

A Love Forgotten Chapter 3

I hurriedly got dressed as the sound of running water came from the bathroom. I picked a tracksuit to prevent accidentally showing too much skin—it was the safest choice.

Elijah came out of the bathroom in nothing but a towel loosely wrapped around his waist. My face turned red again.

His hair was wet, and the water droplets trickled down his cheeks. The droplets on his chest rolled down his body and over his rippling obliques.

I stared at him until he snorted disdainfully. Then, I looked away, feeling awkward.

A warmth came from behind, and he blew on my ear. “Be good and stop kicking up a fuss now that you’re back.”

He sounded like he was coaxing a child. My heart skipped a beat—my body proved to me how it felt about him.

I dodged his breathing and tried to keep my voice cold. “I’ve lost my memories, Elijah.”

“Ha.” He wrapped his arms around my waist and gently caressed it with his thumbs. His voice was lazy yet annoyed as he asked, “Ariana, you realize you’re annoying me, right? I told you to stop with this bullshit.”

Flames of anger surged within me. I don’t know where my strength came from, but I shoved him away. “I’m kicking up a fuss, huh? I was in the hospital for three days after falling from the second floor, yet you didn’t visit me once!”

He looked at me calmly. “Uh-huh. So?”

I almost wanted to laugh in exasperation. No matter how despicable I’d been in the past, I’d still saved his company. That alone was enough to warrant him visiting me in the hospital to see whether I was still alive.

Yet he looked so calm and composed that it made me seem like an overly emotional manic. For the first time ever, my stomach roiled as I looked at his handsome face.

Then, I waved a hand. “Nothing. Let’s divorce, Elijah.”

He laughed. “You haven’t given up yet, huh? I told you ages ago that we’d never divorce. Also, stop being jealous of Jocelyn. You’ll never compare to her—not in this lifetime.”

I wanted to puke. I scowled and snarled, “You’re not deaf, are you? I told you that I’ve lost my memories and don’t love you anymore. I want a divorce. Also, I don’t remember who Jocelyn is, so this divorce isn’t because of her.”

Elijah's expression turned steely. He grabbed my wrist and pinned me to the wall. The pain made me wince, and my eyes reddened.

He was so close to me that his warm breath fanned over my face. Embarrassingly enough, I started blushing again.

His chest was pressed to mine, and his tall frame dominated me. I could smell the faint scent of cypress wood on him and his masculine pheromones.

Once again, my body betrayed me. I started trembling, and my legs went weak. For a second, I even wanted to press my lips to his.

Elijah chuckled again. This time, he sucked on my earlobe, making me feel like electricity was running through my body.

“Don't think you can piss me off by saying such things, Ariana. You don't remember Jocelyn, huh? Don't you realize every insult you've made about her for the past two years just tells me how much she bothers you?”

I gnashed my teeth. “Let me go, Elijah. You're a shameless fucker!”

He bit my earlobe almost as if punishing me. “Why are you wearing something like this? Where are those uniforms you've hidden? I remember you used to love putting on one that I've never seen before while I showered... Then, you'd seduce me with the things you learned from those videos you watch.”

His breathing grew heavy. “It's been three days, Ari...”

My scalp tingled, and my mouth was parched. I was 26 on the outside, but my mind was still that of an 18-year-old.

I had no idea how “I” could be so open when it came to sex, especially since Elijah and I were on such horrible terms. Could it be I'd been the one to take the first step during sex? God!

I shoved Elijah away. He was caught off guard and almost fell. His gaze darkened as he glared at me. “How dare you push me away, Ariana! What the hell is wrong with you?”

I didn't want to talk to him anymore, so I hurriedly opened the room door. “I'm heading down for food. Do what you need to.”

...

I headed downstairs to see a feast laid out on the dining table. It looked like the kitchen hadn't cooked any less because of Elijah's supposed absence. I looked over the food and realized none of them were things I liked. That meant they had to be Elijah's favorites.

Ha. I was getting tired of this.

I sat down and started eating. I was hungry after everything that had happened. I ate without a care; Elijah only came downstairs after some time.

He was evidently angry because of what had happened and sat as far away from me as possible. He didn't spare me a glance as he got his food. Well, I didn't want to look at him, either.

It was eerily silent as we ate. Suddenly, Elijah asked, "Why isn't there pumpkin soup today, Wanda?"

Wanda Jones was the middle-aged maid who'd spoken to me earlier. She glanced at me, her tone reprimanding as she said, "Because Ms. York didn't cook any today. You can't blame me for that, Mr. Linden."

I frowned at her and retorted, "What's that supposed to mean? Are you saying it's my job to make the soup? So, I'm the one who's at fault here?"

Elijah slammed his cutlery on the table, looking icy as he snarled, "You've always been the one making it, haven't you? It's not like Wanda knows how."

I laughed derisively and put my cutlery down before wiping my mouth elegantly. "You need to get this straight, Mr. Linden. I'm just your wife, not your maid. Isn't it enough to have a table full of your favorite dishes? You still want me to make soup for you? Do you think I owe you?"

Perhaps he didn't expect me to suddenly lash out like that—there was a hint of surprise amidst the dislike in his eyes. "Don't think you can get a rise out of me just because I like pumpkin soup.

"You were the one who learned how to make it from a chef and insisted on making it for me, yet now you're refusing to. What the hell do you mean by that? If you're not done throwing your tantrum, go let off steam somewhere else. Don't try to cause trouble at the dining table."

I sneered. "Don't you understand what I mean? I'm not going to be at your beck and call anymore, Elijah!"

I flung my napkin onto the table and stormed upstairs. I'd had enough of his arrogance and selfishness. Honestly, how could I have been blind enough to fall for him in the past?

He probably didn't expect me to just dump everything and leave like that. He watched me dazedly from the dining table.

Wanda was still muttering, "Mr. Linden, Ms. York used to cook all your favorite dishes, including the pumpkin soup. Now, she's dropping everything just like that. Honestly..."

I could still hear her, and it pissed me off.

Just then, the doorbell rang. I glanced at it to see Wanda answering the door and letting an elegant, graceful figure enter.

She was beautiful, and her features were delicate. She wore a pale blue dress that fit her well, and a string of pearls hung from her neck. Her carriage was regal and demure; she looked like she'd walked out of a painting.

I had to admit that even as a fellow woman, I was jealous of her.

She looked at Elijah and said gently, "I hope I'm not disturbing you by coming at this hour, Elijah."

His expression, which had been steely just seconds ago, immediately became gentle. He naturally took the things she held and even found her a pair of lounge slippers.

I watched this coldly, finding the whole thing such a mockery. My husband had flown into a rage because I hadn't cooked his favorite pumpkin soup. Yet here he was, bending over to gently help another woman wear a pair of lounge slippers.