

A Love Forgotten Chapter 7

Teri finally believed me. She looked at me with heartache. “Ari, you... Forget it. It’s good that you’ve finally seen the light. Elijah has caused you too much suffering over the past seven years.”

I didn’t say anything. Being unable to have the person one loved was a painful thing. One’s mentality would spiral out of control due to suffering, and constant spiraling would lead to insanity.

I’d never suffered a defeat or had any failures, but I lost everything the year I turned 18. I didn’t know what happened between 18 and 25, but I knew it couldn’t be good.

I said, “Help me, Teri. I want to return to my family.”

She sighed and shook her head. “That won’t be easy. You’ve cut off contact with them for five years.”

I saw the pity in her eyes and lowered my head, feeling bitter. My body was feeling sad, but how could I not be? This was my family we were talking about.

My eyes reddened. “That’s why I need your help. I want to start off by contacting my brother. He’s always doted on me...”

Teri’s expression shifted. “It’s not that I don’t want to help, Ari. Jonathan won’t agree to see you.”

“My, if it isn’t Mrs. Linden. What are you doing here, drinking such cheap coffee?” A sarcastic voice rang out, making me frown.

Teri shot to her feet, looking furious. “I’m warning you, Evelyn Snow. Don’t try to pick a fight!”

A red-haired woman in a floral dress stood before me. Her makeup was exquisite, and she had several shopping bags hanging from her arm. To her right stood two companions who looked just as fashionable as she was.

While appraising me, their expressions were as scornful as Evelyn’s.

I stood up and pulled Teri back. “I don’t know her. Let’s go.”

Before Teri could say anything, Evelyn mocked, “What? You don’t know me? Have you been so busy that you’ve forgotten all about me? We’re old friends!”

I frowned. “I don’t know you, Ms. Snow.”

She laughed and turned to her companions. “Did you hear that? She said she doesn’t know me!”

One of her companions in a yellow dress laughed with her and said sarcastically, “Oh, let her be. We wouldn’t want to know a bootlicking bitch who refuses to leave Mr. Linden alone, anyway.”

They laughed meanly.

My expression turned icy, and I tugged on Teri. “Let’s go. We don’t have to stoop to their level.”

Suddenly, Teri flew into a rage. She shouted, “Who do you think you’re calling a bitch? Could there be anyone in this world cheaper and bitchier than you? You know Elijah is married, yet you still tried to seduce him.

“You’re not any better, Sharon Lowry. Your family kept trying to wine and dine Elijah to get a business deal with Linden Group. You’re the cheapest of the lot! You come from a family of cheap bastards!”

Her outburst made Evelyn and her companions stand there in stunned silence. Evelyn was the first to return to her senses. She pounced on Teri, wanting to pull her hair. I knew how good Teri was in a fight, though. I’d seen her in them countless times since childhood.

If she claimed she was Halton City’s best fighter, no one would dare claim otherwise. She grabbed a cup of unfinished coffee and splashed it at Evelyn. The latter covered her face and screamed.

Meanwhile, Sharon swung her shopping bags at Teri. Teri wasn’t paying attention, so I stretched my arms to shield her. The bags hit me, making pain spread through me.

This infuriated Teri. “How dare you bitches try to hurt Ari! You guys are asking for trouble!”

“That’s enough!” Someone approached us. In the next second, my arm was forced downward roughly. I heard a crack, and the sharp pain made me crouch on the floor.

My mind was abuzz, but I heard Teri shout, “What the fuck is wrong with you, Elijah? Why the hell are you restraining Ari?”

I was surprised. What was Elijah doing here? I wanted to stand up, but my head spun, and I fell toward the floor.

Just then, someone held me up. Before I could see who this newcomer was, I heard them say, “That’s enough. She’s hurt.”

...

When I regained consciousness, the first thing I saw was the bright white light above my head. It was blinding.

“Awake already?” Elijah’s voice rang out.

I struggled to sit up. My left arm hurt like hell, and I couldn't apply any pressure on it.

Elijah sat in a corner, watching me with a stormy expression. He curled his lip when he saw me struggling to sit up. "You're finally awake. I thought you'd feign being unconscious for an even longer time."

I looked at him coldly. "Yeah, I should've kept the act going for longer. How else would I scam people of their money?"

He was taken aback, evidently not expecting me to react like that. He gave me a pissed look and said impatiently, "Apologize to them, Ariana, or they'll call the cops on you."

I laughed. "Why should I apologize? I did nothing. Besides, they're the ones who provoked us."

I was an amnesiac, not an idiot. Even if I didn't remember who Evelyn was, I could tell from Teri's reaction that she and her companions weren't angels.

Besides, Evelyn was the one who'd started it. She'd provoked Teri, and Teri had retaliated. Later, Evelyn was also the one who'd made the first move. Why should I apologize to her?

I supported my shoulder, my demeanor so cold that no one could approach me. I was in a lot of pain—my shoulder was probably dislocated. Yet my "husband" was forcing me to apologize to the person who'd made me end up like this.

It was ridiculous, and I laughed.

This angered Elijah. He shot up and grabbed my arm. "That's enough, Ariana! I've put up with you long enough! Come back with me and stop humiliating yourself in public!"

The pain in my arm made me cry out. He didn't seem to think I was really in pain and continued, "Drop the act, alright? You're fine. Come home with me now!"

I felt like my head was going to explode from the pain. In this instant, I wanted him to die with me. Anyone would lose their mind from the pain when someone pulled their dislocated shoulder so roughly.

"Let her go. Don't you know that she's hurt?" A figure hurried over and grabbed Elijah's hand.

He subconsciously released me, and tears streamed down my face from the pain. Only then did Elijah realize something was wrong with me—my arm was twisted at an odd angle.

The man held me and said gently, "Don't be scared. I'll take you to the hospital."

I grabbed him like he was a life buoy. A handsome face appeared in my line of sight. I sobbed desperately, crying, "M-My arm is broken! It's broken. Where's Jon? I want Jon!"

I'd finally lost control of my emotions before a stranger after keeping them bottled up for days. I burrowed into his arms as I would've done with Jonathan as a child. "I want Jon. Where is he? Someone's bullying me, Jon! They're all bullying me! All these shameless people are bullying me..."

Elijah was stunned, and the stranger seemed to be struck dumb by my outburst. I wailed at the top of my lungs. I missed my parents, and I missed Jonathan. He would always protect me, no matter how much trouble I'd caused. Whenever anyone bullied me, he would defend me even if it cost him his life.

Now, I was devastated. I'd lost my family. I'd cast them aside over the past seven years, which I didn't even remember!