

A Love Forgotten Chapter 5

I heard the sound of a car's engine roaring downstairs. I couldn't help but look out the window, and I saw Elijah holding out an arm to pull Jocelyn close to him. It seemed he wanted to protect her.

I didn't know whether it was a moment of telepathy, but he happened to glance at the second floor. Our gazes met.

I saw him frown, his lips parting slightly as if wanting to say something. I watched him coolly, which made him falter. Perhaps he didn't expect me to be so quiet and calm.

"Elijah?" Jocelyn called him softly. She followed his line of sight to see me standing behind the window.

"Elijah..." Her tone turned aggrieved. "You should head upstairs if you want to be with Ms. York. I'm fine alone."

He returned to his senses and concealed the emotions in his eyes, saying indifferently, "It's fine. Let's go."

Jocelyn glanced at me again. This time, I saw the faintest smirk on her lips—she was mocking me for failing to control my husband despite being his lawfully wedded wife. Instead, he was cozying up with her.

I felt my heart clench. It didn't hurt, but it throbbed a little. I drew the curtains. As the sound of the car engine faded into the distance, I composed myself and started packing my things.

I had to admit I'd never been shortchanged when it came to material things. Before marriage, I lived a comfortable life as the York family's heiress. After marriage... I was shocked to see rows upon rows of clothes and bags in the walk-in wardrobe.

The wardrobe was so huge that sounds echoed in there. There were so many limited-edition bags and clothes that I couldn't even count them.

I went through each item. Many of the bags hadn't even been used as were the clothes and shoes. They were so new that the labels hadn't even been removed.

The jewelry cabinet unlocked with my thumbprint. I saw an abundance of jewelry and watches inside.

I didn't know how married life with Elijah had been over the past five years, but it looked like he'd never been frugal.

At that thought, I relaxed a little. He would probably give me a considerable sum after the divorce if he wasn't frugal. If I couldn't have love, having plenty of money was also good.

There were too many things in the wardrobe for me to pack. All I could do was pick out some outfits suitable for daily wear, a set of expensive-looking jewelry, and an exquisite watch.

I was about to return to the bedroom to rest when I kicked a black bag. I opened it out of curiosity, and I blushed when I saw what was inside.

There were several unopened costumes inside. There was one for a sexy rabbit, an office worker, a traditional outfit, and even a maid costume...

The longer I looked through the bag, the more intense my blush became. It looked like Elijah hadn't been lying. Not only had I been crazy before losing my memories, but I'd also gotten up to all sorts of hijinks in bed.

"Ha. Has it finally occurred to you to use these things to save our marriage?" A cold, mocking voice rang out behind me, making me jump to my feet.

Elijah grunted and clamped a hand on his jaw. I hurriedly backed away and stammered, "Y-You... Why are you back so suddenly?"

He looked mad. "It's been over half an hour. Of course, I'm back."

Only then did I realize how quickly time had passed. It had been almost an hour since Elijah left to drop Jocelyn off.

I stuffed the costumes back into the bag and kicked it into a corner. Elijah's gaze darkened at that. "Looks like you've become smarter, Ariana. I thought you would get into a huge fight with me."

He came to hold me, his tone coaxing as he continued, "Be good, okay? There's nothing between Jocelyn and I."

I was about to say something when I smelled something sweet on him—it was Jocelyn's perfume. Suddenly, I wanted to puke. I shoved him away and snapped, "Stay away from me!"

His expression turned steely. "Don't push your luck, Ariana!"

I sneered. "You reek of another woman's scent. How dare you tell me there's nothing between you and her?"

He sniffed his shoulder, and his expression shifted slightly. He frowned at me, looking like he wanted to say he knew I was going to kick up a fuss. He parted his lips to explain, but I turned away. "We're sleeping in separate rooms starting tonight."

I made to leave the wardrobe. Behind me, Elijah snarled, "Haven't you had enough, Ariana?"

I sneered. "Nope."

Elijah hurried forward to grab my arm. His grip was strong, and I paled from the pain. “Ouch!”

He loosened his grip when he saw my reddened eyes. His gaze was resigned as he said, “The perfume got on me by accident. There’s really nothing going on between me and her.”

I didn’t say anything. Suddenly, he leaned in to kiss me. I shuddered and instinctively tried to push him away, but he didn’t budge.

His breathing grew heavy as he caressed my waist. Familiar bolts of electricity shot through me, and my breathing became erratic.

My mind was a mess—I felt like some memories were on the cusp of emerging. My body turned to jelly under his ministrations, but I could hear my heart crying. This body was too weak.

I struggled to remain lucid while constantly pushing him away. However, my futile struggle seemed like an invitation to Elijah. He thought this was just part of our foreplay.

He deepened the kiss, and his scent wafted into my nose, eating away at my rationality. My brain was dazed, and my body responded to him without my permission.

Elijah continued to deepen the kiss. His scent enveloped me, making me lose track of where I was. When a wave of coolness washed over me, I realized Elijah had carried me to the bed.

I used my remaining rationality to shove him hard. “Don’t touch me!”

He was taking his clothes off and almost fell from my shove. Rage spread over his face, and he raised a hand. I instinctively shuddered and curled into a ball, screaming, “Don’t hit me!”

The atmosphere tensed. Elijah’s hand stopped in mid-air, and I stiffened on the bed. I didn’t know why I’d reacted like that or understood where Elijah’s sudden brutality had come from. All I knew was that I was trembling uncontrollably.

Elijah’s rage disappeared when he saw how scared and pitiful I was. He stood by the bed, wanting to explain something. Ultimately, he remained silent.

I felt ashamed as I dragged the sheets over my body, mumbling, “Get out. Get out! Don’t touch me.”

After a while, he said, “...Get some rest. I’ll sleep in the study.”

He turned and left the room, his expression icy. Shortly after, I heard the study door slam shut.

Silence and peace descended upon the bedroom, and I slumped on the bed, feeling like all my strength had left me. My back was covered in cold sweat, and my head throbbed painfully.

I didn't know why Elijah kept coming after me despite his hatred for me. I also didn't understand why I was afraid of his brutal side if I'd loved him so deeply before losing my memories. More importantly, why did he refuse to divorce me?

My head hurt even more from these thoughts. After a while, I finally drifted off.