

# **Breaking Free, Loving Again -The Flash Marriage with Mr. CEO Chapter 15 - Address her as Mrs. Winslow**

## **Chapter 15: Address her as Mrs. Winslow**

Aiden looked up from his files for a fleeting moment before darting it back to them. "I don't play kiddish games. After knowing me for all these years, you should have known that better than anyone else."

"I believed that until recently I realized you have taken interest in the game of hide and seek," Jason said as he pulled a chair and settled himself across from his friend. "Aiden, I know you have your plans, but plans should be like an elastic string –flexible enough to be adjusted with the changing situation and time."

He spoke with a strong meaning in his words. "If the string is not flexible enough, a little extra stretch might break it and ruin everything," he added, watching something change in his friend's expression.

"How is she?" Aiden asked.

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"She had been recovering well under care, but that was put at risk today," Jason replied, making Aiden look at him with his brows furrowed. "I still can't believe a woman could be so vicious. If I hadn't reached the hospital in time and rushed to save Arwen, that woman would have succeeded in her plans."

"What happened at the hospital?" Aiden asked, his voice laced with both worry and the wrath, ready to unleash on anyone who dared to cross his bottom line.

And Jason knew well that over the years, Aiden Winslow had only one bottom line – Arwen Quinn. Whoever crossed her would make Aiden 'The Devil' Winslow their enemy.

Jason had come to report everything to Aiden, so he told him the entire incident without holding anything back. And as he narrated what happened at the hospital, he saw Aiden's expression grow darker and darker until it reached a point where it felt like the wrath was ready to be unleashed.

But then, everything disappeared as if it had never appeared –without leaving any trace behind. It puzzled Jason, and he couldn't hold back from asking, "What? You are going to let it slide?"

"Since when did I start letting things slide? Especially offenses like this?" Aiden's voice came out deep and slow, promising someone would suffer.

"Then?"

"Now is not the time. I will settle her score once I am sure that the one I care about is standing on my side. Until then, Delyth Embers can enjoy both her life and her time." Aiden said, and Jason nodded in understanding.

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But then, as if remembering something, he added, "Amidst all this, you have skipped answering something really important." Pausing for a second, he continued, "How long are you going to remain in hiding? You know you don't have much time. Today, when I was with Ms. Quinn, I heard her remind her fiancé about the date —29th of this month. They are going to get their marriage certificates."

"If you have forgotten, let me remind you. Once a couple gets a marriage certificate, they are bound together legally. And one can't step out of the relationship without signing a divorce. Although divorce is not a difficult process, I don't think you would like to see Ms. Quinn signed to someone else as Mr. Foster," he taunted, making Aiden glare.

Jason smirked, seeing how easily he had riled Aiden up. If he had known it was so easy to unsettle Aiden, his university days with him wouldn't have been so difficult.

"Don't glare at me like that. I am not responsible for it, you are. She waited for you every day at the hospital, yet you never cared to show up. You saved her, you could have easily replaced the dumb fiancé of hers, but you chose not to. So now, suffer. I will definitely come to see your face when she officially becomes Mrs. Foster." Jason deliberately rubbed the salt in the wound and saw Aiden wince.

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It was satisfying. Then he got up, tucked his hand into his pants' pockets, and turned around, ready to leave. But just as he did, he heard his friend say – "Next time you see her, address her as Mrs. Winslow. The title of Mrs. Foster neither suits her nor is it meant for her."

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Jason's brows furrowed as he turned around to look back at his friend. At first, those words seemed to be said out of mere annoyance, but when he saw the serenity brimming in Aiden's eyes, he knew there was a plan in place.

Asking about it would ruin the fun, so Jason simply nodded and said, "We will see when the day comes. But for now, I suggest you work on your approach. If you treat her with the same cruelty with which you treat the world, even the title of Mrs. Winslow won't secure her on your side."

With that, Jason smirked and left. On the way out, he said something to Emyr and then walked to the elevator.

Emyr saw him leave and then turned to walk to the CEO's office. He knocked and waited for the permission to enter. But when none came, he couldn't help but look back towards the elevator.

Did Dr. Clark upset his boss? And if he did, why did he leave him to face the consequence?

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With much hesitation, Emyr knocked again. This time, a hum of affirmation came, and he pushed the door open before walking in. Extending the file, he briefed about it and saw his boss flip through the pages.

Every flip felt like pierce of a knife, sharp and crisp. But Emyr stood there, fulfilling the role of the competent secretary he was. Once Aiden was done with the file, Emyr asked, "Sir, everything that needed to be finished today is done. Should I prepare your car and take you back?"

"No need. You can leave. I will head back later on my own."

Emyr nodded, and turned to leave but then paused and looked back at his boss. He had a message to deliver —Dr. Clark had asked him to pass it along, and as the secretary, he couldn't refuse, even knowing it might cost him his life.

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"Sir, earlier when Dr. Clark left, he asked me to let you know that Ms. Quinn has been discharged from the hospital today. So, from now on, if you need any report on her, Dr. Clark won't be able to help."

And the piercing gaze he received in return made Emyr feel as though his soul had left his body.

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