifference.

This man compelled her to live under the same roof as the person who had hurt her. Now he wanted her to marry him?

Believing she had lost her memory, he dared to behave so recklessly.

"I can't recall our past. I... I don't want to get married."

She wouldn't marry him.

She agreed to live here with him solely for the purpose of seeking revenge on the woman who had hurt her and the selfish man.

"There's no rush. We can start afresh," Forrest proposed.

"Let me cook tonight. It's my first day here."

She changed the topic, feeling a strong aversion to his touch.

She felt sick.

Forrest agreed, accompanying Laura to the kitchen. As Forrest offered to assist, Hana pulled him aside.

"Forrest, is it true? Has she lost her memory?"