

Chapter 500 Bond

Forrest's expression turned cold as he asked, "So, anyone ends up dead, you or me?"

Gripping tightly onto the armrests of her wheelchair, Hana replied with a somber expression, "I'm severely injured. The reason that I'm recuperating at home instead of at the hospital, even if it means sitting in a wheelchair, is that I fear she might harm you..."

"If I die, it's my own retribution for my mother's actions."

Having said that, he reached for the doorknob. However, rather than pulling it open right away, he turned back towards his mother and added, "Don't say anything when she's around. Act as if you know nothing about it."

Forrest was acutely aware.

If Laura had no plans for vengeance, she might have simply left.

He wanted to keep Laura close, even if her feelings were filled with hatred.

He was willing to have her by his side, even if it was just because of that hatred.

"Mom, if you're the reason Laura leaves me again, I'll never forgive you!"

Without missing a beat, Hana replied, "Okay, I promise you. I can even treat her as my own daughter, but you must be wary of her. I don't want you to get hurt."

Forrest let out a sarcastic laugh. "You don't want me to get hurt, yet you're okay hurting others?"

Hana couldn't argue against that point.

"I realize I made a mistake, but it's already done. What do you expect me to do? Are you really going to send me to jail?"

Hana didn't like Forrest to talk about her like that all the time.

Didn't she have self-respect and dignity?

"What did I say wrong? I merely voiced my concern for your safety. Is that also a fault?"

Hana covered her chest, anger surging through her. "Even if I did something wrong, I've already been punished. Even when my wounds heal, I'll be covered in scars. Your father has always been aloof towards me. Do you think he'll look my way now, injured and disfigured? Have I ever complained or held a grudge against Laura over this? I haven't. Because I recognize my mistake. I know I brought this on myself. Is my worry for you also a crime beyond forgiveness?"

Forrest was in a bad mood.

That was why he was so sensitive.

Trying to calm down, he said, "I understand. I'll be careful."

Hana was still angry.

"You go ahead and eat. Don't wait for me."

Forrest didn't give up. "Has the doctor advised you? You should eat light food. Ask the servants to prepare something special for you."

Then he opened the door and walked out, looking up at the dining room.

Laura sat alone, eating her food with a fork.

Her demeanor mirrored a lifeless machine.

Cold, indifferent.

She seemed to care about nothing.

Forrest approached and took a seat beside her. He served her more food, admonishing "Eat up."

Laura continued her meal, yet ignored the stewed sparerib that Forrest placed on her plate!

She carried on eating other dishes as if she hadn't noticed it.

Forrest quietly glanced at her but said nothing.

After dinner, they went to their separate rooms.

Standing by the window, Forrest crossed his arms over his chest.

As Laura's caretaker, he was accustomed to obeying her every instruction, refraining from any unnecessary actions.

He had never disturbed her in her room before.

But now, things were different. He was afraid Laura might leave him.

After contemplating for a while, he thought that if he wanted her to stay with him for the long haul, he needed to give her a compelling reason to stay.

Maybe as a woman, if she were to have a child, she could potentially put aside her hatred for him and his mother, right?

With this thought, Forrest made up his mind.

He went out for a drive.

Upon returning he poured a glass of milk in the kitchen, carried it upstairs, and knocked on Laura's door.

"Who's there?" Laura inquired

"It's me," Forrest responded.

Laura unlocked the door. She made sure to lock it from the inside each night.

She had been on high alert here!

"What do you need?"

She held the doorknob without any intention of inviting him in.

Forrest offered her the glass of milk, stating, "Have some milk before bed."

Laura declined, "I've already gone to bed and brushed my teeth."

Forrest stood in silence, unmoving.

It seemed as if he wouldn't leave unless she drank the milk.

The stalemate lasted for a few minutes. Finally, Laura accepted the glass, downed the milk in one gulp, handed him the empty glass, and asked, "Are we done now?"