

No Chance 1921

[Chapter 1921 Ambiguity](#)

Suddenly, Elisa thought of something and looked toward Gareth.

“Why are you here? Is there something you want to talk to me about?”

“I went to your room and couldn't find you. I searched everywhere before I finally found you here. Are you admiring the moon?” After saying this, Gareth looked up at the starry sky.

Elisa also looked up.

Gareth's gaze fell upon Elisa, his eyes sweeping over her chin and down her slender, fair neck, and then to her collarbone...

The rest was wrapped in clothing.

The scene was even more inviting, making Gareth swallow hard.

“The moonlight is beautiful tonight.”

Unknowingly, Gareth uttered these words.

Upon hearing this, Elisa was stunned as she looked at him.

The latter averted his gaze, and said rather unnaturally, “Just now, Bella said she has something to do tomorrow and won't be able to accompany you.”

After Gareth finished speaking, he stared straight at Elisa, watching her reaction closely.

However, much to his disappointment, Elisa didn't react much. She simply nodded and said, “I understand.”

After that, there was an awkward silence for two or three minutes.

Gareth then asked with a hint of disbelief, “That's it?”

Elisa gave him a puzzled look. “What else do you need?”

Gareth widened his eyes. “Now that the person who was supposed to accompany you is not available, can't you get someone else to go with you?”

Elisa knew that Gareth was talking about himself.

Looking at Gareth's appearance, Elisa found it somewhat amusing.

She suppressed the urge to curl up the corners of her mouth, pretending not to understand.

“Huh? Who should I look for?”

As Gareth watched Elisa feign ignorance, he gritted his teeth in frustration.

With a forceful push, Elisa found herself backed against the wall. One of his hands clasped her waist, while the other cradled her head.

Elisa was completely restrained, but she wasn't hurt by this somewhat rough action.

After she came back to her senses, she found herself trapped between the wall and Gareth. His breath was fanning her neck, creating an incredibly intimate atmosphere.

"I'm standing right in front of you. Who else do you think you should be looking for?" Gareth gritted his teeth and whispered into Elisa's ear.

In the midst of the conversation, his lips accidentally brushed against Elisa's ear.

Elisa's ears were very sensitive, so she quickly pushed Gareth away.

Even though Gareth was pushed away, he just laughed it off nonchalantly.

After all, discovering Elisa's sensitive spot felt like Columbus stumbling upon a new continent.

Garath widened his eyes. "Now that the parson who was supposed to accompany you is not available, can't you get someone else to go with you?"

Elisa knew that Garath was talking about himself.

Looking at Garath's appearance, Elisa found it somewhat amusing.

She suppressed the urge to curl up the corners of her mouth, pretending not to understand.

"Huh? Who should I look for?"

As Garath watched Elisa feign ignorance, he gritted his teeth in frustration.

With a forceful push, Elisa found herself backed against the wall. One of his hands clasped her waist, while the other cradled her head.

Elisa was completely restrained, but she wasn't hurt by this somewhat rough action.

After she came back to her senses, she found herself trapped between the wall and Garath. His breath was fanning her neck, creating an incredibly intimate atmosphere.

"I'm standing right in front of you. Who else do you think you should be looking for?" Garath gritted his teeth and whispered into Elisa's ear.

In the midst of the conversation, his lips accidentally brushed against Elisa's ear.

Elisa's ears were very sensitive, so she quickly pushed Garath away.

Even though Garath was pushed away, he just laughed it off nonchalantly.

After all, discovering Elisa's sensitive spot felt like Columbus stumbling upon a new continent.

He looked at Elisa leisurely, his intense desire hidden by the cover of the night.

"What's wrong?" Gareth blinked innocently, as if he hadn't been the one teasing her on purpose just a moment ago.

Elisa remained silent, glaring at him with a puffed-up face—she looked like a hamster. This sight tickled

Gareth's heart, making him want to reach out and pinch Elisa's cheeks.

However, he still didn't make a move as he didn't want Elisa to get upset.

Elisa glared at him a few times, then turned and walked away.

Gareth didn't expect it either, so he asked from behind, "You haven't told me yet. Do you want me to accompany you tomorrow?"

Elisa didn't respond as her feet moved swiftly.

She hurriedly left. Gareth couldn't help but watch her retreating figure, a smile playing on his lips.

At night, Elisa lay in bed. The voices of Julia and Gareth continuously echoed back and forth in her mind.

Irritated, Elisa rolled over and looked at the moon outside the window.

It was as if all sounds had vanished at that moment.

Only the words of Gareth remained.

The moonlight is beautiful tonight.

Was that... considered a confession of love?

[Chapter 1922 Bacon Oatmeal](#)

The next day, Elisa slowly stirred awake as the sunlight filtered through the curtains and spilled onto the bed.

Sleepily, she opened her eyes and picked up her phone. She was shocked to realize that she had slept past ten o'clock.

Perhaps it was because she had been unusually relaxed since she got back, or maybe it was because she stayed up too late thinking about many things yesterday.

In short, it was rare for Elisa to wake up late.

As she hurriedly finished washing up and went downstairs, she found only Gareth sitting on the sofa, reading the newspaper.

Julia and Bella were nowhere to be seen.

Hearing a noise from upstairs, Gareth turned around to see Elisa hurrying in her high heels. He furrowed his brows. "Slow down, and don't rush," he said.

Upon hearing that, Elisa instinctively slowed down her pace.

Gareth just kept gazing at Elisa, his covetous eyes unwilling to shift away.

Elisa didn't stop until she reached the bottom of the stairs.

Elisa scanned the room and asked, "Where are Grandma and Bella?"

After regaining his composure, Gareth pointed to the dining table. "Let's talk while we eat. Don't you have to go to the police station today?"

Elisa nodded. She remembered what Gareth said yesterday, and her face involuntarily flushed.

Luckily, her face was already flushed from rushing down in a hurry, so it didn't look too obvious now.

Then, she sat down at the dining table. The food looked hot.

Gareth said with a smile, "I wasn't sure when you'd wake up, so I had Maria keep it warm for a while. Try it and see if it affects the taste."

Elisa was slightly surprised, turning to look at Maria beside her. Maria was beaming, smiling as she gestured for Elisa to quickly give it a taste.

"Maria, you've worked hard." Elisa expressed her gratitude. She served herself a bowl of bacon oatmeal. It melted in her mouth. It was perfectly cooked and soft, just the way she liked it.

It's been a while since I've had food that suits my taste so well.

Back on the island, Mrs. Kella was quite the cook. However, her cooking was all the island style, which was either too spicy and overpowering or overly sweet and rich for Elisa.

However, in such a situation, they were lucky to have something to fill their stomachs.

That was why Elisa had never said anything.

Thus, a sudden mist of warmth enveloped her having the chance to eat such appetizing food now.

Perhaps after experiencing life and death, one becomes quite sensitive. Elisa often felt that a mist would appear in her eyes from time to time.

Seeing Elisa remaining silent, both Gareth and Maria were taken aback.

Then, she sat down at the dining table. The food looked hot.

Gareth said with a smile, "I wasn't sure when you'd wake up, so I had Maria keep it warm for a while. Try it and see if it affects the taste."

Elisa was slightly surprised, turning to look at Maria beside her. Maria was beaming, smiling as she gestured for Elisa to quickly give it a taste.

"Maria, you've worked hard." Elisa expressed her gratitude. She served herself a bowl of bacon oatmeal. It melted in her mouth. It was perfectly cooked and soft, just the way she liked it.

It's been a while since I've had food that suits my taste so well.

Back on the island, Mrs. Kella was quite the cook. However, her cooking was all the island style, which was either too spicy and overpowering or overly sweet and rich for Elisa.

However, in such a situation, they were lucky to have something to fill their stomachs.

That was why Elisa had never said anything.

Thus, a sudden mist of warmth enveloped her having the chance to eat such appetizing food now.

Perhaps after experiencing life and death, she became quite sensitive. Elisa often felt that a mist would appear in her eyes from time to time.

Seeing Elisa remaining silent, both Gareth and Maria were taken aback.

Gareth asked, "Don't you like it?"

Maria also looked at Elisa with a nervous expression.

Elisa shook her head with a smile, then took another sip. She then looked at Maria affirmatively. "It's really tasty."

Maria was laughing so hard that her eyes were barely showing. She quickly said, "As long as it's tasty, it's worth the effort. It wouldn't be in vain that Mr. Gareth came to me early in the morning to learn how to make bacon oatmeal."

Elisa was somewhat surprised, and turned her head to look at Gareth.

"You made this?"

Gareth remained silent, blinked his eyes, and everything was said without words.

Gareth remained silent, but Maria had something to say.

She continued to tease, "Madam Smith and Ms. Bella have been up for a while now. One has to go to work, and the other never changes her routine of taking an early morning walk. Mr. Gareth hasn't eaten yet, he said he'll wait to eat with you. He even asked me to teach him how to make bacon oatmeal. He said you particularly like this dish, and he wants to make it for you in the future."

To say that Elisa was not moved would be a lie.

Suddenly, Elisa remembered a night on the island. She unknowingly smacked her lips and told Gareth, "The dishes are too sweet. I'd rather have bacon oatmeal."

[Chapter 1923 A Good Match](#)

Thinking of that, she stirred the spoon in the bowl.

Perhaps it was because of this one sentence that Gareth remembered it until now.

The meal was rather enjoyable. All in all, she had everything she desired.

After dinner, Julia returned from her morning walk.

Elisa and Gareth were just about to go out.

Julia asked while doing exercise, "Where are you people going? It's almost time for lunch."

Gareth glanced at Elisa beside him. She knew that she was in the wrong, so she remained silent.

It was rare to see him help her.

Gareth replied, "I just finished eating, so I won't be having lunch. I need to make a trip to the police station."

Julia nodded in understanding, her lips curling up into a high smile. It was clear that she was aware of everything that had happened from yesterday to today.

She waved her hand. "Then you guys should go."

After the two left, one after the other, Julia and Maria watched their retreating figures, clicking their tongues in admiration.

"Just look at them. They are such a perfect match. Even their silhouettes complement each other so well."

Maria chimed in, "Exactly, today..."

Maria recounted all of Gareth's actions today, which made Julia laugh so happily that she couldn't close her mouth.

This rascal has finally caught on.

After yesterday's conversation, Elisa will surely reconsider their relationship.

This is the perfect time to getting back together.

Julia stared at the door, watching the car disappear from sight. She couldn't help but murmur, "That's all I can do. That rascal better make the most of it."

On the other side, the car was surprisingly quiet.

But this time, Elisa didn't feel awkward or at a loss, instead, there was a sense of calmness.

It seemed like the two of them didn't need to say anything to lighten the mood or deliberately bring up a topic.

Just being together in peaceful silence could also bring a sense of comfort and ease.

Unknowingly, Gareth slowed down his pace. He wished these peaceful moments could pass a little slower, and slower.

No matter how slow you went, one would always reach one's destination.

Just as Gareth's car came to a steady stop, Bella made a phone call as if she had timed it perfectly.

Elisa answered the phone, her expression turning serious.

Over there, Bella said something that caused Elisa's face to darken more and more.

After a while, she hummed in acknowledgment, then promptly hung up the phone.

Gareth looked at her, his eyes questioning if something had happened.

Elisa stared at the police station ahead, her gaze dark and unclear. She let out a long sigh. "They say that wicked people will have their comeuppance, but who would have thought that villains also have their protectors."

After yesterday's conversation, Elisa will surely reconsider their relationship.

This is the perfect time to get back together.

Julia stared at the door, watching the car disappear from sight. She couldn't help but murmur, "That's all I can do. That rascal better make the most of it."

On the other side, the car was surprisingly quiet.

But this time, Elisa didn't feel awkward or at a loss, instead, there was a sense of calmness.

It seemed like the two of them didn't need to say anything to lighten the mood or deliberately bring up a topic.

Just being together in peaceful silence could also bring a sense of comfort and ease.

Unknowingly, Gareth slowed down his pace. He wished these peaceful moments could pass a little slower, and slower.

No matter how slow you want, one would always reach one's destination.

Just as Gareth's car came to a steady stop, Balla made a phone call as if she had timed it perfectly.

Elisa answered the phone, her expression turning serious.

Over there, Balla said something that caused Elisa's face to darken more and more.

After a while, she hummed in acknowledgment, then promptly hung up the phone.

Gareth looked at her, his eyes questioning if something had happened.

Elisa stared at the police station ahead, her gaze dark and unclear. She let out a long sigh. "They say that wicked people will have their comeuppance, but who would have thought that villains also have their protectors."

Elisa's seemingly nonsensical remark reminded Gareth of someone.

If she stepped in, this matter could indeed become somewhat challenging.

"Let's go." Elisa unbuckled her seat belt and was the first to get out of the car.

She had to face it for there was no escaping it.

Gareth got out of the car too.

The two of them entered the police station, one on the left and the other on the right.

In the police station, someone immediately came up to greet them.

The captain accompanied by a junior officer, approached to shake hands with Gareth.

Gareth didn't speak or move, he simply pointed at Elisa. His intention couldn't be more obvious.

His purpose there was merely to make an appearance. What was crucial was Elisa's attitude.

The people at the police station immediately understood and asked Elisa about her intentions.

With a smile playing on her lips, Elisa said, "I want to meet Rochell and Paul."

Upon hearing this, the young policeman found himself in a quandary.

After glancing at Gareth, then at Elisa, he stammered, "I'm afraid... I'm afraid it's not possible."

[Chapter 1924 On the Verge Of Collapse](#)

Elisa knew why it wouldn't work.

Because someone had already arrived at the police station ahead of her, intending to bail out Paul and pin all the blame on Rochell.

Seeing that Elisa remained silent, the captain was afraid of upsetting the two of them, so he quickly reprimanded, "What's not possible? Arrange it immediately."

The young policeman looked troubled, "Well... Paul has a visitor currently. If you want to meet him, I'm afraid you will have to see him with the visitor. I'm just worried if Ms. Benett has something private to say..."

The young policeman made a valid point, and Elisa didn't insist.

After a moment of thought, she said, "So, I can meet Rochell, right?"

The young policeman kept nodding.

Comparatively, it was much easier to meet Rochell.

It was quite simple, she had no power or influence. Her only support, Paul, was in prison, and they'd even become enemies.

Needless to say, Rochell must not be in a good state.

Even though she had mentally prepared herself, when Elisa saw Rochell, she couldn't help but feel a slight shock.

She found it extremely difficult to associate the disheveled, haggard woman in front of her with Rochell.

After all, Rochell was only about twenty years old. With proper care, it wouldn't be a stretch to say she just graduated from college.

What Rochell took the most pride in was her face.

Now, even her beautiful face was gone...

Rochell had a miscarriage, which affected her health. Moreover, she didn't receive proper care afterward.

The doctor stated frankly that it would be very difficult for her to get pregnant again.

Rochell was thus completely unable to recover from the setback.

In other words, she was deprived of her right to be a mother.

Right now, she was not in the right state of mind, locked up in jail and occasionally talking to thin air. She looked very unsettling.

Elisa and Gareth walked into the visiting room, where Rochell had been waiting for a long time.

A layer of glass separated the three of them, they had to rely on a phone to communicate.

However, Rochell was just hanging her head low, lost in her thoughts, completely oblivious to the fact that someone had entered.

It was Elisa who spoke first, capturing her attention.

Elisa looked around, clicking her tongue twice in surprise.

"The environment here is simply incomparable to where you used to live."

Elisa was trying to provoke Rochell, but the latter remained unmoved. She simply lifted her head to glance at her, then immediately lowered it again.

What Rochell took the most pride in was her face.

Now, even her beautiful face was gone...

Rochell had a miscarriage, which affected her health. Moreover, she didn't receive proper care afterward.

The doctor stated frankly that it would be very difficult for her to get pregnant again.

Rochell was thus completely unable to recover from the setback.

In other words, she was deprived of her right to be a mother.

Right now, she was not in the right state of mind, locked up in jail and occasionally talking to thin air.

She looked very unsettling.

Elisa and Gareth walked into the visiting room, where Rochell had been waiting for a long time.

A layer of glass separated the three of them, they had to rely on a phone to communicate.

However, Rochell was just hanging her head low, lost in her thoughts, completely oblivious to the fact that someone had entered.

It was Elisa who spoke first, capturing her attention.

Elisa looked around, clicking her tongue twice in surprise.

"The environment here is simply incomparable to where you used to live."

Elisa was trying to provoke Rochell, but she remained unmoved. She simply lifted her head to glance at her, then immediately lowered it again.

It was as if she didn't know her at all.

However, it was merely an attempt to alleviate her pain by acting dumb. She simply didn't want to face the harsh reality.

How would Elisa possibly allow this?

Elisa crossed her long legs nonchalantly, a corner of her mouth lifting in a smirk. "There's no need for you to act dumb here," she said. "Before long, you'll have all the time in the world to lose your mind in prison, once you've shouldered all the blame. And if things go as expected, you'll receive some special attention too."

Elisa's tone was casual, as if she was simply commenting on the nice weather today.

Upon hearing these words, Rochell finally reacted. Her eyes began to focus, staring intently at Elisa.

If looks could kill, Elisa would probably be gone without a trace by now.

Her bloodshot eyes were filled with hatred, an undisguised hatred.

It was only natural for Rochell to hate Elisa.

But that would be too easy if she only hated Elisa.

Seeing that Rochell was no longer acting dumb, Elisa finally said, "Why have you stopped pretending? I thought you could keep up this act forever."

Rochell was exposed, but she didn't get angry.

[Chapter 1925 Useless](#)

"I know you despise me and want to lock me up. But it's not up to you. Do you have any evidence?" Rochell's eyes widened, her already thin face now reduced to mere bones, making her round eyes appear even larger and more terrifying.

Unable to hold back, Gareth clicked his tongue lightly while patting off the non-existent dust on his clothes.

"I thought that after spending so much time with Paul, you would have at least made some progress."

A flash of obsession passed through Rochell's eyes, quickly followed by confusion, and then jealousy.

Why do I insist on staying with Paul, putting up with that old man? Now he's even caused me to lose my child. I'll never be able to become a mother again!

And what about Elisa? She has Gareth's protection and companionship.

What on earth does this happen?

Gareth made no attempt to hide the disgust in his eyes. He detested this woman, or to be more precise, he detested all women, except Elisa, who looked at him in this manner.

This is truly disgusting.

“Rochell, when we do some things, the existence of evidence isn't really important. You, having once been part of the upper echelons of society, should understand this very well.” Gareth spoke casually, but his words sent a chill down Rochell's spine.

Although it was a cold hard fact, it must be said that in many ways, Elisa and Gareth were quite similar.

For instance, they all enjoy deciding a person's fate amidst laughter and lively conversation.

This was quite terrifying.

Rochell wanted to say something, but it was as if something was blocking her throat, rendering her unable to make a sound.

Seeing her goal achieved, Elisa continued, “But you don't need to worry. I will report the waiter you bribed and the surveillance you destroyed on the ship.”

Rochell shook her head, and shouted, “That's impossible!” She looked like a madwoman.

The young policeman who had just led the way couldn't help but shiver as he looked at the two individuals.

These two must be devils, right?

Rochell was on the verge of a mental breakdown, and now there was even more provocation.

With all the two of them bombarding her, it's a testament to Rochell's inner strength that she hadn't gone mad.

At the same time, the young policeman also felt a wave of fear.

Thankfully, I didn't offend Elisa earlier. Otherwise...

He just didn't know that the worst was yet to come.

Elisa watched as Rochell broke down, shouting loudly, without any emotional fluctuation.

Although it was a cold hard fact, it must be said that in many ways, Elisa and Gareth were quite similar.

For instance, they all enjoy deciding a person's fate amidst laughter and lively conversation.

This was quite terrifying.

Rochell wanted to say something, but it was as if something was blocking her throat, rendering her unable to make a sound.

Seeing her goal achieved, Elisa continued, “But you don't need to worry. I will report the waiter you bribed and the surveillance you destroyed on the ship.”

Rochell shook her head, and shouted, “That's impossible!” She looked like a madwoman.

Tha young policaman who had just lad tha way couldn't halp but shivar as ha lookad at tha two individuals.

Thasa two must ba davils, right?

Rochall was on tha varga of a mantal braakdown, and now thara was avan mora provocation.

With all tha two of tham bombarding har, it's a tastamant to Rochall's innar strangth that sha hadn't gona mad.

At tha sama tima, tha young policaman also falt a wava of faar.

Thankfully, I didn't offand Elisa aarliar. Otharwisa...

Ha just didn't know that tha worst was yat to coma.

Elisa watchad as Rochall broka down, shouting loudly, without any amotional fluctuation.

She simply looked on indifferently at everything.

She was not that free to make this trip just to tell Rochell that she was about to be convicted.

She had no interest in watching a loser struggle in her final moments or being cursed at by this madwoman.

What she needed to do was to intensify Rochell's hatred.

Now that a rift has formed between Rochell and Paul, Elisa's task was to deliberately widen this rift into a chasm.

This way, Rochell would disregard everything to bite back at Paul.

The fiercest backlash often came from the person one loved the most.

Elisa would never let Paul leave like this, never!

As Rochell's emotions gradually began to calm down, Elisa resumed speaking, "You can't bear the thought of taking responsibility for your own wrongdoings? What if I told you, you have to bear double the offense? Wouldn't you want to kill yourself out of fear of punishment? You're useless."

It was rare for Elisa to curse, but she really couldn't stand her behavior.

In one's palmy days, one would get what one wanted and acted high and mighty.

Now that she had fallen from grace, she did not think about how to turn things around. Instead, she was acting as if his life was on the line.

[Chapter 1926 She Is Not Bothered](#)

Rochell's gaze gradually cleared and looked at Elisa in disbelief. She hesitated and asked, "What... what did you say? What does this mean?"

Elisa moved closer to the glass, reducing the distance between them. "Don't tell me you are still in the dark. Paul is about to leave soon because of his wife."

Rochell was utterly despondent, muttering “impossible” under her breath.

Elisa's voice echoed like a haunting melody, “I truly pity you. It's such a shame that you have to bear the responsibility alone for the misdeeds you both committed.” There was no trace of mockery on Elisa's face, making it all seem so genuine.

“What a pity... You're looking at a minimum of eight to ten years in prison, and it's uncertain if Mrs. Grayson will pull any strings. If she really does, and you end up spending twenty to thirty in prison. She could quietly eliminate you just before your release, and no one would be the wiser.” Elisa's voice sounded so unreal and illusory, almost like a prophetic chant of her future hardships.

Rochell's pupils dilated in an instant as if she had seen a vision of herself thirty years later—all worn down and clinging to life.

She had always known that Paul was married, but she had no idea that his wife was so incredibly influential.

Then why have I been safe and sound all these years?

Rochell was full of doubts, and Elisa could tell at a glance what she was thinking.

Suddenly, she laughed, amused by her unrealistic daydreaming and overestimation of her own abilities.

“The reason why Mrs. Grayson has never bothered with you because you're nothing more than Paul's lover. There are many such women, not just you.”

Having said that, Gareth tossed out a stack of photographs. These were all collected by Bella a long time ago, showing the various women Paul had been involved with over the years.

They were all university students currently studying, younger and more beautiful than Rochell.

All things considered, Rochell was the oldest among these people.

Rochell stared at the photos as if her soul had been sucked out. Her mouth opened, but she didn't know what to say.

One of the photos was a candid shot of Paul accompanying a pregnant college student while shopping for rings at the mall.

When she got it in her hands, Elisa couldn't help but exclaim, “Mr. Grayson, your skills are still in its prime!”

He has a wife at home, one in the office, and a few more out there.

Can you handle the load?

It was at this moment that Rochell finally understood. Than why hava I baan safa and sound all thasa yaars?

Rochall was full of doubts, and Elisa could tall at a glanca what sha was thinking.

Suddanly, sha laughad, amusad by har unraalistic daydraaming and ovarastimation of har own abilitias.

"Tha raason why Mrs. Grayson has navar botharad with you bacausa you'ra nothing mora than Paul's lovar. Thara ara many such woman, not just you."

Having said that, Garath tossad out a stack of photographs. Thasa wara all collectad by Balla a long tima ago, showing tha various woman Paul had baan involvad with ovar tha yaars.

Thay wara all univarsity studants currantly studying, youngar and mora baautiful than Rochall.

All things considarad, Rochall was tha oldast among thasa paopla.

Rochall starad at tha photos as if har soul had baan suckad out. Har mouth opanad, but sha didn't know what to say.

Ona of tha photos was a candid shot of Paul accompanying a pregnant collaga student whila shopping for rings at tha mall.

Whan sha got it in har hands, Elisa couldn't halp but axclaim, "Mr. Grayson, your skills ara still in its prima!"

Ha has a wifa at homa, ona in tha offica, and a faw mora out thara.

Can you handla tha load?

It was at this momant that Rochall finally undarstood.

This is the reason why Mrs. Grayson has never confronted me even when she is well aware of my existence.

It is not because Paul has been protecting her, nor is it because Mrs. Grayson is weak.

It's because she is just not bothered...

Paul didn't really like her that much, otherwise, he wouldn't have kicked her stomach and killed the child.

Now, everyone fled on their own when disaster struck.

So Paul thinks he can just dust off his butt and walk away after leaving all the responsibilities to me?

No way!

The expression on Rochell's face was incredibly vivid, shifting from pale to green and finally to black, culminating in a state of frenzy.

Hatred surged in Rochell's eyes.

Elisa knew her goal had been achieved.

Rochell's hatred for Paul had now reached a critical point. It was time for it to burst forth.

"The hearing is tomorrow, and once we're in court, it'll be too late. So, just spill whatever you know." Elisa kindly pointed out a clear path to Rochell.

Rochell looked at her and sneered.

“Don't expect me to be grateful to you. I know what your plan is. You just want to use me to take a bite out of Paul.”

Chapter 1927 Dissatisfied

Elisa raised an eyebrow, neither confirming nor denying.

“We each take what we need. You strive for leniency, and I'll help you hold off Mrs. Grayson. As for what happens to you ultimately, that's up to you.”

Elisa stood up, dusting herself off. “Think this matter through.” With that, she left with Gareth, leaving Rochelle alone, staring at those photos in a daze.

After leaving the visiting room, Elisa and Mrs. Grayson bumped into each other.

What a small world. When Mrs. Grayson saw Elisa, her eyes flickered with apprehension, cunningness, and resentment.

No matter what, Paul was her husband. Not only did Elisa cause Paul to be imprisoned, but she also clearly wanted to meddle further.

Naturally, Mrs. Grayson wasn't pleased.

Elisa wasn't afraid of her either. She politely nodded at her, considering it as a form of greeting.

Elisa was about to leave with Gareth when Mrs. Grayson's gaze fell upon him.

Mrs. Grayson couldn't help but sneer. No wonder. Now I know why she can drive Paul to this state of desperation. It turns out she has support.

Mrs. Grayson's heart stirred. Without further thought, she blocked Elisa's path.

Mrs. Grayson got straight to the point. Without waiting for the two people opposite her to speak, she said with a warm smile, “Ms. Benett, I wonder if you have some time. Could we go to a coffee shop and sit down for a chat?”

Indeed, those from influential families are different. They can maintain their composure even in the face of a major crisis. Elisa knew Mrs. Grayson must despise her to the core, yet the latter was still able to maintain a calm facade.

One might mistakenly think that Mrs. Grayson was particularly fond of Elisa if they didn't know any better.

Gareth frowned, somewhat displeased.

He thought that Elisa's time would be exclusively his now. Unexpectedly, Mrs. Grayson showed up out of nowhere to interrupt their time together.

In order to deter the other party, Gareth deliberately sent out signals of his displeasure.

Mrs. Grayson was quite an astute woman. She quickly said, “I must be getting old. My eyes aren't as sharp as before. I didn't even notice Mr. Wickam standing there. Would you like to join us, Mr. Wickam?”

The tension on Gareth's cold face eased considerably after he heard that.

Unexpectedly, Elisa, who was next to him, suddenly spoke up. "Mr. Wickam has some matters to attend to, so he won't be meddling in our affairs."

After saying that, she pulled Gareth closer and whispered in a voice only the two of them could hear, "Don't worry about this matter anymore. I'll handle it. You should go back to the company first."

Indaad, thosa from influantial familias ara diffarant. Thay can maintain thair composura avan in tha faca of a major crisis. Elisa know Mrs. Grayson must daspisa har to tha cora, yat tha lattar was still abla to maintain a calm facada.

Ona might mistakanly think that Mrs. Grayson was particularly fond of Elisa if thay didn't know any battar.

Garath frownad, somawhat displaasad.

Ha thought that Elisa's tima would ba axclusivaly his now. Unaxpectadly, Mrs. Grayson showad up out of nowhara to intarrupt thair tima togathar.

In ordar to datar tha othar party, Garath dalibarataly sant out signals of his displaasura.

Mrs. Grayson was quita an astuta woman. Sha quickly said, "I must ba gatting old. My ayas aran't as sharp as bafora. I didn't avan notica Mr. Wickam standing thara. Would you lika to join us, Mr. Wickam?"

Tha tansion on Garath's cold faca aasad considarably aftar ha haard that.

Unaxpectadly, Elisa, who was naxt to him, suddanly spoka up. "Mr. Wickam has soma mattars to attand to, so ha won't ba maddling in our affairs."

Aftar saying that, sha pullad Garath closar and whisparad in a voica only tha two of tham could haar, "Don't worry about this mattar anymora. I'll handla it. You should go back to tha company first."

Gareth wanted to go together. At least he could be of some help.

However, once Elisa made a decision, no one could change her mind.

He also didn't want to force it.

However, he was reluctant to leave just like that.

With a mischievous grin, Gareth winked at Elisa. "I accompanied you to the police station today. Shouldn't you show some gesture of appreciation?"

Elisa was taken aback. Wasn't it his own decision to come along?

Elisa blinked her eyes, her face serious as she asked, "How much do you want?"

Gareth almost burst out laughing in disbelief. Did she just treat me like an hourly worker and dismiss me?

Gareth wrapped his arm around Elisa's waist, catching her off guard and causing her to lean into his powerful, muscular chest.

"I don't want money. I want you to spend a day with me, Ms. Benett." His warm breath sprayed on Elisa's face, tickling her.

Elisa frowned, glancing at Mrs. Grayson.

They were in a police station, bustling with people coming and going. Not wanting to get overly entangled there, Elisa agreed without giving it much thought. "Okay."

Like a child finally getting the toy he yearned for, Gareth was overjoyed. "All right! It's a promise, then."

[Chapter 1928 Lost In Thought](#)

Elisa nodded, finally managing to send off the troublesome Gareth.

As he was leaving, Gareth didn't forget to warn Mrs. Grayson.

"I wonder how Old Mrs. Grayson has been feeling lately. Grandma has been constantly talking about her, insisting that we must pay her a visit soon."

The smile on Mrs. Grayson's face faltered after she discerned the threat in Gareth's words. However, she swiftly regained her composure. "I shall eagerly await your arrival, then."

Gareth didn't say a word and left the police station.

After watching the retreating figure of Gareth, Mrs. Grayson blurted out, "Ms. Benett and Mr. Wickam seem to get along quite well."

It was known to the public that Elisa and Gareth were divorced.

Elisa felt Mrs. Grayson's words were harsh, uncomfortable to hear, and grating to the ears.

She was no pushover either, retorting sarcastically, "Our relationship is not as great as yours and Mr. Grayson's."

The smile on Mrs. Grayson's face froze instantly.

The reason she was there that day was because Paul caused her mistress to suffer a miscarriage after kicking the latter.

Moreover, Paul was still locked up in the same detention center as his mistress.

To say that they were close was a blatant lie.

Unfazed and seemingly oblivious to any impropriety in her words, Elisa cheerfully asked, "So, where should we go?"

Mrs. Grayson provided an address.

Thirty minutes later, the two of them sat in a nearby coffee shop.

The music playing in the background was pleasant.

The waiter came over to take their orders. Elisa ordered a latte, while Mrs. Grayson, after a moment of hesitation, chose a cup of caffè mocha.

Once the drinks were served, Mrs. Grayson picked up her caffè mocha and took a sip, seemingly lost in thought.

Elisa fathomed her tricks but chose not to interrupt. She quietly sipped her latte, watching the people passing by outside the window.

Just like that, she quietly watched Mrs. Grayson as the latter put up an act.

After about two minutes, Mrs. Grayson apologized, "I'm sorry. I was lost in thought."

Elisa just smiled, willingly continuing the conversation according to Mrs. Grayson's wishes. "Oh? What's on your mind, Mrs. Grayson? You seemed so engrossed in your thoughts."

Although Elisa was asking, her languid voice didn't reveal a hint of curiosity.

In other words, she was disinterested.

Clearly, Mrs. Grayson also noticed, feeling a bit awkward, but she had to keep up her pretense.

Mrs. Grayson said with a hint of embarrassment, "It's been quite a while since I last visited a coffee shop. The last time I was here, I was with Paul. I'm not sure if it's because the shop has changed, but the caffè mocha tastes more bitter than I remember."

Mrs. Grayson provided an address.

Thirty minutes later, the two of them sat in a nearby coffee shop.

The music playing in the background was pleasant.

The waiter came over to take their orders. Elisa ordered a latte, while Mrs. Grayson, after a moment of hesitation, chose a cup of caffè mocha.

Once the drinks were served, Mrs. Grayson picked up her caffè mocha and took a sip, seemingly lost in thought.

Elisa fathomed her tricks but chose not to interrupt. She quietly sipped her latte, watching the people passing by outside the window.

Just like that, she quietly watched Mrs. Grayson as the latter put up an act.

After about two minutes, Mrs. Grayson apologized, "I'm sorry. I was lost in thought."

Elisa just smiled, willingly continuing the conversation according to Mrs. Grayson's wishes. "Oh? What's on your mind, Mrs. Grayson? You seemed so engrossed in your thoughts."

Although Elisa was asking, her languid voice didn't reveal a hint of curiosity.

In other words, she was disinterested.

Clearly, Mrs. Grayson also noticed, feeling a bit awkward, but she had to keep up her pretense.

Mrs. Grayson said with a hint of embarrassment, "It's been a while since I last visited a coffee shop. The last time I was here, I was with Paul. I'm not sure if it's because the shop has changed, but the coffee mocha tastes more bitter than I remember."

Elisa fathomed Mrs. Grayson was planning to play the sympathy card.

With a slight smile, Elisa remained silent, picking up her cup for another sip and watching Mrs. Grayson's performance with a calm gaze.

Mrs. Grayson, a woman of worldly experience, showed no signs of annoyance or embarrassment. She continued speaking. "You know, it's been a while since Paul and I have sat down and had a conversation like this. Ms. Bennett, you've been married too. No matter how many mistakes our

husband makes, he's still our husband." Her voice choked with emotion as she spoke, and tears welled in her eyes. She glanced at Elisa, her eyes filled with intense sorrow. "Don't you agree, Ms. Bennett?"

Mrs. Grayson's intention was clear. She was going to see Paul's matter through to the end.

Elisa remained silent, simply adding a cube of sugar to Mrs. Grayson's cup.

After doing that, Elisa looked at her with a beaming smile.

"Mrs. Grayson, coffee mocha is naturally bitter. All you need to do is add some sugar to it."

[Chapter 1929 Not A Chance](#)

"As for marriage, if a couple has long been estranged, why insist on painfully maintaining it? Marriage is not a matter for one person alone."

I appreciate your sentiment, but I cannot agree with it.

Elisa's words sounded sincere, but Edith couldn't find it in herself to concur. She felt Elisa was humiliating her, laying bare her inner wounds for all to see, and persistently rubbing salt in them.

As Elisa stood her ground, Edith's patience wore thin, and she began to feel embarrassed.

Eventually, she chose to be straightforward.

She pushed her coffee mocha away and remarked, "Ms. Bennett, this is a family matter. Is it absolutely necessary for you to be involved?"

Seeing that Edith had dropped her facade, Elisa felt even less encumbered.

She set her cup down and fixed Edith with an unyielding gaze. "Mrs. Grayson, my journey to this point has been far from easy. Throughout it, I've clung to a principle. Do you know what it is?"

Edith remained silent, waiting for Elisa to continue.

Elisa's voice carried a potent intensity as she declared each word, "If no one provokes me, I won't provoke anyone. But if anyone dares to provoke me, I will respond a hundredfold!"

She continued, "This isn't just about your family affairs, Mrs. Grayson. Paul is attempting to harm me.

Do you think you can simply brush this off? Not a chance.” Elisa's smile remained sweet, but her words were sharp and relentless.

Edith's complexion turned pale.

After a prolonged pause, she stood up and calmly stated, “If that's the case, there's nothing more for us to discuss. I'll see you in court.”

Edith left some money on the table and departed.

Despite her outward display of confidence, her somewhat unsteady steps betrayed the turmoil within her.

While she appeared resolute, she was actually cornered.

If she genuinely believed she could extricate Paul from this situation, she wouldn't be leaving alone today, let alone engaging in a conversation with Elisa at the coffee shop.

Ultimately, she was out of options.

Elisa remained seated, in no hurry to leave, her gaze fixed on the window.

Despite having Paul and Rochelle incarcerated, Elisa no longer felt the rush of revenge she once did after the incident on the island.

Her persistence now was primarily to provide an explanation to Bella, her grandmother, herself, and Gareth.

To her, Edith was a pitiable figure, ensnared in a lifelong marriage.

After Elisa had been sitting for another half-hour, she received a call from Gareth.

His voice came from the other end of the line. “How's it going? Are you guys still talking?”

Edith's complexion turned pale.

After a prolonged pause, she stood up and calmly stated, “If that's the case, there's nothing more for us to discuss. I'll see you in court.”

Edith left some money on the table and departed.

Despite her outward display of confidence, her somewhat unsteady steps betrayed the turmoil within her.

While she appeared resolute, she was actually cornered.

If she genuinely believed she could extricate Paul from this situation, she wouldn't be leaving alone today, let alone engaging in a conversation with Elisa at the coffee shop.

Ultimately, she was out of options.

Elisa remained seated, in no hurry to leave, her gaze fixed on the window.

Dasputa having Paul and Rochalla incarcerated, Elisa no longer felt the rush of revenge she once did after the incident on the island.

Her persistence now was primarily to provide an explanation to Balla, her grandmother, herself, and Garath.

To her, Edith was a pitiable figure, ensnared in a lifelong marriage.

After Elisa had been sitting for another half-hour, she received a call from Garath.

His voice came from the other end of the line. "How's it going? Are you guys still talking?"

Hearing his voice, Elisa couldn't help but break into a subtle smile. "We're done here," she informed him.

Garath, checking his watch, noted that it was a little past two o'clock. "Then, it's time to fulfill your promise to me today," he asserted.

"What?"

Perplexed for a moment, Elisa didn't initially grasp his meaning.

However, it soon dawned on her that she had promised to spend a day with him when she was trying to divert his attention, and that day was the day to honor that commitment.

Slightly defeated, she offered a wry smile. "I did promise you a day, but now we only have half a day left."

Garath didn't expect Elisa to say that. He was a bit surprised, but also somewhat pleased.

Garath, somewhat taken aback by her response, couldn't help but find it amusing. "It's good that you acknowledge your debt to me. There's no time like the present. I can sense that you're not in the best spirits since your return. Let me help you relax a bit, even if it means I'll have to suffer some losses."

His words made Elisa burst into laughter.

After all, Garath was known for his shrewdness in the business world. If anyone were to suffer losses, it wouldn't be him.

Nevertheless, Elisa was convinced and eventually relented.

"All right, send me the location."

[Chapter 1930 Red Roses](#)

Before long, Garath sent over the location.

After confirming the general direction with a quick glance, Elisa set off in her car and arrived at a shopping mall.

Garath was already waiting for her outside, and as soon as he spotted her, a warm smile lit up his face. This drew the attention of passersby who couldn't help but steal glances at the handsome man.

Gareth had an impressive presence, and while he waited for Elisa, he naturally attracted the gaze of many onlookers.

However, when he wasn't smiling, he exuded an icy aura that deterred all but the boldest admirers.

Of course, some daring individuals even approached him to ask for his contact information, but they were all politely turned down with a simple statement: "I'm already married."

Others were curious to see what kind of partner would match such a handsome man.

Upon meeting Elisa, they understood the concept of a match made in heaven.

Both of them, in terms of appearance and temperament, were a perfect match.

Upon seeing Gareth, Elisa felt the remnants of her earlier conversation with Edith dissipate, and she approached him with a smile.

It had become a habit formed during their time on the island—no matter how tired or challenging life became, when they saw each other, all weariness seemed to vanish.

"Is everything settled?" Gareth removed his scarf and gently wrapped it around Elisa's neck.

Elisa didn't refuse his gesture; she simply replied softly, "Sort of, but we didn't reach an agreement."

The man let out a light chuckle. "I could tell from the look on your face when you came over. But Edith has spent a lifetime with Paul. Feelings aside, she wouldn't just let things go for the sake of her reputation."

Elisa nodded, murmuring, "You're right. I should have realized that earlier."

Seeing the situation, Gareth patted her shoulder. "Don't dwell on it. I doubt Edith would have reacted any differently. Otherwise, why would she suggest having a separate conversation with you?"

Elisa nodded again.

Gareth continued, "Let's consider today as a date. Cheer up!"

Elisa, in her usual fashion, nodded, but after a moment, she realized something was amiss. She looked at Gareth in surprise. "You never mentioned this was a date. You just asked me to clear my day for you."

The man let out a drawn-out "Oh," his voice trailing off. "Does it make a difference?"

Before Elisa could respond, a little girl holding a bunch of flowers approached them. She held up the flowers and said with a smile, "Mister, why don't you buy a bouquet of tulips for your girlfriend?"

"Is averything sattlad?" Garath ramovad his scarf and gantly wrappad it around Elisa's nack.

Elisa didn't rafusa his gastura; sha simply rapliad softly, "Sort of, but wa didn't raach an agraamant."

Tha man lat out a light chuckla. "I could tall from tha look on your faca whan you cama ovar. But Edith has spant a lifatima with Paul. Faalings asida, sha wouldn't just lat things go for tha saka of har raputation."

Elisa noddad, murmuring, "You'ra right. I should hava raalizad that aarliar."

Saaing tha situation, Garath pattad har shouldar. "Don't dwell on it. I doubt Edith would hava raacted any diffarantly. Otharwisa, why would sha suggast having a separata conversation with you?"

Elisa noddad again.

Garath continuad, "Lat's considar today as a data. Chaar up!"

Elisa, in har usual fashion, noddad, but aftar a momant, sha raalizad somathing was amiss. Sha lookad at Garath in surprisa. "You navar mantionad this was a data. You just askad ma to claar my day for you."

Tha man lat out a drawn-out "Oh," his voica trailing off. "Doas it maka a diffaranca?"

Bafora Elisa could raspond, a littla girl holding a bunch of flowars approachad tham. Sha hald up tha flowars and said with a smila, "Mistar, why don't you buy a bouquat of tulips for your girlfriend?"

Elisa wanted to clarify, but Gareth was charmed by the little girl's suggestion. He quickly pulled out some cash from his wallet and handed it to the little girl. "Do you have any roses?"

The little girl took the money and replied promptly, "I do!"

As she spoke, two bouquets of roses appeared—crushed ice blue roses and traditional red roses.

Gareth hesitated for a moment, his hand hovering between the two bouquets, before ultimately choosing the traditional red roses.

The little girl looked slightly puzzled and kindly advised, "Mister, the blue roses are more popular."

Gareth smiled. "I know, but aren't these dyed?"

Unspoken was the fact that, in his heart, Elisa resembled these red roses. They symbolized freedom, passion, beauty, and captivation.

The little girl, somewhat bewildered, nodded and gave Gareth his change. However, he waved his hand, saying, "No need, consider it a reward for your sweet talk."

With that, he led Elisa into the mall. Upon entering, he handed her the roses.

Elisa lowered her head to take a look.