

A Love Forgotten Chapter 11

I was about to hail a taxi when an inconspicuous-looking black car gradually drove before me. Its window rolled down, and a voice rang out, "Ari?"

With my head still spinning, I looked up at the person. Then, a handsome face came into view, stunning me. "Woody-" I stopped to correct myself, "Mr. Wood?"

Logan exited the car, opened the front passenger seat door, and helped me in.

It took me ages to process what was happening. After a while, I asked, "What are you still doing here, Mr. Wood?"

Logan drove while casually explaining, "I figured you'd still be at the hospital, so I took a drive around the area. And as expected, you were still there. Then, he thoughtfully handed me a napkin. "Did you puke earlier?"

I accepted it, wiped my lips, and murmured, "Yeah. I'm a little dizzy. It's probably an unpleasant side effect of the concussion."

Logan's brows furrowed slightly, and his gaze hardened behind his glasses.

That was when I noticed my entire back was drenched in sweat.

As Logan drove, he reassured me, saying, "It's okay. Get some rest today, and I'll bring you to the hospital again tomorrow for a check-up."

At that moment, I looked up and happened to meet Logan's profound yet gentle gaze. My heart inexplicably throbbed as I lowered my head in a panic. "T-Thanks, Mr. Wood..."

A faint smile graced Logan's face. "Why aren't you calling me Woody anymore?"

My cheeks turned a bright shade of red. "About that... I was childish when I was younger-"

Logan's airy voice rang out, interrupting me, "Call me Logan from now on. Jonathan and I are old schoolmates and best friends, so I consider his sister as my own. It's not like you'd be losing anything by calling me Logan."

For some reason, my heart sank ever so slightly when he said that.

Logan's car swiftly traveled past the stream of traffic. He was patient and focused when driving, and because of that, the steering wheel turned smoothly under the control of his slender hands.

Watching him drive was satisfying. However, I dared not look for too long after sneaking some glances at

him.

Then, Logan asked, “Where are you headed, Ari?”

I sighed. “I want to see Teri.”

Logan nudged his glasses higher up on the bridge of his nose and frowned. “Is that your friend?”

I nodded. “My best friend.”

That was when Logan pressed on, “Is this friend reliable?”

I nodded.

“Give me her address. I’ll drive you there,” he eventually replied.

I didn’t bother refusing since I had already troubled him once. So, it wouldn’t matter if I asked him for more help now.

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Immediately, I phoned Teri. However, the call never connected, and I only received an automated response when I tried calling again.

“The number you have dialed is unreachable.”

I frowned. “I think her phone may be dead.”

Logan heaved a sigh of relief. “That best friend of yours is the same woman who fought off all those other women at the mall, right?”

I nodded.

Things were too chaotic at the time. All I knew was that I had fainted from the pain, but I had no idea what had happened to Teri.

That was when I realized I had to do something and said, “No, I should look for Teri. She might be in trouble.”

Logan pinned my failing arm down and shook his head. “You don’t need to search for her. She’s likely at the police station giving her testimony of the incident.

I froze momentarily before panicking. “Well, I need to go to her! Hurry! Let’s go to the police station!” | nearly jolted from how anxious I was.

However, Logan simply stared at me with an odd expression. There was an overwhelming sense of affection, helplessness, and the slightest hint of sorrow in his eyes.

He then retracted his gaze before fishing for his phone. As he comforted me, he dialed a series of numbers and said, “Don’t worry. I’ll call to check if she’s still there.”

He then made a phone call before turning to me, saying, “I’ve already asked. Your friend’s gone home after giving her testimony. Her phone probably ran out of battery, so it died. Don’t worry though. My friend said she’s alright.”

Logan’s calmness and certainty put me at ease.

Chapter 11

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A Love Forgotten Chapter 12

I was too flustered to thank Logan.

Meanwhile, he was gently holding the steering wheel, his flawless and defined hands resembling sculpture.

bling that of a

I recognized the watch on his wrist. It was an Audemars Piguet watch—a subtle luxury brand that cost a fortune.

Just then, Logan met my eyes.

“Woody—No, Logan, where should I go now?” I asked, awkwardly lowering my head to avert his stare. I was at a loss. “I don’t remember where Teri lives.”

Logan sighed. “Have you actually forgotten it?”

I nodded. “The doctor says I have intermittent amnesia, and it’s unclear when I’ll remember the things I’ve forgotten.”

Logan frowned. “It’s that bad? Does Elijah know?”

I let out a bitter chuckle while shaking my head. “He doesn’t believe me at all. He thinks I’m lying.”

Logan seemed slightly upset upon hearing this. For a long while, he stared at me with utmost seriousness before changing the topic. He said, “Do you have WhatsApp?”

“Huh?” I uttered in confusion. But quickly, I realized that he was asking to add my phone number to his WhatsApp.

So, I frantically dug for my phone and apologized, “I’m so sorry, Logan. I should’ve added your number earlier. I must’ve forgotten because my mind was all over the place.”

Logan took his phone out while we were waiting for the traffic light. After a few taps on his phone, he scanned my WhatsApp QR code.

Once we added each other’s contacts to our WhatsApps, I clicked on his profile picture for a quick look- it was an abstract painting in black, white, and gray.

I couldn’t understand what it meant, but it complimented Logan’s overall air well. There was something cold, distant

and enigmatic about it.

I then said, “I’ll transfer you the medical fees...”

Suddenly, Logan reached out. His slender and slightly cold fingertips touched mine, causing my face to redden.

With a light chuckle, he replied, “Don’t be ridiculous. We’ll discuss it after I help you get settled.”

After that, Logan didn’t speak to me for the rest of the journey. It seemed like he disliked talking, and I had no clue what to talk about either.

After a while, Logan casually tapped a button in his car and the radio began playing a pleasant piano tune. My nerves—which had been tense all day—finally relaxed upon hearing the music. Before I knew it, I fell asleep against the car window.

I slept soundly as if I had returned to being a baby nesting in a warm, swaying crib.

When the car stopped, I blearily opened my eyes,

“Are you up?” Logan asked. The faint scent of pinewood wafted toward me as he leaned in to unfasten my seatbelt. The pine scent intensified when he got closer, so I sank deeper into the seat to avoid him.

Logan’s lips curved into a faint smile as he pointed to a corner of my lips. “You should wipe that.”

Confused, I touched my lip. However, I soon realized that I had been drooling in my sleep!

I wanted to bash my head against the car window!

My hands shot to my mouth as I wiped my lips in a panic. Meanwhile, I stammered while making up an excuse. “A–About that... Oh, I slept like a pig! How could have slept so soundly...?”

Logan shook his head. “Don’t say that about yourself, An. Even if you were a pig, you’d be a piglet, and you’d be the cutest one to ever exist too.”

I wanted to laugh, but I tried to hold it in. However, my efforts were for naught because I soon burst out in laughter. I laughed so hard that tears nearly flowed from my eyes.

Logan innocently stared at me, his lips upturned in the softest smile.

After laughing my heart out, I exhaled and gave him a sincere look. “Thanks, Logan. I wouldn’t have known what to do if you weren’t here.”

Logan abruptly stated, “You look good when you’re smiling. You should smile more.”

My heart skipped a beat.

A Love Forgotten Chapter 13

Logan had already exited the car and was standing outside while smiling softly. “We’re here, Ari.”

I got out of the car and froze once I saw the place we were in. It was obscure, but it had an incredible

view.

As I looked around, I realized that we were at a mountainside. The view ahead was an endless coastline, and the sunset’s brilliant glow reflected off the sea’s surface. Meanwhile, behind me was a lush forest, where an antique-looking house sat amid its trees.

Logically speaking, a lone house like that should have come off as terrifying, but that wasn’t the case

now.

The walls that fenced the house were covered in rampant vines of climbing roses. Many red, pink, and yellow roses bloomed amid the vines, and it felt as though I were gazing at a stunning sea of flowers.

I

Excitement bubbled within me as I circled the wall of roses. The names of each rose variety popped up in my mind, and I passionately listed them all out.

Logan tucked one hand in his pocket while leaning against the car, grinning at me. Then, the wind blew, ruffling the roses and leaves on the wall.

At that moment, a symphony of rustles filled the air, and a lovely floral fragrance enveloped me. I was so over the moon that I wanted to cry.

I'd dreamt of having a flowering vine-filled garden wall when I was younger. But unfortunately, my mother was allergic to flower pollen, and I had no time to tend to plants anyhow.

I'd never imagined that Logan would have such a dreamy garden wall. Excitement sparked through my veins as I ran to him and asked, "How did you grow such flowers, Logan?"

Logan lowered his head as he looked at me. "How would I know? I paid good money to have someone professionally deal with it."

"That's not true. You know these things." I fervently shook my head. "It had to be you who asked the gardener to plant them!"

"Oh?" Logan casually responded, "And how would you know?"

I couldn't explain why, but I insisted, saying, "You must have asked the gardener to plant them! I know it!! just do!"

Logan took in my child-like behavior and let out a helpless chuckle. "Let's go inside. It's windy out here." His hand naturally hovered above my shoulders but didn't touch me.

I was about to enter the gates when a very displeased young woman in a pink dress stopped me.

"Why would you bring this crazy bitch home, Logan? That's Ariana!" The young woman glared and couldn't help but roll her eyes at me.

I didn't recognize her, but she seemed to know and loathed me.

Logan glanced at her a

blandly hummed in acknowledgment before leading me past the gates.

The young woman was furious that he had ignored her. She stomped her foot while shrieking. “Logan! Logan! Did you hear me? She’s Ariana! Aren’t you afraid of humiliating yourself by letting her stick around?”

Upon hearing that, Logan paused, and his brows creased into a frown. “Who taught you to treat our guests so rudely, Ruby Quare?”

Ruby was caught off guard. Then, she begrudgingly retorted, “But Logan! How’s she a guest? She’s just a bad woman with a nasty reputation...”

I

I felt flustered and subtly took a few steps back.

Logan’s expression turned cold. ‘Apologize, Ruby!’

Ruby was shocked. “Are you asking me to apologize to her, Logan? Have I misheard you?”

Logan repeated himself, “Apologize

Only then did Ruby realize that her older cousin was serious. Her cheeks reddened in rage. “Logan, you’ve just returned to the country, so you’re unaware of how bad her reputation is. She-”

“Apologize!” Logan said it for the third time more fiercely. His voice could send shivers down one’s back.

I instinctively cowered.

Meanwhile, Ruby no longer dared to refute. She then fixed her gaze on me and snarled through gritted teeth, “I’m s-sorry.”

After that, the rims of her eyes reddened, and she ran off

I awkwardly stood in the same spot, my gaze shifting to Logan. “Logan, I think... it’s best if I go back.” Then, I quickly added, “I have some money in my ride-hailing app. I can get a ride home.”

Logan seemed unhappy as he said, “Where will you go? Back to Elijah?”

A Love Forgotten Chapter 14

Logan’s question stumped me, and my throat constricted as I failed to get my words out

Ultimately, L explained in a low, subdued voice, “But I have a bad reputation. I’ll only trouble you if I stay

here.”

I dared not meet his eyes after saying that. All I could do was stare at my feet. But even then, I could still sense Logan’s stares and decided to stay bowed.

A long time passed before I heard a sigh. Then, Logan said, “Don’t overthink things. Hurry up and get inside. I help you settle down.”

He then walked ahead and into the house.

I hesitated for a few seconds before catching up with him.

Logan’s house was quiet, and the maids were doing their tasks in an orderly fashion.

I didn’t know why, but I felt comfortable here. Unlike Elijah’s empty villa, this place felt more lived-in and homey

Just then, I spotted a wooden bookshelf with some paint peeling off it and a fireplace with black cinder marks along its edges. There was even a large and well-maintained leather couch.

I stiffly sat on the couch, waiting for Logan to change his clothes upstairs.

My mind was empty, and I couldn’t process anything

Being here felt like a dream. Did I really leave the suffocating Elijah so easily?

Logan later returned downstairs in a casual gray shirt. His pants outlined his long legs, and his loose top made him seem like a more casual and friendly person.

That was when I noticed Logan’s broad shoulders and narrow waist. He looked even more handsome in this outfit than when he wore a suit. Everything about him felt softer, and it was as if he had a halo that cast a gentle glow onto his entire body.

I gaped at him in awe, forgetting how to speak.

Logan welcomed my stares, his gaze softening as he asked, “Are you tired?”

I shook my head.

He then sat opposite me and explained. “This place is my family home. It’s a little old, but it has many

rooms-”

He paused, then continued, “My parents are still abroad in Switzia. My two younger brothers are also

Overseas

“The girl you saw earlier is my younger cousin, Ruby Quare. She plans to take the entrance exam for Halton University’s art department. She’s been searching for a mentor to provide her with specialized art training in the city during these two months.”

Hearing that only made me feel more awkward. “I’m fine, Logan. I’ll leave tomorrow. I’m actually fine on my own I can also book a hotel room.”

While I blabbered on, I realized just how many alternative solutions I had

Why on earth had I come with Logan to his family home? How embarrassing!

I couldn’t bear such humiliation Id practically revealed my flaws by listing my options out to Logan.

Logan chuckled lightly. “I’d be too worried to let you stay at a hotel alone. Besides, Dr. Quinell said that you require three days of acupuncture treatments and hospital visits for check-ups. You can stay here during this period.”

Hed before adding, “I can also arrange for you to stay elsewhere if you don’t like it here.”

I shook my head at once. “No, no! I love it here. I really do!”

My cheeks grew warm and red once I finished saying that.

Logan inspected my face in detail and chuckled. “Ari, why do you seem to like blushing so much?”

I cupped my cheeks and lowered my head. “I don’t know either. Perhaps it’s because I lost my memories the moment I awoke. In my remaining memories, I’m technically still a freshman.”

At that point in my life, I was still 18 and had just fallen in love. My 18-year-old self had no clue how to be around a perfect man like Logan.

Not only was Hike that with Logan, but the younger me was too flustered to act normally even around the rotten Elijah.

In losing seven years of my memories, my tactfulness and composure as an adult had also vanished. Although I was 25 years old now, my emotional intelligence was equivalent to that of the blank slate it was at 18.

Logan pensively responded, “So, you only remember things that happened before you were 18. What about those from after?”

“I’ve forgotten about them. I genuinely can’t remember. I shrugged. Then, I kept my eyes on him as I asked, “Do you believe that I’m telling the truth, Logan?”

I was deathly afraid that he would have even the slightest amount of doubt.

For some reason, I felt I would be miserable if he hesitated to trust me for a second or even less. Apart from Teri, Logan was the only person who could show me kindness now that I’d lost my memories.

“I believe you.” Logan nodded and shot me a warm smile that could melt even the coldest of hearts. “I, Woody, trust you, Ari.”

I beamed back at him with tears brimming in my eyes.

However, Logan didn’t let me dwell on my emotions and promptly motioned me to the dining room for a meal.

The maids at the Wood residence had made a light meal with fish, red meats, and some scrambled eggs. It wasn’t the lavish dinner spread I’d imagined the Wood family to have, but regardless, I enjoyed the meal

lot since I had been starving for an entire day.

Logan was charming even when he ate. He had decent spoonfuls of food at a time before sipping on some soup. And while eating, he never made a sound or spoke.

Halfway through my meal, I realized that Ruby—who had snapped at me earlier—didn’t join us downstairs

to eat.

I wanted to ask Logan about it, but I wasn’t sure how to bring it up. So, I peeked at him.

However, Logan didn’t seem to care that Ruby wasn’t with us. He simply and leisurely ate before heading

to the living room to read some newspapers and magazines.

Upon realizing that I had fallen behind, I quickly ate my dinner and joined him.

“Are you full?” Logan asked

I nodded before asking back, “What about Ruby? We shouldn’t just ignore the fact that she’s not coming down for dinner, right?”

Logan smiled. “She’s old enough to know better. She’ll come downstairs for food when she’s hungry, so you don’t need to worry about her.”

Logan then ordered the maids to set up a room and prepare some clothes for me. Then, he turned to face me and said, “Get some proper rest tonight. I’ll bring you to the hospital for a check-up at 8:00 am

tomorrow.”

“I can go on my own!” I uttered while standing up at once.

Logan glanced at me and shook his head. “No way. I said I’d bring you there, so I’m doing it.”

I wanted to keep insisting, but Logan had already left with his phone to make some business calls. So, I could only helplessly follow the maid upstairs.

There were indeed many rooms in the Wood residence.

The maid brought me to the third floor, where at least ten rooms lined both sides of the hallway.

I was speechless.

From what I recalled, none of my family’s houses were this massive or grand.

Was I finally experiencing the kind of lavishness that wealthy people lived in? The kind that was only heard of in rumors and tales?

The Wood family seemed to be several social ranks higher than Elijah, who was considered nouveau riche. After all, Elijah didn’t look like he owned many houses under his name. He was nothing like Logan, who appeared to be a part of the vieux riche crowd of Halton City.

The maid politely led me to a guest room. Once she opened the door, I froze from head to toe in sheer awe.

The room was massive!

It wasn’t a guest room—this was more like a small suite with three bedrooms and one living room.

Upon entry, the washroom was to my left. As I walked further into the room, I found a medium-sized closet and a bedroom with a huge bed beside it. Meanwhile, opposite the bed was a bathroom that even had a bathtub!

This specific bedroom was fully decorated in warm tones and had wooden flooring with pale, yellow wallpaper. The bed frame itself was made of pure oakwood.

A Love Forgotten Chapter 15

I sat on the bed, feeling like I was in a dream. The room wasn't fancy, but it felt warm and cozy.

The maid placed my change of clothes on the bedside before smiling and saying, "Mr. Wood picked these pajamas for you, Ms. York. Please inform us should you find them unsuitable."

I glanced at the powdery pink pajama set and nodded right away. "Please thank Mr. Wood on my behalf."

The maid soon left after teaching me how to use the landline phone on the bedside table and the buttons.

in the bathroom.

That was when my phone rang.

It was a call from Teri.

Once the call connected, she complained, "Why did it take you so long to answer the phone? I was worried sick! Elijah didn't do anything to you, did he? And how's your hand?"

I briefly explained everything that happened at the hospital to her.

Teri sounded baffled. "Thomas? Thomas Quinell? The orthopedic expert? Holy cow! Who's that handsome man that rescued you? How can he be so capable?"

I gave it a thought before answering, "He said his name is Logan and that he used to be classmates with Jonathan."

"Oh my God!" Te

Teri shrieked. "What? What did you say? Did you say "Logan?" You aren't mistaken, are you?"

I frowned. "That's his name. What about it?"

Teri took some time to calm herself down before saying. "Logan, duh! Do a quick search of him now! ASAP! Right away!"

I

I did as I was told and froze in utter shock. My heart beat wildly as I asked, "Is he the man in the first search result?"

Teri gasped. “Wait. Did you say you’re currently at Horseshoe Bay?”

I nodded, “Yeah. This place has such great views, and there aren’t any other houses around.”

Teri shrieked again. “Obviously there won’t be any other houses! Several mountains at Horseshoe Bay belong to the Wood family! They inherited it from their ancestors, so it’s a given that nobody can build houses on their family’s land!

“Oh my freaking God, you silly girl! God has favored a naive girl like you. He’s blessed you with the chance of encountering Logan!”

Upon listening to Teri’s ramblings, I finally understood Logan’s background.

To put it simply, the Wood family was the wealthiest among the wealthy. Logan’s great–great–great–grandfather got rich in Halton City and built a highly complex business empire. And because of the industry they’d built, they were far more than leaders of the industry.

The Wood family’s generations of accumulated investments indicated that they had investments in various business industries. Nobody could begin to estimate the total sum of their investments

The Wood family’s company was Wood Group. Identifying the company’s exact investment sum or status in only one industry would be challenging.

Yet, one would have a different outcome if one examined dozens of profitable Industries or physical

businesses. One would find that Wood Group or its subsidiary companies had investment shares in 20% of the renowned companies.

Thus, it was hard to accurately describe the scale of Wood Group’s influence with numbers.

If Elijah was a rare and outstanding unicorn in the business world, Logan represented a century–old wealthy family with many intricate connections to the world.

Anyone could tell which of the two men was more powerful and had a stronger backing.

I muttered, “But Logan looks like an ordinary guy! He doesn’t seem to behave too ostentatiously.”

However, he did seem slightly more fancy compared to Elijah.

Teri sounded offended and disappointed, as if I had failed to understand what she was getting at. “Ariana, do you think Jonathan’s an incredible person?”

A Love Forgotten Chapter 16

I grew sullen at the mention of my brother. “He’s incredible. Jonathan’s been the York family’s pride and joy ever since he was a child-”

Teri rudely interrupted me, “What about Elijah? Do you find him incredible?”

The mention of Elijah made my entire body tense with discomfort. “Can we please not talk about him?”

Teri’s tone eased up as she said, “Fine. Let’s talk about Jonathan first.

“He’s also considered nouveau riche and a renowned figure in Halton City. Meanwhile, Elijah is merely an up-and-comer beneath him. Yet, even the two men combined aren’t enough to reach Logan’s level of power.”

My brows furrowed. “Are you exaggerating? Jonathan’s exceptional! He can’t possibly be inferior to Logan.

Teri scoffed. “I never said that Jonathan’s inferior. However, your family’s foundations don’t run as deep as the Wood family’s. You can search it up if you don’t believe me.”

I was speechless. Of course I knew my family’s history and influence didn’t run as deep as the Wood family’s.

Teri scoffed again. “Oh, forget it. Your lovesick brain only has eyes for Elijah, so you don’t even notice other men. Fortunately, the water in your brain has mostly drained. Now that Logan’s willing to help you, I believe your luck will soon change.”

She let out a cheeky laugh before adding, “It would also benefit me significantly if you succeed in ditching that jerkwad, Elijah the boot, and become something more than friends with Mr. Wood.”

The tips of my ears heated up as I shattered Teri’s hopes. “Quit thinking about such things! Logan’s only helping me because of my brother. He has no other motives.”

Teri watched to say something more, but someone knocked on my door just then, so I hurriedly hung up the phone.

I opened the door to see Ruby. She stood outside my room with a scowl and spoke in a straightforward manner, “Leave, Ariana. You’re not welcomed here.”

My temples throbbed as I felt the onset of a headache. With a sigh, I responded, “I don’t know you, Ms. Quare. Must you target me like this?”

Ruby shot me an odd look before sarcastically sneering, “I know you don’t know me, Ariana. But you know Jocelyn, don’t you?”

Jocelyn, again?

I eyed Ruby from head to toe and asked, “Is Jocelyn taking the same major as you?”

Ruby puffed her chest in pride. “Jocelyn’s my fellow senior. She’s gifted and is my teacher’s favorite student. You want to know why I hate you, huh? It’s because we all know about what you did to her!”

At that moment, an inexplicable, fiery rage spread within my chest.

Although I’d lost seven years of memories and didn’t know what I had done to Jocelyn that was so awful, it still frustrated me to be yelled at and insulted no matter where I went.

My voice turned frosty as I stated, “What happened between me and Jocelyn is between me and her. What does it have to do with you, Ms. Quare? Who are you to Jocelyn, and what gives you the right to

defend her?”

Ruby never imagined that I would fight back, so she raised her voice. “This is the Wood residence, Ariana. And I’m asking you to get lost now! Do you hear me?”

That only angered me more. I snorted and said, “Yeah, this is the Wood residence—but you’re not a member of the Wood family. So, what right do you have to kick me out? Even if I’m not welcomed here. Logan should be the one asking me to leave. What makes you think you can order me to do so?”

Ruby’s nose scrunched up as she flashed me a taunting smirk. “Logan? Ariana, I knew you were shameless, but I’d never imagined you’d be this shameless. Do you seriously think you can address my cousin by his name? Are you even worthy of doing so?”

“I doubt you two have a close relationship when Logan has only been back in the country for less than three months. Plus, it’s your first time meeting him.”

I was annoyed now. I’d initially wanted to explain things, but Ruby was being unreasonable.

She continued to mock me, saying, “You stooped so low as to be a mistress when you were in university. You knew Elijah and Josie were dating, so you broke them up! And now that Elijah doesn’t want you anymore, you’ve decided to go after my cousin!”

“Are you unable to live without a man, Ariana? Or are you naturally such a despicable bitch who insists on latching onto men? Ruby hurled all the insults I could imagine at me.

A Love Forgotten Chapter 17

My head started to hurt, and a ringing filled my ears. Dizziness soon overwhelmed my senses as I willed. all my energy to speak, “I wasn’t the third person in that relationship! I’m not-”

“You’re not?” Ruby’s voice grew shrill. “You publicly pursued Elijah in your second year of university. What else are you, if not a despicable man–stealer?”

“Let me make this clear–you ruined Elijah and Jocelyn’s relationship! It’s because of you that they broke up!”

“No, that’s not true... No, Teri said that wasn’t the case. I muttered. At this point, I was also trying to convince myself that I couldn’t have torn their relationship apart.

Teri said I had only committedly pursued Elijah after hearing that Elijah and Jocelyn had broken up. I couldn’t be the person who broke them up. There was no way.

Yet, how could I explain such things to Ruby? I had lost my memories, so I didn’t even know the truth about what had happened.

My entire body couldn’t stop trembling as cold sweat coated my skin.

Now, I regretted coming to the Wood residence. I could have averted such attacks had I just arranged an overnight stay at the hospital this afternoon. That would still be better than staying here and feeling miserable.

Ruby noticed I had covered my ears and wasn’t speaking anymore when she finished hurling insults at me. Then, amid her fury, she slapped me.

I was already struggling to stand because of my dizziness, so her slap sent me falling to the ground. The nausea I felt was so intense that I couldn’t bring myself to get up from the ground for a long time.

Even then, Ruby continued to yell at me, “You shameless bitch! Don’t think Logan will pity you just because you’re pretending to be frail! What else do you have, apart from your looks and identity as the York family’s heiress? You’re just a useless piece of trash!”

“Unlike Jocelyn, you’re like the dirt everyone steps on! How dare you keep smearing her name? Don’t you know you nearly caused her to end her life?”

Ruby’s insults were incessant.

I could no longer hear as clearly by then. The ringing in my ears continued, and my head was spinning so much I nearly vomited. My only hope was that Ruby would stop prattling on soon.

“That’s enough, Ruby!” Logan thundered, shutting Ruby up for good.

At that moment, my chest heaved in relief.

Then, Logan carried me off the ground and gingerly placed me on the bed.

Unable to hold it back anymore, I grabbed Logan's sleeve and hurled everything I ate during dinner onto him.

My vomiting was worse this time.

I kept vomiting until the world spun, and tears streamed down my face. It felt as if I'd almost vomited all my organs out.

Even then, Logan's voice remained warm and gentle. He said, "It's okay. Everything's okay. Let it out if it's

making you uncomfortable..."

Meanwhile, Ruby seemed shocked by the scene. "Why's she like this? I bet she's pretending! I didn't even push her with that much force. I only nudged her because I was annoyed. She fell to the ground herself!"

I could hear the warmth vanishing from Logan's voice as he reprimanded her, "She injured the back of her head and may have post-concussion syndrome. It doesn't matter that you nudged her. You're at fault for doing it in the first place.

"I want you to go to your room now. You're not allowed to come out anymore!"

"But Logan!" Ruby faltered briefly. Then, she snarled, "I'm not leaving! She's the one who should leave, not me!"

Logan then harshly said, "Martha, please pack Ms. Quare's things and take her to Sunny Seas Hotel."

Rattled, Ruby yelled, "You're making me stay at a hotel, Logan? I can't believe you're kicking me out because of this woman..."

I didn't have the heart to listen to the rest of their conversation, but I could hear chaotic noises soon erupt from inside and outside the room.

It seemed like one of the maids had dragged Ruby away while I continued to vomit.

Eventually, I managed to empty everything in my stomach. Only then did I properly look at Logan. He had been holding me this entire time.

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I bitterly chuckled. "It's best if I a hospital, Logan... I've ruined your room because of my condition..."

Logan supported me and seemed to be thinking about something. Then, he carried me bridal style and spoke to a maid, “Please clean this up. After that, I want you to make a call. Have Frank Drake come over.” Then, Logan carried me up to the fourth floor.

He carried me so effortlessly, as if I was a light feather

However, my intense nausea prevented me from opening my eyes to see my surroundings. I could only sense that Logan had brought me into a big room and that there was a faint scent of pine in the air.

In the next second, Logan placed me on a big bed, where I lay stiffly like a statue.

Meanwhile, Logan shuffled about in the room.

After some time, a warm towel patted my face.

Someone was tenderly wiping my face.

I opened my eyes and saw Logan’s indifferent side profile.

A Love Forgotten Chapter 18

Upon seeing that I’d opened my eyes, he said, “Given your circumstances, do you want to call Jonathan?”

I froze, not knowing what to say.

Suddenly, a bitterness spread across my chest as I recalled Teri saying that Jonathan had shunned me over the past five years.

Logan studied my expression before slowly saying, “Your condition isn’t looking too good, so I’ll still phone him in a bit. You’re his biological sister. No matter how tense your relationship is, there’s no ignoring that you two share blood relations.

“Frank will be here shortly to perform a check-up on you. If he says you’re not doing good, we’ll have you admitted into the hospital for tonight.”

He then added, “It’s not that I didn’t want you to stay in the hospital today. I was merely worried that you’d have no one to look after you if you stayed there alone,

I could still hold back my tears when Logan was speaking about my brother. However, my tears uncontrollably streamed down my cheeks when he said that last part.

“Don’t cry,” Logan comforted me after seeing me cry. “Everything’s okay. You’re okay.

He then picked up the phone to make a call while I cried in silence for some time.

When Logan re-entered the room, I stared at him with hopeful eyes.

Logan's features tensed up in a complicated emotion. It took him a moment before he smiled at me. "I've phoned your brother. He's currently abroad but will return to visit you in two days."

Instantly, the small flames of hopefulness within me were extinguished. I retracted my gaze and let out a self-deprecating laugh. "Jonathan still refuses to forgive me, huh?"

Logan didn't say anything.

With a sigh, I replied, "It's okay. I know he's still upset."

Although that was what I said, disappointment still crushed my very being, and tears soon fell from my eyes again.

Just then, I felt the spot on the bed beside me dip as Logan leaned closer to look at me.

He was staring at me so intensely that I was too flustered to continue crying and frantically wiped my

tears instead.

"Are you feeling better?" he asked.

I absent-mindedly nodded.

Logan was about to speak when his phone rang.

His eyes lit up as he answered the phone in front of me

That was when a familiar voice rang out, "Hey, Logan. How's she doing?"

I recognized who it was at once.

Jonathan..." I snatched the phone and sobbed, "I miss you, Jonathan."

Silence came from the other end of the line. For a while, there was only the sound of my ceaseless sobs.

It took forever before a helpless sigh came from Jonathan. "What's wrong, Ari?"

What's wrong? What else could be wrong with me?

I glanced at Logan before tears and snot rolled down my face. ‘I’m afraid, Jonathan! Please take me home. I want to go home!’”

Before I could say more, Logan took the phone away from me and left the room to speak on the phone. This time, he was on the call with Jonathan for a long while.

When he returned, I was already dozing off.

Logan seemed more relaxed now.

After some time, Frank Drake—the person that Logan had mentioned—finally arrived.

I’d thought that only one person would come, but to my surprise, an entire team had shown up.

Frank Drake was a doctor. He’d brought two nurses and someone who was likely a pharmacist with him. They’d come with some lightweight equipment to perform a check-up on me. Then, they dispensed my medication and began softly discussing my condition among themselves.

A while later, they set up IV drip for me, and I started feeling sleepy.

Just then, Logan’s voice rang out, “Does she need to be admitted into a hospital?””

Frank answered, “Her condition isn’t too severe. It’s likely post-concussion syndrome, so she needs to stay in bed and rest for two days. She should avoid intense exercises and anything that could trigger extreme emotions.”

I wanted to listen in on their conversation, but the drugs kicked in, and I fell asleep.

A Love Forgotten Chapter 19

I slept better this time and only awoke at noon the next day.

When I looked up, I realized the IV drip was still connected to my arm, and a female nurse was measuring my blood pressure beside me.

I shifted slightly and asked, “Where’s Logan?”

The nurse stared at me in confusion.

I corrected myself right away. “Where’s Mr. Wood?”

The nurse smiled. “Mr. Wood left for work this morning! He’ll probably be back soon.”

I couldn’t help but beam upon hearing that. I was very much pleased to be able to see Logan after waking.

from my slumber. Yet, amid my giddy smiling, I suddenly realized that something was amiss.

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Why was I so excited to see a man that I met yesterday? Could it be that I had moved on to someone else. this quickly?

As that thought filled my mind, it made me feel very awkward.

Perhaps I really was someone with a severe tendency to fall blindly in love, like Teri said. After all, I fell for Elijah, who'd made me suffer endlessly for seven years. He was also why all of Halton City knew me as

the notorious bitch.

Was I about to fall for Logan this easily now that he was in the picture?

The thought of that made me want to slap myself silly

Fortunately, the nurse left the room after inspecting my IV drip and didn't notice my abnormal behavior.

After that, I examined the room that I was in. It was entirely different from the guest room last night.

This place had a more modern style with a vivid color palette. The pale yellow wallpaper had a silver sheen to it, the bed was colored a cool shade of gray and black, and the bedsheets were dark blue.

I glanced at the wall where a futuristic calendar was hung onto it. Everything else on the wall was modern. paintings.

I then stared at one of the paintings for the longest time and found it oddly familiar.

After staring at it for ages until my eyes grew sore, I realized that it was Logan's WhatsApp profile picture.

Logan seemed to be a person who prioritized convenience since he'd conveniently used that painting as his profile picture.

That was when it hit me—this was Logan’s room!

This realization hit me like a ton of bricks. At that moment, a warmth spread from my lower body to my limbs, and finally, to my face.

I cupped my cheeks and took in the entire room’s interior while growing numb.

I

I couldn’t believe that Logan had brought me to his bedroom last night.

Where did he sleep then?

A ringing sound began filling my head again, but the dizziness I felt now was due to my guilt.

Just then, I heard a phone buzzing on the bedside table

My eyes darted over to it, and I was surprised to see that it was my phone. For some reason, my instincts told me that Logan had thoughtfully brought it to this room.

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I unlocked my phone and saw a message on my WhatsApp. It read, “Where are you? Are you done throwing your tantrum?”

After looking at the profile picture, I exited the chat log at once.

The text had been from Elijah. It sounded harsh, and he didn’t seem concerned about me at all. I could even picture how annoyed he was when sending me that text.

Then, my phone continued buzzing from Elijah’s barrage of incoming texts.

“We will have dinner with my parents tomorrow night. You have to be there.”

“Where are you?”

“Don’t bother to ever return if you don’t come home now, Ariana.”

Elijah was evidently enraged and began sending crueller texts the more I ignored him.

I couldn't help but reply, "I want a divorce. I'm never going back there!"

However, that only made my WhatsApp blow up with even more messages.

"You've got some nerve, Ariana!"

"You should know your limits even when throwing a tantrum. You've gone too far this time." "Where are you? Get back here now!"

A Love Forgotten Chapter 20

"If you don't come back, you can forget about negotiating a divorce!" Elijah texted.

I watched as my phone continuously chimed from his incoming messages,

When my last shred of patience had vanished, I blocked Elijah's WhatsApp for good. But he seemed to have noticed that I'd blocked him. So, he phoned me instead.

At that point, I decided to block his phone number too

Now, I had finally gotten rid of him from my world. Every muscle in my body relaxed as if I had just let out a breath I was holding in.

I should have gotten rid of Elijah a long time ago.

I wasn't an easy target for others to pick on, so why didn't I fight back when Elijah had previously kept showing off his true love to my face?

Now, I started to regret not going berserk and trying to reclaim my spot two days ago.

Just then, the door suddenly swung open, and Logan entered as a light cast a glow from behind him.

I immediately hid my phone and smiled at him, saying, "I'm feeling much better, Logan."

Lame close to examine my face. Then, he nodded. "You seem better, but you should still go to Dr.

Quinell and have him examine you. On top of that, you should also get some tests done.

had only a

I nodded obediently. Although I disliked check-ups, I knew that Logan me to get them. done because he genuinely cared for me

“What did Jonathan say to you yesterday?” I cautiously asked.

Logan’s hand stiffened as he poured himself a glass of water. “He asked me to take good care of you because he’s temporarily unable to return,” he replied.

I was a little disappointed but still understood Jonathan’s decision.

“What else can you remember?” Logan suddenly asked. There was an expectant yet doubtful look in his eyes that I couldn’t comprehend.

After some thought, I answered, “I remember what happened before I was 18. I can recall what happened before the summer vacation of my freshman year, but nothing after that time in my life.”

Logan stayed silent for a while before slowly raising his head and smiling softly at me. “It’s okay if you’ve forgotten. Those memories weren’t anything important anyway.”

My lips pursed into a bitter smile. “What do you mean they aren’t important? That was seven years of my youth!” It felt like God had deliberately taken away those seven years of memories, I couldn’t recall anything from that period, no matter how hard I tried.

Ever since waking up, it was like I had become a despicable side character. I was stuck with an indifferent and overbearing husband. Not to mention, his heart yearned for his true love—another woman he could never be with.

Their love story was the reason for my disastrous and loveless marriage.

Just then, Logan’s phone rang. He glanced at the caller ID before casually declining the call.

Yet, the caller stubbornly called again.

I stared at Logan in confusion, wondering why he refused to answer the call.

Once again, he tapped the decline button,

“It’s Elijah,” he spoke in a dull tone, as though he were discussing something mundane like the weather. He sounds slightly upset, which differs from how the rumors describe him.

“I’ve always thought that someone of his caliber should be able to manage his family affairs well. Alas, how he’s doing it in reality seems very disappointing.”

Logan’s criticism of Elijah shocked me, but a bigger question arose in my mind when I finally realized who was phoning.

When did Elijah become this crazed and obsessed with me? He'd even resorted to calling Logan because he couldn't reach me.

Wasn't Elijah my greatest hater and the person who most eagerly wanted me to go away or die? If that was the case, what was he up to now?

"Why aren't you answering it if it's from Elijah?" I asked

Logan retorted, "Why should I answer him?"

His response abruptly cut the conversation off.

Soon, a nurse soon entered the room to change my IV drip and bring me lunch.

After making sure that I was okay, Logan headed out.

He seemed busy, yet he'd managed to make the time to visit me amid his packed schedule.

I found it challenging to understand Logan as a person. He was obviously down-to-earth, yet he put up walls and distanced himself from everyone.

I just couldn't figure him out

Time went by quickly.

In the afternoon, Frank dropped by to check in on how I was doing before taking me to the hospital for a check-up.

As expected, Dr. Quinell was specially waiting for me at the hospital. He performed acupuncture and some massages on my sprained waist and legs. Then, he applied some medicated cream onto my arms before telling me what I needed to pay attention to.

Everyone took great care of me, and Frank had even stayed with me throughout my check-up.

The only thing that bothered me was that Logan hadn't shown up even though he'd said he would accompany me.

My chest sank in disappointment, but I quickly shrugged the thought off.