

121 Sweetly wicked.

Just reading that small note warmed Arwen's heart but she knew that wasn't an end. There was more, and it was soon revealed when she flipped the page the following pages to reveal the gift that was more remarkable than she could have imagined.

Jason, using his global influence in the medical world, had secured for her a lifetime wellness pass to the world's most prestigious health retreats and spa resorts, a collection of pristine sanctuaries that were known for their privacy and relaxation.

Each retreat was chosen with her well-being in mind, located in some of the most breathtaking destinations worldwide. He had even included a personal health concierge service—a dedicated team available to Arwen, to arrange her stays, design and custom wellness routines. All of this was to ensure her utmost comfort and health whenever she chose to unwind.

This all was simply priceless. Not even the world's money could buy it.

As Arwen turned to the next set of documents,

she found a series of property deeds, each bearing her name. Jacob with his skill and insight had arranged for her ownership of two stunning properties — a quaint villa overlooking the Tuscan countryside and an elegant and stylish penthouse in the heart of New York City.

Both of the estate was mentioned to be managed through a trust that he had established in her name, complete with a dedicated legal advisory team to oversee her assets and ensure her independence.

Just a look and Arwen could tell that every detail had been meticulously thought out, and she realized it wasn't just a gift but a shield of autonomy — a gesture of friendship and respect.

Arwen looked up, her eyes glistening with emotion. "This is ... beyond anything I could have imagined," she whispered softly. "Thank you. I don't know how I could —"

Jason shook his head. Smiling, he said, "No need to thank us, Arwen. Consider this as our way of welcoming you and showing you that you are already family to us. So, from now on try calling me Jason, instead of Dr. Clark. That sounds too formal."



Arwen smiled but then nodded.

Jacob leaned back with a playful glint in his eyes. Darting his gaze to Aiden, he said meaningfully, "Besides, now we have set the standard for you two. When it's time to gift us something, I just hope you will keep that in mind." He then winked, making everyone laugh.

Aiden who had watched the entire exchange, reached over to wrap his arm around. "That depends on how long you take. The longer you take to find the right one for yourself, the weaker the value of your gift will become. After all, standards are set every day."

Jason and Jacob exchanged glances before shooting Aiden an identical glare. "Dare to repeat that again," they said in unison.

Aiden simply shrugged, paying no heed to them. Turning to Arwen, he said, "You must be tired. Let's go back home."

Arwen turned to look at Jason and Jacob, before getting up to leave. "Thank you for the gifts. We will leave first," she said with a smile as Aiden helped her with her jacket. "But don't forget to look around. I am sure you will find someone soon. And Jason, you could at least try scrolling



through Mrs. Clark's prepared list. What if you truly find someone suitable there?"

Jacob and Jason were speechless. They knew Aiden was wicked, but today, they realized that Arwen was no less. She was just a little sweetly wicked.

Meanwhile, in East City Hospital, Delyth gave Lily the card. "Here, you go. This card holds the remaining amount I had promised you. Take it," she said.

But Lily hesitated. "You can keep it. I don't need your money anymore. Just let me go, and that will be enough," she said, and her words made Delyth roll her eyes.

"Why are you giving yourself so much of self-importance? You don't earn me the money for the livelihood. Why would I keep pestering you? I am giving you the money even though you were pretty useless in the job. You should thank me instead."

Lily felt insulted. She had lost her job helping Delyth, yet the woman was not even grateful; rather, she was demeaning her. "If I was really so useless to you, then why are you even giving me



this money? It was not like I came asking you for it again."

"That's for two reasons," Delyth said with a satisfied grin curling her lips. "First and foremost, because I am very happy today. And secondly, because I don't keep little money from poor people like you. It brings bad omen, and right now I don't want any bad luck around."

Lily was a little surprised. As far as she understood, the woman was looking for a way to contact Dr. Clark. But since Arwen had refused to help with that, shouldn't be upset? What was she so happy about?

She was curious and wanted to ask, but at the same time, she knew getting involved would bring her trouble. So she killed her curiosity and said simply, "I don't take money of the work I haven't completed. You can keep it."

With that, she turned and left. Delyth's fingers clenched tight around the card as she watched the door getting closed behind the nurse. She would have called her back and lashed out, but today, she was truly very happy. And she didn't want anything to ruin her mood.

Pulling her lips in a forced smile, she stared into

the empty space in the room before muttering to calm herself. "It's fine, Delyth. That nurse is insignificant. Don't mind her. Refusing the money is her loss; let her lose. As for you, get ready to celebrate tomorrow. After all, this time, there was no way Arwen would be able to dodge. She would take it and suffer for sure."

As she spoke that, her eyes glistened with malice, promising an evil intent.

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