

Chapter 521 I Owe You

The sharp point of the knife instantly pierced through Forrest's skin and cloth, blood blooming on his white shirt.

Laura's hand trembled slightly. She then tightened her grip and lifted her gaze, defiance in her voice. "Your games won't work on me. You could die right here, and I wouldn't cry."

Forrest's sadness was palpable.

His heart ached more than the wound.

He couldn't accept it.

The end of his and Laura's story was unbelievable.

They had been in love.

Their love had been profound.

He couldn't fathom Laura being indifferent, not even a tiny bit.

He caught Laura's wrist, pressing her hand against the knife's handle. "If you truly feel nothing then end it. Push this into my heart."

Laura sidestepped, her tone sharp. "You want me to be a killer? If you're so eager to die, do it yourself. Don't make me a murderer!"

Forrest's smile was laced with sorrow. "Laura, you may have forgotten much, but your stubbornness remains. I'll do your wish."

He shut his eyes, a resolve in his voice. "I owe you. Today, I repay."

Determined, he was ready to prove his love through his own end.

Laura noticed the knife embedded in his body.

As a forensic expert, her skills remained sharp, even with her forgotten past.

She understood the criticality of the wound's depth. A mere two centimeters could be fatal.

As a doctor, Forrest knew it clearly as well. But he still did it. He was so tired now. He knew clearly he owed her a life. Only when he repaid it could he have the chance to restart with her.

Suddenly, Laura seized his hand, her words blunt. "Don't choose to die in front of me."

Her tone was feigned indifference as she dialed for an ambulance.

Forrest, gazing at her, sought confirmation. "You do care about me, right?"

Laura scoffed, denying any concern. "Ridiculous. I'm just avoiding legal troubles. Imagine explaining your death here to others."

Unfazed, Forrest held her hand and confessed his enduring love, "Laura, my mistakes are many, but my love for you is constant. You left because I couldn't provide the safety you needed, resulting in your memory loss. Do you know why I stubbornly refuse to let you go? Because I can't bear to lose you now anymore!"

Laura looked away, pretending ignorance. "I don't know what you're talking about."

As his strength waned, Forrest collapsed onto the sofa, insisting "You know my love, and you're just pretending not to."

She glanced back, slightly amused. "Thinking of love at death's door?"

Forrest's voice was raspy but determined. "I feel so happy to talk about love with you at the last moment of my life."

Laura brushed past him and stepped outside, scanning for the ambulance.

Twenty minutes later, the ambulance finally showed up.

Forrest was rushed to the hospital.

Laura paused, then decided to follow.

She needed to understand his condition.

Upon arrival, Forrest was sent into an examination room.

Outside, Laura perched on a bench, anxiously waiting.

Meanwhile, Hana, having just finished applying medicine at the hospital, spotted Laura in the hallway.

"What brings you here?" Hana inquired.

Just then, the examination room's door swung open. A nurse emerged, questioning "Any family of the patient here?"

"Patient? Who's hurt?" Hana asked, her gaze shifting to Laura, a silent understanding dawning on her. "Is it Forrest?"

Laura remained silent.

Facing the nurse, she urgently asked, "How's my son?"

"He was cut. Are you the family of the patient? Please, we need you to sign for a minor surgery."

Hearing about the surgery, Hana felt a wave of dizziness. She glared at Laura, accusation in her eyes. "Did you cause this?"



"Help me, and I'll give you a special reward!"

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