

My Contracted Husband, the Heartless CEO has Amnesia?!

CHAPTER 4: Shattered Plans

The car ride home was quiet. The boys, exhausted from the excitement, were dozing off against each other in the backseat.

Xenois worked on his tablet, his face brightened by its blue glow.

"They made quite an impression tonight," he said finally, breaking the silence. "Roman's son is fifteen and still struggling with basic calculus. He was impressed."

"They're exceptional," I agreed with him nodding my head slowly. "You should be proud."

"We should be proud," he corrected, surprising me as I looked at him. "Your influence has been... significant."

I stared out the window, watching the city lights blur as the car sped past them. "They're going to miss me."

He didn't respond immediately. When he did, his voice was, detachedcold. "It's time to tell them, Celeste. Tonight."

My heart sank. I'd hoped that I would have tonight too but it seemed like it was all coming to an end.

"If that's what you want."

"It's necessary," he said, as he went back to his tablet while I hid the tears that ran down my face.

Telling the kids went as exactly as I expected. They were devastated by it.

"But why does Mom have to go?" Lake wailed, tears streaming down his face not making an effort to clean it. "Did we do something bad?"

"No, sweetheart," I pulled him close, my own vision getting blurry as well I silently cried down his hair.

"You've done nothing wrong. This is an adult decision that has nothing to do with you boys."

"Then don't go!" Troy demanded, cleaning his face looking stubborn as he glared at everyone. "Just stay!"

Soren, always the brains behind the operations, turned to his father. "You can make her stay. You make everyone do what you want."

Xenois stood by the doorway, his expression neutral as he watched our sons breaking down.

"This was always the plan," he said carefully. "Your mother agreed to stay for six years. That time is up."

"Six years?" Soren's brow furrowed in confusion as he didn't seem to understand what he meant. "But we're only five..."

I gave Xenois a warning look. They were too young to understand the full nature of our arrangement.

"It's complicated," I said gently. "But I need you to know how much I love you. All of you. That will never change, no matter where I am."

"Where will you go?" Lake asked hiccuping as he buried his face in my body.

I hesitated, looking at Xenois for answers.

"Your mother will be traveling," he replied smoothly. "She has things she wants to do, places to see."

"Without us?" Troy whined sounding so small like that.

"Yes," Xenois said firmly. "Without you."

That was too much for them. They all burst out crying as they ran to their bedroom slamming the door shut so hard that a nearby vase crashed shattering into pieces.

"Well," Xenois said after a moment of silence as he straightened his posture, "that went as expected."

I stood, feeling furious despite my pain. "Did it have to be so cold? They're babies, Xenois!"

"False hope would be cruel to them," he replied, reaching into his jacket to withdraw an envelope.

"The divorce papers. Everything's in order. Sign them tonight, and you'll be free tomorrow."

I took the envelope with trembling fingers. "I'll sign them after I've calmed the boys."

It was morning as I packed the last of my belongings into my large suitcase. Honestly one hundred billion dollars could buy me anything I wanted, but there were some things I couldn't replace and that was the memories that I had with my family.

"Do you have to go today?" Lake's small voice came from the doorway. All three boys stood there in their pajamas, eyes red from crying themselves to sleep.

I left my packing as I went to kneel before them. "Come here, my loves."

They rushed into my arms, as I hugged them tight breathing in their baby scent, trying to commit it to memory.

"I thought you might sleep a little longer," I murmured, stroking Troy's unruly curls.

"Dad's making noise," Soren told me. "He's packing too."

I pulled back slightly as I looked at them narrowing my eyes in confusion. "He is?"

"For the airport," Troy confirmed. "He said he's picking someone up."

"Will we like her?" Lake asked, sounding sad as he looked at me with tears in his eyes threatening to fall.

"The lady Dad's bringing home?"

My heart felt like it was going to stop beating from how tight it felt right now.

"Miss Claudia is..." I paused to think about what to say that wouldn't put her in a negative light for my kids

"She's someone your father has known for a long time. And yes, I think you might like her."

"I don't want to know her," Troy declared shaking his head. "I want you."

"Me too," Soren agreed, his little face set in a scowl looking just like his father.

"Listen to me," I said urgently, gathering them closer. "No matter what happens, no matter where I go, I will always, always love you. Nothing can change that. Not distance, not time, not... anyone else. You three are pieces of my heart walking around outside my body. Do you understand?"

"Celeste?" Xenois's voice came from the stairs. "A moment, please."

I kissed each boy's forehead for the last time as I took a deep breath and said. "Go get dressed. I'll be up to help you in a minute."

They held onto me for a moment longer before reluctantly heading back to their room. I rose to my full posture as I straightened my clothes and went downstairs to see my soon to be ex husband.

Xenois was standing near the door, looking at his watch as I got downstairs.

"You're leaving soon?" I asked, proud of how steady my voice sounded.

"Yes. Her flight lands at eleven." His eyes glanced at my suitcase, that was visible through the open bedroom door. "And you?"

"This afternoon. After the boys' nap. I thought it would be best if I was gone before you... returned."

He nodded his head slowly. "That's sensible."

An awkward silence fell between us. It seemed like we had a lot to say but were choosing to hold them back.

"The funds have been transferred," he said finally. "All procedures are complete. As of today, you're a very wealthy woman, Celeste."

"Thank you." The words tasted like bile in my mouth.

"Will you tell me where you're going?" he asked, genuinely curious as he looked at me.

I shook my head. "I haven't decided yet. Europe, maybe. Somewhere far away so that the boys won't accidentally see me, just like you wanted."

His jaw clenched as he nodded his head slowly. "That would be... considerate."

Another silence, heavier this time.

"Xenois," I began, not sure what I wanted to say as he looked at me. I wasn't going to beg him or try to change his mind. There was no need.

"Do you love her?" The question escaped before I could stop it.

For a long moment, he studied me, keeping his emotions black. Then, without answering, he checked his watch.

"I need to go. The boys are upset; it might be best if you take them out this morning. To the park, perhaps. Give them one last good memory."

The deflection stung badly, but I nodded. "Of course."

He hesitated, then stepped forward and brushed his lips against my lips.

"Goodbye, Celeste."