

## Chapter 106

I mentioned, "He's bought me a lot of jewelry, bags, clothes, and other expensive items. Those add up to a fair amount."

Mr. Webb adjusted his glasses. "Those would be considered gifts, and the court typically wouldn't order them returned. However, Ms. Cornell may not be so lucky.

"The money transfers she posted herself, along with some of the high-value items, can all be compiled as assets for recovery."

I blinked, taken aback.

Teri burst into laughter. "Perfect! That queen of fakery clearly hasn't kept up with the new civil code! All those are technically marital assets!"

It took a moment for it all to sink in. "So not only can I reclaim my investment in Linden Group, but I might also claim a significant portion of his assets and leave Jocelyn empty-handed?"

Teri grinned. "Exactly! You got it!"

Turning to Mr. Webb, she added, "Mr. Webb, make sure to collect every piece of evidence you can. Let's bring Elijah to his knees!"

With a smile, Mr. Webb replied, "Bankruptcy might be a stretch, but we can certainly cause significant financial damage."

I nodded gratefully. "Thank you, Mr. Webb. I'm counting on

you."

After seeing him off, I checked the time.

Teri asked, "Are you really going to meet that guy? Do you want me to go with you?"

I showed her the address, hesitating. "This place doesn't look dangerous, right?"

After a long look, Teri shrugged. "It's hard to say. But I'll go with you. There's no way I'm letting a beautiful woman like you go alone."

"Don't tell Logan," I said quickly. "He'd never agree to it."

She smirked, teasing. "Already keeping secrets from the hubby?"

I blushed. "Stop. I just don't want him worrying."

Teri laughed. "If you don't want him to worry, maybe you shouldn't go at all. Just saying."

Despite the jokes, I knew I had to go.

After dinner, I sent Logan a quick message saying I was going shopping with Teri. The two of us took a cab to the address the guy had given me.

Once we arrived, we stared up at the massive neon-lit sign, feeling at a loss.

Teri checked the address, frowning. "This is the right place, but it doesn't look like a club at all."

I looked uncertain. "He said he'd be inside, in VIP Suite 888."

Teri shrugged. "Guess we'd better go check. Worst-case scenario, we'll know it's a scam."

"What if it is a scam?" I asked.

Teri held up her phone. "We'll call the cops. No one messes with the police."

With mutual reassurance, we made our way inside.

We grabbed an attendant and asked him to take us to VIP Suite 888. He gave us a strange look, sizing us up, but to his credit, he didn't say anything and led us to the VIP area.

He stopped outside the entry, politely asking, "Could I see your invitation code, please?"

I was confused. "What invitation code?"

He smiled, maintaining his professionalism. "Access to the VIP area is restricted. I can't let you in if you don't have an invitation code. Alternatively, your friend can come out to bring you inside."

I quickly sent the guy a message on WhatsApp, requesting the invitation code. A moment later, he replied with the code.

With that, we were smoothly escorted into VIP Suite 888. The door opened, and we were hit by a wave of strong perfume mixed with the scent of alcohol and cosmetics.

Amid the lavish surroundings, I spotted none other than Norman sitting casually on a couch.

He leaned back, looking every bit the carefree playboy,

flanked by two stunning young women with perfect figures and delicate features, each cozied up on either side, laughing and chatting with him.

I froze in surprise.