

A Love Forgotten Chapter 51

"It's me." The gentle voice was soothing in the dark.

My bedside lamp was turned on, and its soft, yellow light illuminated the person's face..

It was Logan.

My face was soaked with tears, and I wiped my face in a trance.

Silently, Logan got up, grabbed a warm towel, and helped me wipe my face. He said, "You had a nightmare and kept crying."

I asked, "Did I say anything?"

He looked at me deeply. "I heard you calling for your mom and dad. You called for your brother too..."

So, I was in a dream.

my face. Do you to

Logan observed my face. "Do you feel better now?"

I nodded, feeling dazed. After a while, I said, "Logan, you knew the York family had ties with me, right?"

Logan's hand froze. After a long while, he hummed in affirmation.

gave a bitter smile. "None of you told me."

Logan's expression was calm as he said, "Telling you wouldn't help. We all have to look ahead."

I covered my face. "I can't go home anymore." Tears slipped through my fingers once more.

Logan stroked my hair gently. "Don't cry. Get up and have dinner."

I wanted to refuse, but my feeble stomach grumbled.

In the quiet room, the grumbling was noticeable.

I thought I heard Logan chuckle. Then, I was dragged out of the bed by him.

When we arrived downstairs, the living room and dining room was empty.

Logan removed his suit jacket and told me, "Sit for a while. I'll look for something to eat in the kitchen."

So, I sat dumbly at the dining table.

A while later, the aroma of bolognese wafted out of the kitchen. I hurried over and saw Logan boiling some spaghetti.

I quickly approached him. "Logan, I can't bother you with this. Let me cook

However, he blocked me with his arm. "Sit in the dining room. It'll be done in a few minutes."

I was short, so with just a shove, Logan had almost squeezed me out of the kitchen. However, I still craned my neck to see.

There was water boiling in the pot.

Logan was adept at this.

After standing around for a while, I realized that I wasn't much help. So, all I could do was awkwardly return to the dining room.

Five minutes later, Logan walked out carrying a large plate of bolognese.

His every movement exuded elegance. It was as though he wasn't carrying a plate of bolognese but rather, a priceless ancient scroll.

He placed the bolognese in front of me. "Dig in."

I was hesitant. "I can't impose on you, Logan. What about you? Did you eat?"

He said, "I ate out. When I got back, I noticed that you hadn't eaten. So, I decided to make you something and let you try my cooking."

Slowly, I started to eat.

At first, I ate unhurriedly to maintain my image. But after a while, I felt my stomach getting hungrier. So, I started scarfing down the food.

Eventually, I finished the bolognese and put my fork down in satisfaction

When I looked up, Logan was watching me with a smile

I wiped my mouth, embarrassed. “Uh... I was a bit hungry. That’s why I had so much.

He smiled. “It’s alright. I’ll only be satisfied if you eat. If you don’t eat, I might think I’m bad at cooking.”

Then, he asked, “Was it good?”

I quickly nodded. “It was delicious”

Logan smiled. “That will do.” He then took a napkin and gestured at me. “Wipe this spot.”

I accepted the napkin and wiped my face, somewhat dumbfounded

But Logan shook his head. “Not there” As he spoke, he took the napkin and gently wiped my lips.

His fingers brushed against my lips, and my face instantly turned red.

All the while, Logan’s gaze didn’t shift. Instead, he simply stared at me in silence.

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I lowered my head, avoiding Logan’s gaze.

Then, he suddenly asked, “Did Ruby and Norman come today?*

His question caught me off guard. I hadn’t expected him to ask about this.

I nodded.

“Did they say anything hurtful?”

I shook my head.

“Really?” he asked again.

I shook my head again.

Logan stared at me for a long while before he said, “Go upstairs and get some rest.

I looked at him, unable to say the words that I have rehearsed all afternoon.

When he turned around and noticed that I hadn’t gone upstairs yet, he asked, “What’s wrong? Are you not feeling well? Or do you have something to say to me?”

I quickly shook my head. “No, it’s nothing.”

With that, I hurried upstairs.

Behind me, Logan suddenly said, “Don’t listen to what Ruby says. And as for Norman, just ignore him.”

I absentmindedly nodded

“I’ll arrange for you to stay somewhere else once I finish settling things tomorrow,” he added.

This caught me off guard.

“There are too many people coming in and out of here. It’s not safe.”

At that moment, I finally had the courage to say what I had thought about all afternoon. “Logan, I actually have a place I can go.”

He frowned and asked, “Where?”

“I can stay with Teri.”

“No.” Logan rejected the idea without hesitation. “You’re not staying with Ms. Stuart.*

I was surprised. “Why not?”

For the first time, Logan's face showed a trace of displeasure. "Can she take care of you? She has to work."

I couldn't help but chuckle. "I don't need anyone to take care of me."

He glanced at me and said, "I said no, and that's final."

I fell silent

It was the first time I'd noticed Logan's stubbornness. I couldn't argue with him, and I didn't have the courage to either.

Logan then glanced at the calendar at the wall and said, "Go upstairs and rest. Don't go around tomorrow. I'll take you to look at some houses."

So, I went upstairs with mixed feelings.

Then, at the corner of the stairs, I heard Logan make a phone call.

He spoke with deep displeasure, "Norman, back off. It has nothing to do with you. That's it."

Then, he quickly hung up.

At that moment, I could sense that Logan had glanced up toward the second floor, so I didn't dare to eavesdrop any longer and quickly retreated to my room.

Back in my room, I laid on my bed, feeling confused.

There were so many things that I wanted to discuss with Logan. But for some reason, all my courage disappeared the moment I saw him.

He was like an unfathomable abyss or a towering mountain.

He was close to me, yet so out of reach.

I took a deep breath.

At the end of the day, I knew I had to depend on myself to solve my problems.

The next morning, I woke early, washed up, and got dressed.

Frank came to check on me as usual. However, this time the examination was brief, and there was no need for more IV drips. He simply left some medication and explained how to take it before he left.

As usual, after breakfast, I took a walk in the garden.

During my walk, I called Ten.

She knew about my estrangement from my family. She sighed and said, "Ari, I didn't mean to keep things from you. I just didn't want to cause you more shock in the midst of your amnesia."

"Do you have my brother's number or his Whatsapp? I asked.

She sighed again. "How could I possibly have that?"

Frustration welled up in me

Teresa then asked, "Isn't Mr. Wood close to your brother? Why don't you ask him to reach out for you? He'll definitely help you."

I gritted my teeth. "He's already helped me so much. Besides, if my brother wanted to forgive me, he would've reached out by now. But it seems like he- I choked on my words, unable to continue.

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Teresa

Teres

quickly comforted me, saying, "Ari, don't be sad. Blood ties are a strong and strange thing. All you need to do is divorce Elijah, take back your money, and apologize to your family. They'll definitely forgive

you."

A flicker of hope rose within me. "Is that really possible?"

“Of course! You’re still the daughter of the York family. Your parents are getting older, and your brother only has you. They were probably just disappointed before. Once you repent, they’ll definitely forgive you.”

Teresa’s words gave me some confidence.

She was right. My parents and brother had always loved and doted on me ever since I was a child. They couldn’t really abandon me.

As long as I severed ties with Elijah, they’d definitely forgive me. And even if they wouldn’t forgive me, at least they wouldn’t cut me off completely.

Family relationships could be mended over time, but this marriage with Elijah had to end immediately.

I chatted with Teresa for a while more until the butler, Robert, approached me.

“Ms, York, the driver’s waiting at the gate,” he politely said.

“What for?” I asked.

Robert smiled and said, “Mr. Wood sent someone to take you to look at houses. There are three options today. Choose the one you like best.”

I was taken aback. “So soon?”

“Yes, Ms. York. The driver is already at the gate.”

So, I hurriedly left the garden.

Sure enough, a Maybach was parked outside.

I was still surprised when I entered the car

The driver said, “Ms. York, Mr. Wood is still at the office. He asked me to take you to the beach house first. If you don’t like it, we’ll head back to check out the one in the city center.”

“What about the third option?” I asked curiously

The driver chuckled and said, “The third one is on the top floor of Wood Group’s building. Mr. Wood thinks that it’s not clean, so it’s only for reference.”

I pondered for a moment and nodded. “Alright. Thank you for taking me around.”

He smiled, “It’s my job, Ms. York. You’re too kind.”

With that, he slowly drove out of the Wood residence.

However, what I didn't know was that Norman saw the car leaving from the tennis court not too far away from the mountainside. He was dressed in a sports shift and sports shorts.

He whistled, smirking as he grabbed the tennis net.

Meanwhile, Ruby was talking to a few young women. They were all dressed in tennis outfits, looking fresh and youthful

Ruby walked over and followed Norman's gaze.

She huffed. "Why is Logan only going to the office now? Is that shameless bitch holding him up?" Norman smiled half-heartedly as he watched the familiar car drive down the mountain.

He squinted his eyes and said, "Logan left for work early this morning. That car is taking his precious partner to look at houses."

Ruby lost her composure and yelled, "What? What do you mean?"

Norman rubbed his ears and replied, "Ruby, you're going to make me deaf."

Ruby quickly lowered her voice and said, "What is Logan thinking? Has he really fallen for her?"

As she spoke, her face contorted in anger. "I knew she wasn't that simple. What a manipulative bitch!" she added.

Norman's expression grew more intrigued. "To make someone as cold as Logan fall into a romantic trap... Well, well, Ms. York, you sure are something else."

Ruby's eyes flashed with jealousy. "Norman, you can't just stand by and watch this happen. You need to get rid of this shameless bitch quickly. What if she becomes our sister-in-law?"

"Huh? Sister-in-law?"

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Norman gave a cryptic smile. "It would be interesting if she really became my sister-in-law."

Ruby grew irritated. "Norman, can you really accept a woman like b

He glanced at her. "What's wrong? Are you jealous?"

as a part of the Wood family?"

Ruby quickly tried to conceal her feelings. “No! That’s not what I mean. I’m just saying, who would want a used woman like her?”

Norman smirked and replied, “I think she’s not bad at all. Certainly not as bad as how you’re describing

her.”

Ruby was so furious that she was at a loss for words.

Suddenly, she asked, “Could it be that you’re interested in her too?”

However, Norman ignored her question and lazily waved at the young women nearby.

They giggled and walked over, playfully teasing him.

After exchanging a few words, Norman wrapped his arms around one of them and kissed her several

times.

The laughter from the tennis court grew louder.

Ruby was gradually pushed aside, and she only force a smile and gather her tennis gears.

The more she thought about it, the angrier she became.

Suddenly, she thought of something and quickly took out her phone. Then, she ran to the side of the court to make a call.

When she returned, she looked more at ease.

Meanwhile, Norman continued to flirt with the few young women. Their stunning appearances together created a picture perfect scene.

Casually, Ruby said, “Hey, I heard Wanda’s visiting a famous art exhibition in the city tomorrow. There will be a lot of celebrities there. I’m so envious.”

Norman glanced at her and scoffed. “What’s there to be envious about?”

Ruby smiled and replied, "The art exhibition is a great place for networking. Aren't you tempted to go? You never know what big shots you might run into."

Norman gave her a faint smile. "I am the big shot. Why do I need to network?"

"I heard that Logan's going to make an appearance too. I wonder if he's bringing a date," Ruby added.

Norman merely glanced at her and turned his attention to a pretty girl nearby. "Come, let's have a match," he simply said.

The driver took me to a seaside villa. The scenery was amazing, and the villa was fully furnished. The only downside was the strong winds.

I thought for a moment and asked, "Is this villa for me to stay in temporarily?"

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The driver smiled softly. "Yes. Mr. Wood said that this would be a good option if you enjoyed the seal

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view. But it's a bit far from the city, so you'd need a car and a driver."

What he said made sense.

The driver could sense my hesitation and suggested, "Shall we check out the apartment in the city?"

I nodded.

Half an hour later, I stood on the 23rd floor of a large apartment unit, overlooking the busy city below.

The driver noticed the smile on my face and knew that I liked the place. He smiled and asked, "Shall I Inform Mr. Wood that you prefer this apartment?"

I quickly asked, "How much is the rent here?"

The driver was momentarily caught off guard before he tactfully replied, "This is a high-end apartment building. It is rarely rented out."

I felt uneasy and said, "I can't just stay here for free. Please ask Mr. Wood to give me a price. I'll rent it from him."

The driver smoothly deflected my request. "Ms. York, Mr. Wood only asked me to show you the properties. You'll need to discuss the details with him."

I understood his meaning and nodded in agreement.

After the driver left, I couldn't contain my excitement any longer. I wandered all over the apartment

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The apartment was in a prime location in the heart of Halton City. A hospital, supermarket, and banks were conveniently situated just downstairs. But most importantly, the interior of this apartment was just how I liked it—simple and modern. Not to mention, the furniture was all brand new and stylish too.

I walked around the apartment and lay on the king-size bed to call Teri.

However, her line was busy.

"So busy," I muttered to myself.

Just then, my phone rang.

It was Logan.

I quickly answered, "Hey, Logan?"

Logan's calm and clear voice came from the other end, "I heard from Collin that you liked the apartment?"

"Yeah, it's so convenient here. Even if I'm hungry in the middle of the night, I don't have to order t There's a restaurant nearby downstairs. Then, I asked, "Logan, can you rent this place to me?! have money now."

There was a brief pause before Logan said, "Rent? What are you thinking? Just stay there for now."

"But 1-

*Just stay there until everything is settled,” Logan firmly interrupted before I could finish my sentence. “If your brother knew I was taking rent from you, he’d cut ties with me,” he added.

Upon the mention of my brother, I cautiously questioned, “Will my brother really come

There was a brief silence before Logan calmly replied, “Yes.”

e see me?”

I breathed a sigh of relief.

onto the

Although I wasn’t sure if he just wanted to comfort me, I still held onto the hope that it was true.

Logan’s voice remained calm and steady as he continued, “Are you free tonight? I’ll come by and take you out for dinner to celebrate you moving into your new home.”

I chuckled and asked, “Is this a new house?”

“Yes. So far, you’re the first person to live there.” His tone carried a hint of a laugh.

His words caught me off guard.

I looked around the apartment and noticed that some of the furniture was still in its protective wrapping.

I was surprised and overwhelmed.

Feeling embarrassed, I replied, “Logan, is this your place? It doesn’t feel right for me to stay here. What if I mess up the place?”

But Logan just laughed and replied, “Silly girl. I’ll pick you up at 7:30 pm tonight.”

With that, he ended the call.

I had a gut feeling that something was off, but I couldn’t put my finger on it. I just felt awkward. But the apartment was so perfect. It was the exact place I dreamed to live in.

In the end, my excitement outweighed my worries, and I started to decorate my own room.

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After a while, Collin brought over my belongings, including the things I had risked my life to sneak out from Elijah

villa.

Bags after bags of luxury goods were brought up, and left me dazzled.

Suddenly, I noticed a black bag.

I must've accidently grabbed it that day.

As soon as I saw that bag, that feeling of uneasiness crept back.

Without a second thought, I quickly took the bag, hurried downstairs, and threw it into the garbage bin.

As the lid of the bin closed, I let out a breath of disgust

Goodbye to the days that I had groveled before Elijah. Goodbye to the foolish girl I once was.

Just then, my phone rang again,

It was from an unknown caller.

I furrowed my brows and hesitated for a moment before I answered.

“Hey, it’s me,” Elijah’s tired voice came from the other end of the line.

My instinct told me to hang up and block him immediately.

“Don’t hang up. There’s something that I need to discuss with you,” he said.

I suppressed my emotions and coldly asked, “What is it Mr. Linden?” There was a long silence on his end, and my patience was beginning to wear thin.

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Elijah slowly spoke, “Ariana, can we not get divorced?”

I thought I heard wrongly.

I didn’t reply.

Elijah’s voice sounded weary and irritated. “Ariana, let’s talk this over nicely. Divorce is not a joke.”

Still, I remained silent.

Upon seeing that I was not responding, he continued to plead, “I admit that I married you impulsively, but we’ve been through so much over the past five years. Why can’t we just make it work?”

His tone was affectionate yet helpless. “Ari, I know that I’ve wronged you in many ways. But please, stop causing trouble and come back.”

Instantly, I hung up the phone and blocked the unknown number.

Then, I calmly went upstairs and looked at the unpacked luxury goods strewn all over the floor.

I took out my phone and downloaded a second-hand goods app that Teri had recommended. After that, I took pictures of everything and listed them for sale.

At 18 years old, I needed a passionate love.

At 25 years old, I had paid a painful price for love and almost lost her life to it.

Now, all I needed was money—a lot of money. Enough money to leave Elijah.

Engrossed in my task of taking the photos, I lost track of time. It wasn’t until the doorbell rang that I realized that it was already evening.

I checked my phone and was alarmed by the time.

When I opened the door, I was greeted by the sight of Logan dressed in a suit and holding a bouquet of pure white lilies.

He looked almost too good to be true.

Logan noticed the messy floor and then glanced at my disheveled hair and bare face. He chuckled and asked, “Silly girl, what are you busy with?”

I quickly invited him inside and said, “Wait for me for a while. I need to wash my face and change my clothes.”

I hurried into the bathroom and simply picked out a white dress. Then, among the disordered bags on the floor, I found an unopened box of cosmetics.

Using my limited makeup skills from memory, I applied a basic but presentable amount of makeup

When I came out, Logan was examining an Hermes bag

I smiled drily and took it from him. “These will all be sold.”

Logan pointed at the scattered luxury goods on the floor and asked, “You’ve been busy with this all afternoon?”

and answered, “Yeah. These are i

7 picked out a light blue Hermes bag to me now. I’ll be able to make money from selling them.”

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Logan raised his eyebrows in surprise, as if he hadn’t expected my response.

“Are you in need of money?” he asked.

I was momentarily taken aback but soon nodded. “Yeah. I need money to fight Elijah in court and to support myself. Also, I want to find a job soon.” I listed the plans off my fingers.

I sighed and added, “I can’t keep relying on you. Although you’ve helped me a lot, I need to learn how to be independent. I have to rely on myself somehow.”

Logan chuckled. Then, he looked at my outfit for the day and changed the topic. “Ari, you look great today. Let’s go to dinner, or else we’ll be late for our reservation.”

So, I quickly followed him out.

Logan walked in front, and I followed behind him like a little follower of his.

The scene felt oddly familiar. It was as if I had followed him this same way not too long ago, unwavering and devoted.

Half an hour later, we were seated in a Chessian restaurant.

I didn’t understand the fancy name of the restaurant. I only knew it was a renowned Chessian restaurant in Halton City.

Logan seemed to be in a good mood that evening.

Soon, the restaurant manager personally brought out the menu and spoke in rapid Chessian. Then, he looked at me in admiration and awkwardly complimented me in broken Haltonese, “Ms. York, very pretty, very classy.”

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I forced a smile and replied, “Thanks.”

Logan then nudged the menu and said, “Do you want to see what you’d like to eat?”

I glanced at the menu and noticed it was all in Chessian. I awkwardly admitted, “I can’t read it.”

“There’s a translated menu.” The restaurant manager promptly gave me the translated menu...

I took a look at it but still struggled to understand.

Upon seeing my struggle, Logan smiled and asked, “Still can’t understand it?”

Embarrassed, I confessed, “My brain... I don’t really remember.”

I felt dejected. My amnesia had caused me the loss of the past seven years of memories and the knowledge I had during university.

Now, I felt truly clueless and silly.

Logan understood immediately and said, “I’m sorry, I overlooked this.”

As we spoke, a couple walked toward us, holding hands.

My expression shifted when I saw them, and I immediately covered my face with the menu.

The couple stopped in their tracks when they saw me, and their expressions went from stunned to embarrassed.

At that moment, Logan was still studying the menu and wine. He only realized this when he looked up and noticed that I was hiding behind the menu.

His gaze flickered as he raised his head slightly to look at the couple in front of him.

The couple quickly approached us.

Elijah walked over and extended his hand. “Mr. Wood, what a coincidence,” he greeted.

Logan slowly looked up with a calm expression. “It is quite a coincidence, Mr. Linden.”

He then glanced at Jocelyn who was dressed in a long, dark blue dress.

His gaze flickered again.

Jocelyn extended her hand, her tone laced with a hint of flattery as she said, “Mr. Wood, I’ve heard so much about you. It’s my pleasure to meet you today.

“Let me introduce myself. I’m Jocelyn Cornell, a student of Professor Dale from Barkley College of Music. I’ll be holding a solo recital in the city’s concert hall soon.”

Both of them extended their hands, but Logan showed no interest to reciprocate.

Instead, he turned to the restaurant manager and said, “Change the Lafite we ordered earlier to champagne.”

He looked at me and gently said, “Ari can’t drink.”

His behavior put Elijah and Jocelyn in an awkward position.

Elijah’s expression darkened as he stared at me with fiery eyes. Meanwhile, Jocelyn tugged at him and laughed sweetly. “What better day than today right, Elijah? Since we have something to discuss with Ms. York, let’s just share a table.”

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With that, she pulled Elijah to sit down at our table.

Logan frowned slightly, clearly displeased with the situation.

Elijah swiftly sat down, though it was evident that he didn’t want to see me, especially not in this setting.

Nevertheless, I regained my composure and continued to read through the translated menu.

I had nothing to say to either of them anyway.

The strange silence made the atmosphere feel extremely uncomfortable.

Finally, Elijah couldn’t hold back anymore. He said, “Ariana, I wish to have a proper conversation with you.”

I sarcastically replied, “Mr. Linden, what is it that you’d like to talk about? Is it about the 50 million dollars. I invested in Linden Group? If that’s the case, I’m willing to schedule a time for a proper discussion.”

Elijah’s expression shifted. “Ariana, you want money?”

I sneered. “Mr. Linden, you’ve gotten it wrong. I don’t want money. I want my money back. There’s a difference between the two.”

“As for the profit generated by Linden Group from my 50–million–dollar investment,” I shot a cold glare at the nervous Jocelyn, “I expect my share, to be returned. Not a penny less.”

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“You!” Jocelyn emotionally yelled out but soon quickly composed herself.

This was a public place, and they were in front of Logan

Logan's social status intimidated them, and they wouldn't dare to cause trouble and hurl shameless accusations at me while he was here.

So, the atmosphere grew awkward once again.

This time, nobody spoke until the dishes arrived.

Logan took the plate of lamb chops in front of me and carefully cut them into pieces before handing them

to me.

I looked at the sizzling, juicy lamb chops and smiled at him. "Thanks, Logan,"

Elijah suddenly said disdainfully, "Ari doesn't like lamb chops."

Logan raised an eyebrow. "Oh?"

Elijah was sure of himself as he said, "I've been married to her for five years. I know her preferences very well. She hates eating lamb."

I took a piece of lamb and placed it into my mouth. "I love eating lamb. I've loved it ever since I was a kid," I said to Logan.

Logan's gaze was filled with affection. Yeah, I know. Your brother mentioned that you love eating lamb. I didn't forget," he replied.

Elijah's expression darkened as he glared at Logan. "Mr. Wood, she's only eating it to spite me. She doesn't actually like it," he insisted, staring at me, as if trying to prove his point.

However, I just ignored him and picked up another piece of delicious lamb, savoring it.

Logan then calmly replied, "Mr. Linden, has it ever crossed your mind that Ari might've told you she didn't like lamb simply because you didn't like it yourself back then?"

Elijah's smugness suddenly vanished.

"Ari, when you told me you didn't like lamb back then, was it really because I didn't like it?" he questioned.

I lowered my gaze and calmly replied, "Mr. Linden, I lost my memory. I can't remember."

Elijah's face paled, as if something had shattered his cognition.

His thin lips trembled.

Jocelyn then broke the awkwardness with a playful laugh. “Mr. Wood, I wonder if you’ll have time to attend my recital with your busy schedule?” she asked.

She took out an exquisite-looking ticket from her crocodile leather bag. “This is a front row
There are only 15 seats available-

ront row VIP seat.

—

But before she could finish, Logan coldly pushed the ticket away. “I’m sorry, Ms. Cornell. I’m
not

he interrupted.

t available,

The smile on Jocelyn’s face froze, and the ticket now seemed like a burden in her hands.

Logan hadn’t even looked at the date on the ticket!

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If that wasn’t a slap on the face, what was?

A loud “clang” suddenly echoed as Elijah slammed his silverware onto the table. His expression
had become more than unpleasant.

Through gritted teeth, he asked, “Mr. Wood, I have no grudges with you. Why are you treating
me and Jocelyn with such hostility?”

Jocelyn leaned softly against Elijah’s shoulders, blinking her large and heavily made-up eyes.

In a pitiful tone, she said, “Elijah, don’t be mad. Mr. Wood probably just has a misunderstanding
about us. After all, Ms. York is staying with him. Maybe she told him something that gave him
the wrong impression.

She timidly glanced at Logan with a humble yet pitiful attitude. “Mr. Wood, please give us a
chance to explain ourselves. We really have no ill intentions toward Ms. York,” she pleaded.

Logan glanced at her, his tone indifferent as he said, “Ms. Cornell, we’re not well acquainted,
and I’ve only met Mr. Linden a few times. But I’ve known Ari since she was a child. I know her
character and

personality very well.”

His thin lips curled up slightly as he shifted his gaze toward Elijah. “Mr. Linden, you’re a grown man who built your fortune using a woman’s money. Yet, you still don’t treat her well. That doesn’t seem like the behavior of a responsible man, does it?”

silently gasped at his words.

Logan’s words made it clear that he was on my side. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have said such harsh words to them.

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Logan had practically insulted Elijah to his face, implying that he wasn’t a real man.

I anxiously gripped the napkin beneath the table. For a moment, I thought Elijah would flip the table out of rage, and my mind went blank as I reached for Logan’s hand,

Unexpectedly, his slender and strong fingers firmly grasped mine as soon as I touched his.

His grip was firm yet relaxed, as if reassuring me not to worry.

Instantly, my anxiety eased at his touch.

Then, I looked up and saw Elijah’s face turn from pale to flushed.

After a while, in a low muffled voice, Elijah said, “Mr. Wood, there are things that you don’t know of.”

Logan adjusted his glasses. “I’ve just returned to the county, so you’re right. I might not know everything. but I won’t make careless judgments either.” He then turned to me and added, “One thing for sure is that I won’t let Ari get hurt again.”

Then, he gave Elijah a pointed look and questioned, “Mr. Linden, is that something you can do?”

Elijah’s anger shifted to surprise at Logan’s question.

couldn’t help but turn to look at Logan. He leaned back casually in his chair, gently swirling his wine glass. His expression was calm, but his gaze was direct

Beneath his calm demeanor, I sensed an unspoken, almost powerful sense of authority from him.

Was it a threat? Was he threatening Elijah?

I started to feel dazed, unsure if my suspicions were correct.

However, Elijah's expression had turned serious, and Jocelyn had dropped her delicate and innocent demeanor too.

Soon, more dishes were served, and suddenly, Jocelyn pushed a mousse dessert across the table toward me. She smiled and said, "Ms. York, this dessert is exquisite. I'm sure you'll enjoy it."

I looked at the garnish on the mousse and coldly pushed it away. "I'm sorry. I don't eat that."

Jocelyn persisted and said, "Ms. York, don't be shy. I ordered an extra portion just for you. I know there are some misunderstandings between us, but I believe we can work through them." She pushed the mousse toward me again.

I turned my head away in disgust. "I'm not eating it."

Elijah, who had been holding back his anger, finally snapped. He yelled, "Ariana, what's the meaning of

this?"

I met his gaze and coldly replied, "It's just a mousse. Is it supposed to mean anything?"

Elijah's face darkened in displeasure. "Aren't you rejecting it just because it's from Jocelyn?"

I coldly laughed. "Is that what you really think of me, Mr. Linden?"

Though Elijah didn't reply, his expression confirmed that that was precisely what he believed.

Meanwhile, Jocelyn continuously persuaded me anyway. "Ms. York, I honestly don't mean any harm. I promise."

However, I didn't want to look at her. I directed my words at Elijah and said, "Don't you know that I'd end up in the hospital if I ate this?"

Elijah was startled for a moment before his expression darkened. "Ariana, are you implying that Jocelyn's trying to poison you?"

I lowered my eyes. "I'm allergic to nuts. Oh, right, you didn't know." I laughed bitterly. "Five years of marriage, and you don't even know that I'm allergic to nuts. Why are you still holding on? What's the point?"

For a moment, the atmosphere froze, and Elijah's expression shifted as he stared at the nut crumbs on top of the mousse.

"I really didn't know," he muttered quietly.

Now, my appetite was gone, and I irritably set down my utensils.

At that moment, Logan suddenly stood up and signaled for the restaurant manager before whispering something to him.

The restaurant manager then approached Elijah with a smile and informed him, saying, “Mr. Linden, I’m terribly sorry. We’re closing at 9:30 pm tonight. There’s only half an hour left. Would you like to cancel the rest of your orders?”

Before Elijah could reply, Jocelyn protested, saying, “This place usually opens until midnight.”

The manager’s smile remained professional. “Unfortunately, the restaurant has to close early today.”

“I truly apologize for the inconvenience,” he added. Although the restaurant manager kept apologizing, he showed no signs of reconsideration.

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After that, Logan pulled me up from my seat and said, Let’s go somewhere else.”

He then strode out of the restaurant without sparing Elijah and Jocelyn a second glance.

Just then, I looked back and saw them awkwardly arguing with the restaurant manager.

I imagined that they must’ve reserved the table and the meal and were expecting a romantic evening. Instead, they were caught off guard when the restaurant suddenly refused to serve them.

But could such an upscale restaurant really just close like that?

Nevertheless, I followed Logan out.

He walked quickly and firmly held my hand with no intention of letting go.

He led me out of the restaurant. Then, we turned a corner and arrived on the second floor of the same

restaurant.

I was surprised, unsure of what he had in mind.

When we were on the second floor, a well-dressed waiter greeted us and guided us to a cozy table on the terrace.

As I looked down through the translucent window, I saw Elijah and Jocelyn angrily leaving.

and elegant

I stared blankly at Logan. However, he was already casually chatting with the restaurant manager who had followed us upstairs.

The well-trained waiters then began serving our dishes.

By the time the restaurant manager left, our table was already filled with the dishes we had ordered

earlier.

Upon noticing my surprised expression, Logan adjusted his glasses and said, “Come, let’s eat. The atmosphere just now probably ruined your appetite. That was my fault.”

I then came to a realization and said, “It was you who kicked them out?”

Logan gave a slight smile. “They won’t be dining here again.”

I was stunned.

Even though I had lost my memory, I had looked up this Chessian restaurant before.

It was one of the two Michelin three-star restaurants in Halton City, renowned for its authentic Chesslan cuisine. With its long history, it was a place where the city’s elites entertained their most important guests.

Reservations were already difficult to secure, let alone to blacklist someone like Elijah and Jocelyn.

My eyes widened. “H-how did you do that?”

Logan casually sipped his champagne, loosened his collar, and replied, “The Wood family are investors of this restaurant.”

I froze at his words. “Y-you’re the owner behind this?” I stuttered.

The immense wealth of the Wood family made me feel like a small town girl who had never seen the world before. And yet, I had grown up in wealth as the pampered daughter of the York family.

Logan made me realize that even among the wealthy, there were still such differences.

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Logan chuckled, and his eyes glimmered in amusement. “Silly girl, no business would turn away external investors. Even if you’re not the founder, there’s still a good chance to buy in later.”

As I savored the incredibly delicious food and relished the lamb chops that I hadn’t tasted in ages, the heaviness in my heart gradually lifted.

“What are you thinking so deeply about?” Logan’s question pulled me back to reality.

met his gaze and seriously replied, “I’m thinking about how to get Elijah to agree to the divorce.”

Logan casually responded, “Oh, there’s no rush for that.

I looked at him, confused. “Why?”

He pushed the dessert he had ordered for me closer to me. “Since you’ve had a seven year bond with him, there’s no rush to cut him off.”

Logan’s gaze through his glasses was warm and clear. He said, “Life is long. Besides, you’ve just turned 18,” he added.

I laughed. “You’re mistaken. I’m already 25.”

Logan smiled with a tenderness in his eyes that I couldn’t fully comprehend. “In my eyes, you’ll always be a little girl.”

My face instantly flushed, and I hurriedly buried my head in the dessert, embarrassed to look at him.