

My Contracted Husband, the Heartless CEO has Amnesia?!

Chapter 2: CHAPTER 2: Two Days Left

SIX YEARS LATER

"Mom! Troy took my robot again!" Lake's voice was loud enough as it echoed down the hallway, followed by the sound of little feet.

I sighed, gently dropping the laundry basket. Six years in this mansion, and I still hadn't gotten used to the chaos that came with raising triplets.

"Troy Kingston," I called out, sounding a bit stern so that he could see that I was being serious.

"What have we said about taking things without asking?"

My middle son showed up in the door way his , blonde curls scattered wildly but managing to frame his face in a beautiful way with the stolen robot held to his chest.

At five years old, Troy was already showing signs of his father's stubbornness.

"I was just borrowing it," he protested, his green eyes wide with fake innocence as he continued speaking

"Lake wasn't using it right."

Lake ran into the room, his face red with anger. into view, . Of my three boys, Lake was the most sensitive, and the self proclaimed peacemaker—until pushed too far.

"I was building a solar system model!" Lake insisted as he turned to tell at Troy. "You can't just take Jupiter!"

"Boys," I said as I knelt down so that I could talk to them at eye level, "what's our rule about respecting each other's projects?"

They exchanged guilty glances before reciting together: "We ask first and help each other instead of taking over."

"Right," I nodded, hiding my smile.

"Troy, please return Jupiter to Lake's solar system. Lake, maybe you can show Troy how you're building it? He might have some good ideas."

But before any of them could reply, there was another loud crash that sounded like it came down from across the hall. It was followed by an ominous silence.

"Soren," all three of us said at the same time.

Soren, my eldest son by seven minutes, was the risk-taker.

He was the one who climbed bookshelves without permission and jumped from furniture, and tested every physical law of gravity he could find.

He'd broken his arm twice already, and it was a miracle that Soren wasn't living in the hospital daily at this point.

I found him standing in the midst of broken wooden shelves and shattered books, looking both proud and sheepish.

"I wanted the astronomy encyclopedia," he explained, pointing to the top shelf. "I almost reached it."

"And destroyed half the library in the process," I said, looking around, as I took in the damage.

"What would Professor Hughes say if she saw this?"

Soren winced as he felt bad. Their professor had high hopes for all of them after all.

"That I should have used the step ladder?" he offered a suggestion as I could see the grin that was beginning to show on his lips..

"Precisely." I ruffled his dark hair—so soft to touch.

"Now, all of you help clean this up before dinner. Dad will be home soon."

They nodded their head eagerly as they rushed to do like I told them. Watching with a quiet pride, I looked happy until I remembered that there were barely days left to my.....

I shook my head as I took a deep breath. Two more days, and everything would change.

The alarm on my phone buzzed at 6pm and I heard the front door opening right on time. My husband was nothing but punctual after all.

"Daddy's home!" Troy shouted, and all three boys abandoned their clean up to race downstairs.

I followed behind taking a minute to compose myself. Six years of practice had made me the professional expert at hiding my true feelings from Xenois Kingston.

He stood in the foyer, well dressed in a charcoal suit, his presence seemed to be commanding as always. At twenty six he was even more handsome than the day he'd picked me up off that rainy street.

Each of my boys were holding onto a different part of him: Soren attempting to climb his leg, Troy hugging his waist, Lake raising his hands up to be lifted.

"Gentlemen," he greeted them with the half-smile that appeared whenever he saw his heirs.

"Have you been looking after your mother today?"

"Yes!" they chorused, although the evidence of the disaster in the library and literally everywhere clearly suggested otherwise.

He looked at me over their heads his eyes searching for something.

"Celeste."

"Xenois," I replied softly with a small nod of my head. "Welcome home."

Six years, and I still felt my heart beat faster when he looked at me. Six years of sharing a home with him but living separate lives.

Six years of raising his children, standing beside him at events, and showing the public the perfect illusion of a happy marriage.

Dinner was how normal like it always was. All those years and Xenois never missed a dinner. He always came home and engaged in conversation with me and the kids. It was indeed my favorite time of the day.

"How was your prototype demonstration today?" I asked, passing the salad bowl to him.

"Successful," he replied, helping Soren cut his chicken.

"The Defense Department was impressed. The contract should be ready by next week."

"Will it go boom?" Troy asked eagerly, cutting the conversation as usual and gaining all attention on him.

"No exploding talks at the dinner table, remember?" I reminded him gently.

Xenois's lips moved a bit as if he was trying to suppress a smile at his words.

"This particular project is more about protecting people than destruction, Troy. Sometimes the strongest weapons are the defensive ones."

"Like a force field?" Lake's eyes widened in surprise looking at his dad with wonder.

"Something like that."

I watched their conversation, keeping quiet, trying to memorize every detail—the way Xenois's eyes got softer with pride and happiness when he explained some things to the boys, how Soren leaned forward in concentration, Troy's never ending questions, Lake's thoughtful nods and clarification.

"Professor Hughes says we're starting quantum physics next week," Soren announced proudly.

"At five?" I raised an eyebrow at that. "I was still learning addition at your age."

"They're ready," Xenois said simply. His confidence in our kids never seemed to waver at all from the first day they showed signs of high intelligence and high IQ.

"Their aptitude tests put them at a high school level in mathematics and science."

"And they still can't remember to put their socks in the hamper," I muttered more to myself which made the boys giggle.

As Maria, our housekeeper, cleared the dishes after our meals and brought out dessert for the kids, Xenois glanced at his watch before speaking up.

"Boys," he said, "I need to speak with your mother privately for a moment. Why don't you take your ice cream to the living room? You guys can watch twenty minutes of that space documentary you have been fixated on, then bedtime."

They didn't need to be told twice. With sounds of delight and an eagerness to leave before their dad would change their mind, they carefully carried their bowls out of the dining room, arguing about which part of the cosmos they should watch tonight.

When they were gone, the silence became heavy as I clenched my fists subtly preparing myself for the news.

Xenois reached for his wine glass, keeping his expression blank as he sipped from it.

"Friday," he said finally. "Our contract ends on Friday."

Even though I'd been counting down the days, hearing those words from his mouth made my stomach twist with nausea.

"I know."

"The lawyers have prepared all the files for our divorce. Your money as promised has been transferred to the offshore accounts we made. After the divorce is done and valid, you'll have complete access."

"I understand," I managed, trying my best to keep my voice steady.

"Tomorrow night is the annual Kingston Industries gala," he continued, his tone sounding businesslike like he wasn't affected by the fact that this was ending .

"You'll need to attend the party. It's our last public appearance together before the announcement."

"What are you telling people?" I asked, curious despite the pain I was feeling right now..

"We had some differences that we couldn't reconcile and we both chose separation."

"And the boys?"

He frowned for a moment, narrowing his eyes as he spoke, "they need to be told that you needed to leave. That sometimes adults make difficult choices."

My heart broke at the clinical tone in his voice.

"They're five years old, Xenois. They won't understand why their mother suddenly abandoned them."

"We agreed to these terms," he said coldly, clenching his glass.

"The children will remain with me. That was non-negotiable."

"I know what I agreed to!" I snapped, then immediately regretted it.

I never lost my composure before him before. I took a deep breath to calm down as I spoke.

"I just... they'll be devastated."

There was something that flashed across his face. Maybe guilt. But it was gone too fast for me to know. "They will adjust. Children are resilient."

"Will you allow me to visit them?" I asked, the question I'd been afraid to voice for years.

"No." His answer was instant and final. "Clean breaks are best. No confusion, no divided loyalties."

I bit my lip until I tasted blood, forcing back the tears that threatened to fall.

"I had Maria lay out the gold gown for tomorrow," he continued, oblivious to my distress. "The car will be ready at seven."

I nodded my head slowly. Six years of playing the perfect wife had made me an excellent actress.

"Is there anything else?" I asked, rising from the table, desperate to escape before I would break down completely in front of him. I wasn't going to give him that satisfaction he needed.

I thought he was going to say something with the way he was looking at me, probably change his mind or something else.

Instead, he simply shook his head. "That will be all, Celeste. Goodnight."

"Goodnight, Xenois."