

A Love Forgotten Chapter 91

Ter was chattering away beside me

“I told you! Logan likes you! Ani, seriously, compared to that lowlife scumbag Elijah, Mr. Wood is an absolute catch!

“He’s got it all—character, family background, and power. He’s miles ahead of anyone else.

“Ari, don’t overthink it. You and Elijah have been a mess for ages. This is just things falling into place like they were meant to.”

In the end, I chose a moon–white modified nightgown embroidered with plum blossoms. I hadn’t worn it before and wasn’t even sure why I had bought it in the first place.

The quality and craftsmanship suggested it was handmade. I held it up in satisfied and sled.

Noticing I wasn’t saying much, Teri quickly started helping me with accessories. We picked out a set of pearl jewelry, and she gathered my hair into an elegant bun.

“Ta–da!” Teri spun me around to face the full–length mirror, beaming with pride. “See? I told you, An! You look gorgeous!”

Mooked at my reflection, a soft smile on my face, and my cheeks flushed with a gentle blush. The dress hugged my figure perfectly, exuding a blend of elegance and youthful charm.

In the mirror, my skin looked smooth, my face glowing with a natural beauty that even I couldn’t help but

admire.

Teri, in her usual dramatic way, pretended to wipe away tears. “Ah, seeing you like this feels like I’m losing a daughter! Go on. Have your date! I’ll stay back and hold down the fort for you two lovebirds.”

I laughed and playfully swatted her arm. “Why don’t you come along?”

Teri waved her hands in exaggerated protest, “No, no, please, Ms. York, spare me! I’m weak and frail, only fit for lounging around, eating snacks, binging TV shows, and dreaming of some romantic break–in.”

I couldn’t help but stay speechless.

Teri glanced at the clock. “You better go! Logan’s probably waiting! But I’ve got to say, is Mr. Wood seriously taking our lovely Ms. York to a dinner event for the first date?”

She spoke in mock annoyance but still pushed me out of the room. When I walked into the living room, Logan stood up. Our eyes met, and I felt my cheeks flush again.

He had changed too. He now wore a light blue suit with a crisp white shirt, casually unbuttoned at the collar. Around his neck was a silk scarf, almost like a tie, adorned with delicate bird and floral patterns.

The outfit elevated his natural charm, making him seem even more refined and elegant. His hair was also styled effortlessly, each strand perfectly in place. A few locks fell across his forehead, softening his already polished look.

Admiration filled his eyes as he looked at me. “Ari...” He paused, his voice soft. “You look stunning tonight

Feeling a bit shy, I glanced at his outfit and whispered, it’s almost like we’re in matching outfits.” I asked.”

Isn’t it a bit too much?”

Even though we hadn’t coordinated beforehand, our outfits matched so perfectly like we’d planned to wear a couple’s outfit.

Logan stepped closer and offered his arm to me, his expression calm and steady. “Sometimes, making a statement is necessary.”

“Why?” I asked, confused.

Logan smiled. “Because this is a path we have to walk.

His words sounded deep and meaningful, but I didn’t quite understand.

Logan led me out the door, where a driver was already waiting downstairs. This time, a different car was parked. A luxurious Maybach, even more elegant than the black one from before.

As we settled into the car, Logan gently patted my hand. “Tonight, we’re meeting a few highly respected individuals. Don’t worry.”

With that, he leaned down and kissed my hand. My nervous heart suddenly felt calm, and I nodded in response.

Even though Logan had given me a heads-up, I still wasn’t prepared for what awaited me when we arrived.

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In a spacious and elegantly decorated private room, I was greeted by a few familiar faces. These people... I had seen them on TV!

My mind went numb again, but I remembered Logan's instructions. Forcing a smile, I clung tightly to his arm. Everyone at the table turned to look at us, smiling warmly.

One of them teased, "Well, this is the first time I've seen Woody bring a date. Come over here, Woody! Let me get a look." Mr. Maynard, dressed in a perfectly tailored suit, looked sharp and polished.

Logan led me over, respectfully greeting him. "Mr. Maynard, this is my girlfriend, Ariana."

The room instantly fell into a dead silence. Even the waiter pouring tea turned to look at him in shock. I froze, not knowing where to put my hands or feet.

Wait. Did he just make it public? Is this for real?

I had to be dreaming, or I must have misheard. My neck felt stiff as I slowly turned to look at Logan, but he stood tall and composed, his flawless side profile showing no emotion.

Mr. Maynard was the first to break the silence with a hearty laugh, "Well, now! What a surprise! Woody, I've always said you should settle down. And this young lady..."

For once, my foggy brain finally kicked into gear. I grasped Mr. Maynard's hand and mimicked Logan's manner of speaking.

"Mr. Maynard, it's an honor to meet you! I'm Ariana, but you can just call me Ari."

Mr. Maynard gave me an appraising look, clearly satisfied. "Good temperament, and quite the looker too. You and Woody make a fine match."

I blushed and smiled modestly. Thanks to Mr. Maynard's playful tone, the shock in the room quickly dissipated, and everyone became chatty again.

Logan introduced me to each person one by one. Most of them were older, calling Logan "Woody" with affection, while their glances toward me were filled with kindness. I even recognized the chairman of the business association, whom I had met before.

He didn't seem surprised to see us together and kept talking about attending our wedding soon. Logan handled everything with grace, and the atmosphere was warm and friendly.

I began to feel at ease. I wasn't a stranger to these kinds of events thanks to my dad, who was a doting father and often brought me along to similar dinners when I was young.

So, after the initial awkwardness, I quickly found my footing. By the time the food was served, I had already mingled comfortably with the group.

Mr. Maynard was even more delighted when he learned that I had studied music since young. He eagerly had someone bring over a violin.

I played a short piece on the spot, and the room fell silent in awe before erupting into applause.

Mr. Maynard, clearly pleased, said, “No wonder Woody is taken with you! The violin is much harder to master than the cello. It looks like you’ve been practicing for years. You’ve really got some skill.”

I responded modestly, “You’re too kind, Mr. Maynard. I haven’t played in a long time, so I’m a bit rusty.”

Mr. Maynard smiled knowingly and said, “I’ve known the Wood family for ages. I’m familiar with what the old man likes. Keep practicing—it’ll be to your advantage.”

With that, he turned back to his conversation with Logan. Sitting on the stool, I felt a mix of emotions. Did I just gain the approval of one of the elders? But still, my position here felt so awkward.

Just as the meal was about to begin, the door to the private room swung open again. I

I glanced up and froze.

Elijah?

For a moment, I thought I was seeing things and rubbed my eyes, but there he was, casually walking in with Jocelyn on his arm.

When his eyes landed on me, he immediately looked away, pretending not to notice. I was certain he saw me, so why was he acting like I didn’t exist?

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I stood up from the stool and walked toward Logan. My palms were sweating, and my heart was racing, but I knew I couldn’t lose my composure in this setting. Not only would it be embarrassing for me, but it would also reflect poorly on Logan.

When Elijah walked in, Logan immediately raised his glass in a silent gesture, an unreadable smile playing on his lips. Then, he called out to me softly. “Ari, come here.”

Elijah’s face, which had been calm, suddenly darkened with disbelief as he saw me walking toward Logan.

I reached his side, and Logan, still with that amused expression, offered me his arm. Together, we faced a shocked Elijah.

Logan leaned in slightly, his voice steady and reassuring. “Ari, don’t worry.”

I nodded, trying to suppress the panic building inside me. I was definitely nervous, but deep down, I trusted Logan.

He wasn’t the type to make a scene just to embarrass me or Elijah. There had be a reason for all of this, and he didn’t care what anyone else thought.

Elijah, finally breaking his stunned silence, spoke with a deep frown. “Mr. Wood, was this really necessary?”

But before Logan could reply, Mr. Maynard stepped in, laughing amiably. “Ah, Mr. Linden! It’s good to see you! Young people need to get out more and socialize. It’ll keep them from acting rashly.”

Upon hearing this, I immediately realized that Mr. Maynard was in on whatever was happening tonight. He wasn’t just a guest, but rather someone who had orchestrated this dinner. All eyes were on us now.

Logan, who was still holding my arm, remained calm and collected. “Mr. Linden, Ari and I have known each other since we were kids. You could say we grew up together. Unfortunately, we lost touch for the past ten years.”

I tightened my grip on his arm. A thought was forming in my mind, but I didn’t dare fully acknowledge it

yet.

Elijah scoffed, his tone filled with mockery. “So what?”

He sneered at me, his eyes filled with disdain. “Ariana, I knew you’d move on to something better. You’ve really changed—you’re not the same person you used to be.”

I ignored his taunts, refusing to dignify them with a response. Thankfully, Logan cut him off.

“Mr. Linden, I wasn’t finished.”

Elijah, still seething, replied coldly, “Fine, Mr. Wood. Go ahead.”

Logan’s smile didn’t falter. “What I wanted to say is that I’ve already missed ten years with her, and I’m not going to miss another day. So, Mr. Linden, it’s time to let go.”

Upon hearing that, Elijah let out a bitter laugh, his eyes blazing with fury. Though he laughed, there was no joy behind it.

His face grew darker, and even Jocelyn, standing beside him, looked uneasy. When Elijah finally stopped Yaughing, his voice was icy as he said, “So what you’re saying, Mr. Wood, is that even if she’s my wife, you’re willing to steal her from me?”

The mood in the room shifted, and everyone frowned. These men were no strangers to conflict, but Elijah’s blunt accusation crossed a line. He had torn away the veneer of politeness, leaving no room for retreat.

Logan didn’t flinch. In fact, he didn’t even blink. With the same courteous smile, he replied, “Mr. Linden, you’re mistaken. Ari has already decided to divorce you. Her lawyers are drafting the papers.”

Elijah’s voice dropped to a dangerously low volume. “Mr. Wood, are you threatening me?”

Logan’s response was calm and measured. “No. I’m informing you.”

Then, with unwavering confidence, Logan turned to the room. “To all the distinguished elders who have watched me grow up, and to the respected leaders of the business world here tonight, I want to make something clear—I love Miss Ariana York, and I am deeply serious about her.”

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“She was mistreated in the past, and that was my fault. From this moment on, she is my girlfriend, and soon, she will become Mrs. Wood.”

My entire body trembled, and I could no longer stop the tears welling up in my eyes. I tried my best not to cry, but my vision blurred as my tears filled my eyes.

I didn’t dare to look at anyone else’s face, nor did I want to see Elijah’s dark expression. The only thing I knew was that Logan was standing up for me in front of everyone, giving me the dignity I had lost.

He was going to erase the shame of my past with the power of his name, pulling me from the depths of the mud.

Elijah looked ready to lash out, but Jocelyn held him back. She spoke sweetly. “C Wood! And congratulations to you too, Ms. York!”

tulations, Mr.

Her delicate face, however, couldn’t fully hide the trace of jealousy and envy beneath her words. She turned to Elijah, who was still scowling.

“Elijah, look at how bravely Mr. Wood pursues love. Shouldn’t we...”

But before she could finish, Elijah suddenly sneered. “And what exactly should we do?”

Jocelyn froze, completely thrown off by Elijah's reaction. She couldn't understand why he wasn't taking this chance to strike back.

All he had to do was declare that he loved her, that he was committed to her, and that I was no longer a part of his life. It would have smoothed over the situation, at least on the surface.

But Elijah pushed Jocelyn's hand away and stepped forward, staring me down with cold determination. "I have nothing to do with Jocelyn," he said, his voice hard. Jocelyn's face paled instantly.

"My wife," he continued, "is Ariana York, the heiress of the York family. We've been married for five years. Despite all the fighting, divorce was never an option."

His eyes flicked to Logan, full of sarcasm. "Mr. Wood, the business world is a battlefield, and competition is normal. But as the prestigious heir of the Wood Group, must you really go after another man's wife?"

A murmur spread through the room.

Mr. Maynard's expression darkened. "Elijah, there's no need to say it like that."

However, Elijah let out a bitter laugh. "What else should I say? I knew tonight would bring trouble, but I didn't expect this."

I couldn't hold back anymore and shot back with a cold sneer, "Mr. Linden, did five days in lockup not give you enough time to figure out where you went wrong?"

Elijah's face turned ashen as he gritted his teeth. "Ariana, I gave you so many chances to come back, but you've refused to see reason."

I interrupted him sharply, "Why should I? Don't forget that I was the one who saved your sinking Linden Group."

I turned to address the influential leaders in the room. "To all the leaders and elders present, I am Jonathan's sister. Years ago, I used my brother's money to help Elijah. I have a clear conscience."

"For five years, I have given my all, but in return, I received neither gratitude nor respect."

I let out a small, bitter laugh. "If you don't love me, why won't you let me go? You talk about stealing

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someone's wife as if I'm some kind of possession.

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“Elijah, not everything revolves around you. Just because you once had something doesn’t mean you own it forever.”

I watched as Elijah’s face grew paler. “A peaceful parting is the only thing I want from you now.”

Elijah stood there, staring at me for what felt like an eternity, long enough for Jocelyn to tug at his sleeve, only for him to shrug her off. He finally laughed, though it was a hollow, bitter sound.

“Fine. Ariana, I finally believe you want a divorce.”

Relief washed over me, and I sighed. “Thank you.”

Elijah’s gaze shifted to Logan. “Mr. Wood, now that you’ve made your declaration, care to share your true purpose for tonight?”

His words drew everyone’s attention, mine included. My hand tightened around Logan’s sleeve, and I could feel cold sweat in my palms.

Logan, with his usual calm, amused expression, said, “I have no other pur everyone, including Mr. Linden, that I love Ari.”

Elijah scoffed, “And what exactly is this?”

Logan’s expression turned serious as he answered, “A public declaration.”

I simply wanted to tell

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The room suddenly fell silent. I noticed Elijah’s expression had darkened, and Jocelyn didn’t look any better. I gently tugged on Logan’s sleeve.

Logan smiled at me and said, “Now that the talk is over, we should take our seat.” With that, he led me to our seats.

Elijah and Jocelyn stood there in a daze, not moving for a long time. This visit had clearly ended with him getting a harsh slap in the face.

He seemed to be hesitating, wondering whether to turn around and leave, but almost everyone here was a prominent figure in the business world.

If Elijah were to leave now, it would certainly change how these people viewed him. In the end, Elijah, with a face as black as thunder, led Jocelyn to their seats.

I noticed that Jocelyn was looking at me with a complicated expression. Er resentment, and hatred.

I lowered my gaze and avoided looking at the two of them. I couldn't understand why Logan had specifically brought me here, nor why we had bumped into Elijah. All I knew was that in this first official encounter, Elijah had lost, and badly at that.

The food was served, and as the waiters introduced each dish, the atmosphere gradually livened up.

Everyone at the table was a seasoned veteran in the field, so even though the air had been awkward earlier, they easily brushed it aside with a few words, as if nothing had happened.

Laughter and conversation filled the table. They talked about everything, from global events to local anecdotes and gossip.

I quietly ate the food in front of me, my ears filled with the chatter around me.

Suddenly, Jocelyn stood up, her voice sweet and delicate as she said, "Dear all, it's my first time meeting all of you, so let me propose a toast."

The room went silent once again. A hint of embarrassment appeared on Jocelyn's face, and her hand holding the glass began to tremble.

Elijah couldn't help but remind her, "They are all seniors. You have to toast each one individually."

Jocelyn quickly stood up and began making rounds, offering her toast to each guest. I secretly glanced at Mr. Maynard next to me. The look of disdain that flashed in his eyes didn't escape my notice.

I lowered my eyes further and continued quietly eating, doing my best to keep my presence as low as possible. Finally, Jocelyn made her way over to me.

By now, her face was flushed, and she looked as though she couldn't handle any more alcohol. Holding her glass, she smiled at me and said, "Ms. York, I really envy you."

I glanced at her but didn't respond.

Seeing that I was ignoring her, Jocelyn suddenly put on a hurt expression. "Ms. York, I know there's been a lot of misunderstandings between us, but, today, haven't you already gotten what you wanted? Can't you just laugh it off and let bygones be bygones? Don't you have the grace to let this go?"

had been quietly eating, eager to finish this meal and leave, but I hadn't expected Jocelyn to suddenly drag me back into the spotlight.

Suppressing the anger in my heart, I responded calmly, “Ms. Cornell, you’re mistaken. It’s not that I lack the grace to forgive. It’s just that no woman could tolerate something like this for seven long years.”

Tears welled up in Jocelyn’s eyes instantly, and she covered her mouth as if to hold them back.

Lowering her head, she said softly, “Ms. York, you’ve really misunderstood.”

I had grown tired of hearing the same excuses. Coldly, I cut her off, “Let’s just call it a misunderstanding, then. I hope you get what you want. But I won’t be drinking this toast.”

As I finished speaking, I sensed a scorching gaze fixed on me.

Looking up, I saw Elijah staring at me intently, as if he wanted to see how I would react. I curled my lips into a cold smile.

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Alright. He probably thought I was bullying Jocelyn again. But why didn’t he acknowledge Jocelyn as his partner just now?

I must have still been slow-witted. Otherwise, why couldn’t I figure out these men’s intentions? After failing to get a reaction from me, Jocelyn shifted her focus to Logan.

Her voice remained soft and sweet, the kind that would evoke sympathy from any normal man. This was Jocelyn’s skill—being shameless and always playing the damsel in distress.

I overheard her say to Logan, “Mr. Wood, I’ve admired you for a long time. I never expected that in person, you’re even more handsome and charismatic than the rumors suggest.”

Logan gave a faint, indifferent “hmm“.

Jocelyn continued, “Mr. Wood, you’ve achieved so much at such a young age. I really envy Ms. York. Every man she chooses seems to be like this.”

When I heard that, I nearly spat out the tea I was drinking. I hid the disgust in my eyes. Here we go again!

What Jocelyn meant was that not only was I a gold-digger, but I had also been with more than one man.

To the average person, these subtle insults would be hard to catch. At 18, I probably wouldn’t have understood either, but after getting used to Jocelyn’s habit of slinging dirt, I got her meaning loud and

clear.

However, this little tactic clearly wasn't going to work today.

Logan responded, "Oh? Ms. Cornell seems to know Ari very well. Are you perhaps her close friend or

bestie?"

Jocelyn hurriedly shook her head, "No, no, I'm not. I just know about Ms. York's taste in men."

Logan cut her off coldly, saying, "Since Ms. Cornell isn't Ari's close friend, how would you know what kind of men she likes?"

The smile on Jocelyn's face began to falter. Awkwardly, she tried to explain herself.

"I-I've just been observing. I mean, she was obsessed with Elijah before, and now she's found someone like Mr. Wood, another outstanding young talent."

Logan let out a quiet "Oh" and said, "I see. Then, does Ms. Cornell not admire Mr. Linden? After all, Mr. Linden is also a young talent, rich and handsome."

Jocelyn's smile froze. Logan, unfazed, continued leisurely, "Or is it that Mr. Linden isn't worth Ms. Cornell's admiration?"

Jocelyn's embarrassment became unbearable, and she fled the scene. After she left, I had to stifle my Jaughter.

Logan glanced at me with an amused expression, gently wiping the tea stain from the corner of my lips. His gesture didn't go unnoticed by Elijah, who I saw gripping his napkin tightly.

The banquet continued, and from bits and pieces of conversation, I finally realized that this dinner was all about a major project in the east city, one involving a massive investment and many key stakeholders.

Mr. Maynard had organized this meeting to bring together the city's most influential businessmen to discuss it.

Only now did I understand that this dinner was crucial for Logan and for Elijah as well. Logan had brought me along because he knew Elijah would be here.

Their relationship, whether competitive or cooperative, wasn't clear yet, but the invisible tension in the room today had made it obvious to all the bigwigs present that Logan and Elijah could never collaborate.

If they couldn't cooperate, then they would have to compete. Throughout the meal, Logan and Elijah had already begun their battle, both openly and covertly.

By the time we finished eating, everyone had their own thoughts in mind. Someone suggested having some tea to relax.

By the way, today's venue seemed to be some kind of private club, so after the meal, there was a beautiful courtyard where guests could drink tea and listen to music.

Logan was called over by Mr. Maynard to discuss business with several other big names, while I was led to the ladies' lounge by one of the attendants.

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The lounge was filled with flowers, traditional performances, soft melodies, and even a chess table.

These were all services prepared for high-class female guests. I picked out a flower arrangement I liked and began working on it.

Jocelyn gracefully sauntered over, her cheeks flushed, likely from all the alcohol she'd had at the dinner. I glanced at her briefly and continued arranging the flowers.

She sat beside me, giving me a long, appraising look with a faint smile on her lips. Turning to her, I asked, "Is there something you need?"

Jocelyn chuckled, her voice coy. "Ms. York, I have to admit, I underestimated you."

I calmly trimmed the stems, replying flatly, "Ms. Cornell, if you have something to say, just say it."

She let out a breath before speaking again in a more serious tone. "Ms. York, how does 500 million sound? I can convince Elijah to give it to you if you agree to a divorce."

I looked up, meeting her eyes. She appeared sincere.

"500 million. That's quite a lot." My expression remained impassive. "500 million was the offer five years ago. It's worth much more now."

Jocelyn's face flushed, likely from frustration. She took a deep breath, lowering her voice.

"Ms. York, if this goes to court, it'll affect Elijah's career. If his reputation takes a hit, do you think you'll still be able to get that much from him?"

She leaned in, her words laced with hidden threats. "I'm advising you to take the deal while it's still good."

It took me a moment to fully grasp her meaning. No wonder Jocelyn was so eager to play the negotiator.

At first, she just wanted to rush me into a divorce, but now she realized that if I truly pursued the financial aspect, Elijah might lose his bid for the Eastside Project.

After all, Linden Group was a large company, and its stock prices would take a hit if the divorce scandal escalated.

Finally, my brain started working in the right direction. I coldly rejected her offer. “Ms. Cornell, I suggest you take your own advice and back off. Whatever happens between Elijah and me is none of your concern. You can stop playing the middleman now.”

Jocelyn’s expression faltered, her face showing clear irritation. She opened her mouth to say something more, but I cut her off, my voice sharp.

“Instead of wasting your breath trying to convince me to leave Elijah for money, why don’t you stay by his side and continue being his precious darling?”

I smirked. “After all, what will you do the next time he publicly refuses to acknowledge you as his ‘true love?’”

Jocelyn froze, rage flaring in her eyes. I simply watched her with calm detachment. Her glare was venomous as she stared at me for a long moment.

Then, with a sneer, she spat, “Ms. York, your attitude has certainly changed after that suicide attempt. You’re almost unrecognizable.”

I let out a cold laugh. “Well, when someone’s been through death, they’re bound to come out different.”

Jocelyn let out two harsh laughs of her own. Then, suddenly, she grabbed the scissors from my hand.

I had been holding a large peony flower, not noticing that she was now aiming the sharp blades directly at my face.

Just as I put the flower down, I saw a flash of steel heading toward me. Instinctively, I shoved her away.

“Ah! It hurts!” Jocelyn screamed.

I looked down and saw a bright red gash on her pale arm. Upon hearing her cries, the staff rushed over. I immediately dropped the flower arrangement and distanced myself from her.

As expected, Jocelyn clutched her wound, tears streaming down her face as she glared at me. “Ms. York, I know you hate me, but did you really need to use scissors to try and scar my face?”

I frowned. “I didn’t. Ms. Cornell, is making false accusations one of your special talents?”

Jocelyn continued sobbing, turning to the staff. “It hurts so much. Please, call Mr. Linden.”

The staff hesitated before hurrying off to fetch him. Not long after, Elijah stormed into the room, his face contorted with anger.

Jocelyn ran to him immediately, showing him her wound with tearful eyes. He pointed a finger at me, his voice seething with rage.

Elijah pointed an accusatory

“Ariana, what the hell is your problem? First, you come here to humiliate me, and now you’re trying to hurt Jo?”

I had long grown used to this kind of baseless accusation. With an icy tone, I responded, “Mr. Linden, are you really going to assume it was me without asking for any facts?”

Elijah’s anger flared even more. “Who else would it be? You’re just jealous that Jo has-” He stopped himself mid-sentence, realizing he’d said too much.

I clapped my hands sarcastically. “Oh, Mr. Linden, still as self-centered as ever! Tell me, what exactly am I supposed to be jealous of when it comes to Ms. Cornell?”

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Elijah scoffed. “You’ve always been jealous of her, spreading lies and making threats. You’ve done plenty of terrible things in the past. Today, you’re just pulling the same old tricks.”

I had grown numb to his accusations. I turned to the staff. “Pull up the security footage. The cameras will show what really happened.”

As soon as I said that, Elijah’s expression faltered, and Jocelyn looked visibly uneasy. She quickly clung to Elijah, her voice soft as she said, “Elijah, let it go. It’s not a big deal. I’m not seriously hurt. Maybe Ms. York didn’t mean it, maybe she just slipped and accidentally cut me.”

She looked over at me, her eyes pleading. “Isn’t that right, Ms. York?”

However, I remained expressionless. “Whether that’s true or not isn’t for me to decide. After all, Mr. Linden didn’t even see the truth before assuming I was at fault.”

Jocelyn hurriedly tried to smooth things over, turning back to Elijah.

“Elijah, there are so many important people here tonight. This is really nothing. Honestly, I probably just hurt myself. It’s not Ms. York’s fault.”

Elijah hesitated, clearly unsure of what to do, but I waved my hand dismissively. “Enough. Let’s pull up the footage. If I really hurt Ms. Cornell, I’ll apologize. But if I didn’t?”

I stared directly at Elijah, my gaze challenging. His face twisted with discomfort. “If you didn’t, then we’ll just drop it.”

I let out a cold laugh. “Just drop it? Mr. Linden, you can’t keep living by double standards. Why should I bear the blame for something I didn’t do?”

Elijah was momentarily at a loss for words. He frowned. “Ariana, what kind of game are you trying to play?”

He paused, his expression changing as if something had clicked in his mind. Then, with a bitter laugh, he said, “I get it now. You just want to humiliate me, don’t you?”

I didn’t bother responding. There was no point in arguing with him anymore. I touched my chest, relieved. At least, that familiar dull ache wasn’t there this time.

“Mr. Linden, if it turns out that Ms. Cornell injured herself, don’t you think you owe Ari an apology?” Logan’s voice came from behind as he approached with Mr. Maynard and Mr. Pearson.

Under Logan’s steady gaze, Elijah visibly flinched. After a long pause, Elijah finally said, “Fine. If it turns out I was wrong-”

He abruptly turned to Logan, his voice sharp. “But if this woman did hurt Jo, what are you going to do to make it right, Mr. Wood?”

Logan raised an eyebrow, amused. “So, you’re raising the stakes now?”

Elijah said nothing, but the meaning was clear. A wave of disgust washed over me. How could someone be so shameless?

Logan walked over and stood beside me, giving me a calm look before turning back to Elijah.

“If Ari accidentally hurt Ms. Cornell, I’ll hand over the Westside hotel project to you,” Logan said smoothly.

The moment those words left his mouth, Elijah’s face lit up. “Deal! It’s a promise!”

I frowned, tugging on Logan’s sleeve. “Why give that to him?”

Logan smiled reassuringly at me before addressing Elijah again. “Mr. Linden, what happens if you’re wrong?”

Elijah gritted his teeth, thinking for a long moment before replying reluctantly, “Then I’ll pay Ms. York one million in damages.”

Mr. Maynard and Mr. Pearson exchanged disapproving looks, clearly understanding just how unwilling Elijah was to lose. Logan chuckled and nodded.

“Alright. That’s fair.”

Soon after, the security footage was retrieved and played for everyone to see. The truth was clear—I was arranging flowers, and Jocelyn had come over to talk.

Then, she reached for the scissors, which I hadn’t even noticed. She had aimed them at my face, but just as I lowered the flower, the scissors slipped, grazing her arm in the process.

The entire room went silent as everyone watched the footage unfold. All eyes turned toward Jocelyn. Her face had gone pale.

Tears welled up in her eyes as she stammered, “I—I’m sorry... I didn’t mean to. I just wanted to help Ms. York trim the flowers. I didn’t expect...”

But no matter how pitiful she looked, it was useless. The security foot captured everything with perfect clarity. Everyone could see exactly what had happened.

Elijah’s face was a mix of anger and shame. He violently shook off Jocelyn’s hand, glaring at her with fury. “I can’t believe you would do something like this...” he snarled.

Jocelyn reached for his sleeve, her voice trembling. “Elijah, please, let me explain. It wasn’t on purpose, I swear.”

Logan, standing calmly to the side, finally spoke up. “Mr. Linden, I believe an apology is in order.”

Elijah glared at me for what felt like an eternity before muttering through gritted teeth, “Ms. York... I’m sorry. I’ll have the one million sent to you later.”

With that, his face darkened further as he grabbed Jocelyn and stormed out of the room.

A Love Forgotten Chapter 99

The retreat of Elijah and Jocelyn looked rather pitiful. Mr. Maynard shook his head. “Sore losers, through and through.”

Mr. Pearson sighed. “That woman with Elijah is far too troublesome.”

Logan, who was always composed, said to the two elders, “Mr. Linden is quite capable when it comes to business. But when it comes to relationships, he’s lacking, to say the least.”

Mr. Maynard chuckled softly. “If he can’t see through something so simple, how can we expect him to manage bigger matters?”

Mr. Pearson agreed. “I used to think Elijah was bold and competent, ready to take risks. But now it’s clear. He’s still missing a bit of depth.”

The two powerful men exchanged glances and shook their heads simultaneously.

Something stirred within me, and I glanced over at Logan. There was no particular expression on his face. He still spoke favorably about Elijah.

But after what had just transpired, Elijah’s reputation and years of cility in the business world might have taken a serious hit.

Who was the smartest one here? Suddenly, it seemed to me that Logan was more like a silent hunter, waiting for the perfect moment to strike.

Norman once joked, saying, “My brother said he’d personally deal with Elijah“. I thought it was just talk, but now I realized he wasn’t kidding.

As we left the hotel, sitting quietly in the car, I found myself lost in thought. Well, not exactly thinking. My mind was a mess. The only thing that felt real in this chaotic moment was the check for one million in my hand.

“Tired?” Logan asked gently as he leaned over to drape a soft cashmere shawl over my shoulders.

The shawl was light and soft, carrying the scent of cedar from his cologne. I buried myself into the warmth of the fabric, my voice quiet.

“How could he be that kind of person?” I didn’t say who, but Logan understood immediately.

He spoke slowly. “Sometimes when you put someone on a pedestal, it’s hard to see who they really are.”

I sighed, disheartened. “I just don’t get it. How did I ever fall in love with someone I didn’t even truly know?”

Logan, noticing my mood, chuckled softly. “Alright. Don’t overthink it. Look at it this way—you got a million from him today. Consider it compensation for the trouble he caused.”

I couldn’t help but laugh. Money really was the best solution for everything. I glanced down at the check in my hand, a smile creeping onto my face.

“If every time Jocelyn framed me, Elijah lost a million to me, that’d be great.”

But to my surprise, Logan didn’t laugh. Instead, he ruffled my hair, his tone half serious, half teasing. “Silly girl. I don’t want you getting hurt just for a payout. We’re not in the business of earning money that way.”

I stuck out my tongue playfully, and Logan took my hand and gazed into my eyes. “Ari, we’re not short on money. There’s no need to provoke them just to make a point.”

Logan must’ve noticed my confusion. He pulled me into a gentle embrace.

“My silly Ari, you are still just a kid at heart.”

On the other side, Elijah was speeding down the highway with Jocelyn in the passenger seat, her face pale as she gripped the edge of her seat tightly.

Finally, Elijah slammed on the brakes, his expression cold and hard as he stared straight ahead.

Jocelyn couldn’t hold back her tears any longer.

“Elijah, don’t be like this. You’re scaring me.”

Elijah didn’t look at her, but spat out two cold words. “Get out.”

Jocelyn was stunned. “Why are you telling me to get out? I’m not leaving! Elijah, please don’t abandon me.

I’m scared. It’s late, and this place is so deserted.”

A Love Forgotten Chapter 100

Jocelyn looked around in fear at the pitch-black road. She had been so terrified earlier that she hadn’t even noticed Elijah driving them up a mountain road. There was no one around for miles in either direction.

Elijah’s voice was cold. “Get out now.”

Jocelyn started sobbing even harder. “Elijah, I won’t get out. If you’re angry, hit me or yell at me, but why bring me here just to scare me? Please...”

As she spoke, she tried to cling to him, begging for mercy. However, Elijah shoved her away so hard that she nearly slammed into the window.

With a muffled cry, Jocelyn ignored the pain from her head injury and continued trying to grab onto him.

Elijah stepped out of the car and walked over to the passenger side, opening the door. His face was ice-cold as he yanked Jocelyn out of the car. Jocelyn’s hair fell loose as she was dragged out, collapsing on the ground in tears.

“Elijah, I was wrong, I was wrong! I won’t do it again. Please, just forgive me desperately, makeup smeared all over her face.

s time,” she pleaded

She clung to Elijah’s arm and even wrapped herself around his leg, refusing to let go. “If I embarrassed you today, I’ll make it up to you, I promise!”

Elijah’s bloodshot eyes bore into Jocelyn as she cried helplessly at his feet, her usual grace utterly gone. He gritted his teeth and spoke, enunciating each word.

“I told you, I like you, but my wife will always be Ariana. Not only did you ignore that, but you also kept provoking her. And now, you’ve got your wish. She wants a divorce! Do you even understand what you’ve done?”

Jocelyn’s sobbing suddenly stopped. She stared at Elijah, stunned. “Elijah, you love that bitch Ariana?”

Smack!

Elijah slapped her across the face without a moment’s hesitation. Jocelyn was left in shock, her mind blank. She even forgot to cry.

She stared at Elijah, now a stranger to her, in disbelief. “You... you hit me? How could you? You’ve never hit me before. I don’t believe it. You didn’t mean it, right? Elijah, say something!”

She frantically shook his arm, desperate for an explanation. Elijah looked at her with icy indifference and shoved her away again.

“I never hit you before, so you started thinking you were irreplaceable. You really thought you were my true love, didn’t you? But Jocelyn, when you left me seven years ago, did you really think I could still love you?”

Jocelyn was once again struck dumb with shock. She looked at Elijah, who was now a complete stranger to her, in utter disbelief.

“Wh—what are you talking about?” Her lips trembled, her voice shaking with fear. Elijah’s words had shattered her world.

Calming down from his earlier rage, Elijah stared at Jocelyn. “You heard me. It was over for us seven years ago. I only accepted Ariana’s proposal because I’d lost all hope with you.”

A flash of nostalgia crossed his eyes. “She showed up like a little ray of sunshine during the darkest time of my life. Even though I didn’t want her kindness, she still cared about me and chased after me like a fool.”

His gaze hardened as he looked at Jocelyn. “I admit I married her partly for Linden Group because, at that time, no one else wanted to be near me.

“Partly, I also wanted revenge. I wanted to get back at you for leaving me when I was at my lowest to chase after your so-called dreams.”

He grabbed Jocelyn by the hair, his voice thick with disdain. “Dreams? Ha! You’re just selfish. You never loved me. You only loved the Linden Group name.”

Jocelyn sat there in shock, completely frozen. Elijah continued, lost in his memories. “After we got married, we did have some happy days together.

“But then you came back. You showed up just when Linden Group was back on its feet. I was so stupid. I thought you’d regretted leaving. I thought you still had feelings for me.

“Why didn’t you come back before I got married? Why did you wait until after? I was blinded.

“At first, I didn’t want to forgive you. Then I thought keeping in touch with you could be a way to get back at you. Eventually, I let myself believe you and I were the real thing.”