

A Love Forgotten Chapter 2

Teri dropped me home after I'd spent another two days resting at the hospital. I wanted to leave with her, but she locked the door once I'd gotten out.

She scoffed and said, "You should still head home. I don't want to be the bad guy if you regain your memories and beg me in tears to let you continue being Elijah's bootlicker."

I saw the lingering fear in her eyes. It looked like the hopeless romantic in me had caused enough trouble for her over the years that she was traumatized.

I watched as she drove off and headed into the looming villa with a frown. It was large, empty, and unfamiliar.

However, when I saw the row of wedding photos hung on the wall, I knew I was in the right place. A middle-aged woman who looked like a maid came to take my luggage. "Mr. Linden is away on a business trip and won't be back tonight, Ms. York. You don't need to wait for him for dinner."

I nodded and headed upstairs. The maid seemed surprised. "A-Aren't you going to ask why Mr. Linden isn't coming back?"

That was an odd question. I asked in return, "Didn't you say he's away on a business trip?"

She gave me a weird look. "I-I did, but... you've never believed it in the past."

I waved my hand irritably. "Don't bother cooking anything for him since he won't be back. I'm heading upstairs."

I turned and continued up the staircase while the maid muttered, "How odd. Why does it seem like she's completely changed?"

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I headed to the bathroom to shower when I got to the bedroom. My hospital stay had been a comfortable one, but showering had been a huge issue. It didn't help that I was a germaphobe.

I relaxed as I soaked in the warm bath. Thanks to Teri filling me in for the past three days, I knew how I'd ended up like this.

I was married, and my husband of five years was Elijah Linden, once known as Halton University's ice god. He and I had met in my sophomore year.

According to what Teri had told me, Elijah and I had been involved for seven years. But my memory was still of me being a freshman and the proud heiress of the York family.

In my memories, I was young and beautiful. I came from a wealthy family and had grown up pampered. The young men interested in me could've formed a line from one end of the city to the other. In Teri's words, every hair on my head screamed "rich".

But since meeting Elijah when he'd helped out in an activity organized by my drama club in my sophomore year, I'd turned into his bootlicker. I spent the rest of my university life showing everyone what a perfect bootlicker was like.

There was nothing I couldn't do to suck up to Elijah. Teri told me it was as if I'd been placed under a spell during that time. I knew he had a childhood sweetheart, but I'd still clung to him, wanting to ruin their relationship so I could have him to myself.

Under my brainless and shameless pursuit, Elijah had finally agreed to marry me when it was almost time for graduation.

Yes, I was the one who'd proposed to him. After that, we registered our marriage without having a wedding ceremony. We'd just taken simple wedding photos before I officially became Mrs. Linden.

After marriage, Elijah threw himself into his work because his family's company was at a critical juncture. Initially, I acted relatively normally. But after realizing that he didn't love me and constantly left traces of his true love in his life, I started acting like a maniac.

I pulled all sorts of tricks to find out where Elijah was 24/7. I even hired a private investigator to dig up information on Elijah's true love, who was abroad.

After spending a fortune, I found out the reason behind Elijah and his girlfriend's breakup. At the same time, I'd tragically realized I was nothing but a pawn Elijah had used to resolve the crisis his family's company had faced.

He didn't love me, yet he'd blatantly taken the shares and funds of York Group which were under my name. Linden Group had risen from the ashes thanks to my investment, but York Group suffered a huge loss.

My father, Philip York, had ended up in the hospital after suffering a stroke due to his rage. My poor mother, Marie Keller, had been left with a heart condition after everything that had happened. And my brother, Jonathan York, who'd always spoiled me, had slapped me for the first time.

The help I'd mindlessly provided Elijah turned me into Halton City's laughingstock. After losing my family's support, I'd become even more insecure and hysterical.

The tantrums I threw and the fusses I kicked up didn't make Elijah feel guilty, though. On the contrary, they only made him despise me more and distance himself from me.

Meanwhile, his true love remained in contact with him, never having actually severed ties. She worked on building a reputation as an artistic goddess.

Her elegance and grace only made me seem like a witch in comparison. Her talent and achievements made me look like an uncivilized brute.

One of us was a high and mighty artistic goddess, while the other was a hysterical brute who held the position of being Elijah's wife.

Anyone who wasn't blind would pick her over me. Yet everyone seemed to have forgotten that I used to be Halton City's most renowned and talented heiress. I'd gotten into Halton University with top grades!

My love for Elijah had made me forget myself. Meanwhile, his true love was the only one who enjoyed his passion and loyalty.

Ultimately, I'd threatened Elijah with suicide after we'd gotten into a huge fight over a small matter. He'd long since grown sick of my tricks, so he'd turned and left.

In my despair, I'd jumped from the second floor. I hadn't died, but I'd injured my head.

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I shuddered after going through everything I'd forgotten. The bath had already gone cold, so I hurriedly got out and wiped myself dry. Then, I wrapped the towel around myself.

I looked at myself in the mirror. I was pale and haggard, but my face had abnormal splotches of red. I was skinny to an extreme—I looked malnourished. My face had been slightly plump when I was 18, but it wasn't anymore.

I still couldn't believe the truth as I stared at my reflection. I'd lost my mind over love, wanting to end my life over a man who wasn't related to me without a care for how my family felt.

What the hell had gotten into me?

I smacked myself on the head, making intense pain spread through me. Tears welled in my eyes—I'd forgotten I was still injured, damn it!

Just then, the bathroom door swung open. I looked up to see Elijah standing there, looking grim.

"What are you..." I subconsciously covered my chest and frowned at him. His face wasn't familiar to me, but I'd sensed the slight tremble in my body upon seeing him.

The familiar sensation made my frown deepen. To Elijah, however, I was just trying to kick up a fuss again. He asked coldly, "Why were you taking so long in here? Come out once you're done. Or do you think I'll carry you out?"

His gaze landed on the bathtub, which was still filled with water. He snorted and said, “Don’t tell me you were thinking of slashing your wrists in the tub and threatening me with suicide again. How long more are you going to keep this up?”

I followed his line of sight to my bloodied hand. I wanted to explain that it was from the wound on the back of my head, but he’d already stepped past me and grabbed a towel. Then, he headed to the shower. My face turned red when I saw him strip.

“What are you doing?” I cried, hurriedly turning away. My face was hot to the touch.

The sound of running water rang out, and Elijah said mockingly, “I’m taking a shower. What’s wrong? You loved running in here while I was showering to join me, didn’t you? What’s the point of acting all innocent now?”

My face burned even more. I also felt embarrassed. I cursed at him before hurrying out of the bathroom.