

# **A Love Forgotten (Arianna and Elijah)**

## **Chapter 141**

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I chuckled "Don't say that about Elijah."

Evan's eyes in up. "Ari, you still ke Elijah, don't you?"

Before he could finish, he saw my expression and immediately shut up.

"Don't get involved in my business with Elijah anymore. Just focus on your studies," I said

Evan was in eighth grade now. He was about to start high school

Since I had lost my memory, I didn't know how he was doing in school. However, he often showed up at the hospital, and guessed he probably wasn't doing well.

Sure enough, Evan said impatiently, "Don't even talk about school. Everything's a mess at home, and no one's looking out for me. I just can't focus on studying right now,"

I felt a pang in my heart and asked, "Did something happen with your family?"

Evan looked at me, and I immediately knew what he meant. "Did Jonathan cause trouble for your family!"

Evan nodded. I felt a wave of sympathy for this lad in front of me. While the rest of the Linden family might deserve their fate, Evan was innocent.

He hadn't received much love from his mother as a child. She would leave him at summer camp for months at a time. With so little attention, he ended up getting bullied by the nanny the other kids.

If it hadn't been for me, he might have really suffered

I looked at him for a moment and said, "Ivan, you."

"Ari, I know I shouldn't get involved in your stuff with Elijah, but my great-grandfather wants to see you, Evan said abruptly

I was stunned "Who?"

Evan scratched his head. "I'm not sure if he's actually my great-grandfather since mine has already passed away, but everyone calls him that."

I was even more puzzled because I had no memory of that at all, but I couldn't let Evan see that I'd lost my memory.

"Why does he want to see me?" I asked hesitantly.

However, Evan was still young and struggled to find the right word, in he couldn't explain it clearly. Just then, a figure appeared faintly in the distance.

I furrowed my brow and poised at them. "Evan, that person looks familiar, Go check it out!"

Evan glanced over and took off after them. I waited in place, and after a while, Evan returned with a woman wearing sunglasses.

She was dressed in a khaki dress and wearing a wide-brimmed hat. Her sunglasses covered half her face, she seemed anxious about being recognized and nervously used her hands to cover her face. "Mr. Cornell, why are you acting so sneaky? you wanted to see me, you could have just called."

Jocelyn hastily removed her sunglasses and said, "Um. I'm here to ask for your mercy and to drop the lawsuit,"

He frowned. "A li

Seeing that really didn't know

I was happening. Jocelyn quickly explained the whole story.

It all made sense now. That was the reason for the large sum of money in my account

While I was in a coma, John and Mr. We went after her and took legal action against Jocelyn as well. They sued her for taking our marital assets.

Jocelyn left in a sorry state, Evan personally walked her out the back of the hospital parking lot, and headed back to my hospital room

It was just a short walk in the hospital garden, but all the unexpected encounters and heavy conversations left me completely exhausted.

Troubled my forehead. My head was pounding, but I finally had the whole picture

While I was in a cunsa, jota and M. Weiled for dive on my behall against Elijah. They also surd jocelyn to recover out marital assets but that wasn't the main point.

The surprising part was that Elijahed the sets and encore part of polyn's shuru himself. Thai was why an eight-figure balance suddenly appeared in my account because of that Jovelyn slaked nacting tabloid attention just to plead with me about the lawsuit

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I was puzzled by Elijah's sudden change in attitude. Why was he so willing to compromise? Then, a smooth, gentle voice interrupted my thoughts. "What are you thinking about so intently?"

I looked up and sw Logan entering the room. Dressed in a light gray suit, Logan looked as charming and handsome as ever.

He sat beside me, his gaze fixed on my face. "You're looking much better now. Dr. Quinell said your leg should heal in less than a month, so don't worry," he reassured me. I looked at him and asked, "Logan, what about Elijah? What did he say? Did he agree to the divorce?"

Logan shook his head and replied, "No, he didn't."

I was even more puzzled. "Then why was he so generous with the money and even covered part of Jocelyn's s Legan looked a little surprised. "How did you know that?"

I told him about jocelyn secretly visiting me today. Of course, I didn't mention anything about Evan

share?" I asked

Logan shrugged. "Maybe he feels guilty. Besides, the money he covered for jocelyn is probably to minimize the impact of this situation."

He paused and then added, "After all, if Jocelyn keeps causing trouble, it only damage Linden Group's reputation further,"

I sensed there was something I wasn't fully understanding

"Is Linden Group really in bad shape?" I asked cautiously.

Logan gave me a long look and sidestepped my question. "Do you want Linden Group to do well or no?"

I was taken aback. How was I supposed to answer that?

"It's not that I can decide what happens with it. I don't have that kind of power," I muttered.

Logan's gaze softened. "If you want it to do well, it will. If you don't, it won't."

I looked at him, confused. "How could that be possible?"

Logan didn't respond, and his smile only deepened. A realization hit me, and I blushed as I gently took his hand,

"He's so full of himself, thinking he can decide Linden Group's fate, I thought.

Logan held my hand, tracing gentle circles with his fingers. He slowly massaged my palm, moving from my fingertips to the center.

The center of my palm was incredibly sensitive. His long fingers pressed into it, massaging with a gentle, steady rhythm.

A spark shot from my palm straight to my heart, sending waves of warmth through me. The sensation was like a soft, electric pulse, reaching deep inside me. The atmosphere in the room was charged and intimate. I quickly pulled my hand away just before I made a sound. My face turned red as I avoided his gaze. "Don't tease me," I said shyly.

Logan looked at me gently, and I could feel my face burning.

"It's not teasing you. I'm just helping to improve your circulation," he replied earnestly.

"I don't need it. I went for a walk today. In fact, I walk every day," I said hurriedly.

Logan shook his head. "That's not the same."

"Wursdffd?" asked feeling puzzled.

Logan looked at me seriously. "Of course it's different. Can I like everyone?"

I was speechless and could only stare at Logan.

Suddenly, he walked over and locked the door. My heart raced as I heard a door click,

sat are you doing? Why are you locking the door? This is a hospital too! I stared as he approached non

Logan took off his multi jacket, revealing a white shirt underneath. I could see his diamond muscles bulging beneath the thin T-shirt.

I walked nervously. "What the hell are you doing?" I asked, my voice trembling

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I had to admit, he had an impressive physique.

He looked lean in clothes. When he took them off, his muscles were solid, well-defined, and not bulky or aggressive. Instead, they were sculpted and smooth, almost like a work of art.

His body reminded me of the classic statues I had seen in museums, showing both strength and grace, while Logan's long, lean limbs and strong frame gave him a powerful and perfect. I stared at him, completely captivated. I was so attracted to him. Logan tossed his suit jacket aside and started unbuttoning his shirt.

graceful

I was mortified, but I couldn't look away. I watched as he shed his shirt and took off his shoes:

When his hand reached for his waistband. I yelled, "Stop!".

Logan paused, and my gaze was drawn to the V-cut on his waist.

My thoughts began to wander, but I quickly snapped back to reality. "You can't take those off!"

Logan casually grabbed some comfy clothes and put them on. He then looked at me, puzzled. "How can I sleep if I don't take them off?"

I was stunned. "You want to sleep? Sleep here?"

Logan nodded. "What else would I do?" he asked.

I tumbled for words. "There's there's no way you could sleep here,

Logan turned and flipped a witch on the chair, transforming it into a makeshift bed

I was left speechless. After a long pause, I asked, "You slept here while I was in a coma ?"

Logan nodded. "Yeah, but only for the first week, Jonathan and wanted to make sure you were okay after the surgery."

I felt terrible. I had misjudged him. I mumbled, "Why didn't you explain earlier? I thought you were trying to get close, ur."

There could fish, Legan cut me off with a kiss. Then, he pulled back, chuckling softly. "You were right I did want to kiss you."

I was about to say something, but my words were lost in the unexpected sweetness of his kiss. It was a long, lingering kiss that left me feeling dazed and overwhelmed. Before I knew it, I had agreed to let Logan hold me while we slapt

The hospital com was locked. Through my hary mind, I heard a nurse trying to open the locked door but failed. After some fumbling outside, they gave up and left. Ineventually dried into a deep sleep.

An hour later, I woke up to find Logan already dressed. He had transformed back into the elegant and handsome CEO, Mr. Wood

"Ret up I'll take you our tonight," he said, leaving a kiss my cheek

I blushed, thinking about how we had fallen asleep in each other's an. My mind was still in that innocent, 18-year-old state, never having experienced anything like this.

I was relieved that Logan was a gentleman. Heludn't taken advantage of the situation and respected out boundaries. Plus, I wasn't sure I could have stopped him if he had tried. todded and asked, "Where are we going?" Logan didn't reply. He milled softly, leaned in for a kiss, and then left.

I waited eagerly the entire evening. During that time, the nurses came in several times to check my blood pressure and administer medication.

I noticed them giving a strange looks, and I felt incredibly embarrassed. They must have heard about Logan locking my room door while we were alone,

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What could be worse than this? The whole nurses station probably knew that Legan had locked the room with just the two of us inside. It made the situation feel even more intimate. Nothing happened, but I couldn't hide my embarrassment. I pretended to sleep after the check-up, but it didn't help much.

Then, at 6:30pm, Logan arrived with two women who looked like assistants. He turned to the two women and said, "I'm taking her out. Could you help her get ready?"

The two women nodded gently and replied, "Of course, Mr. Wood. We'll take care of everything. Please wait outside for a moment."

Once Logan went out, they opened the suitcases and began unpacking. I saw a brand new dress, a full set of unopened makeup, and a hairdryer.

I was both surprised and delighted I had actually been in the hospital for over a month. Excluding the time I was in a coma, I had been here for about two weeks.

Honestly, for a woman who cared about her appearance, it was torture. However, I never expected Logan to be so thoughtful by bringing along a hairstylist and a makeup artist.

The two of them were young and efficient. They washed, cut, and styled my hair in just half an hour. Then, they spent another half an hour on my dress and makeup. An hour later, I looked refreshed and energetic, despite the cast on my left leg.

I glanced at my reflection in the mirror and saw a woman with rosy cheeks, bright eyes, and a slender, fair figure.

I couldn't stop admiring myself, a warm happiness filling my heart. It felt so good to be pampered and cared for a feeling I hadn't experienced in a long time.

As the hairstylist and makeup artist packed up their things, they smiled and said. "Mr. Wood, you're really lucky. Mr. Wood loves you so much."

I blushed and stammered, "W-what do you think?"

They both smiled again. One of them explained, "We're stylists at a beauty salon. Our schedule was packed, but Mr. Wood paid a lot to get us here. He also told us all about your preferences." "A handsome, wealthy, and considerate man like Mr. Wood is really hard to find," the other added as they continued packing.

I tried to be modest, but the big smile on my face gave me away.

At that moment, Logan entered the room with a smile. "Should I go?" he asked.

His gaze softened tenderly as he looked at me.

lich warmth emeye Im. I'm ready," Treplied.

With their job done, the hairstylist and makeup artist discreetly left.

I fidgeted in the wheelchair, Nervously tucking my

sby whoever Logan was around

As his tops approached, my heart pounded.

behind my ear. I wasn't usually shy. In fact, I was always cheerful, outgoing, and bold. But ever since I lost my memory, always felt

"Ari, you look beautiful day." Logan said as he kneeled down and took my hand. "And you're getting more beautiful every day."

Even though I knew he was just flattering me, I couldn't help but sarulle.

mar's so beautiful about me?

2301 stantmered again

Logan reached out and gently touched my cheek. "Everything about you is beautiful."

I posted playfully. "You're such a sweet talker "

Logan Laughed

wasn't used to this lowey dowry atmosphere, so quickly asked, "We are we going tonight?".

Logan smiled and replied, "I'm taking you out for der Afterward, we can visit a private art exhibition by an old friend of mine."

westwious "Täd't know you ludafrind who was an antur: Whoisir?"

Logal thought for a moment. And

college Jonathan knows her too

Jonathan! My lasthen rarely talked about is college friends

Hunde in knowlei?" Lasked my curiosily wing



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I pinned mischievously and asked again, "What's she like, you artist friend? How's the relationship with Jonathan? Do you think Jonathan will go to the art exhibition too?"

Logan was caught off guard by my questions. He chuckled. "I don't really know her that well, Jonathan's the one who knows her and dragged me along whenever they went out. I thought you might be bored, so I asked Quine if I could take you out." He glanced at my leg. "Tr. Quine said your leg is fine. Just don't put too much on it."

I nodded eagerly. "That's fine. I can do it. Just give me crutches, and I'll walk on my own."

Logan shook his head, chuckling at my naivety. "Silly girl," he teased.

Unable to contain my curiosity, I asked again, "So, is she pretty? Does Jonathan like her?"

Logan looked at a loss.

With a resigned sigh and a small smile, he said, "Well, it seems she might be interested in Jonathan. That's actually why she got in touch with me, asking me to visit her art exhibition."

I was excited. "So, Jonathan's finally going to get a girlfriend? By the way, why hasn't Jonathan found a wife yet?"

Logan just stared at me in silence.

Half an hour later, we arrived at a quaint, old-fashioned alleyway in the city. The alley was lined with charming, historical townhouses.

I saw a group of people up ahead, chatting and drinking in front of one of the brightly lit townhouses.

"Wow! There's actually a bar here?" I claimed.

Logan got out of the car and draped a delicate scarf over my lap. He glanced at his watch. "It's about to start," he said. "Those are the guests. They're waiting outside,

I couldn't hide my excitement. "Let's go check them out! Look at them, all dressed up and sipping champagne. It's like we're in a movie scene."

Logan chuckled and slowly wheeled me down the alley.

La serves in a white dress recognized him. The server respectfully said, Ma. Wood, please follow me this way."

Logan nodded slightly and wheeled me toward the red-carpeted hallway.

The server quickly stepped forward "Mr. Wood, may assist you?" he offered politely.

Logan shook his head "Thank you, but I'll manage," he replied.

The server glanced at me with a puzzled expression. The surrounding guests also seemed intrigued by our unexpected pairing

As we passed by groups of guests, I overheard snippets of their conversations

"Who's that? He's so handsome," one woman whispered

"He's so charming. Oh I think it's Mr. Wood" another exclaimed,

"Mr. Wood? You mean the CEO of that huge corporation?" someone asked,

"oh my god, it's Mr. Logan Wood He's even taller and more handsome than in prison, unbelievable, someone in a wheelchair in the disabled" "But who's

that with him? She's gorgeous too, but why's she in a

"Noway Their way Mr. Wood would be with someone disabled," another guest scoffed

"Maybe she's so kind of famous actor? I've never heard of her before?"

"Can't believe Mr. Gatiti told Mr. Wood to come. This all exhilaration in our scale."

I heard there are some prominent people to come. It's still early."

Listening to their whispers, I felt a sense of satisfaction

someone added

After walking through the red carpeted walkway, we entered the lobby of the townhouse. As soon as we stepped inside, a subtle, calming fragrance filled the air. A deep amber, surprised to find there was a rare floral scent mixed with jasmine

The party was splendid, with a refined selection of appetizers and drinks set up in one corner. A few distinguished guests, led by a well-dressed manager, were attentively admiring the

Au looked around, I noticed the pairings were at style I wasn't qualified to age the paintings, but the special lighting allowed me to feel the emotion the artist was trying to

Logan stayed with name for a dale, then thougiafully asked, "you

1 pulled my para away Eranthe paintings and only "You

Logan umiled and motioned to the set. The verden galed to the small get door. A few older, distinguished guests were already seated

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The distinguished guests in the dining room spoke quietly among themselves, occasionally sipping their champagne.

When Logan walled in, they looked at him with surprise, but Login seemed wed to the attention

He thoughtfully wheeled me over to the table. The server quickly prepared our drinks and set out the dining sets for us.

The guests at the table turned their sharp gazes toward us. One of them recognized Logan and exclaimed in surprise, "Isn't that Mr. Wood?"

Just then a voice filled with excitement called from the wooden spiral staircase. "Logan, you're here!"

Everyone turned to see who it was All I saw was a stunning woman with a graceful and slender figure, elegantly descending the staircase. She was absolutely gorgeous

looked bold and sensual in her red silk dress. Her skin was fair, and her long hair was elegantly pinned up, adorned with a cove

The rose was artfully placed, slanting into the bon from the left, with green leaves casually draping over her hair. She looked elegant and captivating, with a mysterious, natural beauty.

She walked up to Logan and extended her hand. "Logan, welcome. So glad you could make it."

Logan shook her hand briefly, then introduced her. "This is Willie Garrett, a talented painter."

Willie turned to me, a look of surprise on her face. "And who is this?"

I extended my hand. "Hi, I'm Ariana York"

Willie took my hand and looked at Logan Logan smiled slightly and placed a hand on my shoulder. "She's my girlfriend."

Willie froze for a moment, then exclaimed in surprise, "Logan, you have a girlfriend now?"

"Is Ms. York related to Jonathan? Are you ten siblings?" she added, as if realizing something Logan nodded.

Willie immediately tightened her grip on my hand, her tone was

was warmer

"Oh! You're Jonathan's sister! I can't believe we've never met before!"

I guessed she hadn't heard of me and had only looked me up after finding out Logan was bringing me. But I didn't mind.

"How long have you and Jonathan known each other?" asked curiously

the mention of Jonathan, a hint of shyness flashed across Willie's face.

She gave me a meaning look before replying, "We've known each other for quite some time.!"

After she spoke, clearly eager to change the topic, she quickly guided us to our seats. Then, she signaled to the server to bring out the dishes.

Soon, a delicious meal was served, and champagne and drinks were plentiful.

Willie was a charismatic hostess. She made sure everyone at the table felt comfortable and well-attended. In addition, she gave me special attention, eagerly introducing each intriguing dish I busied myself with food and listened to their conversation, while Logan socialized and occasionally chatted with Willie.

Willie had some champagne, and her cheeks were slightly flushed. She smiled at Logan and said, "I bet with Jonathan that you wouldn't be settled down by the time you were 35. Who would

time you were 35. Who would

Then, with a mischievous grin, she looked at me. "York Can call you Ari? Jonathan and I have known each other for years, and I'm actually a bit older than you" As she said, I asked out of

curiosity, "Ms Garrett, how well do you and Jonathan know each other?" Willie blushed a bit. "Oh, we're old friends from college. We've kept in touch over the years," she replied.

unmiled and nodded. "I see, that's nice. It must be great to have such a long-standing Bandship."

I was absolutely sure that Will had feelings for Jonathan. What puzzled me was why someone as amazing as Willie had never caught Jonathan's interest.

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I was burning with curiosity. But this current circumstance truly made it inappropriate for me to say too much.

When I was about 80% full, I asked, "Why isn't Jonathan here yet?"

Willie stiffened up a little. Then, she smiled and replied, "He said that he has to work overtime tonight, but he should be here soon."

Upon saying that, she shot Engan a pleading look.

Logan smiled. He then picked his phone up and said, "Let me give him a call"

Logan walked in after a while. "Jonathan is on his way, He'll be here in ten minutes."

I noticed Willie letting out a long sigh of relief

The more I thought about it, the stranger it felt to me. Did Jonathan by not have any feelings toward Willie, and it was Willie who really liked him? Why was it that Jonathan's standards were so high?

Ever since finding out that Jonathan was on his way, Willie started to appear much livelier and excited. She became more caring toward me. It gave me a feeling that she was treating me this way because of Jonathan.

At this moment, someone came over and whispered something to her. Her eyes lit up. She then excused herself to go to the person who just arrived.

I tugged at Logan's sleeve gently. "You didn't tell me that Ms. Garrett was such a beauty. Why doesn't Jon like her? No, I don't think he's disinterested in her."

Logan pinched my cheek affectionately. "Why is a young woman like you being so nasy? I don't really know much about Ms. Gameir. Why don't you ask your brother about it?"

I stuck my tongue out "I don't dare!

Was he kidding me? I had just found and reconciled with Jonathan. I was afraid of making him mad and having him ignore me again.

At this moment, a patron sitting at a table opposite recognized me

he stuttered. "Ma York. You're Mr. Linden's wife, aren't you?"

The age of my face.

What was meant to happen would happen sooner or later.

I looked toward the female parrot across from me. I gave her a polite smile and said, "Yes, I was Elijah's wife, but we've now separated and are in the midst of getting a divorce."

That patron responded awkwardly, "I'm sorry. I didn't know about that I just.. I just felt that you looked familiar, Ma York"

I smiled rigidly. "It's alright. But I have nothing to do with Elijah anymore."

"Okay, okay. I got it." It seemed like the patron across from me was just asking out of curiosity. She didn't have any ill intentions.

"Elijah's wife? Isn't that the person with a rather bad reputation someone asked out of the blue."

In the face of this moment, Logan grabbed my hand.

I looked toward the other patron who had just spoken. She was a noblewoman who looked in to be in her 30s. After she said that, she looked toward Logan intentionally. Then, she directed her gaze toward our hands, which were interlocked. She made a face. Then, she quickly added, "it's good that they're getting divorced. There's such as the internet service Elijah started cheating with a woman called Jocelyn Cornell a long time ago"

Logan pressed his lips together into a fake smile.

That woman continued harshly. "At this age and age, there are so many opportunities for men to cheat but morals are going down the drain. Ms. York, you made the right decision to divorce him, and I smiled slightly didn't say a word that was seriously

trying to suck up to Logan. If he weren't by my side, she probably wouldn't be saying those things

Lepe Law through me and asked, "Would you like to go up to the boon the second floors get some

meha? They're going to let paying visitors enter the first floor shortly

turn, Let's go up to the second floor. Maybe the interesting items are available for viewing on the second floor."

Logan smiled. He pulled my hair, then posted in werkbul to the elevator,

At this movement, fler mediata e sported and acvediachedür

Wale was a falur to struts, apple der Jonathan was next to her, along with a few other well-dressed pations.

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I immediately waved when I saw Jonathan

When Jonathan spotted me, he was surprised. "As, what are you doing here?"

The walled through the crowd and toward me as he said that

Playfully, I answered, "Ton, I've been bored to death in the hospital, so asked Legan to take me out for a walk"

Jonathan glared at Login. "This was your idea, wasn't it?"

Logan chuckled "She can't be hiding all the time. It would be good for her

It looked like Jonathan was gritting his teeth.

This double entendie... It seemed like Logan was the more scheming one

Jonathan had no choice but to say to me, "Ail, there are too many people here. Have him take you upstairs so that you can get some rest. Pausing for a moment, he then said, "I'll be do soon. I'll take you back to the hospital later"

I smiled "No worries. Logan will take me back. You should worry about those who you're in charge of looking after instead."

Jonathan's face flushed red. Then, he gave Logan another glance.

In an annoyed tone, he asked, "What did that prick tell you? Logan, listen to me-don't blabber or create rumors out of nothing!" After saying that, he gave Logan a warning stare. Then, he walked to Willie's side.

At this moment, Willie was already explaining her creative inspirations and intentions to the patrons who were here to y

I had to admit that this old bungalow was as comfortable as ever

To visit.

Quite a number of people were looking around on the first two species. The place was bustling with life while melodious music played. There was also champagne and wine being served the visitors Meanwhile, Logan and I were on the balcony on the third floor, enjoying the gentle evening breeze.

Thad never felt so related. This made me feel so much better. "This such a beautiful place. Thank you for bringing me here, Logan."

I leaned into him as he focused on working on his iPad. Then, I gave him a peck on his cheek

He froze. Right after that, he realized what had just happened. He fixed his eyes on me, and then smiled. He grabbed my hands and pulled me toward him.

At that moment, I started to feel nervous. "No, don't. People will be coming up here shortly"

I could feel his warm breath by my ear. The next moment, he uttered flirtatiously, "Someone's starting to get cheeky. Wouldn't have to teach you a lesson, then?"

Right at this moment, one came upstairs.

"Oh, there's someone up here." That voice sounded familiar, but I couldn't tell who it was

I wanted to look back, but Logan pulled me into his arms without warning.

"Oh, isn't Mr. Wood someone exclaimed in surprise upon recognizing Logan.

In a calm voice, Logan said, "Oh hell, Mr. Acosta. And, this is



That man named Most walked to our table. Because I had my back against them and Logan was holding my hands firmly in his, I wasn't able to see the face of the person approaching us. Mr. Acta od, "This is my newlywed wide, Athena Manning"

Lagan maintained that coal rane in his voice "Nice to mert you, I  
gether and char"

I could feel Mas Acosta's gaze on me. I like she was scrutinizing me

Teeling condused, I looked toward Logan

Mrs. Acosta. Feel free intake a seat anywhere. There isn't much space on this balcony, so it's a little inconvenient to sit

However, he was not showing any

on his face, which was typical of him. I still couldn't tell what his intentions were even after staring at h

at him for a while.

Ma, Accetta led Mix. Acosta to anotlar table. Howen, he looked quite been on coming over to connect with Logan. At this moment, Willie came up to the balcony on the third floor with a few noble-looking visions

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"Please take a seat ampuhere. We've got a beautiful view and fresh air up here. In the future, this is the gallery that we'll be renting. Feel free to select any of the art pieces that you I've also bought in some art pieces by famous artists in Uropia Willie sacied promoting her business. At the same time, more and more visitors came by.

The balcony on the third floor wasn't particularly spacious, but it was just spacious enough for fewer than 20 people to drink and chat with one another.

Logan and were at the optimal spot on the balcony because we were on a platform two steps above. That gave us an elevated position compared to the rest

With a curious paze, I scanned the guests that Willie brought. Every one of them looked like they were wealthy and respectable people.

Trouldn't help but sigh. "Ms Garrett is skilled at promoting her business. She's great at entertaining her guests."

Suddenly, Logan remarked, "Maybe Jonathan doesn't fancy her because she's too adept at doing that."

I was stunned. Then, I looked down and noticed that Jonathan truly hadn't come upstairs with her. I had a moment of realization, so I asked, "Where's Jonathan? He didn't leave after drepping by, did he?"

My voice was a little loud, which attracted the attention of a few of the guests who just came upstaics.

Mrs Acosta spotted me.

the exclaimed, then asked, "Isn't that Ariana? What is she doing here?"

It seemed like she intentionally walked over is to verify if she actually saw me.

I owned started to have the feeling that something bad was about to happen.

Mrs. Acosta walked before me and took a good look at me. Then, she studied Logan.

She popped "Mr. Wood, are the cums true? You and Elijah's wife are now together?"  
Hearing jah's name once again made my stomach churn

In a displeased voice, I said, "Mrs. Acosta, I'm no longer Elijah's wife

Mrs. Acara disregarded me. She stared at Logan and stuttered, "Mr. Wood, you'

Logan casually wiped his mouth with a napkin. He asked, "Mrs. Acosta, what is it that you're trying to say?"

Ja expected, Mrs. Acosta was afraid of seeing Logan fly into a rage

She smiled awkwardly. "Mi Wood, that's not what I meant. I just think that. Seeing you and Mrs. Linden together is a little strange

Strange? Did she want to say that we didn't look like a good match?

The look on Logan's face turned grim as he asked me, "Ari, are you done with your meal?"

He got up and was about to push my wheelchair. "It's about time for us to leave,"  
may I have a moment please?"

Watching our interaction, Mrs. Acosta seemed to have gotten some sort of confirmation, she stood in Logan's way. "Mr. Wood, may Logan ignored her. In a cold voice, he said, "Mrs. Acosta, please contact my assistant if there's anything you wish to discuss." Mrs. Acosta felt awkward it was obvious that he was declining her. There was no way she wouldn't have been able to tell from his r Opportunity. She started moving my wheelchair for me while Logan was about to leave. response.

one. Nevertheless, she did not want to give up on this

She stood in our way and said, "Mr. Wood, my younger cousin is only 20 this year. She has just come home from studying abroad and is about to attend a job interview at the biggest law firm in our city. He is Cora Parker. Would you like to see photos of her? She looks really adorable and pure" She then shot me a scornful and condescending look

\*M. Wood, I spoke with your aunt previously. She was quite happy with what she saw

Cool-headedly, Logan responded, "Since my aunt was happy with what she saw, you may go ahead and talk to her, Mrs. Acosta. I'm sorry, but we have to leave."

I finally understood Mrs Acosta was actually trying to matchmake Logan with someone else!

## Chapter 150

### Chapter 150

Mrs. Acosta was trying to introduce a potential partner to Logan. I couldn't believe that she was trying to matchmake him with her younger cousin...

Realizing that she wasn't able to stop us, Athena raised her voice and said, "Mr. Wood, you're young and handsome. Be wary so that you don't get tricked by certain people out there." She wasn't particularly loud, but she was loud enough for everyone on the balcony to hear her

The atmosphere at the balcony came to a standstill. The dim lighting obscured the expression on Logan's face,

ars. Acosta was out of line with her words, and this frightened her husband, who was next to her. He grabbed onto her immediately and chided in a low voice, "Hey, are you mad? Just thi your mouth

Mix Acosta, however, uttered urgently, "What do you even know? Cora is such a look. We linally got to meet-

I didn't get to hear the rest of her sentence because she started whispering with Mr. Acosta.

The manager rushed over. Logan turned around and said something to the manager's ear. Right after that, two attendants gestured politely to that strange couple and got them to leave. Mrs. Acosta still wanted to argue, but the manager gave her a warning in a low voice. Then, the couple left the balcony on the third floor while looking upset.

Willie came over to apologize. "I'm sorry, Logan I didn't know that such people came today. Sorry for not being attentive enough."

Logan replied calmly. "It's not your fault."

took a look at me and realized that I wasn't as annoyed as she had imagined me to be. So, she let out a sigh of relief

left away from the balcony, where everyone else's attention was. Then, she whispered a few words to the manager,

After a while, the manager came back with Mrs. Acosta, who had an air of a nouveau riche. She rolled her eyes silently when she saw me. She timed her eye-roll really well. No one present saw her except for I sat in my wheelchair

In an unfriendly voice, she said, "You chased your guests away, then had us return. What's going on?"

Mr. Acosta pulled on her sleeve immediately, "You offended Mr. Wood with your words earlier. Aren't you going to apologize to him?"

Logan stood next to me with his hands in his pockets, looking expressionless

Mrs. Acosta took a careful peek at Logan. In a voice, she said, "Mr. Wood About what I suggested earlier."

The look in Logan's eyes dimmed

Standing next to Mrs. Acosta, Mr. Art wished that he could cover his wife's mouth. He interjected by apologizing to Logan, "I'm really sorry, Mr. Wood. My wife was rash with her words and offended you I'd like to apologize to you on her behalf." Logan chuckled softly. "Don't say that Mr. Acosta

Mrs. Acosta was clearly displeased. She pushed Mr. Acosta aside and said to Logan, "Mr. Wood, are you seriously not going to consider my cousin? She's

Before she could finish her sentence, Logan interrupted her coldly, "Mrs. Acosta, thank you for your kind intentions, but I'm already attached. I won't check out any other women, so please mind your words, Mrs. Aroga

Mrs. Acosta still wanted to persuade Logan, but Mr. Acosta held her back and gave her a fierce glare. In the end, she could only utter meekly, "since you insist, Mr. Wood, forget it. I'll do as you wish."

She corrected herself immediately. "Mr. Wood, sorry about that earlier."

I nodded. "Mrs. Acosta, I'm no longer your wife. Please keep that in mind"

Mrs. Acosta opened her mouth to speak but did not dare to say anything rash. So, she just chuckled awkwardly.

The elevator doors opened, and a plump woman in a flowery dress walked toward me.

She worked. "Ah, you're not Mrs. Lunden just because you claim you're not? But you still in the midst of the court case"

She looked to be in her 50s and was

She went up to the woman

the plump woman's aid. Even so, she was dressed extravagantly-In particular, she was wearing an expensive set of ruby jewelry on her neck and wrists.

Immediately. "Mrs. Bryan! What is this? It's been such a long time since I've seen you. I heard that you went to a jewelry show in Dropia and bought lots of fabulous gems. And you buy that the town"