



85 It was already too late.

The butler came back after a while and reported, "Sir, it doesn't seem Madam plans to bring many things. Alfred said he would be able to assist her, so we don't need to send anyone from here." He had already expected this —after all, everything to Arwen's preference had been arranged and prepared for her comfort here. Unless something held deep sentimental value, it was unlikely she felt anything missing. 1

Aiden nodded, his fingers still working away at the keys of his laptop. His expression remained serene, and it wasn't hard for Mr. Jones to realize he was in the middle of something important. So, with a respectful bow, the butler quietly excused himself.

But just as Mr. Jones left, another man rushed in like a storm. His demeanour was exhausted, but his eyes were sharp, filled with questions as if he was on a quest for answers. Behind him, Emyr followed closely.

Emyr had come to get Aiden's signatures on some documents when he saw Jason rushing in.



Jason Clark, the usually calm and composed doctor, seemed unlike himself. Emyr was well aware of Jason's reputation —his anger was rare but formidable, and Emyr dared not do anything that might channel it towards himself.

Rather than interrupting to ask about the reason for Jason's hurried arrival, Emyr simply followed him inside, deciding it was wiser to wait and observe.

"Care to explain how you plan to live your life from here on, buddy?" Jason asked with a tone laced with pure anger. "Or better yet, tell me how it feels to lose her for the second time? I am sure it must be quite something —losing your entire world all over again!" 2

Emyr was taken aback. Confused by the exchange, he couldn't make sense of what was happening. His boss had lost? How? Was that even possible? He glanced at Aiden, expecting to see some signs of distress, but Aiden continued working nonchalantly, as though completely unaffected by the accusations. Emyr's brows furrowed deepening his expression of confusion. He turned to look back at Jason, hoping for more clues.



"I warned you, Aiden, against playing this game of hide and seek with her, yet you didn't listen. If only you had shown yourself at the hospital, then things might have been different today," Jason said with a tone of bitter disappointment. "That guy doesn't deserve her, and yet you let him have her. How are you going to live with yourself knowing that she will be with someone who isn't worthy of her?" 1

Slowly, Aiden looked up at him. He didn't say a word, but his gaze dripped with arrogance, as though he had the world firmly in his grasp.

"You —" Jason began.

"Dr. Clark, I think you are gravely misunderstanding something," Emyr interjected, just in time. Though initially confused, he had begun piecing together Jason's remarks. "Could you explain a bit more in detail so that I can understand what exactly you have misunderstood?"

Jason sent a cold glare Emyr's way. Emyr holding the responsibility to make peace, decided to stay put, even if that cost him his life.

"You think I misunderstood?" Jason's tone grew



grim, and with slight hesitation, Emyr nodded. If he was guessing things right, Jason indeed misunderstood something. But if he wasn't... well, this could be the endgame for him.

Jason pointed an accusing finger at Aiden. "Your boss lost the only woman he has loved his entire life," he said bitterly, causing a big grin to break out on Emyr's face. He couldn't be happier, knowing his assumption was correct — Jason had misunderstood.

Jason's gaze darkened when he saw the secretary grinning like an idiot. "What are you smiling at? Do you think this is a joke?"

Emyr realized he had let his inner expression surface by mistake. Quickly composing himself back into his stoic facade, he shook his head. "You misunderstood me, Dr. Clark. That's not what I meant."

But Jason didn't believe it. He continued, "I wouldn't be here, at least certainly not like this, if all of this were a joke. If Arwen were only joking about it. If she hadn't really signed the marriage certificates with that jerk of a boyfriend, I wouldn't have been here. But today, I



found out that she did, and your boss once again lost his chance with her, just like he did a decade ago."

While Aiden's gaze hardened at Jason, Emyr shook his head, trying to find a way to resolve the misunderstanding. But Jason simply wouldn't let him.

It was as if Jason was feeling Aiden's sense of loss on his behalf. Maybe because he had seen what losing Arwen had done to Aiden back then. Maybe because he knew that if Aiden had truly lost her, he wouldn't be able to recover this time like he did before.

"Aiden, tell me what you are planning," Jason asked, sitting down across him, his tone serious. "She might have married him, but I don't think you have lost your chance entirely. We can think of something. I am sure Jacob will have a suggestion if we ask him about it."

"Dr. Clark, you have misunderstood everything. Sir has —" Emyr began, but his words were cut short when the sound of a car halting outside reached them. His pupils dilated as he guessed who it could be, and panic flickered across his



features. Instead of completing his earlier thought, he urged Jason, "Dr. Clark, I can explain everything later. But for now, I think you should hide first."

Jason's brows furrowed. "Hide? Why should I do that? And from whom?" His gaze flicked to Aiden, who still sat there as if nothing had changed. What was happening?

Emyr also couldn't understand his boss's nonchalance either. Didn't he worry that if the lady arrived and saw Dr. Clark here, she might discover all that they had been hiding from her?

"Dr. Clark, we don't have time. Let's make an exit first," Emyr said, taking charge again. But little did he expect —it was already too late. 1



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