

80 You got married?

Sending Amanda away was not easy, especially when it had to be done without Arwen noticing any abnormality. But Aiden wouldn't allow any threat to linger near Arwen, no matter how insignificant it seemed, even if it was just a maid. 1

Mr. Jones made sure the warning was loud and clear, not because a second chance was up for grabs, but to make Amanda fully understand that the person she dared to offend was beyond anything she or her ancestors could handle.

"Mr. Jones, I have an appointment today. If Aiden comes, let him know I will be back soon," Arwen said on her way out.

Mr. Jones nodded before adding, "Madam, Sir has arranged a driver for you. I will inform him, and he will take you wherever you need to go."

Arwen was about to refuse, but before she could, the butler guessed her intent and spoke again.

"Sir mentioned that your legs need time to heal, so it would be best if you used the driver for



now."

With no further argument, Arwen sighed. "Fine, then let the driver know I have an appointment at East City Hospital."

Mr. Jones nodded and left to make the necessary call.

Arwen arrived at the hospital just in time. As she entered, she met Sister Ambrosina, who greeted her with all smiles.

"How are your legs now? Is it healing well?"

Arwen returned the smile and nodded. "Much better now."

They exchanged a few more pleasantries before Arwen continued on to see Dr. Clark. Reaching his office, she was about to knock when Jason called out from behind her.

"You are right on time."

Arwen turned and a small smile curled her lips as she greeted him. "Dr. Clark."

Jason nodded, walking up to her and pushing open the door of his office. "Please come in, Ms.

Quinn."

Though he wasn't the attending doctor here, the hospital had been kind enough to provide him with a private office. They didn't have much of a choice; Aiden made sure everything was arranged to keep Arwen comfortable, and when he made arrangements, even the universe seemed to bend to his will.

"It seems soon it would be time for me to return this room to the hospital," Jason commented with a smile as he examined Arwen's leg muscles.

"Is it fully healed?" she asked

"Almost," he replied, continuing, "But you still need to do some strength training before you start practising your dance again."

Arwen nodded in understanding, and Jason continued, "Also, I am changing your medication. Even though your legs are getting better, you still need to be careful. And no heels."

"I wore low heels yesterday," Arwen confessed, and Jason looked up at her, raising his brows. Before he could say anything, she quickly added,



"But I realized it was a mistake. It would have been in pain all night if my husband hadn't helped me on time."

Jason's brows furrowed slightly as his expression turned complicated. "Your husband?" he asked, then rephrased his question. "You got married?"

Arwen hummed, noting the hint of suspicion or maybe disbelief in his tone. "Did you forget? Before I was discharged, I mentioned I would be getting married soon. Everything happened as planned on the 29th of the last month itself."

Of course, Jason hadn't forgotten. He just didn't believe it was possible, especially under Aiden's watch.

"Congratulations on your marriage," Jason said, adding, "It's good to hear your husband's taking care of you. But keep an eye out—the last time I saw him, he didn't strike me as someone you could rely on."

Arwen was about to correct him, but Jason's phone rang. His expression grew more serious with every passing second as he took the call. 1



"Alright, I will be there soon. Handle the things until I arrive," he said before hanging up the call.

Arwen gave him a sympathetic look. "It sounds like an emergency."

Jason nodded. "Yes, I have to go urgently. I have written down your new prescription, and scheduled your next appointment for two weeks from now."

"Hhm-hm," Arwen hummed in agreement and then said something she had been thinking all this while. "Dr. Clark, since it's inconvenient for you to travel all the way here just to see me, how about we schedule the next appointment at your hospital?"

Jason considered it for a moment before nodding. "As long as it's not an inconvenience for you Ms. Quinn. You are my patient and I have to hold full responsibility for you until you are perfectly healed."

"It won't be an inconvenience," Arwen smiled. "I am recovering well and can move around easily."

"Great. I will have my hospital contact you to set it up," Jason said, before excusing himself first.



Arwen didn't mind. Doctors, especially those as skilled as Dr. Clark, always had hectic schedules. After she was discharged, she looked him up and learned that he was renowned in the medical field, a master in multiple specialities. At his young age, he had already accumulated more achievements than most could hope in a lifetime.

No doubt, he carries the name of Clarks with pride.

She felt fortunate that Dr. Clark had been there to treat her. From what she had heard, her injuries had been severe when she was first brought to the hospital. Without his expertise, her chances of standing again —let alone dancing —would have been slim.

As she thought that, her mind wandered to the stranger who had saved her that night. She still wanted to meet and thank him, but he hadn't come forward. Perhaps he had only helped her out of sympathy —after all, who would go to such lengths for someone they didn't know?

'He must be a good man,' Arwen thought to herself. 'If only I could meet him one day and express my gratitude.'

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As she exited Dr. Clark's office, her musings were interrupted when she bumped into someone. She was about to apologize for her carelessness but the arrogant voice that followed made her reconsider.

"Arwen, it's you."

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