

Chapter 514 Already Very Gentle

Forrest smiled, declaring, "I owe you my life. Should you wish to kill me, I would deserve it. I can even provide a written guarantee that my death will not be tied to you."

He seemed unconcerned by Laura's evident fury.

With a disdainful snort, Laura snapped, "Hypocrite."

Forrest shrugged responding "It doesn't matter to me."

He appeared completely cheeky, unfazed by Laura's words, fully aware of the negative impression he had left on her.

He understood that obsessing over his image would only drive her further away.

He had lost her once, and he was determined not to lose her again.

He would do whatever it took to keep her by his side.

Laura's irritation with him grew, and she left the room, only to be followed by Forrest who inquired "Where are you going?"

Turning to face him, Laura said, "I need to find a job."

"I can provide you with money, or perhaps a job within my company. Maybe as my private secretary? Or personal assistant?" he offered, smiling.

He was completely serious, his smile genuine.

The thought of Laura working elsewhere was not an option for him.

Laura's frown deepened, at a loss for words.

His desire to have her constantly at his side was audacious.

She refused to yield.

That would only encourage him further.

"And what if I insist on finding a job on my own?" she challenged, her voice firm, as if he was not allowed to deny her.

Forrest was momentarily taken aback.

He didn't dare to push her so hard. "You can look for a job, but..."

"I'll accept no job from you. Otherwise, we may find ourselves in conflict," she interrupted.

Silent for a moment, Forrest finally asked, "How do you plan to oppose me? You disregard yourself, but what of the couple who saved you? Should you harm yourself or die, I'll not spare them either..."

"Clap!" Laura's anger boiled over, and she slapped Forrest, leaving a clear imprint on his face.

"It doesn't hurt, and even if it did, I deserve it," Forrest said calmly, reaching to embrace her.

Laura only believed he was a crazy person.

She pushed him away, revulsion in her voice. "Don't touch me. You make me sick."

Though Forrest could endure her dissatisfaction, her revulsion saddened him.

His voice lowered, and he asked, "Am I truly so disgusting to you?"

"Yes," Laura replied, unflinchingly.

After a long, heavy silence, Forrest turned and left.

But Laura was unconcerned. She just wished for him to be gone, to have a moment alone.

Forrest, driving aimlessly, decided to seek out Alick.

But Alick had no time for him.

"You seem to have a lot of free time. Don't you have a company to run?"

"I'm troubled," Forrest confessed, looking defeated.

Alick gazed at him with an icy stare.

Could Forrest truly be upset?

How could his annoyance compare to Isaac's?

"I believe Laura utterly despises me." He was at a loss, uncertain of how to handle her.

No matter his actions, it appeared as if he only drove her further away.

Was it possible that she held no affection for him at all?

"It's only right that she despises you," Alick stated coldly. "If she were to stay with you, she must be either insane or mentally unstable."

Forrest's brow creased, and he questioned, "Whose side are you on?"

Why wouldn't Alick defend him?

He had sought Alick's company for comfort, not ridicule.

Now he felt his sadness deepen.

Alick's face turned serious. "You should leave now. I've been quite gentle with you."

But Forrest was at a loss.

He couldn't leave at this moment. He needed someone to talk to.

Otherwise, despair would overtake him.

He reached out and grasped Alick's arm, pleading, "Why are you so unavailable? Can't you spare some time for me? There are so many others in the company. You must talk with me..."

Unbeknownst to them, their conversation reached the ears of a person lurking around the corner.

He cast a cold glance at Forrest before turning and striding away.