

# A Love Forgotten (Arianna and Elijah)

## Chapter 231

I stopped in my tracks, staring at her.

That's not contain!

That excitement, Jocelyn naked. "I was artificial insemination.

Tagged Jocelyn recoiled, her face shifting from smug to offended. "You are you really that disgusted by me?"

Waves of nausea churned through me, and I fought back the urge to be sick again. "Yes, I'm disgusted by you and Elijah. Just hearing about your scheming makes me want to throw up. And I did, unable to hold back, Jocelyn let out a shocked yell.

Attracted by the commotion, Elijah came over, his face darkening as he took Jocelyn's arm. He snapped, "Why are you here?"

She tried a timid look "was worked about you. Elijah, didn't they give you a hard time?"

His annoyance softened slightly, her concern seeming to calm him. He glanced at the mess on the floor, looking at me with a frown.

"Ariana, what's wrong with you?"

I waved him off, unwilling to explain. "I'm heading home."

Elijah's frown deepened. "Ariana, stop trying to use these stunts to buy time. If you're set on the divorce, then do it already. I've had enough?" he shouted.

I looked up at him, struggling to keep my gaze steady. Through the haze, I saw the young man he once was, full of youthful intensity, looking up at me.

That sudden thrill, as if it had happened just yesterday, felt close enough to touch. But now, the man standing in front of me was saying he'd had enough. Enough of what? Enough of my persistence, or enough of this seven-year face?

Reality and memory blur together, and I let out a faint laugh.

"Elijah, I've had enough too." My voice was quiet but firm.

Elijah stared at me, thrown off by my response. He forced down his anger.

"Ariana, just agree to the first proposal, okay? Let's part on good terms."

"Part on good terms?" Trepeated.

My vision was so blurred that I could barely make out the lawyers and the mediator nearby. I gave a bitter smile.

"How can we possibly 'part on good terms' at this point?" I looked Elijah squarely in the eyes, his face frozen in shock. "Elijah, if I could go back, I'd just wish to never have met you."

And with that, I walked slowly out of the courthouse. Webb made to follow me, but the mediator held him back

The sunlight outside was harsh, and the gusts of autumn wind made me shiver, bringing some clarity to my foggy mind

"Ms. York, was today your mediation hearing for the divorce with Mr. Linden?"

A person crowded up to me, nearly bumping me off balance.

I said nothing I just wanted to get out of there as fast as possible. I reached into my bag, trying to find my phone.

"Ms. York, we saw Mr. Linden heading in with his lawyer. Can you tell us how much he's offering in the settlement?"

"Ms. York, is it true you invested in Linden Group? Is that part of the marital assets?"

"Ms. York, do you have any comment on Ms. Cornell?"

"Ms. York, is it true you and M. Linden have had a falling out?"

The crowd thickened, and each question was sharper than the last. I had no idea where they'd all come from or why they were suddenly here.

Finally, my hand closed around my phone, and I tried to call my brother. Where was he? He'd promised to help me today. Why hadn't he arrived! "Move!" A dark figure shoved through the crowd roughly, grabbing me and pulling me out. "Get in!" the man ordered, pushing me into a car.

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I was shoved into the passenger seat so forcefully that I pay smacked my head against the windshield.

The man was tall, with long arms and legs, etterlessly pushing through the crowd before jumping into the driver's seat,

The next moment, the engine roared to life, sounding like a beast ready to pounce, scattering the people around us as the car sarged forward.

Before

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process what was happening, we were teasing through the crowd and spreading off.

The car weaved through traffic, veering left and right with reckless abandon. Tharely managed to click my seatbelt into place before glancing over at the driver.

He was wearing a black baseball cap pulled low, with a geol gray scarf wrapped tightly around his face, concealing most of his features

Oddly, he wore a short-sleeved T-shirt with jeans. This outfit looked like a fashion disaster. Once I steadied myself, I managed a wrak "Thank you..."

He kept one hand on the wheel and tossed a stack of tissues in my direction with the other. "Clean yourself up. And don't throw up in my car-It's be and new

I was about to tell him I'd be fine, but he suddenly swerved sharply and floored the gas pedal, sending another wave of dizziness crashing over me. I groaned, clutching my head as nausea wwwwwhelmedew.

Tue you kidding me he muttered, clearly annoyed "What a hassle!"

Ignoring my misery, he sped down the road, darting in and out of lanes.

After a moment, I managed to passp, "Could you slow down..ugh."

He shot back, "Is it the car, or are you just a mess? What happened to you, anyway? I just went to check out the scene and saw you looking as pala as a ghost."

He hadn't even finished his sentence when he yelled out, "Come on! Stop puking already! Do you need a doctor or something?"

I waved him off weakly, said no, and continued throwing up.

Frustrated, he pulled out an old jacket from the back seat and shoved it into my lap as we waited at a red light.

"If you're gonna be sick,

this! If you mess up my car, I swear

Half an hour later, the car screeched to a stop. As soon as the door opened, I stumbled out, dropping to my knees on the grass to retch some more

By then, I had nothing left in my stomach, just the awful bitterness of bile

The man stomped over, tossing the soiled jacket aside. With an exasperated sigh, he unwrapped his scarf and threw it over my head, covering my face. Through the folds, I caught a glimpse of his face and managed a tired laugh, followed by a groan

"Norman

Norman, who was usually flashing a charming smile, looked like thunder now, his expression as dark as coal. He hoisted me over his shoulder with a loud curse.

"If you throw up on me, I swear I'll kill you!"

With that, he strode toward the villa, carrying me in long, furious strides.

Half an hour later, I was sprawled out on a plush couch, weak as a rag doll

A rough-knit throw was draped over me, and I stared blankly at a few familiar paintings on the gallery wall. My head was still swimming, making me feel as if I were on a boat in the middle. Norman walked over again, holding his phone. "Dr. Drake is on his way. What's going on with you?"

I shook my head feebly, but the motion only worsened the dizziness

Seeing me slump like a lifeless fish, Norman sighed and held out a glass of warm water. "Sit up and drink something"

I reached out for the cup, but my arm fell limp before I could hold on

He nearly spilled the water, cursing under his breath. Then, he propped me up against his chest. He held the cup to my lips, but I turned my head away.

Norman raised an eyebrow, a mischievous smirk crossing his face. "What? Do you want me to give in to you mouth-to-mouth?"

I mustered enough energy to mutter, "Go away."

Ha chuckled, "Is this how you treat the guy who just saved you?"

With a smirk, he took a sip of the warm water himself, then leaned closer as if to press his lips to mine, ready to "share"

## Chapter 233

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My eyes widened as I mustered all my strength to push him away

He paused just an inch from my face, smacked, and swallowed the water. "Did you really think I'd feed you mouth-in-mouth? Dream on."

Isprechless

Noticing my weakened state, Norman finally held the cup to my lips and helped me drink a few sips. The warm water settled into my empty stomach, bringing a small bit of relief.

I leaned back against his chest, exhausted, and mumbled, "Where's Jonathan?"

He raised an eyebrow, "Why don't you ask where my brother is? Isn't he supposed to be the one by your side?\*"

Froled my eyes at him. "He had something else to attend to. He couldn't make it with me today,"

Norman let out a sarcastic grin, "Well, don't worry, I called them both."

Panic surged through me. "Why would you call Logan?"

Norman shrugged, "You're a mess. I thought someone ought to know."

I wanted to insist I was fine, but the dizziness was still overwhelming. All I could do was continue leaning on him for support.

The villa was quiet, with a faint scent of fresh paint in the air, I closed my eyes, sinking into the silence as Norman quietly acted as my human cushion,

After a moment, he asked, "What did you even see in Bali?!"

Too drained to argue, I murmured. "I don't know."

He snorted, "You probably fell for his looks. Elijah is all show, no substance. Only a fool would fall for his act. 50 million dollars? You went big "

I silently endured his sarcasm.

Then, he leaned closer, "So, how far along are you and my brother?"

I shot him a glare, "Can you shut up? You're annoying"

He chuckled, his chest vibrating against me. My cheeks flushed, and I tried to move away from the solid wall of his chest, but I didn't have the strength to. Noticing my action, he smirked, catching the blush on my ears. He leaned in close, his breath warm on my skin.

"If you and my brother haven't reached the stage, you could try me. I'm not exactly lacking, you know..."

I glared at him with all the strength I had left. Any gratitude I'd felt toward him for rescuing vanished, replaced by an urge to smack him

Norman, clearly amused, lifted my chin with a long finger, his face just inches from mine, his gaze wicked. "What do you say? Are you keen to give it a shot?"

I gritted my teeth, stumbling over my words, "Mr. Norman, stop acting crazy."

I tried to slap him, but he caught my hand and pinned me against the sofa. My breath caught in my throat, all my planned retorts slipping away.

For a moment, we just stared at each other-my flushed face reflected in his gaze, his bold, mischievous expression mirrored in mine.

The air seemed to hang still for a second or two. Then, I realized how close we were way too close. I bit my lip in anger

Norman's expression shifted. He gently red my chin with a fingertip. "Don't bite..."

My panic surged, and I bit down on his finger instead. I bit as hard as I could, or at least, I thought I did by his expression, it felt more like a kitten's nibble to him. His eyes darkened, a strange, dangerous glint appearing I quickly released him, stammering, "Let.. let go of me..."

His voice dropped, raspy and cough, "What if I don't?"

I tensed, "You're seriously nuts."

Norman suddenly laughed, his gaze dilting to my now red and slightly swollen lips. His voice was a low murmur. "Yeah Maybe I am a little crazy. And not just a little.

He leaned down, his nose brushing against my neck as he inhaled softly. "You smell good..."

Desperate, I steeled myself and ammed my head into his nose.

He pulled back, holding his nose in shock, staring at me with wide eyes. I glared back at him, countless insults on the tip of my tongue.

just then, a car screeched to a halt outside. Neman snapped out of it, glancing toward the sound.

"Looks like they're here." He reached down, pinching my cheekhard before letting go. "I guess I'll let you off for now."

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Norman headed out to greet them, and I finally let out a long sigh of relief, collapsing back onto the couch.

The first to arrive was Dr. Drake. He immediately pulled out his medical kit and began examining me. He looked serious. "Have you bean feeling dizzy lately?"

I nodded. "Yeah. It started suddenly a few days ago."

Dr. Drake continued, "Are you starting to remember some things?"

I hesitated blefly before nodding "A little."

He warned me, "Don't move around too much. There's likely a blood clot that hasn't been fully cleared."

I gave a weary sle

The next person to active was Jonathan. He took one look at me, lying these like a limp fish on the couch, and his expression darkened

"What happened? Did that jerk Elijah push you around?"

I shook my head wealdy.

Dr. Drake pulled him aside, and I caught snippets of their conversation.

blood clot. needs to stay in the hospital for observation...

MRI could be complicated..."

I stated up at the ceiling

Norman's playful smirk faded as he sat down beside me. He suddenly asked, "Are you scared?"

I looked at him, confused "Scared of what?"

Elijah shrugged, "Scared of dying, of course. Think about it if you the now, you're still legally married to Elijah. You'd be his ghost wife for eternity..."

was silent for a moment before muttering. "Norman, if you can't say anything helpful, could you just keep quiet?"

He smirked, his rone using, "You must be fine if you still have the energy to snap at me.

I closed my eyes, exasperated "You're such a jerk, Normun

He leaned in close, whispering, "I can be even worse, you know... like a pasky little dog

1b my tongue to stop responding

An hour later, I was settled in a hospital bed. The dizziness subsided significantly after some medication, and Logan showed up.

He frowned, looking at me as I lay there, an IV drip in my arm. I managed a weak smile

Norman, hovering nearby, chimed in, "Hey, you should thank me, Logan I'm the one who rescued your girl"

He shot me a cheeky grin

Tenoring him, I turned my gaze to Logan, giving him my best helpless expression

Logan had already been bribed on everything on the way over. He took my hart, his voice gentle. "Are you feeling a bit better?"

I nodded, looking at him with a bit of guil

Norman leaned in. "Hey, Logan She's fine. Dr. Drake said her scan showed no sign of active bleeding"

It was so noisy, I shot Norman a glance. I thought, "Did this big overgrown guy not realize how much he was cluttering up the room?"

Logan finally gave him an exasperated look "I got it. You can leave now. There's nothing more for you to do here."

Norman smirked, "I'm just looking out for her. Someone's gotta keep an eye on her, right?"

Logan raised an eyebrow, "Don't you have anything else to do?"

Norman shrugged, "Not really. I just got back to Halion City"

Logan's tone was dry, "You've been here for a year now?"

Norman chuckled, "oh, got you're trying to kick me out"

Logan stayed silent, but his expression made his feelings perfectly clear.

Suddenly, Norman spoke up. "Little did you know, Logan. It was chaos back there. Reporters were practically showing her around, hounding her with questions." Logan's face darkened. "Did you catch which media companies they were with?" Norman replied. "I could look into it"

Logan waved him off. "You go check them out."

Norman gave him a sly grin "Logan"

Logan finally snapped, "If you keep calling me 'Logan' over and over, I'll rip out your tongue"

Norman laughed, slapping him on the shoulder, "Alright I'm leaving"

"Good riddance" Logan looked irritated.

Norman made his exit, but not before casting a lingering look my way.

I pretended not to notice.

## **Chapter 235**

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Chapter 235

As the ward door closed, my eyes welled up. "Logan... I think I'm starting to remember things,"

Logan saw the fear I couldn't hide in my eyes. He wrapped his arms around me, gently comforting me, "it's okay You're safe. Don't worry."

But I couldn't shake the worry consuming me.

How could it be okay? I had once imagined what it would be like to regain my memory, but I never thought I'd feel so terrified by the idea.

The dizziness came with a pain that twisted through me and a suffocating sensation that felt like it would pull me under

I was scared

I had never felt such a strong need to finalize my divorce from Elijah, no matter the cost. If the divorce was settled, maybe the past would stay there, and I wouldn't be pulled back into the same cycle. The following day, I underwent a full examination. This time, they brought in Dr. Robbins, a renowned neurologist.

After a thorough diagnosis, Dr. Robbins sighed, shaking his head. There's definitely a tiny bleed in Ms. York's brain, very close to the memory center.

His expression turned grave. "If the bleeding increases, you risk vision loss, or worse, a blood clot. It could even affect the brainstem in severe cases, leading to serious consequences."

My face turned pale. "Dr. Robbins am I going to, die?"

Jonathan stammered, his voice shaking, "Dr. Robbins, i-isn't there a way to stop the bleeding?"

Dr. Robbins shook his head. "The only option would be open-brain surgery, but.. that's highly risky, I wouldn't recommend it at this stage."

I bowed my head, silent.

Dr. Robbins's expression was complex. "You won't die, but the prognosis isn't ideal. We'll need to keep a close watch "

After he left, Jonathan and I shared a quiet, somber look

I forced a smile. "I'll be fine. But please, don't tell Mom and Dad"

Jonathan quickly looked away, his face tense. "No. I need to tell them"

I shook my head, "No. They'd be devastated. I don't even know what to think right now. I just need a little rest. Please, Jonathan, can you give me some space?"

Jonathan understood the turmoil I was feeling. He held my cold hand. "Ari, don't worry. You're going to be okay."

I managed a smile that felt more like a grimace. "I know."

Jonathan's lipswitched into a fragile smile

"Mom and Dad will want to see you." Then, he caught himself. "No. You'll go see them once you're better. No getting out of it. They're still in Switzia for treatment, so they can't come, but you'll have to go see them." I could see the worry he was trying to hide in his eyes.

Suddenly, I asked, "Jonathan, is there something you're not telling me

His face froze.

My smile shattered, and my voice shook "Jonathan did something happen to Mom and Dad? Are you keeping something from me?"

He shook his head, "No, I'm not hiding anything. They're tine"

How could I believe him? I gripped his hand tightly, refusing to let go. "I don't believe you. Give me their number. I'll call and ask them myself."

He tried to pull his hand away, but I held on firmly. Finally, he snapped," said there's nothing wrong. They... they just don't want to see you right now!"

I froze. Seizing the opportunity, he pulled his hand free, looking guilty,

entired, "Just focus on recovering. I talk to them.

He left the room quickly, practically fleeing, leaving me alone.

I sat back onto the bed, feeling utterly defeated just then, my phone rang. I't want to answer, but it kept ringing insisently.

With a sigh, I picked it up. "Hello, who's this?"

A familiar, elderly vuce replied, "Ai? to that you?"

My mind was foggy, and it took me a moment to recognize him. It was Mr. Linden Senior

Wearily, I asked, "Mr. Linden Senior, what can I do for you?"

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Mr. Linden Senior asked, "How did the mediation go the other day?"

I didn't have the energy to rehash everything. After a long pause, Treplied, "Mr. Linden, could you just tell me what it is you want?"

"I really don't have the patience to keep sparring with Elijah, I just want this dioure finalized."

He was silent for a moment before sighing, "You've done so much on the Linden family, and yet you've suffered so much in return. Don't worry. We'll make things right." Then, he hung up.

I was left staring blankly at the phone. Who did he mean by "wr

My head was swimming with confusion. Exhausted, I ditted into sleep

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When I woke up, I saw the faint outline of someone by my bedside. I reached out. "Lugan="

The figure turned around-it was Norman

I instantly snapped out of my grogginess, pulling my hand back. "Why are you here?"

I looked him over, suspicious of his outfit. He was wearing a crisp white shirt and suit pants, and his halt was styled meticulously

Normally, Norman and Logan shared some similarities in their looks and build, but now, dressed up like this, he almost looked like a mirror image of Logan.

Norman smiled, but there was something:

in it. "So, what do you think? 's hard to tell

Norman pulled up a chair and sat beside my bed. "He had to fly to Riverdale to meet someone."

I pouted.

Norman asked, "Do you miss him?"

I didn't answer.

He glanced down at his polished look, then, with a generous air, said, "I don't mind if you pretend I'm here for a bit."

I scoffed, "You're speaking as if you could compare to him."

He chuckled "Oh? Really? You think I'm not good enough?"

I noticed a hint of something wounded in his eyes, but I couldn't resist being blunt. "Logan is dignified, poised, and untouched by anything sordid. You, on the other hand, you're wild and reckless. You two are worlds apart." When I finished, I realized he had fallen silent.

I looked over and saw him lost in thought, a rare moment of stillness on his usually playful face. I paused, feeling a pang of guilt.

No matter how unruly he could be, Norman had been the one who pushed through the crowd to help me when I needed it. I shouldn't have been so harsh.

I softened my tone. "I'm sorry."

He snapped out of it, letting out a small laugh. "What are you apologizing for? You're right. Logan is everything you said he is. And the world."

He showered as if it didn't bother him. I'm not him, and I never will be, I've known that for a long time.

He stretched out with a lazy yawn, settling comfortably in his chair like his usual self, and my sense of guilt eased.

He hesitated, then asked, "Is your brother really that busy? Who did he have to meet?"

Well, I'm just a wolf wandering the dusty paths of

Norman smirked. "Logan's my dad's successor. Whoever he's meeting must be some big deal. But don't ask me who he's meeting. I don't know myself." I caught a glint of loneliness in his eyes and suddenly understood his situation in the Wood Family.

With such an outstanding elder brother, Logan received all the family's resources and focus. The others barely even received the crumbs.

Feeling sympathy, I murmured, "You know you're pretty remarkable too."

Norman shot me a sidelong look, his eyes narrowing with amusement.

He leaned in close, his breath warm against my ear, and whispered, "You know, you're the first woman who's ever sympathized with me."

## **Chapter 237**

### **Chapter 237**

Chapter 237

The warm breath against my ear sent a shiver down my spine, and goosebumps prickled my skin.

I quickly moved to push him away, but Norman was already leaning back with a smug grin, letting my hand swipe through empty air. Annoyed, I scolded. "Could you stop teasing me, Mr. Wood?"

He looked at me with a bright, mischievous glint in his eyes. "But what if I enjoy it?"

Norman wandered around the hospital room, glancing at everything with an air of boredom. I checked the IV drip, and it was finished.

A nurse came in to remove the needle, and Norman immediately struck up a conversation with her. Somehow, with just a few words, he had her blushing, her cheeks coral as she lingered in the room longer than necessary, clearly hoping to chat with him a bit more. Once she finally left, Norman plopped himself down beside my bed, stretching out his long legs effortlessly. His tall, relaxed posture was... distracting.

But I wasn't fazed, Logan had long legs too.

I glared at him. "If you're busy, you should go. I'd rather be alone."

Norman just smiled. "Are you not bored? Let's go out for a bit."

I looked at him, surprised I'm supposed to stay in the hospital.

He raised an eyebrow. "Why? You're done with the IV. Are you planning to lie around here like a sloth?"

I frowned. "Not my head."

He laughed. "Don't worry. If you get dizzy, I'll carry you back."

With a carefree attitude, he started persuading me to sneak out with him. I couldn't quite figure out why he was so insistent as if he didn't take any of this seriously.

Finally, he won me over with one line. "Come on. Life's too short. If you stay here long enough, you'll feel half-dead even if nothing's wrong. Why not get out and experience a bit of life while you can

I asked. "And what's the beauty of life'?"

He gave me a mysterious wink "Come with me and find out."

I hesitated but finally gave in. I changed into something casual and followed Norman out of the hospital.

We had a minor hiccup at the nurses' station-Norman nearly got us caught because he was too busy flirting with the nurse on duty. one second

I whispered, "Can you stop flirting for our

He led me to his car, chucking as he replied, "Is it my fault? They're the ones smitten, wanting a little more time with me."

Trolled my eyes at him.

"So, where are we going?" I asked.

revved up the engine and flashed me a devilish pain. "Paradise on earth."

Tinstantly regretted my decision to let him take me out of the hospital.

Half an hour later, I found myself seated in a private VIP room in the most luxurious nightclub in town, staring at two rows of gorgeous men and women. I was completely overwhelmed Regres hit me hard. I should've known better than to trust this rich playboy's idea of "the beauty of life".

My face twitched. "Is this what you call the beauty of life'? Is this the so-called 'paradise on earth'?"

Norman, looking like he was in his element, loosened his collar and took a sip of his drink. He raised an eyebrow at me, "Yeah? How would it not be?"

I was speechless. I thought he'd take me for a relaxing det dog at a cory food truck.

With a single glance from Norman, stunning women flanked me on either side, gently pulling me back down.

## Chapter 238

Don't go, girl The fun hasn't even started yet. The best part is still to come," one of the pretty girls said

Noticing my discomfort, Norman smirked playfully. I had no choice but to sit back down, slowly sipping my drink to hide my embarrassment. After a while, Norman's rowdy friends showed up. They were all young, well-off, and pampered. They wore trendy clothes and

Malles

Upon seeing Norman, they greeted him respectfully

"Hi, M. Wood." Then, their eyes fell on me. Looking surprised, they asked, "Mr. Wood, this beautiful lady?

and flashy watches-either diamond-studded Rolexes or Richa

Norman reached out to put his arm around me, I dodged just in time, and he failed to hold me. He laughed and retracted his arm. "She's Logan's friend" he replied casually

Everyone gasped and fell silent, as quiet as mice. Only Norman would be bold enough to bring Logan's girlfriend to a bar

I could see the question in their eyes-"How much longer can Norman survive?"

The atmosphere felt a bit awkward, but after a moment, everyone started having fun. As more people arrived, the room quickly filled up.

After a bottle of expensive wine was opened and platters of fruit and drinks were served

Suddenly, my eyes caught sight of a familiar figure. I frowned. It was Porter Pollard, someone who had crossed me before. I shot him a cold look

Porter was probably the least important person in the room. He was overly polite to everyone, especially Norman. He buttered them up with fake smiles. When it was his turn to raise a toast, he raised his glass with enthusiasm, eager to please.

I overheard Porter trying to flatter Norman. "Mr. Wood, we haven't seen you in a while. What big project have you been working on lately?" he asked. Norman didn't even bother to respond

Porter didn't seem to mind being ignored and kept chatting with the people around him

Suddenly, Porter glanced over at me and froze. I quickly turned away, trying to hide behind my drink. But it was too late-Porter had already recognized me.

He immediately walked up to me, looking down at me. "Well, well Look who it is. Ms. York, what a surprise," he said, steering.

His expression was full of resentment, clearly still holding a grudge from the last time I'd put him in his place.

I smirked "What's it to you? This place isn't owned by Porter, is it? Just because you're here doesn't mean I can't be

Porter sneered, "Oh, Ms. York, aren't you going through a divorce with Elijah? How much did he pay to get rid of you?"

I rolled my eyes. "Drop in just go away."

Seeing my irritation, Porter raised his voice. "Go away? This place isn't for people like you. You're not good enough for Elijah. He'll dump you sooner or later."

I was immune to personal attacks like these by now. I just shrugged "That's not an item. If you think Elijah's: Someone who's a perfect match."

Porter seemed taken aback by my sarcasm. He stared at me in suspi

why don't you tell him to find someone who's truly compatible?

Our last fight was sparked by an insult to my family that left me furious. But this time, I think my sharp tongue really surprised Porter as if he was seeing me in a new light.

His eyes darted around before he leaned in closer. "Ms. York, I know you're just putting up a front," he said

He paused while watching my reaction. "Why don't you reconsider the divorce! If you're willing to give me something in return, I put in a good word for you with Elijah. How does that interest you?" "No need. I'm not a fool"

Porter burst out laughing when he heard that He pointed at me and said to the people around us, "She said she's no fool. Ha ha ha.. In our circle, who doesn't know that Ariana York is a sucker and Elijah's lapdog Tskisk\_" Porter laughed for a while but then he noticed that no one else was laughing with him. Something was off

Before he could finish laughing, I picked up my drink and walked over to him, a cold smile on my face. "Care to repeat that?" I asked

## Chapter 239

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Despite sensing something was amiss, Postre is hab  
cance prevented him from hacking dawn.

He smirked "Ms. Yock, why the soun face? Did I say something wrong?"

As he spoke, he reached out to me with his wandering hands. However, without warning, I splashed my drink all over Porter

He shrieked, soaked in wane. "I just bought their clothes today! They coa thonukbh

He glared at me, fuming "Alana York, don't you die zei esclý!"

Before he could finish, a long leg swing out, knocking him to the lost. Porter bonded in pain as the food pressed down on his bark Furryone in the room instinctively stagger

In the dim light, I saw Norman casually sitting on the glass table, one foot in Porter's back, pulling on a cigarette. The dim light illuminated his sharp features, ghing is an almoet otherworldly look Norman shot a look down at Poster, exhaled a cloud of smoke, and chuckled "Well, this is interesting Never thought someone would be so bold in my plans

Porter finally tralized his mistake. He had borgotten who I was and what had brought me here today - my connection to the Wood family. His mind was still studeos i sycophant trying toimpress Elijah. "Sorry, Mr. Wood I was wrong I'm sorry, I just wanted to taur Ms. York, tast her. Parter shouted.

Norman raised an eyebrow. "Hm? A toast?" He pressed down harder on Porter's back, and Porter cried out in pain.

Then, he grabbed a bottle of wine, uncorked it, and poured it over Porter's face,

nggh Mr. Wood, I was wrong-please" Porter was drenched in wine. "Ah. I'm sorry. Mr. Wood, please space me..." he pleaded..

Norman grinned, and his handsome lace gave off a devilish vibe.

"How much did you say your clothes cost?" he asked casually

Porter looked flustered and replied, "A few thousand."

Norman chuckled. "A few thousand" I thought it was worth tens of thousandy. They're just rags then "

He smirked, then added, "Bring me some red wine.

A moment later, an uncorked bottle of red wine was brought over

Norman waved the bottle of red wine in his hand "A 1982 Lafitte Estate. Probably worth a few thousand Just right for pouring on rags like that." With that, he poured the entire bottle over Porter Drenched and humiliated, Porter lay on the floor, too stunned to cry out or beg for mercy.

After pouring the red wine, Norman grabbed a towel from the table and elegantly wiped his hands. He coldly tossed the towel onto Porter's face. "Get lost!" he said, standing up, his expression icy

Porter ran off in disgrace, leaving spilled wine and chaos behind. The people around us seemed unbothered, continuing to flatter Norman.

However, I felt overwhelmed by the noise and stood up to leave. Norman's gaze darkened, and he followed me

I stepped out of the private room and made my way to the bar area. It was much quieter here I turned to Norman and jutted my eyeball. "Why are you following me?" "Tasked don't want to stay?" h

Norman looked casual and nonchalant. "You don't want to

Trodded. "Yeah, it's boring A lot of people here know me. I can't handle any more embarrassment."

sought for a moment. "Alright. It's pretty boring here. Let's pose elsewhere else"

Taken aback. "But you've been drinking I can get back to the hospital on my own."

ignored me and pulled me toward the door. "Come on. I'm taking you somewhere to eat."

I stumbled as he pulled me along, but a grin spread across my face. I loved eating out, especially since I hadn't been able to go out much after the accident. Norman walked a few steps ahead, then stopped abruptly and turned. "This way," he said, tugging on my arm.

I almost lost my balance from the sudden pull

## Chapter 240

Chapter 240

Suddenly, someone shouted from the front, "Make way. Mr. Linden is here!"

Mr. Linden? Elijah? I couldn't believe I was running into him in a place like this. Wait, hold on. Why would Elijah be out drinking at a time like this?

I glanced over and saw Elijah, his face grim, surrounded by a crowd of people as he headed toward the VIP room on the second floor. He seemed to be in a bad mood, ignoring around him.

Norman noticed my gaze, and his expression turned key. "Can't tear your eyes away from Elijah? Let's go," he said, pulling me along.

I stumbled a few steps. For some reason, I suddenly didn't want to leave,

Norman's face darkened. "You."

Before he could finish, I felt an inexplicable urge to follow Elijah upstairs.

Norman called out to me, but I didn't stop. He hesitated for a moment, then decided to follow.

I trailed Elijah all the way to a private room. The door was slightly ajar. I saw him sitting alone in the corner. He was lost in thought as he smoked.

He lowered his head, and his hair fell messily over his forehead. He barely responded to anyone, only impatiently urging the server to pour more wine. Then, Norman came over, and I pulled him away.

Unable to contain his frustration, Norman snapped, "What's wrong with you?"

"Is this the place where you rich kids always hang out?" I asked.

Norman snorted and grumbled, "Yeah. So what? What's your problem? Can we just go eat or something?"

I hesitated. "I, I just want to see what he's doing."

Norman muttered in annoyance and began to walk away. I quickly chased after him and grabbed his arm.

"Please. Can we just take a quick look?"-1 pleaded..

Norman suddenly pushed me against the wall, lowering his voice. "What are you looking at? Can you see this handsome gay right in front of you?" The strong scent of his cologne almost made me dizzy.

I quickly pushed him away. "I thought he might be with another woman." I explained

Norman looked at me, his expression was filled with suspicion. "You think he's cheating?"

My mind was a bit scattered, and I wasn't sure what 1 was thinking. I simply came up with an excuse.

"I just think it's strange for him to be at a bar right now Shouldn't he be with Jocelyn?"

Norman frowned. "What's so strange about that? Aren't we here too?"

I shook my head. "It's different."

Norman's gaze was intense as he leaned in, a thoughtful look on his face. "Did something just come to your mind?"

was startled, feeling as if he could see right through me.

Norman seemed to understand everything. Suddenly, he grabbed me and moved me aside, gently pressing me against the wall to shield me.

I saw someone walking toward us, muttering curses under his breath. It was Porter.

He had a simple bandage wrapped around his head, looking disheveled

After Porter and his group passed by, Norman finally let go of me. He led me into a stat room and tossed in a uniform

I was taken aback. "How did you know about this place?" I asked.

Norman winked at me. "That's a secret."

I glanced at the revealing uniform and hesitated.

"Put it on. Or do you want me to help?" he urged.

This whole situation was becoming bizarre, something I never could have imagined.

Norman snatched the uniform from my hands. "Forget it. Let's go."

I quickly grabbed it back. "Fine. I'll wear it. But will wearing this actually let me sneak in and listen?"

Norman rolled his eyes. "I know the bar manager, Lean get you in."

As he spoke, he handed me a black mask. "Pat this on. All the servers wear one. He won't recognize you."

H

As soon as I saw the mask, my doubts disappeared. I told Norman to wait outside while I quickly changed. When I walked out, Norman gave me a flirtatious look and whistled "Not bad this uniform looks good on you," he teased.