

# NO MEMORY LOVE STORY



BY [CHILDBOOK.AI](https://childbook.ai)

Rochelle opened her eyes in a Las Vegas hospital, her head throbbing. "Where am I?" she whispered. A nurse smiled gently. "You've been in a coma, honey. Three weeks." Rochelle touched her thick, curly hair, confused. Her memories felt like scattered puzzle pieces. A distinguished older man entered, wearing an elegant suit. "I'm glad you're awake," he said warmly. "I'm Pimpin. I found you collapsed outside my club." Rochelle stared blankly. "I don't remember anything." He pulled up a chair. "Then we'll start fresh. I'll help you."



Weeks passed as Rochelle recovered. Pimpin visited daily, bringing flowers and conversation. "You told me once you loved jazz," he said, playing music on his phone. Something stirred in her mind. Black, Pimpin's business manager, watched skeptically. "Why you helping this woman?" she asked him privately. Pimpin smiled. "Because she needs someone, Black. We all do sometimes." Rochelle overheard and felt warmth spread through her chest. Despite her blank past, this sixty-year-old gentleman made her feel safe. "Thank you," she told him sincerely. "For everything."





Pimpin was arrested. Federal charges. Rochelle stood outside the courthouse, devastated. "Eighteen months," Black told her, lighting a cigarette. "He knew it was coming." Without Pimpin's support, Rochelle lost her temporary housing. She wandered Las Vegas streets, sleeping in shelters, her memories still fragmented. One night, shivering under an overpass, she clutched the phone number Pimpin had given her. "Call if you need anything," he'd said. But he couldn't help from prison. Black found her weeks later. "Girl, you can't live like this. You got family?" Rochelle nodded slowly. "Minnesota. I think."



Minneapolis was freezing. Rochelle's sister welcomed her reluctantly. "You disappeared for two years, Rochelle. We thought you were dead." The familiar house sparked no memories. She worked minimum wage, saving every dollar. At night, she wrote letters to Pimpin in Nevada. His responses were thoughtful, caring, filled with encouragement. "You're stronger than you know," he wrote. "I'll be out soon. Wait for me." Her sister found the letters. "A convict? Really, Rochelle?" But Rochelle defended him fiercely. "He saved my life when no one else cared." Love, she realized, wasn't about memory—it was about presence.







Pimpin called weekly from prison. His deep voice became her anchor. "How's the snow?" he'd ask, making her laugh. "Terrible. How's your cell?" "Smaller than your compassion," he'd reply. Black visited Rochelle once, assessing. "He talks about you constantly. Never seen him like this." Rochelle smiled. "I think about him every day." "Even without your memories of Vegas?" Black pressed. Rochelle nodded firmly. "I don't remember who I was. But I know who I want to be—with him." Black softened. "He's a good man underneath it all. Took wrong paths." "We all have," Rochelle said.



Fourteen months later, Pimpin walked free. Rochelle watched the video call, tears streaming. He looked older, grayer, but his eyes sparkled. "I'm coming to Minnesota," he announced. "No, I'm coming to Vegas," she countered. They compromised—meeting in Denver. At the airport, Rochelle spotted him immediately. He opened his arms and she ran, collapsing into his embrace. "You're real," she whispered. He kissed her forehead. "So are you. So is this." They spent three days talking, laughing, planning. "Marry me, Rochelle," he said simply. "I will," she answered without hesitation. "In Vegas. Where we began."



Rochelle flew back to Vegas, her heart pounding. The city lights triggered fragments—a street corner, a jazz club, laughter. Pimpin met her at baggage claim, his smile wide. Black had arranged everything. "Small ceremony," she explained. "Just us and a few friends. Pimpin's going legit—bought a restaurant." Rochelle explored the city with new eyes, Pimpin beside her. At the hospital where she'd awakened, she paused. "This is where my new life started." He squeezed her hand. "Our life." That evening, trying on her simple white dress, Rochelle felt complete. Memory or not, she knew this was right.





The chapel was small and elegant. Black stood as witness, dabbing her eyes. Pimpin, in a sharp gray suit, watched Rochelle walk the aisle, her curly hair crowned with white flowers. "You're beautiful," he breathed. The officiant began. When vows came, Pimpin spoke from his heart. "You taught me redemption isn't about forgetting the past—it's about building a better future." Rochelle's voice trembled. "You stood by me when I couldn't remember yesterday. Now I can't wait for all our tomorrows." "I do," they said together. Their kiss sealed not just a marriage, but a promise: love transcends memory, circumstance, and time.





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