

Chapter 13 I Implore You To Relinquish Him To Me

Joelle remained silent, wiping away her tears as she resumed folding her clothes.

Convinced of her utter disappointment in Keaton, she numbed herself to work through her pain.

Archie's condition appeared grim. Visiting him at this juncture would be ill-timed and inappropriate.

Yet she harbored no desire to waste any more time with Keaton.

Once she secured a new residence, she planned to escape this frigid and agonizing environment.

Leaning against the door with crossed arms, Elsie gloated. "You must be terribly disappointed, aren't you? Even with your surveillance video, Keaton still trusts me. All your efforts are in vain."

Joelle lifted her head, regarding her with indifference. "Keaton barely left, and here you are, reveling in my situation? If I capture your current actions on tape and present them to Keaton, how do you plan to justify them this time?"

"Damn you!" Elsie, a mix of shock and anger, hastily stood straight and surveyed the room with frustration. "How many cameras have you placed here?"

Joelle persisted in folding her clothes, delivering her words with icy detachment. "Miss Rowe, there'd be no concern about being captured on camera if you weren't two-faced. Unfortunately, your innocence is merely a facade. You approached my car to frame me. I will ensure you face the consequences!"

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Divorce and departure from Keaton were options, but she refused to tolerate any false accusations.

"Joelle, why are you doing this?" Elsie, apprehensive about additional cameras, restrained herself. Lowering her head, she adopted a hurt expression. "It's all in the past. My legs have fully recovered now. I'm willing to forgive you for what happened. Let's be friends from now on, alright?"

"Friends? Would you befriend someone attempting to frame you and snatch your husband?" Joelle sneered.

Elsie smoothed her hair and let out a slight sigh. Assuming an air of shyness, she said, "Joelle, I understand you're upset because Keaton loves me. But can one control who they fall in love with? If you're unhappy with him, why not consider divorce? I implore you to relinquish him to me."

Observing Elsie, Joelle felt a wave of disgust and declared, "Do you believe I would still have feelings for a man who's playing around with another woman? I don't want him anymore. If you fancy him, feel free to take him back!"

Despite her deep affection for Keaton, Joelle resolved not to sacrifice her integrity and dignity. Having glimpsed his true character, she had no

intention of hounding him any longer.

In contrast to Joelle's indifference, Elsie's emotions swayed. Her complexion shifted from pale to livid, and she couldn't resist the urge to harm Joelle's beautiful face.

Was Joelle implying she desired the man Joelle had cast aside?

"If you're capable, ensure you monitor Keaton and prevent him from troubling me. Furthermore, you'd best persuade him to agree to a divorce. When you two tie the knot, I might consider sending a gift. Now, exit my room!" Joelle uttered in a frigid tone, pointing towards the door.

Elsie seethed with anger, her chest heaving violently. Nevertheless, she refrained from losing her temper, fearing it might tarnish her image in Keaton's eyes. Stamping her feet, she exited the room.

Joelle's anger had subsided compared to moments ago. She sat there, feeling drained. She had no inclination to engage in any activities until her phone interrupted the silence.

Glancing at her phone, Joelle composed herself before answering, "Hello, Tony? I'm available. Alright, let's discuss it in person."

Tony and Joelle met at a cafe situated a bit of a distance away. The ambiance was refined, with few patrons, making it an ideal setting for discussions.

Upon Joelle's arrival, she found that, aside from Tony, Patrick and Flora were already present.

Patrick Fernandez, the CEO of Jensen Bio, was a 33-year-old man with a sun-kissed complexion. Unlike Keaton, his facial features were less angular, radiating a gentle aura. His smile rendered him approachable.

However, those acquainted with him understood that his kindness was reserved exclusively for those who earned his respect.

Possessing maturity, wealth, handsomeness, and a lengthy spell of singlehood without any involvement in scandals, he was undoubtedly the epitome of every woman's Prince Charming.

Yet to this day, he remained single, piquing the curiosity of many regarding the type of woman capable of capturing his heart.

Flora Carter, the inspector overseeing the clinical trials of the new drug, was in her thirties and possessed an unremarkable appearance. Clad in a business suit, she exuded professionalism.

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Following the exchange of greetings, Flora scrutinized Joelle and inquired, "Doctor Wall, is this the individual you're introducing to us?"



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