



115 Maybe it was his girlfriend.

"Arwen!" the voice came, pretty loud and clear, cutting through the cold air of the night. 1

While Ryan's brows furrowed in a frown hearing that voice, Arwen looked up in the direction, raising her brows in surprise.

She didn't noticed Ryan, but he did note well how her expression changed at the appearance of the man. He saw how the lips that had curled up indifferently at him earlier, lifted up in a pleasant smile at the sight of the unknown man.

His steps faltered as he stood there to watch more. He expressions hardened as he heard her say, while she took her steps further away from him. "You are here? I thought we were meeting straight at the restaurant."

Jason smiled as he crossed the distance to meet Arwen halfway. "Of course, I had to come. Needed to make up for the several other times."

It was half joke which Arwen understood well. She laughed softly, and the more she smiled and acted amiable towards Jason, the more Ryan felt something boiling inside him. That was the smile he had been craving for recently, but all he



received was her cold indifference. Then why was she now laughing like that with someone else? And who was he?

Ryan wanted to ask her, and he was about step forward when Jason's gaze locked onto his. There was challenge in that look, as if daring him of taking any step closer. And to his dismay, he found himself shrinking, too unconfident about his stance.

His fists clenched, but even so, he couldn't gathered up the courage to go forward. Maybe he was scared —scared of what he might come to know.

Was this the man Arwen was with? Was she staying with him?

While at the front, Arwen looked past Jason towards the familiar Rolls Royce, as if confirming something. And when she saw Aiden sitting there, engaged in a call, she eased.

"Seems like it wasn't a surprise that I caught on your expressions earlier," Jason suddenly said, making Arwen go clueless about his words. Seeing her expression, he smiled and added, "You were clearly displeased, thinking that Aiden sent me here to pick you up, instead of coming



himself."

Arwen shook her head and was about to explain, but Jason raised his hand to stop her. "Don't," he said, continuing, "I have seen your expressions, and I can tell you were hoping it was him you would see."

"Of course," she admitted. "I was waiting for him, so I thought I would see him. But I wasn't displeased to see you either. You did come like a surprise, though."

Jason narrowed his eyes at her before gesturing towards the car. "Shall we go then?"

Arwen nodded, and Jason turned to give a last glance towards Ryan, who had still been staring at them, clearly in unease. To make matter worse for him, Jason wrapped his arms around Arwen's shoulders, saying softly, yet loud enough to be heard. "Let's go."

With that, he guided Arwen towards the car.

Ryan could no longer take it anymore. Clenching his jaws, he looked at Arwen one last time in another man's arms before turning and walking back into the hospital.

He hadn't recognized Jason at first, but soon he



had realized that he had seen Arwen with him before as well. He was the same doctor that was attending Arwen. Thinking back of that day, Ryan could still remember the hostile gaze that man had given him.

While Ryan fumed, he didn't know he wasn't alone in the misery. Even Delyth, who had seen Arwen with Jason, was clenching her fists. Her attempt was so hard that now, the traces of blood were visible on her palm.

Sitting on the wheelchair, Delyth had seen the whole scene unfold right in front of her eyes.

Earlier she had been a total mess, frustrated about her plan getting failed. When her nurse informed her about Ryan's arrival, she composed herself, hoping to appear normal in front of him.

But when he didn't walk into to her room after a while, she had asked a nurse to go and check, only to see her return with a concerned expression on her face.

"What's's wrong? Where is he?" she had asked, only to hear the nurse to say that Ryan has ignored her and walked out after another woman.

Though Delyth didn't to check to know whom he



had followed, she had still asked the nurse to help her into the wheelchair.

While standing near the window, she was expecting to see Ryan and Arwen together, but her brows tugged in confusion when she instead found Arwen with some other man. The same man she had encountered once before, when she had tried to push Arwen off the wheelchair.

It was him.

She still remembered how harshly he had spoken to her. He disregarded her like she was some trash. "Who is he?" that question came out her lips, almost voluntarily.

But she didn't expect the nurse to answer her, almost immediately. "That's Dr. Clark."

Delyth frowned. "Dr. Clark?" she repeated, half in disbelief. And the nurse nodded.

"Yes, that's him. He is known to be a legendary doctor in the medical field. But usually, he keeps a low profile. We only got to know him because he used to visit our hospital to attend to one patient he had operated on. Maybe it was his girlfriend."

"Girlfriend?"




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"Oh, I am sorry. I simply assumed. I heard some staff mention that he use to go extra mile to come here for her, but maybe it was just his nature," the nurse quickly corrected herself, realizing she had outspoken.

But all her words only made Delyth's expression go cold. Her eyes as she watched Arwen walk with the doctor —the same one whose appointment she had been begging to get.

Once again, Arwen was having it within her reach, while she was struggling to even get close. Why was it always her? 

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