

## A Love Forgotten Chapter 61

I buried my head in my food for a while. Suddenly, it struck me that Elijah didn't know me at all. He had no idea what I liked and disliked.

Feeling confused, I suddenly blurted out, "So what were those five years I spent married to Elijah?"

Logan took a sip of his champagne and lazily replied, I suppose it's like feeding a genuine heart to the wolves."

I was left speechless.

The next morning, I woke up to dozens of messages on my phone. They were mostly from buyers asking about prices on the app. I replied to a few interested buyers

The steep discounts on these luxury items sparked mixed reactions. Some buyers expressed others remained skeptical.

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I had little memory of the internet for the past few years. My mind was still stuck back when WhatsApp was introduced,

I replied to each message as best as I could. In the blink of an eye, it was already noon. Only then did I realize I was famished. I hurried to the kitchen to see if there was anything to eat.

Just as I reached the kitchen, the door opened. I was startled when a middle-aged woman walked in with her arms filled with groceries.

"Who are you? I asked.

The woman introduced herself enthusiastically. "Hello, Ms. York. I'm Lora, the cook Mr. Wood hired."

I instantly knew that this was Logan's way of taking care of me. Lora was quick and efficient in the kitchen. Not long after, she brought out a plate of pasta.

She kept apologizing as she fussed around me. "I was supposed to arrive by 8:00a.m. but I missed a stop. You must be starving. Hurry up and eat."

I took a bite and my eyes lit up. It was exactly how I liked it. As I ate my pasta, I asked, "Lora, where are you from?"

Lora smiled warmly and mentioned her hometown. I was pleasantly surprised when I heard it. "That's where I'm from too! My grandmother lives there."

When Lora heard that we were from the same hometown, she became much friendlier. We had a great time chatting.

Suddenly, Lora said, “I had been wondering why Mr. Wood insisted on hiring a cook from that specific area. Now I realize it’s because that’s where you’re from.”

Her words took me by surprise. I forced a smile.

When Lora started to clean up, I slipped back into my room. My heart was racing and I felt uncertain about my emotions. I lightly slapped myself on the cheeks and scolded myself.

“Get it together! Don’t let a silly crush affect you!”

It was obvious that my memories were in a state of confusion. Despite everything that I had lost with

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Though he was wonderful and cared for me greatly, I felt unworthy of him. After giving myself a few mental reminders, I let out a sigh of relief. That was close. I almost fell into another love trap again.

Lora was great at her job, and her cooking suited my tastes perfectly.

After I finished the plate of pasta for lunch, she prepared an authentic dessert from my hometown. Later, she even brewed some green tea for me to boost my energy.

By the time I had drunk two cups, she brought out some poached pears in syrup. I couldn’t help but wonder if she had emptied the entire Wood family’s pantry.

Lora was extremely pleased when she saw that I had eaten everything. “Mr. Wood said that I must take good care of you. You’re too skinny, Ms. York. Men don’t like girls who are too thin.”

Embarrassed, I replied, “I’m not anything to Mr. Wood.”

## **A Love Forgotten Chapter 62**

Lora shot me a knowing glance, her face brightening with a smile as she looked in my direction.

“Oh, I wasn’t referring to that. Ms. York, you’re just too thin!” she said, taking the empty dishes to the kitchen.

I felt so stuffed that I had to wander around the 2,150–square–foot apartment to aid my digestion.

As I wandered into the kitchen out of boredom, I was surprised to find Lora preparing an impressive feast -chicken, duck, fish, and meat.

I was taken aback. “Lora, is all this food for me? There’s no way I can eat that much tonight!”

Without looking up, Lora replied, “Mr. Wood is coming for dinner. Since it’s my first time co want to make sure I prepare my best dishes.”

I froze in place. “Log... he’s coming over?”

Lora smiled and asked, “Yes. Mr. Wood lives here, doesn’t he?”

I waved

my

hands frantically. “No, no, no! He doesn’t live here. We’re not living together!”

Lora waved her hand dismissively and went back to cleaning the chicken and duck.

Just as I was about to leave, I turned back and said, “Lora, Mr. Wood is like a brother to me. Jon is currently abroad, and he is just helping to look after me.”

Lora responded with a noncommittal “oh” and returned to cleaning the duck as if she wasn’t fully convinced by my explanation.

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If I were a divorced woman in my mid–20s, I might not have been concerned about such a minor misunderstanding. But as an 18–year–old, the thought of being misinterpreted was far too embarrassing

I paced nervously and added, “Lora, um... I really don’t have any relationship with Mr. Wood.”

To strengthen my claim, I gritted my teeth and confessed, “Actually, I’m married.”

Lora finally looked up from her work and scrutinized me for a moment before shaking her head. “You don’t look like it at all. Not even a little.”

I rushed to clarify, “But I really am married! My husband cheated on me, and I’m currently going through a

divorce.”

Lora slapped her thigh and said, “That’s right! Divorce him! Get rid of that bad man and move on to someone better.”

I was momentarily speechless.

As she cleaned up the meat and vegetables, she continued enthusiastically, “Ms. York, I’m only saying this because I consider you family. You can’t judge a man by his appearance alone. It’s not about what he says but what he truly does for you.

A woman needs to stay clear-headed and know what she wants. Don’t pin all your hopes on one man. Some men are terrible—they’ll take advantage of you, both emotionally and physically.

“When a woman invests too much and gets nothing in return, it can lead to despair. Those women are just being foolish.”

I quietly retreated, realizing I was exactly the kind of foolish woman Lora had been talking about. Sigh... everything felt so complicated.

When I returned to my room, the doorbell rang. Lora answered it and soon returned with a large bouquet of roses

Beaming with excitement, she exclaimed, “Ms. York, look! Someone sent you these flowers!”

The roses were a stunning mix of pink and white, featuring multiple layers of petals and a luxurious texture.

I recognized them from videos I had seen recently showcasing these extravagant and elegant roses. There were at least 50 or 60 roses in the bouquet.

Lora remarked, “Mr. Wood really is good to you. He sent these roses even before arriving.”

I stared at the bouquet with suspicion. This didn’t seem like something Logan would do—he wasn’t the type to send such flashy and expensive flowers.

I searched the bouquet for a card but found nothing. “Why isn’t there a card?” I murmured.

Lora quickly handed me a pair of scissors. “The house feels so empty and lifeless. May you arrange the flowers? It’ll brighten your mood.”

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I considered her suggestion and decided to go along with it. Just as I started unpacking the bouquet to arrange the flowers, the doorbell rang once more.

## **A Love Forgotten Chapter 63**

Lora said, “Speak of the devil, and he shall appear. That must be Mr. Wood.”

As the door swung open, another delivery arrived. This time, it was a bouquet of pink lilies. These lilies were significantly larger than the roses, making the entire bouquet look impressively massive.

Both Lora and I were taken aback. The delivery person asked me to sign for the flowers. As I did, he remarked, "I noticed a lot of people staring at these pink lilies on my way here. Is someone celebrating a birthday?"

I was confused. "Are these really for me? Could there have been a mistake?"

The delivery person asked, "Are you Ariana York?" I nodded in response.

After confirming the address and my name, he smiled and said, "There's no mistake. I need to go to my next delivery." With that, he quickly left.

Lora and I stared at the two large bouquets. Before she could say anything, I quickly asserted, "These aren't from Mr. Wood."

I headed back to my room to text Logan about the flowers. However, after waiting for a while without a response, I reluctantly made my way back to the living room.

When I walked in, I saw that Lora had already arranged the roses in vases. A fleeting thought of someone crossed my mind. I picked up my phone, hesitated for a moment, and then dialed a number.

"Hello? Ari?" A familiar voice greeted me on the other end of the line.

After a moment of contemplation, I quickly hung up. Just as I was about to block the number, my phone rang again. After a brief moment of hesitation, I answered the call.

"Hello? Mr. Linden?"

Elijah's voice was unexpectedly relaxed. "What's up? Anana, have you had a change of heart?\*

I frowned. "Change of heart? I just wanted to ask you something."

Elijah replied, "Stop making excuses, Ariana. I know you've come to terms with this."

He paused before softening his tone. "Ari, we can work through this. I'm willing to accept any conditions you have as long as you stop causing a scene."

A wave of nausea washed over me when I heard his words. "I'm not causing a scene. I just called to ask who sent these flowers. Was it you?"

Elijah chuckled softly on the other end of the line. "How could it possibly be me? Ari, did you really call just to ask about a story you made up?"

“What?” I replied, confused.

Elijah sighed deeply. “You haven’t changed a bit over the years. Remember how, whenever you saw me with another woman, you’d buy yourself flowers and gifts, pretending they were from admirers?”

“Have you forgotten? Oh, right, you said you had amnesia.”

He continued earnestly, “Ari, these little tricks won’t work. No one else would want to marry you besides \_me.”

I laughed in irritation. “Elijah, I was wrong.

Elijah quickly replied, “Well, it’s good that you acknowledge your mistake...”

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But before he could finish, I interrupted him with a cold laugh. “I was wrong to think you were just selfish and stupid. Now, I see that you’re not only annoyingly arrogant but also shockingly dim-witted. Your narcissism is downright revolting.

“Do you really believe you have any charm that would make me obsessed with you? Have you looked in a mirror lately?”

“You should take a good hard look at yourself and see what you’re really worth. Stop thinking my life would fall apart without you. You’re so disgusting that makes me want to vomit!

“Let me be honest. I’ve had plenty of admirers, and each one is far better than you ever were at your worst. I must have been out of my mind to settle for you, but now I’ve come to my senses.

“Elijah, please just finalize our divorce and marry Jocelyn. I hope you both stay together forever! Thanks!”

After my outburst, I blocked and deleted his number, finally releasing all my pent-up frustration.

It became clear to me why Elijah had such delusional confidence as an irresistible heartthrob—those years of my infatuation that had spoiled him!

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I was so furious that I started pacing around the room, finding everything irritating. Just then, my phone rang again.

## **A Love Forgotten Chapter 64**

Assuming it was Elijah calling from a different number, I answered without checking and launched into a

tirade.

‘Elijah, you disgusting jerk! If you call me again, I’ll report you for harassment!’

There was a brief silence before Logan’s resigned voice came through. “Ari, why are you arguing with Elijah again? What’s going on?”

By the time Logan arrived, the living room was filled with five different bouquets, each in vibrant shades of pink. The elegant packaging made it evident that they were quite expensive.

The atmosphere in the room was tense.

I picked up a card from one of the bouquets, which read, “Do you like these flowers? Regar Love at first sight“. Furious, I tore the card to shreds.

Logan opened the windows to let in some fresh air and instructed the security guards, “Remove all these flowers and dispose of them.”

I was left speechless.

As I watched the security guards carry the bouquets away, I felt a twinge of regret. These flowers weren’t cheap, and even if they had come from a creep, they would still have made a lovely addition to the house.

My thoughts must have been too obvious as Logan glanced at me and asked, “Having second thoughts?”

I hesitated before replying, “I just think it’s a waste, that’s all. Nothing more.”

Logan simply responded with a noncommittal “Oh“.

I stood uneasily beside him and suddenly blurted out, “These flowers weren’t sent by Elijah.”

Logan finally turned to me. “How do you know?”

I felt a rush of embarrassment. “I called him to ask and ended up getting into an argument.”

Logan stared at me with a complex expression.

I awkwardly touched my face and explained, “I didn’t mean to call him. I just-

Logan replied calmly, “In the future, try to avoid calling him. I’ll help you find a lawyer.” He added, “If you’re really committed to divorcing Elijah, that is.”

I was momentarily taken aback. “Of course! I’ve made up my mind. Why would you ask that?” Logan looked at me thoughtfully and gently touched my hair. “Given the depth of your connection with Elijah and the interests involved, you need to consider carefully whether you truly want a divorce.”

I was about to argue, but my resolve faltered. An inexplicable emotion washed over me. Suddenly, Elijah’s arrogant words echoed in my mind, and I felt a sharp pang of sorrow.

How deeply must I have loved him for him to feel so entitled to hurt me without remorse? Did that deep love make him believe his actions were justified?

If I went through with the divorce, how would I cope with the possibility of regaining my memories and discovering that I still loved him deep down? I felt utterly lost.

After handling the flowers, we enjoyed a quiet, lavish dinner. Lora was warm, and her cooking was exceptional. She reminded me of the perceptive, yet warm-hearted housekeepers, I’d met at my home, always encouraging us to eat more.

Her presence added a touch of warmth to the otherwise lonely house.

As Lora washed the dishes, I went over to help. Despite her attempts to decline, she eventually accepted my offer to help and chatted with me as she worked.

“Mr. Wood is really well-mannered. I can tell just by the way he eats,” she said.

I replied, “Yes. Mr. Wood comes from a well-off family and has a solid education.”

Lowering her voice, Lora added, “Ms. York, I’ve noticed that Mr. Wood seems quite Interested in you. You should pay attention to that. The way he looked at you during dinner was anything but innocent.”

At that moment, the bowl I was holding slipped from my hands and fell into the sink, splashing water everywhere.

## **A Love Forgotten Chapter 65**

Lora quickly checked on me. “Ms. York, don’t worry about the cleanup. Just wash your hands and go join Mr. Wood to watch TV.” Then, she shot me a knowing look.

Upon hearing the commotion, Logan came over to us.

Lora quickly nudged me in his direction. “Mr. Wood, please take Ms. York away from here. She shouldn’t be doing anything strenuous.”

Before I could react, I stumbled into Logan’s arms. A wave of embarrassment washed over me as I realized Lora had given me a firm push.



Logan caught me and looked at my damp clothes. He gently guided me away, saying, “Go change into something dry.”

I nodded absentmindedly and headed to change. By the time I returned in fresh clothes, Logan was already seated on the couch, watching the news.

I stood awkwardly for a moment before finally settling onto the couch a short distance away from him.

To be honest, Logan wasn't as cold and distant as I had expected. In fact, he reminded me a lot of Jon from my memories.

Yet, for some reason, there always seemed to be a palpable barrier between us. Despite his proximity, I struggled to fully grasp him, let alone understand him.

As I was lost in my thoughts, Logan patted the spot next to him.

“Come sit here.”

I simply looked at him blankly. His glasses reflected the cold light of the TV, and his tone had an unmistakable command.

“Why are you sitting so far away? Come over here and watch TV with me.”

“Oh.” I gradually moved closer and eventually settled beside him, making sure to leave some space between us. Fortunately, he didn't seem to mind.

The TV was broadcasting news from around the world, and I found myself captivated. With my memory still hazy, these current events felt particularly intriguing.

Eventually, Logan's voice broke the silence. “I have a pretty good idea of who sent the flowers today. You don't need to worry. He probably won't bother you again.”

I replied, “I actually liked the flowers. It's a shame they had to be thrown away.”

Logan noticed how intently I was watching the TV, and a subtle smile appeared on his face. “You like flowers? Aren't you allergic to them?”

“No, I'm not allergic. In fact, I love flowers. It's just unfortunate that my mom is allergic to pollen, could never grow many at home.”

If there was one regret from my 18 years of growing up, it was that our garden had been filled with unattractive flowers. It simply couldn't compete with the beautiful gardens of others.

Logan smiled and asked, “What kind of flowers do you like?”

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I responded, “Peonies, roses... honestly, I love any flower that blooms beautifully.”

Logan chuckled softly. “Is it true that every woman likes flowers?”

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His question pulled me from my thoughts, and I answered sincerely. “Of course. Every woman loves flowers, as long as she’s not allergic to pollen.”

I sighed. “It’s a shame, really. I never imagined the most beautiful flowers I’d ever receive would be from a total creep

Logan, who had just taken a sip of water, suddenly choked.

I glanced at him curiously. “What’s wrong?”

Noticing how he struggled to hold back a smile, it was clear he was trying not to laugh.

Adjusting his glasses, Logan replied calmly. “It’s nothing. However, the person who sent those flowers. probably isn’t a creep.”

I was confused. “How can you be so sure? If someone spends a fortune on flowers but doesn’t leave their name, that screams stalker. How could he not be a creep?”

My anxiety began to rise. “If he’s not a creep, then he’s definitely a stalker. Should we report this to the police?”

“No need for that,” Logan said, casually dismissing the topic.

## **A Love Forgotten Chapter 66**

Teri suddenly called me.

“Ari, what’s going on between you and Elijah? He got my number today and went off on me.”

Just hearing his name sent a wave of anxiety through me, so I quickly stepped out onto the balcony to take the call.

“Why was he so angry?”

Teri vented her frustrations. “He claimed that your change must have been influenced by me.”

I was furious. “Doesn’t he realize what he’s done? It’s outrageous that he’s trying to shift the blame

someone else.”

Teri replied, “I told him exactly that. And do you know what happened next?”

I asked, “What did he do?”

Teri sighed. “He called my superior and demanded that I be put on unpaid leave.”

“What?” I was shocked. “He’s really that shameless?”

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Nevertheless, Teri didn’t seem too bothered. “It’s just unpaid leave. I’m not too worried. Actually, I was thinking of taking some time off to travel anyway.”

Hearing this made me feel guilty. Teri was suffering because of me. Despite her nonchalant tone, I knew that if it weren’t for the serious impact on her, she wouldn’t have called. She would have just quietly endured it.

I immediately said, ‘Come stay with me for a couple of days. We need to figure out what to do next.’”

Teri hesitated and asked, “Do you think there’s room for me in your new place?”

I was puzzled. “Of course there’s room. There are plenty of empty rooms here.”

Teri paused before asking, “But won’t my moving in affect your relationship with Logan?”

I replied, “What are you talking about? We’re not in a relationship—not at all!”

I was confused. Why did everyone around me assume there was something between Logan and me? Suddenly, I remembered what Lora had said.

“The way he looked at you during dinner was anything but innocent.

This was turning into quite a problem!

I quickly told Teri, “Come on over! You can stay with me. I actually need some company. It feels pretty eerie living alone in such a big house.”

Upon seeing how insistent I was, Teri set aside her hesitation and agreed right away. She promised to pack her things and come over.

I let out a sigh of relief and headed back to the living room.

Logan was still watching TV while occasionally attending to his tasks on his iPad. I took a quick glance at his screen and felt overwhelmed. The world of high-powered elites seemed clearly beyond my reach.

When I came back, he asked, “Who was on the phone?” paused for a moment before sharing Teri’s situation.

## Chapter 66

Logan adjusted his glasses and replied calmly, “It’s fine if she stays with you for a while. I’ll be away on a business trip for the next few days, so I won’t be around.”

I felt a bit embarrassed and quickly said, “That’s okay. You don’t have to stay with me if you’re busy. I’ll manage just fine, especially since Teri will be here.”

Logan stood up and walked over to me, exuding a natural sense of authority. I looked up as he approached, and he glanced down at me with a slight smirk.

“You and Teri together? That’s exactly what I’m concerned about. Have you already forgotten what happened last time?”

I muttered, “Last time? What do you mean?”

As I met Logan’s gaze, I remembered the trouble I had caused.

Embarrassed, I stammered, “Well... I admit I didn’t think things through. But at least I got my “” Otherwise, Jocelyn would have moved in and taken everything.”

The more I reflected on it, the more justified I felt in my actions.

Logan adjusted his glasses and asked, “You still think you were right?”

I shot back, “But those are my things and my money!”

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“Fine. It’s all yours,” he replied, reaching out to ruffle my hair. His smile was gentle and understanding, as if he were dealing with a stubborn child.

## **A Love Forgotten Chapter 67**

I noticed that Logan had a habit of ruffling my hair, almost as if he were calming a frizzy cat.

“While I’m away on this business trip, you can reach out to Wallace If you need anything. Just make sure you don’t get into any trouble,” he said.

“Got it,” I replied. Logan then grabbed his suit jacket and got ready to leave.

Just then, Lora came out of the kitchen and asked, “Mr. Wood, are you leaving already? Aren’t you going to stay and rest?”

I was momentarily speechless, but Logan simply offered her a polite smile. “No. I’m heading out. I’ll be on a business trip for the next few days, so please take good care of Ari.”

Lora smiled at him as if he were her son-in-law. “Of course! Ms. York is like a daughter to me—charming and well-mannered. You don’t need to worry. I’ll make sure to take excellent care of her.”

Logan smiled gently at me and said, “Be good while I’m away, and wait for my return.”

My ears flushed with warmth. Once he left, Lora went on to sing his praises. “Mr. Wood is such a gentleman. You’re truly lucky to have someone like him looking out for you.”

Embarrassed, I quickly retreated to my room. By 10:00 p.m., Teri arrived with a load of bags. I rushed to help her sort through her things.

As she looked around the house, she exclaimed, “Wow! This place is incredible! Did Logan set this up for you? It’s such a huge house, and you’re the only one living here. Isn’t it like being kept in a gilded cage?”

I quickly covered her mouth. “Don’t say things like that! I’ve told you, Logan and I aren’t dating.”

Teri said, “Alright! If you insist you’re not dating, then you both must be completely innocent.”

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Her tone struck me as a bit unusual, but I realized she was just joking. She quickly began exploring her guest room with enthusiasm.

Turning to me, she exclaimed, “Ms. York, I’ve made up my mind—I’m staying with you from now on! You’ve got such a fortunate life.

“Just look at how you moved on from Elijah and ended up meeting someone like Logan. I have a feeling that your future is going to be incredibly bright. After all, any guest room here is way better than my own!”

I was curious. “Wasn’t your rented house nice?”

Teri grimaced. “Nice? It’s a 2000s building with awful decor. If it weren’t so close to work, I wouldn’t have

rented it.”

Suddenly, I remembered her frequent complaints and understood her frustration.

Teri had come from a privileged background in her youth, but her father’s mismanagement and subsequent affair took a toll.

His reckless decisions drained the family fortune, and her stubborn brother made matters worse by poorly investing what little was left.

As a result, Teri had to forgo further education after university and enter the workforce.

It was impressive how she had managed to persevere over the past few years without complaining or giving up. But now, she was on the verge of losing her job because of me...

Teri turned around in shock and quickly grabbed my arm. “Ari, what’s wrong? Why are you crying all of a sudden?”

I wiped away my tears and said, “I feel like I’ve been really selfish. I haven’t treated the people who care. about me the way they deserve, yet I’ve opened up to those who don’t.

“Now, I’ve pulled you into this mess and impacted your job.”

When Teri heard this, she waved it off dismissively. “This isn’t a big deal. I was already thinking about quitting my job, and Elijah just made it easier for me.

“Once I’ve had some rest, I’ll head to the HR department to request my severance pay.”

I chuckled through my tears, but my mood quickly soured. What were Teri and I supposed to do next?

## **A Love Forgotten Chapter 68**

The next morning, as soon as we woke up, Teri and I started discussing our next steps. Teri suggested we start by dealing with the personal belongings I’d taken from Elijah’s villa.

“Let’s turn them into cash!” she exclaimed, outlining her plan on a piece of paper.

\*First, we have the high-end items—those alone are worth millions. We’ll sell them on reputable luxury resale platforms. Then, there’s the valuable jewelry and accessories, followed by the more affordable luxury pieces.”

She tapped the paper confidently. “Even with a conservative estimate, you could easily earn at least 20 million dollars from everything!”

She grinned widely. “With 20 million dollars in the bank, you’d earn a significant amount in interest every year.

You’re on the verge of striking it rich!”

I didn’t fully grasp the details since my parents never really taught me about money management... However, I understood Teri’s point and quickly responded, “Let’s get started then!”

Teri quickly reached out to the largest luxury resale store in Halton City to inform them that we had a substantial collection of high-end items for sale.

They agreed to take the items and assured us they would offer competitive prices, given their strong reputation.

After dinner, Teri and I loaded the car with designer handbags and watches, and she confidently drove us to the city’s largest luxury resale store.

About half an hour later, we reached the luxury resale store. It was massive, featuring an impressive array of second-hand high-end items.

As soon as we stepped inside, we were overwhelmed by the sheer volume of items on display. This wasn’t just the largest luxury resale platform—it was the biggest luxury resale store around.

Being naturally drawn to shiny, beautiful things, we quickly found ourselves distracted.

“This bag is such a great deal! It retails for 23 thousand dollars, but it’s only eight thousand dollars here! I’m really tempted...”

“Hold on, isn’t this the classic Hermes model? I heard the accessories alone can cost 200 thousand dollars! But here, it’s only marked up by 50 thousand dollars.”

I pulled Teri aside. “Let’s not forget why we’re here. We need to stay focused on our task.”

Teri wiped away her non-existent drool and sat up straight, eagerly awaiting the appraiser’s valuation.

The appraiser, clearly accustomed to situations like this, smiled and said, “Ladies, feel free to browse our collection after we finish the valuation. We guarantee all the items are authentic, and we have like-new second-hand items that can save you a lot of money.”

I quickly shook my head. “No need. We’re just here to sell these items.”

The appraiser smiled and continued the valuation. After a thorough assessment, he finally quoted a total price of 3.53 million dollars.

I thought the offer was reasonable, but Teri wasn't satisfied. She picked up a rare Hermes bag and said, You can't shortchange your customers. This bag is in excellent condition, complete with tags and packaging. We've never even used it. It's worth at least 1.5 million dollars. And this one..."

She started negotiating with the appraiser while I quietly sat beside her.

To be honest, I had no idea how much these items were worth. I couldn't even remember when I had bought them.

As Teri continued her negotiation, I quietly slipped outside for some fresh air. Outside the VIP room, I noticed a row of jewelry display cases and couldn't resist stepping closer to admire them.

Just then, a familiar, yet unexpected, voice came from behind me. "What a coincidence. It seems like we keep running into each other,"

I turned around to find Evelyn and Sharon glaring at me with unmistakable hostility.

## **A Love Forgotten Chapter 69**

Evelyn and Sharon were impeccably dressed as always. However, my attention was drawn to the designer shopping bags they were carrying, and I couldn't help but smirk.

"What a coincidence! Are you two here shopping for second-hand designer bags?" I asked.

Evelyn's expression darkened. "Ariana, we still have unresolved issues from last time. Why are you acting so superior?"

Sharon interjected sarcastically, "She's only here to sell her items because she's broke."

She sneered. "See? Without Elijah, you're nobody. You used to call yourself Mrs. Linden—what a joke."

They both erupted in mocking laughter, and I felt a surge of frustration. I was there to sell my items, but running into them felt like the worst kind of luck.

I decided to ignore them and walked away, but Evelyn wasn't ready to let it go. "Where are you going?" she asked

I continued toward the VIP room, but then I heard Evelyn say, "Sharon, did you know? Mr. Linden is throwing a welcome-home party for Josie in a few days.

I froze in my tracks.



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Evelyn's tone was laced with malice. "How enviable! When a man genuinely loves you, he'll lengths for you. Some people spend their whole lives seeking that kind of attention, while others get it without trying."

Sharon nodded in agreement. "Mr. Linden hosted a birthday party for Josie last time. Now, he's throwing a welcome home party for her. Is he making their relationship official?"

Evelyn responded, "They've been open about their relationship for a while now. It's truly pathetic that someone can't accept it and continues to lie to herself."

Sharon asked, "But didn't Josie return six months ago? Why are they only throwing a party now?"

Evelyn directed her gaze at me, a mocking smile spreading across her face. "Probably just an excuse to hype up her next concert."

I let out a cold laugh as I walked away. Their taunts were clearly meant to provoke me. If I were still my old self, I might have exploded in anger, confronted Elijah, and made a scene.

However, I paused for a moment, and a fleeting thought crossed my mind. Why was Elijah suddenly being so high-profile? Was he trying to bait me into losing control again?

But that thought vanished as quickly as it came. What Elijah did no longer mattered to me. If he wanted to flaunt his new relationship, so be it. Soon enough, he would become irrelevant in my life.

Ultimately, the final sale price was set at four million dollars, a deal that satisfied everyone involved.

Teri was practically buzzing with excitement. "Ari, you're rich now!" she exclaimed.

I sincerely thanked her, saying, "I would have been shortchanged if it weren't for you.

Teri grinned. "It's not just about being shortchanged. That's just how business works. They buy low and sell high to make a profit.

"I simply mentioned that we had more luxury items coming in and hinted they'd miss out on future

Chark: 69

business if they didn't give us a fair price."

As I glanced at the balance transferred into my bank account, a smile spread across my face. After a moment's thought, I transferred 100 thousand dollars to Teri.

When Teri noticed the notification on her phone, her eyes widened in surprise. "Ari, what's this for?"

I smiled and replied, "That's your commission. You have to take it!"

Teri laughed joyfully. "Okay then. I won't turn it down! Let's celebrate with a nice meal and some beer!"

Before I could object, she grabbed my arm and pulled me along. As we exited the store, we spotted Evelyn and Sharon still browsing the jewelry display cases.

Teri scoffed. "Two fake socialites who buy second-hand items and chase after other people's men. How pathetic!"

Her words were just loud enough for them to hear, and their expressions immediately darkened as they began to approach us.

Teri quickly grabbed my arm, and we hurried away. Once we reached the parking lot and one was following us, Teri burst into laughter.

"That felt amazing!"

## **A Love Forgotten Chapter 70**

I chuckled with Teri, completely unaware that Evelyn and Sharon were fuming inside the store.

Sharon asked, "Evelyn, are we really going to let those two walk away after insulting us?"

Evelyn's perfectly dolled-up face darkened with anger. "We still have unfinished business from last time. Just wait and see."

She walked over to the appraiser who had just exited the VIP room and inquired about the items.

The appraiser responded, "Yes. Ms. York has brought in several valuable items for sale."

Evelyn then said, "We'd like to check them out. There might be something of interest to us."

The appraiser's demeanor shifted to one of greater respect. "Of course, Ms. Snow, Ms. Lowry. Please, come in and have a look."

As Evelyn and Sharon entered, they were taken aback by the sight of a large table covered with sparkling luxury handbags, including several limited editions.

Sharon quietly tugged at Evelyn's sleeve. "Evelyn, we can't afford any of these."

Evelyn gestured for her to be quiet and turned to the appraiser with a forced smile. "I have a friend who loves this brand. I'll call her to come take a look."

After a brief phone call, she came back

"My friend will be here soon. And by the way, if Ms. York ever plans to sell more items, we'd appreciate it if you kept us in the loop discreetly. We're very interested in what she has to offer."

She smiled slyly

Teri and I sat in a barbecue restaurant, waiting for our food. The lively atmosphere made me feel slightly on edge, so I shifted a little closer to her..

Teri had ordered a spread of grilled meats, sides, and even a case of beer. I was surprised.

"Teri, do you actually drink?"

Teri skillfully popped open a bottle of beer. "Of course, I drink! Oh, wait—I forgot you have amnesia and might not remember."

She smiled wryly. "It wasn't until I started working that I realized alcohol could serve as a lifeline. With an irresponsible father, a neglectful mother, and an incompetent brother, it feels like I'm the only one working myself to the bone every day."

Noticing that Teri's mood had dipped again, I couldn't help but try to comfort her. "It's okay. Look at me- I've had a rough seven years, and my reputation is in tatters. Does that cheer you up a bit?"

Teri managed a smile, but it quickly turned into a wry expression. "Your way of comforting people is quite unique. At least you still have some money left. The harder I work, the less I seem to have."

I patted her shoulder. "Starting today, things are going to look up for us."

Teri's spirits lifted instantly. She raised her beer glass and clinked it against mine. "Cheers to that! Here's to better days ahead!"

She downed her beer in one go, while I took a cautious sip and scrunched up my face.

Chapper 20

"This stuff tastes terrible. Why do so many people like ?"

Teri burst into laughter. At that moment, I noticed a group of burly men at the next table grinning and staring at us. Their intense gazes made me uncomfortable, and I instinctively shrank back a little.

Teri had her back to them, so she didn't notice them. Instead, she was busy serving me more food and drinks.

The late-night snacks were a delightful surprise as I had never tasted such down-to-earth food before—at least, not that I could remember.

Teri was in high spirits, and as I began to relax, I ended up enjoying several beers. By the time we finished eating, the bill came to just 50 dollars.

I was taken aback. “This is so cheap!”

Teri rolled her eyes and replied, “This meal's on me. Ms. York, you probably haven't had such an affordable meal before. Welcome to everyday life.”

I responded with an awkward smile.

Just as we were about to settle the bill and leave, a group of burly men from the next table approached us, their imposing figures blocking our path.

One of them, Lucian Sullivan, flashed us a sleazy smile and asked, “Hey there, ladies. Why don't we exchange phone numbers so that I can add you on WhatsApp?”