

Chapter 1

"Once Mom takes this medicine, will she forget about us?" My son smiled for the first time in a long while.

My husband was one of the best pharmaceutical researchers in the country.

The memory-erasing drug he developed recently won a prestigious medical award.

Hearing their conversation, I felt utterly hopeless.

They were going to give that drug to me.

Once I forgot everything, they could finally enjoy their life with my husband's first love, Irene Raymond.

When my son, Fraser Kaufman, brought that dark green drink to me, I knew they were finally taking action.

I didn't take the drink. Instead, I silently stared at Fraser, who looked both nervous and expectant.

For fifteen years, I had never looked at him like this.

I knew exactly what that drink was.

It was the latest product from my husband Antonio Kaufman's pharmaceutical company.

It was called Love Eraser.

A straightforward name, whoever took it would never feel anything for the people

they once loved deeply.

And I truly love Antonio and our son.

A psychic once said I had a sentimental heart, destined to be consumed by my own feelings.

How true those words were.

For eighteen years, I stood by Antonio, walking with him from a dark basement to a corporate office.

We had a son, Fraser. For fifteen years, I raised him and watched him grow from an infant to a promising young man.

They were my everything.

I loved them with all my heart.

But when Fraser was eight, Antonio's first

love reappeared.

Her long black hair was styled in an elegant updo, and she wore a flowing white dress. With a coy smile, she waved gently at Antonio.

"Silly, you're not as handsome as before."

Antonio fell for her in an instant. Though he had long since achieved success and fame, he was defenseless against her charm.

He had once told me how much he hated her for choosing to study abroad over staying with him.

It was I who pulled him back from the brink when he stood on that bridge in despair. I stayed by his side as he went from a nobody to the CEO of a major

Irene never called me that. Instead, she left a letter behind, saying she was returning my family to me.

She made sure Antonio was the one to receive that letter.

Then, without a word, she disappeared.

Her departure did not save my family.

It shattered completely.

Antonio clutched that letter with reddened eyes, accusing me of being unreasonable and driving Irene away.

Fraser, seething with rage, smashed his schoolbag against my head and swore he would never call me his mother again.

From that moment, my home was devoid of life.

kind of drink is this?"

I knew it wasn't any normal drink.

But I still hoped I was wrong.

I was born with a sentimental heart,
deemed to get hurt.

"Just an ordinary drink. Drink it." Fraser
fluttered his eyelashes, avoiding my eyes.

He had learned to lie.

I looked away, forcing myself to remain
calm.

"Where's your dad? Today's my birthday.
You're making me a drink, and he should
at least get me a cake."

My voice dripped with mockery.



Mockery of the fact that in the past seven years, I had never once celebrated a birthday.