

My Contracted Husband, the Heartless CEO has Amnesia?!

CHAPTER 5: Irrevocable Changes

"I don't want nap time," Soren declared, crossing his arms defiantly as he glared at me but it was more of a pout.

After a morning at the park and a subdued lunch, the boys were overtired and emotional, it was a dangerous combination that normally showed an incoming meltdown.

"Just a short rest," I coaxed, smoothing back his dark hair as I looked at him. "You were up very early, and you had such big feelings today."

"Because you're leaving," he accused, his lower lip wobbling already as I felt my chest tighten seeing this look on his face.

My heart twisted as I nodded my head slowly . There was no need to deny it or try to come up with a lie just to make them feel better for now.

"I know, sweetheart. And it's okay to be sad and angry about that."

Lake was already drowsing, curled around his favorite stuffed elephant. Troy was fighting sleep but losing the battle, his eyes drooping as he clutched my hand.

"Will you still be here when we wake up?" Soren asked, his voice small.

I hesitated. I'd planned to leave while they slept, to spare us all the pain of a final goodbye.

But looking into his eyes—so like his father's—I couldn't bring myself to lie.

"I'll be here," I promised softly.

He nodded, satisfied, and finally closed his eyes. I sat with them until their breathing deepened and evened out, then quietly slipped from the room.

In my room, I finished packing, moving through the motion making sure to take what was important to me.

The divorce papers sat on my nightstand, signed and processed. By sunset, I would be legally free of Xenois Kingston..

I was zipping my suitcase when I heard a commotion downstairs, it consisted of raised voices and heavy footsteps.

Frowning, I moved to the top of the stairs just as Dmitri ran through the front door, his massive frame tensed up with fear and a bit of urgency, his eyes darting around apparently looking for someone.

"Xenois is on his way to the airport." I called out as he raised his head and saw me.

"Mrs. Kingston," he said immediately. "You need to come. Now."

I stiffened feeling fear course through my body. Dmitri wasn't one to joke around which meant that whatever had happened, it was pretty big.

"What happened?"

"It's the boss." Dmitri's normal expression was grim this time around. "There's been an accident."

The world felt like it had shifted under my feet. "Xenois? Is he—"

"He's alive," Dmitri assured me quickly. "But in surgery. The car was hit on the way to Kingston Industries."

"He wasn't going to the airport?" I asked, confused at this.

"He changed plans last minute. Said he had paperwork to sign before meeting Miss Hale."

Dmitri glanced at my suitcase. "I didn't know you were leaving today too."

"I—yes." I struggled to process the information. "The boys are napping. I can't leave them."

"Bring them," Dmitri insisted. "The boss... he asked for you. Before they took him in."

There was something in his voice that made me make up my mind as I nodded my head.. "Let me wake them."

Saint Catherine's Hospital smelled of two things and that was antiseptic and despair.

I held onto the boys' hands as we followed Dmitri through white corridors, their earlier drowsiness forgotten in the tense atmosphere.

"Is Daddy hurt bad?" Lake whispered, his eyes wide with fear as he looked at me.

"The doctors are taking good care of him," I assured him, though my own heart was racing with fear as I had no idea what to expect. Dmitri has not filled me in and I was a bit scared to ask especially with the children with me.

In the private waiting room, Victor Romano stood with two of his men, their expressions as serious as they spotted me. At first I saw the protective stance they took before Victor Romano nodded to me in recognition.

"Mrs. Kingston. The surgeon came out about ten minutes ago. Said he's stable."

I felt relief pursuing through my body as I took a deep breath and exhaled. "What happened?"

"The delivery truck ran a light. Hit the driver's side." Romano's eyes narrowed in anger as he spat out. "Convenient timing."

Before I could ask what he meant by that and the look he was giving me, a doctor in blue scrubs approached.

"Mrs. Kingston? Your husband is awake and asking for you. His injuries were minor—a concussion, some lacerations, bruised ribs. He was lucky."

"Can the children see him?" I asked.

The doctor hesitated, looking down at them as they batted their baby blues at him.

It was a losing battle. "Briefly. He's still quite disoriented from the anesthesia."

I knelt before the boys as they looked at me.

"Daddy's going to look a little scary, with bandages and machines. But he's okay. We need to be very gentle, alright?"

They nodded solemnly, their earlier anger toward their father apparently forgotten in the face of a new crisis.

"Is daddy going to be angry that you are still here?" Troy asked looking at me as I brushed his hair gently.

"I like to think that he would be happy that we are here. Then we will figure out what to do next okay." I said smiling at him as I got upright and turned to Victor who was watching me.

"Does anyone know about the accident?" I asked him as he gave a firm shake of the head.

"I can't guarantee that..hopefully the news media has no idea whose accident it was but I doubt things will remain quiet for very long. I'll leave you now to see your husband." He said gesturing to the guards who were standing in front of the door as they stepped aside.

The look Victor Romano gave me chilled me to the bone although I pretended not to be affected as I pushed the door open and the kids and I entered inside, the door closing behind us sealing our fate.