

## Chapter 35

**B**eth heard the laughter down in the yard and winced. She'd just snuck quietly into the room, hoping to not wake Greg, but the family was making enough noise to wake the dead. Greg stirred and she sat on the bed beside him.

"Hey Tiger," he said sleepily, reaching for her. "Sounds like we're missing the fun."

"Don't worry about it," she snuggled carefully into the curve of his arm, laying her head on his right shoulder. "It's such a rare occurrence for you to miss the fun."

"I wish I could remember more," Greg sighed. "I know I'm almost twenty-nine years old but I don't remember more than a month worth of that life. And then most of it isn't even whole memories."

"But you are remembering. You remembered our room was upstairs."

"Just a general thing. When we got up here, I had no clue which one it was."

"We'll help you fill in the gaps and make new memories that will jog the old ones."

"We're man and wife," Greg said sadly, "but I don't remember what that means."

She looked at him in surprise and he quickly explained.

"Oh, I know in general what it means to be husband and wife, but I don't remember specifically." He shifted slightly and drew her closer, kissing her. "Show me what I've forgotten."

"Greg, you –!"

"Everything works right," Greg whispered. "I knew that for sure when we kissed in the car."

"But you ... your arm!"

"Don't you know a work-around that you can show me?" Greg kissed her, touched her.

"Greg, everyone's downstairs and it's the middle of the afternoon!"

"You told me in the car that we spent a weekend here after we got married," Greg said slyly, still coaxing her. "I bet this won't be the first time."

Beth blushed and Greg laughed. “We’re married! What are you blushing about?”

Beth cast all her worries to the wind and took her husband to places he didn’t remember going.