



112 I can't help.



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Emyr heaved a deep sigh of relief as he watched Aiden finally walk out of the conference room, exuding an air of calm indifference. 1

A few moments earlier, the tension in the room had been so heavy that he could barely breathe. The air felt like a ticking time bomb, especially when Aiden had asked everyone to take their time to think while he excused himself, moving his chair a little to make a call—to no one else, but his wife.

Who paused such a high-stakes board meeting to make a personal call? Only his boss, apparently.

Shaking his head to himself, he also left the room.

Meanwhile, Arwen soon reached the East City Hospital. But she didn't step out of the car. While the car stayed parked on the side, she sat inside contemplating her thoughts.

Of course, she wanted to meet the person who saved her. She deserves to know who he was,

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while he deserves her gratitude. When she had seen Dr. Clark with Alden, she had thought he might be one. She wanted him to be the one who saved her, but if he was not, it would still be polite to thank whoever it was who had rescued her on the worst day of her life.

"Madam, is there a problem?" Alfred asked when he saw Arwen deep in her thoughts. Her brows were knitted as if she was concerned about something.

Arwen was slightly taken off-guard when she was interrupted like that. But she soon composed herself. Shaking her head, she replied, "No, Alfred, nothing at all. You can wait for me here. I will just go in and finish my business." She then pushed the door open and got out of the car.

Walking to the reception desk, she asked, "Hello, excuse me, I am Arwen Quinn. I received a call saying that you had found my phone. May I see it?"

The receptionist looked at her in confusion. "Sorry, Ma'am. I am not aware have no idea regarding it. Let me check with someone," she said and Arwen nodded to her.



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While she waited there, the receptionist made some calls. After confirming on her end, she shook her head to Arwen. "Ma'am, I believe you have been misinformed. We don't have your phone."

Arwen frowned, her brows knitting together. "Are you sure?" she asked.

And the receptionist nodded. "If the patient leaves anything here, we record it in our system so we can easily help them later. I have checked our data, and we don't have any record of your phone. I also asked around, but none of the hospital staff seem to know about it." 2

Arwen felt something missing. The furrow between her brows didn't ease, but she nodded at the receptionist and stepped away from the desk. Standing to the side, she checked the number that had called her. When she dialled it, someone answered it immediately, as if they had been waiting.

"Hello, Ms. Quinn. Have you reached the hospital?"

Arwen's frown deepened. "Why did you lie?" she asked, unwilling to drag it for long.

There was a pause on the line, a second of

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QUICK PICKS

Close



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silence, and then she heard a voice from behind her.

"I am sorry, Ms. Quinn, but I had no other way."

Arwen turned around to look and saw a nurse standing there. "You are ...?"

"My name is Lily, and I am a nurse here," she introduced herself.

Arwen didn't recognize the nurse, but seeing her worry-stricken face, she could tell Lily had been forced into lying. But by whom?

"Why did you call and lie to me?" Arwen asked again. Her voice came stern as if warning that if not provided with a good reason, she might make sure of the worst.

Lily looked down guiltily. "A patient asked me to." Then, looking up, she met Arwen's gaze with an almost pleading expression. "I have already submitted my resignation letter to the hospital. But if they find out that I did something like selling the personal of a patient, I might not get the job anywhere. Please don't complain to the authorities."

"Do you think resigning is enough?"

The nurse shook her head. "It's not, maybe. But



it's all that I can do right now. I apologize, truly. But please ..."

"Who is the patient?" Arwen interrupted, cutting her words off. She didn't care to listen to more apologies.

Lily's breath stuck in her throat, her eyes brimming with tears. She had just handed in her resignation letter and had come here, so she was still emotionally raw. "She is admitted here for the treatment of her legs, but her legs are nearly ruined already. The doctor has already told her this, but she still hopes to recover. While she has been here, she got to know about your case and Dr. Clark. So, she wanted you to help her get an appointment with him."

Arwen frowned. She felt it was too simple. The whole charade was just to get to Dr. Clark? "But I can't help her with that. I had barely known Dr. Clark. He only treated me briefly."

"But it seemed like he knew you," Lily insisted. "That's what most of us thought. He came here just for your appointments with you,"

Arwen wanted to laugh. He came here for her appointments. So what? That doesn't make her know him enough to pull favours for others.



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"It would have been better if she would have reached out to the right person to get to Dr. Clark. Sorry, but I can't help," Arwen said, all ready to turn and leave.

But Lily stopped her desperately. "Ma'am, please. Help me. That patient wouldn't listen to me."

Arwen's brows furrowed in slight irritation. "I won't report you to the authorities. That's all I can do to help. Now, please don't bother me further." Saying that, she turned to leave, leaving Lily to deal with her own problems.

But right then, a voice stopped her in her tracks.

"Arwen!"