

Chapter 484 Hotpot

Laura pressed her lips together and pleaded, "Please stop..."

Without allowing her to finish her sentence, Forrest kissed her.

He held her tightly, while Laura felt repulsed and unable to refuse him. All she could do was feign shyness and protest, "Please don't do this..."

Forrest caressed her face and reasoned, "We are a couple. I'm allowed to kiss you, right?"

"I seem to have forgotten that fact," Laura replied dryly.

"Well, if I kiss you more, maybe you'll remember."

"You're such a rogue." Laura pretended to be angry and attempted to break free from his embrace.

Not wanting to appear too eager, Forrest had to control himself. "This is normal behavior for a couple. How can I be a rogue? I'll take responsibility for you. If you agree, we can get married right away."

Laura didn't want to delve into that topic, so she intentionally changed the subject. "When will you finish your work? I'm getting bored waiting here."

"I'll be done soon," Forrest assured her.

Laura urged, "Hurry up, then."

"Okay."

By the time Forrest completed his work, it was already dark outside, and dinnertime was approaching.

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Observing the fiery red oil, resembling a volcanic eruption, Forrest glanced at the gauze-wrapped wound on his arm.

Having been a doctor, he knew he couldn't consume such spicy and greasy food.

It wouldn't be good for his health.

Therefore, he didn't eat anything.

"Why aren't you eating? Don't you enjoy eating with me?" Laura inquired as she placed a piece of Spanish mackerel into Forrest's bowl.

"It's not that." Forrest picked up his chopsticks and replied, "I enjoy being with you."

"It's delicious. Eat more," Laura encouraged, quickly serving him more food.

Forrest couldn't handle excessively spicy food.

The food was oily and spicy, making it difficult for him to eat without discomfort.

However, he didn't want to disappoint Laura, so he made an effort to eat the food.

Beads of sweat formed on Forrest's forehead as the spiciness took its toll.

He gulped down two glasses of water to alleviate the burning sensation.

Laura glanced at him curiously and asked, "Can't you handle spicy food?"

"I can't."

"I had no idea..."

"It's not a problem," Forrest assured her. "I'm willing to adjust for you."

Laura smiled and suggested, "You can eat more. If you get used to it, we can enjoy spicy meals together often."

With an affectionate smile, Forrest agreed, "Okay."

His voice grew hoarse as he spoke.

Unfazed, Laura continued to serve him food, pretending not to notice his discomfort. "This dish is delicious too. Have some more."

Forrest would eat whatever she offered.

Feeling the heat intensify, he removed his jacket and placed it on the back of the chair.

His face was red now.

Sweat trickled down his forehead.

Laura, unfazed by his discomfort, continued to serve him, picking up the food for him.

After the meal, Forrest felt on the verge of passing out.

During the journey back home, Laura drove the car.

Upon arriving home, she assisted Forrest to his room and cautioned, "You're injured. Don't take a shower today."

"I'm thirsty."

Forrest just wanted to drink water.

"I'll get it for you." While Laura went to fetch water, she discreetly slipped a pill into it.

At that moment, Forrest was completely unaware of her actions. His usual sharp medical intuition seemed to have vanished as he was consumed by the intense heat coursing through his body.

After drinking the water, he began to feel sleepy.

Laura sat on the edge of the bed, attentively watching him until he fell into a deep sleep.

Once she was certain he was truly asleep, she silently exited the room.

She went out in search of Aldrin.

To her surprise Aldrin was already waiting for her at the doorstep!

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