

My Contracted Husband, the Heartless CEO has Amnesia?!

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CHAPTER 1: The Contract

The rain was falling heavily as I stood outside the orphanage, two garbage bags containing everything I owned at my feet.

Sister Margaret's face was cruel as she handed me my final check, a mere \$200 that wouldn't last a week.

"Eighteen means you're an adult now, Celeste. The state no longer pays for your care," she said coldly shaking her head.

"We need the bed for the younger children."

I nodded my head already numb to it all.

Eighteen years in this place have taught me one thing: and that was to never expect compassion from anyone.

The orphanage door closed and there was a click, and just like that, I was left alone in this world.

My job working as a waitress at Riley's Diner was all I had left. The pay was small and terrible, but it would keep me from sleeping on park benches for a while at least until I could figure something out.

Three hours later, I was unemployed.

"You can't just assault customers!" Mr. Riley shouted, his face filled with rage as he yelled at me.

"I don't care what he did!"

"He grabbed my ass!" I fired back at him, my body shaking with anger as I stood my ground. "And then tried to pull me onto his lap!"

"He's a paying customer!"

"He's a pig!" The words left my mouth before I could stop them.

"And if you think I should just smile and take it, you're no better!"

Riley's face darkened with fury as he pointed at the exit door. "Get out. Now."

And that was it. There were no last payment checks, no apologies. Just booted me out into a rainy street.

I made my way aimlessly downtown, soaked to the bone, my garbage bags growing heavier with each step.

The universe seemed to be having a good laugh at my expense today.

Eighteen years, waiting for the chance to be finally free, only to discover that freedom meant having absolutely nothing and nobody.

The crosswalk light turned green and I stepped into the street, too lost in my own head to see the approaching black car that was heading towards me until the horn was loud enough to startle me as I scrambled back, barely avoiding the collision but not able to miss the dirty water the car splashed on me.

And just like that, something inside me snapped.

"You son of a bitch!" I screamed, dropping my bags and running after the car as it stopped at the next light. I didn't think about what I was doing next and just acted. My fist made contact with the tinted passenger window with a surprising crack. I hadn't expected to actually damage it.

The window lowered slowly showing a face that I'd seen only in newspapers and on TV.

Xenois Kingston. The billionaire. The rumored Mafia Don. The most dangerous man in the city.

I was dead.

His dark eyes seemed to scan me with a chill as I shuddered taking a step back wondering if I was going to be able to outrun him if it came down to it.

"You broke my window."

"You tried to run me over," I retorted, adrenaline taking control instead of my survival instinct..

He chuckled as he beckoned with a nod of his head.. "Get in."

"What?"

"Get in the car, or I'll have my driver put you in the trunk." He said it so casually, like he was offering someone a piece of chewing gum.

I looked around. We were on a busy street, but I knew no one would help me at all. They all seemed to be minding their own business but then again no one ever had. Still, getting into a car with Xenois Kingston seemed like suicide.

"My...my things," I stammered.

He nodded to his driver, who silently collected my garbage bags and placed them in the trunk. I slid into the backseat, trying to look like I wasn't afraid despite the fear that was settling in my guts like a familiar visitor.

Instead of taking me to some abandoned warehouse to hide my body after killing me, Kingston directed his driver to Café Élysée, the most expensive restaurant in the city.

People were watching with surprise and curiosity as he escorted me—a dirty wet penniless beggar in her waitress uniform—to a private booth in the back.

"Coffee," he told the waiter, who practically bowed his head in greetings before hurrying away.

Kingston watched me for a while without saying anything.

He was older than me—late twenties, I guessed—and he looked very handsome in a dangerous way.

He had fine features that made people drawn to his face like a moth to light and I was one of them.

"You're not begging for your life," he finally said.

I shrugged my shoulders looking around the place. "Would it help?"

. "No."

The coffee arrived and to my surprise, I was offered one. I wrapped my cold hands around the cup, grateful that I had something to warm my hands with.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Celeste Parker."

"You're homeless."

"As of three hours ago."

"And unemployed," he added, eyeing my uniform.

"How did you—"

"The bruise on your knuckles is from punching someone. Your uniform is a bit rumpled but dry under your coat, suggesting you worked earlier today. And given your current situation, I'm guessing whatever happened cost you your job."

I stared at him, shocked and confused about how accurate he was.

"Are you some kind of psychic?"

"I'm observant," he replied. "And I recognize desperate people when I see them."

I slowly sipped my coffee as a reason to avoid his eyes. "Are you going to kill me for denting your car?"

"I'm going to offer you a deal."

My teeth clenched as I gritted them in anger. "I'm not a prostitute."

Kingston actually laughed. It was short but genuine which surprised me. I didn't even think the cruel heartless CEO knew how to smile.

"I'm not looking for a whore, Ms. Parker. I'm looking for a wife."

I nearly choked on my coffee as I covered my mouth coughing, my eyes widening as I realized he was being serious with this. "Excuse me?"

"A contract marriage," he clarified. "Six years, not a day more. During that time, you will live in my home and bear my children."

My mind seemed to be racing as I tried to process what he was saying. It seemed like I was being taken for a spin and I wasn't able to find the ground.. "Children? Plural?"

"At least two, preferably more. I need heirs."

"And what do I get out of this deal?" I asked, although a part of me couldn't believe that I was actually listening to him instead of walking away.

"One hundred billion dollars on the last day of the contract," he said, as casually as if discussing the weather.

"Plus you get to have comfortable living arrangements, clothing, education if you desire it, and anything else you might need during our marriage."

The number was so much that I couldn't even believe it.

"That's...that's ridiculous."

"I assure you, I can afford it."

"Why me? Why not find some rich and elite socialite who'd jump at the chance?"

He frowned briefly as he replied.

"Because you have nothing and no one. No family to complicate matters. No connections to exploit to your advantage. . And you've demonstrated that you're both stubborn and resilient no matter what bullshit comes your way. Those are qualities I would like my children to inherit."

My hands shook a bit as I thought about this. "And after six years?"

"We divorce. I keep the children. You take your money and disappear."

"You want me to abandon my own children?"

"They will not lack anything," he said firmly. "They will be raised as Kingstons, sole heir to my wealth and legacy."

"And I'm not supposed to care about them. You think children should be made for a reason."

"Yes." He was blunt and brutal but at least he was honest. "I need heirs, not a love story."

I looked down at my coffee cup, that was now empty as I mulled over his words. What choice did I really have?

But children...my own flesh and blood.. giving them up was unbearable to think.

"They would be safe?" I asked quietly. "Happy?"

"I protect what's mine," he answered. "Always."

"I accept," I said, the words falling from my lips before I could reconsider it. It was six years of my life that I could give him. And that was what I needed. By then I would be independent and standing on my own two feet. It was better than saying no and dying on the streets. This was my opportunity..

Xenois Kingston brought out his hand for a handshake.

"Then we have a deal, Ms. Parker."

As I shook his hand, I couldn't help but feel I'd just made a deal with the devil himself.