

No Chance 1931

[Chapter 1931 Watch A Movie](#)

A peculiar feeling swirled in Elisa's heart.

Accepting this bouquet of roses seemed like agreeing to Gareth's words, as if she were agreeing to go on a date with him.

It burdened her.

Her lips moved slightly, and she spoke with honesty. "I'll accept the roses as a gift from a friend. But if you have any other intentions... I'm afraid I can't comply."

Elisa remained calm, not wanting to engage in behavior that might cross the line or lead to misunderstandings with Gareth, especially without fully considering the nature of their relationship or her own feelings.

She didn't want to start something vague that might end unclearly.

Gareth appeared somewhat disappointed, but the feeling passed quickly, and he didn't dwell on it. Despite his momentary sadness, he simply smiled and said, "Don't worry; consider it a gift from a friend."

Gareth changed the topic, asking, "I've bought movie tickets. Would you like to go together?"

Elisa, still holding the rose, contemplated. It had been a long time since she had gone to the cinema to watch a movie.

She used to think it was a waste of time, with the opportunity cost being too high. However, she felt differently now and found the idea intriguing.

She nodded, and Gareth took her to collect the tickets.

His choice of movie demonstrated good taste; it wasn't a cheesy romance or a fabricated horror film. Instead, it was a light-hearted comedy animation.

Elisa was a bit slow to react when she first saw the tickets.

Waving the ticket in her hand, she asked, "Is this what we're watching?"

Gareth cryptically replied, "Don't underestimate this animated film; you'll understand once you watch it."

Hesitant but curious, Elisa followed Gareth into the cinema hall. She held the rose and the bucket of popcorn he had insistently given her as they entered the hall.

There were many children in the cinema hall, which initially worried her. However, the parents of the children proved responsible, and none of the unpleasant incidents she had feared actually occurred.

The movie received a positive response, with laughter and even tears from the audience.

Although Elisa didn't cry, she found the humorous moments quite enjoyable.

Before she knew it, she had devoured a significant portion of the popcorn.

Upon leaving the cinema, Elisa belatedly realized that all the popcorn was gone.

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Upon leaving the cinema, Elisa belatedly realized that all the popcorn was gone.

Recalling how she had initially declined the popcorn, Elisa fell into a momentary silence.

Gareth didn't comment on it. After the movie, he took Elisa to the arcade on the next floor, employing various dating strategies he had found online.

An amusing scene unfolded in the arcade.

Gareth, impeccably dressed in a suit and leather shoes, with hair meticulously groomed, looked quite out of place while standing in front of the claw machine, trying to grab a toy. His outfit alone was equivalent to the price of the entire arcade.

Tokens were inserted, disappearing without a sound.

A passing child pointed at Gareth and remarked to his mother, "Mom, look at that guy, he's so silly."

Elisa held her forehead, unable to bear watching. However, it seemed Gareth's competitive spirit had been ignited, and he continued exchanging more tokens, determined to demonstrate his claw machine skills.

Finally, the arcade staff couldn't bear it any longer and adjusted the sensitivity of the claw machine. Gareth, after numerous attempts, successfully grabbed a toy — the same figurine they had seen in the movie.

With a gentle smile, he handed it to Elisa.

[Chapter 1932 Just Be Yourself](#)

Gareth appeared content, leaving Elisa somewhat speechless. She wasn't sure what to say.

“Actually... you don't have to do this,” she began.

Gareth was a man of pride, brilliance, and arrogance.

But when it came to dating, he seemed lost, and even Thomas, his trusted aide, was clueless in this department. Hence, he ended up resorting to the somewhat foolish idea of searching for dating strategies online.

Elisa could see through it, but she chose not to expose him.

There was a sense of being protected and cherished in this awkwardness. However, she didn't want the formidable Gareth to lose his true self.

As Elisa chuckled, her laughter gradually subsided.

She took the doll from Gareth's hand and handed it to the child standing nearby. The child had been eagerly watching, hoping to play with the claw machine but couldn't because they were using it.

The child, receiving the toy, cheered with joy and happily went off to find their mother.

Elisa said, “These are things that little kids or young girls would like. I don't really have an interest in them.” She paused, her gaze fixed on Gareth. “Similarly, these are things that young boys do. You don't need to do them.”

Gareth opened his mouth but found himself speechless.

For the first time, Elisa took the initiative to hold Gareth's hand, momentarily leaving him in a daze.

Then, he followed suit, firmly gripping Elisa's hand. He was afraid to let go as if doing so would cause him to lose everything.

Elisa didn't resist; she allowed him to lead her, guiding him away from the shopping mall.

They ended up at a barbecue stall adjacent to the mall, where they sat in silence.

Reluctantly, Gareth released Elisa's hand, but the warmth of her touch lingered in his palm.

Elisa greeted the owner and efficiently placed their order.

Gareth, on the other hand, seemed somewhat out of place in this environment, feeling a bit lost. It was clear that this wasn't his usual scene.

While Elisa wiped the table, she remarked, “Actually, when you brought me to this mall, I knew it was some ill-advised idea you must have picked up from somewhere. This mall doesn't have Gucci, Louis Vuitton, Prada, or Chanel. It's just an ordinary shopping district. This must be your first time here.”

Gareth nodded slightly.

Elisa chuckled. “I've been here a few times with Rachel. We've even encountered those young couples following your plans for their dates.”

Hearing this, Gareth understood that Elisa had seen through his intentions. Being exposed didn't feel too awkward for him. He had always been like this. Nevertheless, it didn't stop him from discreetly deducting Thomas' salary.

"I'm sorry; I'm not very skilled in these matters," Gareth sincerely admitted.

Elisa shook her head earnestly, saying, "You don't need to apologize. You didn't do anything wrong. It's just that these things aren't quite suitable for you. Take the claw machine, for example; it's all determined by the system. No matter how clever you are, if it doesn't want you to win, you won't."

She paused for a moment, then continued, "What I mean is, you don't need to do things you're not good at, and you don't need to change yourself, Mr. Wickam. You're perfectly fine just the way you are."

Gareth's heart swelled with the warmth of Elisa's words.

The two of them gazed at each other from across the somewhat noisy barbecue stand.

At that moment, with just one glance, Gareth knew he hadn't fallen for the wrong person.

"Here's your order!"

[Chapter 1933 Reconciliation](#)

The owner brought a platter of perfectly grilled barbecue to their table, laden with a variety of delights from eggplant and bell peppers to potatoes, lamb skewers, and bacon.

Elisa deftly retrieved two disposable forks, offering one to Gareth.

He accepted it with some hesitation, his eyes fixed on Elisa, who e nodded toward the barbecue platter.

"Give it a try! This is the barbecue place Rachel and I found. It's quite clean and not as greasy as some other places."

Elisa's insistence on cleaning the table was driven by her concern for Gareth's comfort.

Upon hearing her words, he glanced around and noticed the tidy and welcoming atmosphere.

Unlike the greasy food stalls he remembered, this place lacked the half-naked men and rowdy patrons engaged in drinking games. It was indeed cleaner and more pleasant.

Gareth nodded appreciatively and picked up a piece of bacon, savoring it.

The bacon, expertly grilled by a skilled chef, offered a unique and delicious flavor.

Gareth enjoyed the meal, and this seemed to please Elisa. They relished their food, complemented by a bit of wine.

It wasn't the fancy red wine from a high-end hotel, but rather a bottle of inexpensive yet satisfying beer, spicy and invigorating.

For Elisa, the experience brought back memories of her university days.

Surprisingly, Gareth, who had never tried this type of drink before, didn't resist it.

Elisa observed this with care, taking note of his reaction.

Time seemed to stretch on during this meal, and eventually, Elisa found herself inebriated.

Gareth gazed at her as she mumbled in her sleep at the table, his expression tender and affectionate.

He gently brushed a strand of hair from her cheek, speaking softly as if talking to himself. "When will you be able to fully accept me?"

After paying the bill, he lifted Elisa and carried her into a taxi.

His own car would require Thomas to be awakened and summoned to drive it home, serving as a form of payback to Thomas for the lackluster date idea.

Despite the freezing weather, Thomas had little choice but to oblige without complaint.

Upon arriving home, the taxi couldn't drive into the residential area.

Gareth opted to carry Elisa as he proceeded toward the residential area, his precious cargo on his back. With each step, he moved forward with the determination to cherish this moment forever.

Laying on his back, the inebriated Elisa was a stark contrast to her usual sober self.

Now, she was lively and talkative, her words flowing without pause.

Her favorite topics were her university experiences with Rachel, and later on, her marriage to Gareth.

"Did you know? Back when Rachel and I were in university, we tried every delicious food around campus. But then... then I got married."

Gareth inquired with a smile, "And what about after marriage?"

Elisa's demeanor suddenly shifted to agitation. "After marriage? There's no happiness after marriage at all! I truly regret it."

Even though he knew Elisa was intoxicated, Gareth chose to apologize.

"I'm sorry..."

Just as he thought he wouldn't receive a response, Elisa, leaning on his shoulder, whispered, "It's okay."

Gareth's heart skipped a beat.

Elisa appeared drunk, yet somehow, she remained conscious. She continued, "I'm very happy today. Thank you."

He paused for a moment and, under the moonlight's gentle glow, replied, "You're welcome."

With that, Gareth carried Elisa on his back all the way home.

[Chapter 1934 His Injuries](#)

The next morning, when Elisa awoke, she found herself in her own bed at home, momentarily disoriented.

As her memory returned, she recalled that Gareth had brought her back the previous night.

Reflecting on the events of yesterday, Elisa rubbed her head, paused for a moment, and didn't rush to get up. Instead, she chose to gaze out the window.

The sunlight streamed in, making her squint against its brightness.

It wasn't until she heard Gareth's voice from downstairs that she snapped back to reality.

"Are you awake? If you're up, come down for breakfast."

Elisa nodded and, throwing off her blanket, slipped into her slippers before heading to the bathroom to freshen up.

When she arrived downstairs, Gareth had already set the table with a feast of dishes, all of which she loved.

Seeing her descend, Gareth pulled out a chair for her.

"Have a seat."

Elisa thanked him and took her place. She surveyed the array of delicious and fragrant dishes on the table, then glanced at Gareth, her surprise evident. "Did you prepare all of these?"

Gareth offered a faint smile. "Who else could it be?"

Elisa was genuinely taken aback. She hadn't expected Gareth to be so versatile, seemingly capable of anything.

"Give them a try." Gareth raised an eyebrow, encouraging Elisa to taste the food.

She licked her lips and scooped up a spoonful of oatmeal that he had prepared. Surprisingly, it tasted remarkably good.

"How is it?" Gareth asked with anticipation, his eyes locked onto Elisa.

One might be surprised to know that even during high-stakes company negotiations, Gareth had never displayed this level of nervousness.

Elisa seemed lost in thought for a moment, savoring the flavors.

Gareth's heart began to race.

Fortunately, she finally gave a thumbs up, and his eyes lit up with a smile.

"Your approval means more to me than any five-star chef's." He proceeded to serve Elisa another bowl of oatmeal, pushing it toward her.

Elisa smiled, savoring her meal in quiet contentment.

They both ate in silence, enveloped by a tranquil atmosphere. Neither felt the need to break the warm stillness with words.

Suddenly...

Cough, cough, cough!

Gareth began to cough violently.

Concern etched across her face, Elisa set down her utensils and asked, "Are you okay?"

He shook his head, but the coughing persisted. He tried to say something to reassure Elisa, but the words refused to come out.

Then, a realization dawned on her. Gareth was still nursing injuries from their recent ordeal.

From the time they were stranded on that small island to their return home, he hadn't shown any signs of discomfort. However, this didn't mean his injuries had healed.

In fact, the whole ordeal likely exacerbated his wounds. He had endured it silently, never complaining.

Now it seemed he had reached his breaking point.

"Let me see your wounds." Elisa was visibly anxious, but her worry didn't cloud her judgment. She remained clear-headed and her movements were practiced and efficient.

"I'm fine." Gareth managed a smile, though his face was pale.

However, she paid no heed to his protests, undoing his clothes to examine his injuries.

The wounds didn't seem to have worsened, but the internal injuries required proper care and rest.

Gareth, now half-undressed, lay back as if completely drained, while Elisa straddled him to inspect the wounds.

From an outsider's perspective, their positions seemed rather compromising, akin to a female bandit forcibly robbing a frail scholar.

Nonetheless, Gareth made no attempt to resist.

Realizing the ambiguous nature of their positions, Elisa quickly disengaged and hopped down from him.

Gareth, with a triumphant smile that conveyed unspoken understanding, calmly adjusted his clothing.

Though no words were exchanged, it felt as though everything had been communicated.

[Chapter 1935 The Trial](#)

In those twinkling eyes, an unspoken message seemed to linger: "You have to take responsibility for me."

Elisa shifted her gaze somewhat awkwardly, then scratched her head apologetically, saying, "I'm sorry, I was being presumptuous."

Gareth offered a faint, reassuring smile, signaling that he understood.

He appeared delicate, and Elisa bit her lip, seemingly lost in thought.

"You shouldn't blame yourself too much; this isn't your fault." Gareth tried to console her, hoping to ease her burden.

Elisa didn't respond immediately. She simply patted Gareth's shoulder suddenly and said, "Since you're injured, you shouldn't go to court today."

That day was scheduled for the formal hearing of Paul and Rochelle.

Originally, Gareth was supposed to accompany Elisa. The recurrence of his wound wasn't in his plans, but since it happened, he decided to go along with it.

It was partly to make Elisa feel a bit more concerned for him.

However... this wasn't the outcome he had anticipated.

Gareth immediately sat up straight, indicating that he was perfectly fine.

With a playful gleam in her eyes, Elisa managed to keep a straight face as she said, "Whether there's a problem or not, it's not for you to decide; it's up to me. Just stay home today and wait for me to bring back some good news."

With that declaration, Elisa gave Gareth's shoulder another pat, and the matter was settled.

Before he could protest, Elisa had made up her mind and started marching upstairs, her foot thumping against the floor.

Gareth remained still, a wry smile on his face as he shook his head. He couldn't divert his gaze from Elisa's retreating figure ascending the stairs.

Seems like I've shot myself in the foot, didn't I?

By the time Elisa had finished changing her clothes, Gareth was already neatly dressed and seated in the living room.

However, Elisa completely ignored him and headed straight for the door.

Gareth rose to his feet, unable to refrain from calling out to Elisa, "You really won't be taking me with you?"

Elisa pivoted, her expression marked by confusion. "Of course not."

Why would I be lying about it?

Gareth's frustration was palpable.

She gently patted his shoulder, earnestly saying, "This is for your own well-being. Is there anything specific you'd like to eat? I can bring it back for you later."

Having spoken, she drove off without waiting for Gareth's reply.

He trailed after her, leaning against the door frame, arms folded across his chest, legs crossed at the ankles. He watched the fading trail of exhaust left by Elisa's car, a mix of amusement and exasperation on his face.

Through the rearview mirror, Elisa glimpsed Gareth standing there, a glimmer of amusement in his eyes.

Nevertheless, she continued her journey, heading to the People's Court where the trial of Paul and Rochelle was scheduled for that day.

Elisa ventured forth alone, and Edith had already entered with a team of lawyers, clearly committed to leaving no stone unturned in Paul's defense.

This unavoidably strained the relationship between the two sides.

This time, Elisa refrained from summoning Gareth or Bella. She was intent on avoiding any perception of the Wickam family taking sides.

Moreover, some battles had to be faced solo.

Elisa took a deep breath, mentally steeling herself as she assumed her place in the plaintiff's seat in the courtroom.

Her lawyer had been waiting since early morning.

They were hired at great cost from Atharia and were experts in handling such lawsuits. They were also a top-tier lawyer borrowed by Gareth from another firm.

Elisa and Edith were both determined to give it their all. T

The outcome depended significantly on Rochelle, as one side sought to incarcerate Paul while the other aimed for his acquittal.

Elisa took her seat, flashing a smile at Edith from across the room.

[Chapter 1936 Failed Mediation](#)

It could be considered a greeting of sorts.

However, Edith clearly wasn't buying it; her gaze remained sharp and unwavering, fixated on Elisa as though she had singled her out as prey.

It wasn't entirely her fault; after all, they had a heated disagreement before entering the courtroom. Edith had even tried to dissuade Elisa just before the trial began.

"If you're willing to drop the lawsuit now, the Grayson family will be there to support you in the future. In other words, our family would owe you a favor," Edith had stated during their last mediation session before the court proceedings.

Over the years, the Grayson family's standing might not have been as illustrious as before, but they still held a considerable amount of influence. Many were willing to be indebted to the Grayson family, given the chance.

Elisa, however, remained unfazed.

She would much rather send Paul into prison than be owed a favor by the Graysons.

She had come too far to change her mind. It would be unjust to her and Gareth, considering the hardships they had endured during this ordeal. It would also be unfair to Bella and Julia, who had carried their burdens alongside them.

A faint smile curled upon Elisa's lips as she replied, "Thank you, Mrs. Grayson, but there are certain things I must see through."

Seeing Elisa's resolute and unyielding demeanor, even Edith couldn't help but vent her frustration. "I just don't understand why you're so determined to bring Paul to justice. Yes, he made a mistake, but can't you forgive him just this once?"

Edith's voice quivered, and her tone softened. "Paul has been with the company for many years, and although he may not have made substantial contributions, he has put in years of hard work."

Edith abandoned her facade as a wealthy lady and earnestly pleaded.

Indeed, Paul had been a dedicated contributor to the company in his early years. But later, he had spiraled into arrogance and laid claim to what was never meant to be his.

It was Paul himself who had brought about his current situation, inching himself into the abyss.

There was no one else to blame.

Elisa regarded Edith with a mixture of puzzlement and pity in her eyes.

She voiced her thoughts, saying, "A man who is disloyal to his family lacks the most fundamental sense of responsibility. How can we expect him to behave responsibly in society? Mrs. Grayson, why do you insist on defending him?"

Edith opened her mouth to respond but found herself momentarily speechless.

"Furthermore," Elisa added with a smile, "Haven't you already persuaded Rochelle to take full responsibility? What is there to be concerned about?"

Edith instinctively took a half step back, surprised that Elisa was privy to this information.

It was evident that this young lady possessed far more extensive resources and connections than Edith had anticipated—an adversary to be reckoned with.

Without Edith's interference, Elisa's case proceeded smoothly to the courtroom.

Edith's disdain was well-founded, but Elisa had no inclination to explain herself.

After all, everyone had their own perspective.

After years of enduring what Paul had done to her and the company, they had reached an insurmountable impasse. This was the only recourse.

"The court is now in session."

As the judge's pronouncement echoed through the courtroom, it signaled the end of any hope for mediation and the commencement of the legal process.

Edith closed her eyes, silently offering her prayers.

Rochelle and Paul were escorted in, both in handcuffs.

Compared to their previous encounter, Rochelle appeared considerably more spirited.

Chapter 1937 Turning Against

Elisa glanced at Edith across from her. She must've made the arrangements. Taking good care of Rochelle in prison might also be one of the benefits that persuaded Rochelle to willingly take on the blame. As for the rest, she likely offered her money and power as well as a promise to take care of Rochelle's family. That's all there is to it.

Elisa stared at Rochelle, her smile mysterious and inscrutable. It'll be best if she doesn't disappoint me.

The moment their eyes met, Rochelle awkwardly shifted her gaze away. Is she feeling guilty?

Elisa laughed.

The court proceedings officially commenced, and the plaintiff's lawyer from Elisa's side began to present his case.

His speech was impassioned and indignant, backed up by ample evidence.

Of course, in the murder accusation, the evidence primarily pointed toward Rochelle.

There was no direct connection with Paul.

Rochelle was also the one to contact the waiter afterward.

The only thing that could possibly suggest Paul was guilty was the surveillance footage. The footage showed that Paul immediately followed right after Rochelle dragged Elisa away. He even brought with him a group of men.

However, judicial trials did not entertain speculation, only evidence.

There was no direct evidence to prove Paul was guilty. Hence, they could only rely on Rochelle's testimony.

When it was Rochelle's turn to speak, her gaze flickered, shifting from the judge to Edith before finally settling on Elisa.

Edith was very nervous, so much so that her clenched fingers had turned pale.

Right now, Rochelle was the center of attention in the court, as her testimony played a crucial role in that case.

Rochelle was also very conflicted, constantly struggling inwardly.

She hung her head low, engaged in a fierce inner conflict.

Finally, under the judge's third urging, Rochelle raised her head, her eyes filled with determination.
"No."

Elisa was somewhat disheartened. She truly wanted to give Rochelle a hand, but sadly, the latter didn't seize the chance.

Edith finally let her guard down, giving Elisa a triumphant glance. Naive girl, no matter how harsh your words are or how well-connected you are, what's the use? You still lost to me.

Paul was also brimming with excitement, loudly proclaiming his innocence.

The officer tried several times to push him back into his seat but to no avail.

Elisa looked at him. During that period, it seemed that Paul had not suffered any hardships because not only did he not lose weight, but he had also gained some. It seems like the food inside is pretty good.

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Elisa caught the smug look thrown her way by Paul. Celebrate now. Consider it your final revelry.

The judge once again asked Rochelle if what she said was true.

This time, Rochelle was much more resolute, noddng her head to show her certainty.

Elisa's lawyer couldn't help but speak up and remind Rochelle, "Ms. Matterson, I feel obliged to remind you that perjury is also a crime. If you intend to shoulder all the responsibility alone... the consequences are beyond your imagination."

"Objection!" The lawyer from Edith's side immediately raised a rebuttal. "Please refrain from uttering leading statements to the client."

Elisa's lawyer nodded and took a seat.

The judge once again asked Rochelle if what she said was true.

Rochelle dithered, hesitating to speak.

She glanced over at Edith's side.

Elisa noticed Edith nodding at Rochelle, likely reaffirming their previous agreement.

Tears filled Rochelle's eyes.

In the end, she nodded.

[Chapter 1938 Are You Serious](#)

Still, what difference would it make?

It seemed those people had forgotten what she used to do.

Elisa's knuckles gently rapped on the table, a hint of scorn playing at the corners of her mouth. "You all might be disappointed. He's not my legal representative."

The next moment, Rachel had already walked in from outside the court. She winked at Elisa. "Sorry that I'm late. There was a bit of traffic on the way."

Elisa might not be able to defend herself, but a good friend could. Everyone in Bayswe knew how outstanding Rachel was.

Elisa thought. Did they really believe that because they had a prior discussion, Paul and Rochelle could avoid being sentenced, and Edith could escape without any implication? Dream on! The net must be drawn in little by little, and now, it's time to reel it in.

Rachel's justified and well-founded arguments, coupled with the evidence she had gathered, made her speech very convincing, particularly since she was a top-tier lawyer. Every word she uttered left Edith's party appearing relatively weak.

When the evidence was produced, the expressions of Edith and Paul drastically changed.

Rachel put forth a few demands. "My client demands that the defendant return the shares of Benett Corporation and compensate three times the amount embezzled from Benett Corporation over these years. Furthermore, those who previously intended to harm her have committed attempted murder.

According to criminal law, the defendant should bear criminal responsibility."

Paul and Rochelle were the ones who should be sentenced.

It was too late for Edith to escape now. Consequently, one was convicted of corruption and bribery, the other of intentional injury. Paul was sentenced to fifteen years of imprisonment, Rochelle to ten years, and Edith to five years.

Elisa was very satisfied with the verdict.

The next person she had to deal with was Norman.

Elisa stepped out of the court, with Rachel following closely behind her. The two of them, walking one after the other, were the beauties in the legal field, both capable and gorgeous.

Gareth's car was parked outside the court.

Gareth had anticipated that Elisa would seek help from Rachel. He had never mentioned it, but now that he saw Rachel, Gareth nodded his head to greet her.

However, Rachel still didn't show any kindness toward Gareth. After all, he had undoubtedly hurt Elisa in the past.

She just didn't expect that Vincent would also be there.

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"Well, what a coincidence to bump into you all today! Why don't we seize the moment and have lunch together? Isn't it better to make the most of this chance encounter?"

Dressed in a black business suit and carrying a briefcase, Vincent looked extremely professional. However, the moment he laughed and spoke, the illusion shattered instantly.

Rachel glared at him. Coincidence? This is clearly deliberate! This guy knew I was coming today and rushed over on purpose.

"Liz and I still have some important matters to attend to, so you two go ahead and eat. Liz, let's go." With that, Rachel took Elisa by the hand.

Elisa notified her to come today. Ever since Elisa and Gareth disappeared, she had searched for them the whole time, constantly swamped.

Today, it was about time for them to have a proper get-together!

As she spoke, Rachel took Elisa's hand and walked away, leaving Vincent and Gareth behind them.

When Vincent wanted to give chase and say something more, Gareth stopped him by shaking his head at Vincent. Vincent stared at Gareth incredulously. "Bro, are you serious? You're really just letting the two of them go like this? Or you've already sorted things out with Elisa upon your return?"

[Chapter 1939 Three Birds](#)

With a slight purse of his lips, Gareth shot a sharp glance at Vincent. "Do you think she would still leave with Rachel if I had sorted things out with her?"

"So, it's not settled yet? What have you been doing all this time? You and Elisa both disappeared for such a long time. Now that you came back together, you're telling me you haven't sorted things out with her yet?"

Vincent stared at Gareth in disbelief. The latter's face was as cold as frost. His whole demeanor was gloomy as if he was enveloped in a pervasive aura of malevolence.

Vincent clearly perceived it, yet he deliberately hit Gareth where it hurt.

Gareth immediately retorted, "Well, while I was away, did you manage to win over Rachel?"

Vincent was rendered speechless.

Gareth immediately rolled his eyes at him. You haven't achieved anything either, so what's there to talk about?

Gareth didn't say another word, leaving Vincent behind him. Vincent caught up with him. "They've left, but we can still go eat. I haven't eaten yet. You should at least treat me to a meal after not seeing each other for so long."

"Will you starve to death if you miss one meal?" Gareth's voice was cold as ice, and he did not even bother to turn his head.

He had just opened the car door when Vincent hopped in. "Sure, hunger won't kill me. But I haven't seen you for a while, and there are some things I want to discuss with you privately. Surely, you're not so stingy as to deny me a meal?"

"What do you have to talk about? Let's skip the clichés about romance, love, hatred, and revenge, shall we?"

At that time, Vincent had already comfortably settled in the passenger seat. He fastened his seatbelt, and Gareth did not chase him out of the car either.

Vincent chuckled lightly, then slowly picked up the conversation. "No. It's about those things you and Elisa asked me to take care of before you two left."

"Let's talk now," Gareth said. He wasn't in a rush to start the engine. He pulled the car over, rolled down the window, and lit a cigarette.

Elisa and Rachel left without even sparing him a glance, completely ignoring him. The look in their eyes and resoluteness only made him feel increasingly upset.

Vincent glanced around. Indeed, there was no one at the courthouse entrance. "Are you sure you want to talk here? Although there's nothing to be afraid of, you're really stingy. You won't even treat me to a meal. I haven't eaten lunch yet! Surely, we can't starve while they go off to eat, can we?"

Vincent let out a long, deep sigh.

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Vincent let out a long, deep sigh.

Gareth glanced at him, then started the engine.

Meanwhile, Elisa and Rachel had arrived at a café.

Rachel ordered two cups of their usual black coffee. While they were waiting, she asked Elisa about her progress, "Regarding Norman, do you have any thoughts?"

"Of course. What I want is not just his conviction. I want him to suffer excruciating pain. However, Linda will definitely try her best to get her father out. We need to keep an eye on her. The moment she makes a move..." Elisa sneered as she spoke.

Once Linda made her move, her true colors would also be revealed. Moreover, the big boss supporting Linda might also come into the light.

Elisa would be able to kill three birds with one stone. Just thinking about it made her heart flutter with joy.

"Not bad. This plan is pretty good. I'll help you follow up when the time comes. You can rest assured and be Bennett Corporation's boss. Then... Hold on. Don't tell me you're planning to remarry Gareth upon your return this time?" She settled everything, including her career. In that case, only her love life is still uncertain.

The thought made Rachel panic. She was terrified that Elisa and Gareth might reconcile. That was not the outcome she wanted to see!

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She wasn't against Elisa focusing on her romance after establishing her career. If Will weren't in a wheelchair now, considering his current affection for Elisa, Rachel would support Will.

But Will was now in a wheelchair, not to mention Marsha didn't like Elisa. On the other hand, even if the entire Wickam family hoped for their remarriage, what difference would it make?

Gareth was once clearly and unmistakably a scoundrel.

Elisa shook her head. At that moment, the waiter arrived carrying two cups of freshly brewed coffee, placing one cup in front of Elisa and Rachel each.

Elisa raised her cup, took a gentle sip, and then said, "I'm grateful for my Grandma and Bella's support upon my return. I handled Benett Corporation's affairs by first dealing with Paul, making an example out of him to keep others in line. Those people wouldn't dare to act recklessly. Also, it's about time we start discussing our collaboration with Darcey Group."

If she hadn't encountered misfortune and ended up in the small fishing village, her collaboration with Darcey Group would have already been underway.

Now that she was back, she couldn't delay the collaboration with Darcey Group any longer. She decided to visit Will tomorrow.

"In any case, I don't want to see your feelings being trampled on like that again. If you and Gareth never started anything, I wouldn't object to you being with him, even if I know what kind of person he is. Why? Because no matter what, he is completely devoted to you and is willing to change for you."

"Isn't the current Gareth the same?" Elisa chuckled in response to Rachel's words. Noticing Rachel's face turning cold, Elisa also realized how significant her statement was in defending Gareth.

From the small fishing village to Moranta, they'd journeyed together through a lot. Gareth had really helped her a lot.

She noticed all of Gareth's changes.

Rachel was serious and stern. "Liz, you're obviously siding with Gareth now. I'm really worried that you'll fall for him again. You can't be swayed by a man's sweet talk. If Gareth truly had feelings for you, why didn't he cherish you in the first place?" Late affection is utterly insignificant, so regardless of who she gets together with, she must never get back together with their ex!

Elisa nodded and smiled, saying, "I understand, don't worry. What has Sheena been up to lately?"

It had been a long time since she paid attention to what was happening at the firm, so she figured she should ask about it.

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When Rachel heard Elisa asking, she knew the latter was deliberately changing the subject. However, she had already given all the reminders she should have given. If Elisa still insisted, she wouldn't go out of her way to stop her.

She also stopped discussing Gareth, regained her composure, and picked up Elisa's conversation. "Sheena has been busy with work lately, but it seems like her family is also pushing her to go on blind dates. It's always been said that men should marry when they're grown, and women should do the same. Damn. Why hasn't this changed at all since ancient times? Can't we decide for ourselves when it comes to marriage? Can't we wait until we've had enough fun before getting married?"

Whenever Rachel thought about those things, she felt her scalp tingle and could only shake her head, feeling utterly helpless.

Seeing her like that, Elisa couldn't help but laugh. "Of course it's possible. After all, we're no longer living in the old society where they'd force you to get married or find a partner. Now, tell me honestly. How far have you and Vincent progressed?"

Rachel was stumped.

She sighed with exasperation. How did this topic of discussion circle back to me?