

A Love Forgotten Chapter 9

My initially calm mood immediately soured, and I stubbornly kept my silence.

This only made Elijah more impatient. He reached out for me again, but I shouted, “Don’t touch me!”

This attracted the attention of the patients who were waiting their turn. At the next moment, countless eyes watched Elijah and me, curious to see what was happening.

Elijah’s expression darkened. Then, he came closer and lowered his voice, threatening, “Come with me! We can talk about this at home!”

I backed away and roared, “I won’t!”

With a menacing gaze, Elijah raised his voice, the threat in his tone more evident. “You’ve really grown a pair now, haven’t you? I’ll stop bothering about you if you continue like this!”

I looked away. “Stop bothering about me then! That’s exactly what I want. I don’t need you to boss me around.”

Elijah still wanted to tug me, but his hand abruptly stopped when he touched my shoulder. It seemed like he’d only just realized what he’d done.

He softened his tone and said, “I admit that I’d accidentally injured you earlier, and it’s to be expected that you’re mad. But I was only doing it for your good, wasn’t I? Be good and come home with me.”

I curled my lip disdainfully without saying anything.

Elijah scowled when he didn’t receive a response after a long while.

I knew he’d already given me a chance to sweep the matter under the rug. And based on what Teri had told me, the old me would’ve tearfully forgiven Elijah without him even apologizing.

However, I was no longer the same Ariana who’d lost herself and kicked her dignity aside for the sake of her so-called love. I didn’t want to live that sort of life anymore.

My silence thoroughly pissed Elijah off. He sneered. “This is what you want to be like, huh? Fine then. Do whatever you want since you’re refusing to come home with me. I’d like to see who in Halton City would be willing to take you in!”

I said indifferently, “That’s none of your business, is it, Mr. Linden?”

Elijah suddenly leaned close, his icy, ruthless voice giving me goosebumps as he said, “Don’t regret the stubbornness you’ve shown today, Ariana. I can’t wait to see how long it’ll keep you going.”

“Mr. Linden?” a gentle voice cut through the tense atmosphere between Elijah and me.

Elijah turned and narrowed his eyes at Logan, who was holding a receipt for the medical bill.

He then softened his tone and sighed, saying, “I’m sorry you had to witness this, Mr. Wood. My wife made a fool of herself in front of you.”

The insinuated reprimand in Elijah’s words were tempting me to lash out at him. However, Logan approached him and coolly said, “You’re being too polite, Mr. Linden. Ari is like a sister to me, and as her brother, I have to defend her whenever someone tries to bully her.”

Even I was surprised to hear this, let alone Elijah.

He doubtfully looked at me before turning back to Logan. Then, he pointed at me, sounding unsure as he asked, “Do you know her, Mr. Wood?”

Logan nodded. “Yeah. Not only do we know each other, but we’re very familiar with each other too.”

Elijah looked incredulous.

At the next moment, I moved to stand behind Logan, using him to shield myself from Elijah’s gaze.

Elijah wanted to probe further, but Logan held my hand and said, “Dr. Quinell said you can’t move your arm too much. You’ll also need to do an MRI for your head tomorrow.”

Just then, Elijah interrupted, “Don’t let her trick you, Mr. Wood. She’s not sick or injured at all.”

I wanted to retort when Logan looked up at him. His gentle demeanor suddenly shifted, and the temperature around us seemed to drop.

Elijah’s gaze darkened after a brief moment of surprise.

Then, Logan looked into his eyes and slowly said, “Ari is your wife, Mr. Linden. Instead of checking whether or not she’s actually injured, your first reaction is to assume that she’s lying. That’s not very appropriate, is it?”

Elijah didn’t expect Logan to stand up for me. He felt embarrassed and snorted. “You’re considered reputable in Halton City, Mr. Wood. Why are you so concerned about my wife? Whatever happens between us is our business. It has nothing to do with you.”

Elijah emphasized “our business”.

Logan smiled faintly and pushed his glasses up. “Oh? You’re right to say it’s your and her business. I merely wanted to remind you that Dr. Quinell’s diagnosis is right here. No one is lying about anything.

“Besides, how are you going to explain Ari’s injuries to Jonathan?”

Logan watched as the look on Elijah’s face turned sour. He added, “Even if Jonathan no longer wants to consider her his sister, she’s still the York family’s only daughter.”

Elijah’s expression shifted again. He looked me in the eye and enunciated, “Come home with me, Ariana.”

I knew he’d lost all his patience. If I were the old me with all my memories, I probably would’ve obediently left with him at this point. Now, however, I just wanted to be as far away from him as possible.

I averted my gaze and tugged Logan’s sleeve. “Let’s go, Logan.”

Logan was about to say something when Elijah suddenly grabbed my arm.

I turned to him in surprise. He had a murderous gaze as he dragged me into his arms and forcefully wrapped a hand around my waist. He coldly said, “Thank you for your help today, Mr. Wood. I’ll buy you a meal sometime. See you around.”

Then, he forced me to leave with him.

I hurriedly turned to look at Logan and saw him standing there with the bill in his hand. I couldn’t read his expression properly, but he seemed disappointed.

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Elijah only released me after dragging me to the basement parking lot. As soon as he let me go, I turned to head to the elevator.

He roared, “I’ll break your legs if you take another step, Ariana!”

I sneered. “You already almost broke my arm, Mr. Linden. Are my legs the next to go?” I approached him and looked him in the eye. “Go ahead then. Do it, or I’ll forever think of you as a cowardly asshole!”

I thought Elijah would fly into a rage and immediately get physical, so I was prepared for a beating. But suddenly, a gentle voice rang out behind us, “Elijah, how can you speak to Ms. York like that?”

I was taken aback.

I looked past Elijah to see Jocelyn sitting in his car. She then got out and came to stand between us.

I laughed mockingly. “Not bad, Mr. Linden. You bring Jocelyn with you wherever you go, huh?”

A trace of awkwardness flitted across Elijah’s face. He explained, “She had to go to the opera house for a rehearsal today. It was on my way, so I was just dropping her off.”

I scoffed, my mockery evident.

This aggravated Elijah. He was about to fly off the handle again when Jocelyn gently held his hand. Then, she earnestly said to me, “I was the one who insisted on coming with Elijah, Ms. York. I was worried after hearing that you were injured.”

I looked at their tightly clasped hands, thinking that the world had finally gone to shit. Regardless of whether or not Jocelyn and Elijah were involved together, I didn’t recall ever seeing a mistress try to show a woman up by bringing her cheating husband to her.

Was she deliberately showing me how deeply she and Elijah loved each other?

At the next moment, I pulled out my phone and snapped a photo of them.