

Chapter 501 You Make Me Sick

Forrest peered at her and questioned, "Why are you so guarded around me? Do you see me as some sort of intruder?"

"Hasn't it always been this way?" Laura retorted.

"Laura, my feelings for you have remained constant. I love you. Are you aware of this?"

Laura sensed something was amiss. "You know I've forgotten all that."

"Even if you've forgotten, you might still hear something about our past from others, right?"

His words suggested that Laura might have heard from others that his mother had hurt her.

Laura raised her eyebrows, asking "What are you talking about?"

Isaac pressed on, "Do you remember your previous career?"

"What did I do before?" Laura asked.

"You were a forensic expert. We both graduated from the same university and were in a relationship during that time..."

"I'm feeling sleepy," Laura interjected, not wishing to hear any further.

She found Forrest's behavior unusually peculiar today.

It seemed like he hadn't heard her say she was tired, as Forrest continued, "Our profession is sensitive, especially when it comes to medicine..."

He had added some medicine to the milk that Laura drank.

Yet, the drug was both colorless and flavorless.

If someone else had presented it, he wouldn't have noticed at all.

Suddenly, Laura felt weak.

Her body began to feel heavy.

She struggled to maintain her balance.

Forrest held her arm and offered, "Let me help you to the bed."

"No," Laura refused.

"Don't resist my help now."

Forrest escorted her into the room.

Laura finally grasped the situation.

"Was there something added to the milk?" She glared at him. "What are you planning?"

Forrest gazed back at her, replying "I want you to stay."

"So you've sunk low enough to drug me?" Laura felt as if she had been struck by a bolt from the blue. "What kind of person are you?"

Had she fallen in love with someone despicable, evil, and shameless in the past?

Was she not seeing clearly back then?

Forrest aided the feeble Laura onto the bed.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, he looked at her. "I don't know who told you that my mother hurt you. I know your temper. You won't forgive me, but I don't want you to leave me..."

Laura sneered. "So you use such a shameless method? Forrest, listen, what you did will only make me hate you more. Do you know how disgusting your behavior is?"

Forrest was stunned.

Disgusting?

He abruptly recognized that his actions were indeed inappropriate.

How could he resort to this?

He pressed his temples hard.

He was too afraid that Laura would leave him, so he resorted to such a ridiculous thing.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry..."

He scrambled out of the room in a panic.

He had used despicable means on Laura.

What would she think of him now?

Had he only succeeded in pushing her away?

It was only after Forrest exited the room that Laura allowed herself to breathe.

She had truly feared that Forrest would...

Gradually, she closed her eyes, her roiling emotions now concealed.

Meanwhile, today Camila received a call from the director of the Hammaslahti Research Center, inquiring about her decision.

The director was due to retire in a month or two.

Camila told him she would give him a reply later.

Hanging up the call, she ambled to the bathroom door and observed Isaac, who was washing his face. "Isaac, let's postpone our wedding for now."

Isaac glanced up at her, wet strands of hair framing his eyebrows.

"I want to pursue my career."

Camila voiced her thoughts.

She wanted to take over as the director.

Her main rationale was her belief in her capability and the opportunity to contribute to the national medical field.

Isaac was reluctant to let her go.

Their two kids were still very young.

Being a doctor, she would be heavily occupied.

He too had a load of work to handle.

If both were swamped with work, who would look after the kids?

Their family needed one of them to stay at home.

"Are you asking for my opinion or have you already made up your mind?"