

Chapter 524 Prove It

If Forrest and Laura weren't meant to be, how did they even cross paths?

Would sparks fly between them on campus?

Hana's words seemed so out of place. It was total nonsense

It just grated on his nerves.

Forrest rose from the bed, frustrated.

"You're hurt..." Hana cautioned.

"I'm not going to die, am I?" he snapped, clearly irritated. "It's just so annoying"

Hana bit her tongue, choosing not to respond.

Forrest drove himself back, half-expecting Laura to be absent from home.

Alone, he slumped on the sofa, his head bowed, lost in thought.

Meanwhile, Laura was in Aldrin's rented house, confused about her presence there.

Feeling low, she huddled on the sofa, thoughts spiraling.

The image of Forrest driving the knife into his chest haunted her.

Did he truly love her?

This thought briefly crossed her mind, but she shook it off, trying to banish it.

She stood up, walked to the porch, swapped shoes, and stepped outside.

Pausing at the doorway, she was at a loss.

Where could she go?

Who could she seek out?

Laura suddenly felt a wave of loneliness wash over her.

She walked back into her room, her thoughts drifting to Camila.

Yet, her opinion of Camila wasn't the best. She preferred solitude over seeking Camila's company.

Something troubling had happened to Camila at her workplace.

It wasn't about her professional skills.

Camila didn't climb the hospital ranks traditionally. She unexpectedly became the dean's successor.

This move didn't sit well with many, sparking resentment.

Troubles at work became a daily affair for her.

Her tools would mysteriously vanish. When she asked them, they would say that they didn't know.

The hospital's latest equipment, which was always in use by others, seemed off-limits to her.

Beyond work, even her meals weren't spared from pranks. Someone tampered with her food, adding excessive salt, making it inedible.

Frustrated, Camila dumped her meal and quenched her thirst with water before leaving the cafeteria.

The hospital's dean, also there for dinner, noticed her early exit and inquired "Leaving so soon?"

Camila just nodded in response.

"Care for a chat?" he suggested.

Camila knew it would be inappropriate to refuse him so she agreed.

"Let's stroll in the garden after lunch. It'll be a nice break," he proposed, leading the way.

Camila trailed behind him without hurry.

"Do you find the hospital environment welcoming?" the dean queried.

"I adapt easily," Camila replied.

"Yet, I've noticed you've never smiled here." With his hands clasped behind him, the dean said, "I'm aware of the opinions of your colleagues at the hospital. Everyone's upset with you, causing problems to you. I'm thinking of calling a meeting to address this..."

"Dean," Camila understood why those people acted this way. She believed proving herself through her skills was better than depending on others. "If you defend me in a meeting, I'm afraid it'll only make them resent me more."

She needed to earn their respect to work effectively.

Relying solely on the dean wouldn't allow her to stay at this hospital.

Her work wasn't the cause of her sadness.

Isaac had been away for two days.

She felt a bit lost.

"Do you really think you can handle it?" the dean inquired.

"Yes," Camila confidently responded.

She wouldn't let her personal grief affect her work.

The dean smiled, acknowledging her strength. "Alright, you've got this."

Camila then returned to her duties.

At her desk, she discovered a box of food.

Looking around, she noticed everyone was still at dinner in the cafeteria.

Who could have left this?

In recent days, hardly anyone spoke to her, much less befriended her.

She settled into her chair.

Upon opening the box, her expression turned grim at the sight of the food inside.

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