

After losing her memory she abandoned her husband who cheated on her

Chapter 3 Disappearing Out Of Nowhere

In the towering Grant Tower.

The president's office on the 66th floor was dead silent, and the air seemed to freeze, making it difficult for people to breathe.

'You said that after such a long time, you didn't find any- thing?' Hans looked up at his assistant in front of him. His tone and his eyes were very calm, but it inexplicably made people feel a sense of shock.

'Yes, Mr. Grant. Madam seems to have... disappeared into thin air. The assistant did not even dare to breathe normally. He was so nervous that he was sweating.

'Disappeared into thin air?'

Hans narrowed his eyes and asked, 'Do you think a person can disappear out of nowhere?'

The assistant didn't dare to say anything else.

This was the most confusing thing he had encountered in so many years of work. He really couldn't find any trace of Hellen Jovano!

'Keep looking,' Hans ordered.

The assistant wiped his sweat and left.

Hans was inexplicably agitated. He pulled at his tie, picked up his suit jacket, and went home.

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The villa was also dead silent.

Hans vaguely remembered that whenever he came back occasionally, there would always be a warm yellow light in the hall.

And that beautiful and obedient woman was always wait- ing for him on the sofa.

At the moment, it is totally dark.

Hans reached out to turn on the light. When the light sud- denly lit up, he closed his eyes in discomfort.

He then opened his eyes and saw that there was no one in the room.

No one would wait for him to take off his coat and pre- pare a table of food.

He raised his hand and touched his heart.

This was the first time he had felt that this home was so cold.

During nearly a month of resting at home, all of Hellen's needs were able to easily satisfied. She felt that this was rather boring.

Everet had erased most of Hellen's medical records. 'Why don't you go out and play?' she asked.

Hellen's eyes lit up, and she immediately called her best friend.

Darcy was rather surprised when she received her call. 'Why did you call me?'

Hellen was currently seated on a rocking chair in her own garden, one foot over the other while basking in the sun. 'I wanted to ask you to come out and play!'

Darcy felt that it was even stranger.

Although they had contacted each other frequently over the past two years, Hellen had never taken the initiative to ask her out to play.

She always said that she wanted to cook for Hans at home. Anyway, she used to like to be with that man.

This made Darcy very dissatisfied.

Darcy asked tentatively, 'Where are we going? The bar?'

To her surprise, Hellen agreed readily. 'Alright.'

In the bar, colorful lights were flashing wildly.

Darcy waited for Hellen at the entrance of the bar.

Not long after, a bright sports car stopped in front of her, and a woman in black high heels got out of the car. When she saw Darcy at the door and took off her sunglasses, she smiled at her. 'Here you are!'

Darcy was stunned on the spot.

'What's wrong with her?'

'In the past, for that man, she has always been very gentle and quiet. Today, her dress is s*cy and cool. It's very unre-

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strained. Thought Darcy.

'You came out today, and your family...'

Hellen shrugged. 'What about my family? My brother urged me out to play. Oh right, I forgot to tell you. I got hit by a truck and lost two years of my memories.'

'?!'

Darcy's eyes widened in disbelief.

'No wonder.

'Now, she forgot about that fckboy Hans Grant. It's really a good thing!'

She immediately hugged Hellen's shoulder. 'Let's go. I'm in a good mood today, let's have some fun!'

The two walked into the bar. There was no one next to the drum kit on the stage, and it seemed a little quiet.

'Do you know how to play drums?' Darcy raised an eye-brow and looked at Hellen. 'I'm going to dance.'

She paused before she left. 'Do you remember how to play them?'

Hellen raised her hand and snapped his fingers, 'Watch closely.

When Hans stepped into the bar, he saw such a scene.

The woman on the stage was unrestrained. Her thick, black hair swayed with her movements, and her sunglasses were placed on her head, making her look even more beautiful.

She skillfully hit the drums in front of her, exuding a sense of pride.

Hans suddenly stopped in his tracks.

When the people next to him saw that his face had become extremely gloomy, they also followed his gaze and looked over. They were so scared that they stammered,

'What the heck, isn't this his wife?'

Hans's eyes were gloomy.

He had been searching for Hellen for several days, but this woman seemed to have

disappeared into thin air.

Who would have thought that they would meet again in a place like this?!