

Chapter 105

Mr. Webb pulled out a copy of an A4 document from his briefcase.

I saw my signature on it, along with the purpose of the fund transfer.—"Investment in Linden Group XX Project as a partner's capital contribution."

I exhaled deeply in relief.

Mr. Webb was all smiles. "It's written clearly here, and we also have records showing this amount was transferred directly to Linden Group's official account. This makes it indisputable."

"Thank you, Mr. Webb," I said gratefully.

He replied, "No need to thank me—thank the regulations in place. Otherwise, if you'd transferred the funds directly to Elijah's personal account, it could have been considered a gift."

Suddenly, the tension in Mr. Webb's team lifted considerably. Then he asked, "Ms. York, is it true that you've experienced memory loss?"

I nodded.

Mr. Webb's expression turned serious. "You must not let Elijah know about your memory loss. This detail could be very detrimental to you. His lawyers might use it against you in court."

I tensed up. "Really?"

He nodded. "Absolutely. If your testimony doesn't align with the facts, they could argue that your statements are unreliable. That would severely impact your case in terms of property division."

I quickly agreed. After a moment of thought, I pulled up Jocelyn's recent post on my phone and showed it to Mr. Webb. He reviewed it and then discussed it with his team.

Turning back to me, he said, "From now on, Ms. York, please refrain from making any statements on any public platforms. We'll need to manage your accounts to avoid any missteps."

I froze.

He instructed his assistant, "Draft a public statement for Ms. York to sign and post."

Then, he added, "Make sure the statement is flawless. It should elicit empathy and position Ms. York as the wronged party."

Their swift, professional response reassured me.

Teri leaned over, pointing at the screen. "Mr. Webb, take a look at these. They're evidence of Elijah's affairs."

Leaving the makeshift meeting room, I wandered into the kitchen and poured myself a drink.

My mind was blank. It had been over a month since my attempted suicide and subsequent memory loss, and it still felt like I was stuck in a dream.

A dream where, upon waking, I would still be the pathetic, disgraced eldest daughter of the York family, mocked by

everyone.

I rubbed my phone between my fingers, staring at a number saved there—a number I couldn't bring myself to call. It was Jonathan's.

I'd opened and closed the contact countless times, torn between the urge to reach out and the fear of his rejection.

The same brother who had once kicked down a door to rescue me in my most desperate moment, yet now refused to see me.

I had asked Logan about it more than once, but he never gave me an answer. I'd even asked Teri, but she evaded the topic entirely, unwilling to see me hurt.

I stared blankly at the number, feeling my eyes sting with unshed tears. Right now, I had two wishes—to divorce Elijah and return to the York family, hoping for their forgiveness.

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The afternoon slipped by.

Mr. Webb and his team gathered ample evidence, their confidence visibly restored from yesterday. They'd managed to trace the five billion investment back to my maternal grandmother's inheritance.

This detail further supported that the funds were my own pre-marital asset.

Moreover, with my ID, they checked my bank accounts and found that, over the past five years, Elijah had rarely transferred any money to me.

Oddly enough, I felt indifferent about it. I had no love for him, and with my memory loss, I truly didn't care how he treated me.