

# **Breaking Free, Loving Again -The Flash Marriage with Mr. CEO Chapter 6 - Savior.**

## **Chapter 6: Savior.**

While the doctor and the nurse struggled to give her an answer, a voice from behind refused to take the credit of his friend.

"No, I didn't," Jason said, and Arwen had to shift in her position a little to see who was there at the door.

The handsome face of the doctor made Arwen's eyes twinkle a little before she asked, "Are you Dr. Clark?"

Jason smiled and entered the room, nodding in acknowledgement. "Yes, I am Jason Clark. And before you ask, let me tell you that while I did save your life with my medical expertise, I didn't bring you here. That was someone else. And with my good principles, I don't really like taking credit that belongs to someone else"

Arwen smiled softly and said, "If that's something you follow, then you are a good person, Dr. Clark. Thank you for treating me."

"The pleasure is all mine." He slightly bowed in a chivalrous manner before checking the monitors and speaking to the other doctor who was present there. "She is doing well now; we will change her medication."

The other doctor nodded and exchanged a few medical terms with him. Once they were done, he left with the nurse. But Jason stayed back. Turning back to Arwen, he smiled again and said, "I am sure you have already heard about your recovery. You are doing fine and could probably beat a bull if given a chance. But your bones still need some time to heal."

"Are my legs fine?" Arwen asked urgently. Her legs were important to her. Since childhood, she had loved ballet. Even though she no longer performed on stage, she still dedicated time to practicing the moves. Ballet was her escape door and to keep that escape intact, she needed her legs to be fine.

Her eyes darted to her leg, which was heavily bandaged. Jason followed her gaze and looked down at her feet. "When I first examined your leg, I suspected a tibial shaft fracture," he said, and Arwen's expression froze.

Tibial shaft fracture —that alone was enough to erase dance from her life.

"It is a condition where there is a break in the long bone of the lower leg. The surgical procedure usually involves intramedullary nailing, where a metal rod is inserted to

maintain proper alignment in the bones. But you got lucky because later, I realized my suspicions were wrong. Your situation wasn't that severe, and fortunately, someone got you here in time."

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He explained and Arwen breathed a sigh of relief. But still, to be sure, she asked, "So, there is no problem with my legs, right? I can dance?"

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"Yes, you can," Jason replied. "But you have to wait until you are fully recovered. There wasn't a serious fracture, but there was still a fracture, and it needs time to be healed before you get back on your dancing feet again. Also, even after it heals, you will need to undergo physical therapy to strengthen your muscles before getting back on the stage. After the surgery, your leg won't be as strong as it was before."

Arwen nodded, understanding. "I won't be reckless with my legs, Dr. Clark. Thank you so much. My legs are very precious to me because without them, I can't dance," she said, not hiding the relief she was felt, knowing that her legs were fine and she would still be able to dance.

"Then you should truly cherish it, Ms. Quinn. Because you had a really close call—you had almost lost your legs. If you hadn't been brought in time, nothing could have helped." Jason said and his words really scared her.

If she had lost her legs and the chance to dance again in her life, she couldn't imagine how she would live in this world. She really wanted to thank the person who saved her life, but she still had no idea who he was.

With her brows drawn close, she looked at Jason and asked earnestly, "Dr. Clark, do you know who brought me here? He is my saviour, and I really want to thank him for finding me at the right time and bringing me to the hospital. Without him, I can't imagine being here today."

She said, expecting the doctor to help her. But Jason pressed his lips into a thin line and said, "I totally understand your feelings, Ms. Quinn, but I really have no idea who he was. I came after you got admitted, so I didn't get the chance to meet him."

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Arwen didn't know who else to ask. It felt like the person was hiding from her. But why?

"It's okay, Dr. Clark. I will find a way to find him down. I am sure he won't stay anonymous for long. Since he saved me, he will come to visit me." She said, suddenly remembering the presence she often sensed during her unconsciousness.

Jason nodded and smiled meaningfully. "Yes, of course. He doesn't plan on staying anonymous this time. He will definitely show up in front of you when the time comes."

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His words paused Arwen for a moment, her brows knitting together in confusion, she asked, "Sorry, but I didn't quite understand, Dr. Clark. What did you mean?"

"Nothing." He shook his head and then added, "I just meant that you will find him soon. Like me, maybe he won't want someone else taking his credit. This time, he might make sure to show up himself."

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Arwen was still confused, but she nodded. "Yes, I hope he does. I am waiting to thank him in person. He appeared when I had lost hope of living," she said, remembering the moment when the darkness had engulfed her, and she felt him around -hugging her and asking her to stay awake with him.

"Dr. Clark!" The nurse's voice suddenly broke in, pulling Arwen out of her trance. She looked at the door, where the nurse added, "Dr. Bach is looking for you. If you have some time ..."

Jason nodded to her, interrupting her mid-sentence. "Tell him I will meet him shortly."

The nurse nodded and left. Once she was gone, Arwen asked, "You are not a doctor of this hospital, are you?"

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