



88 Key to reach Dr. Clark.

"You have something to ask me?" Aiden asked, turning to Arwen, feeling her constant gaze on him. **1**

Arwen stared at him, as though silently confirming to ask the stream of questions bubbling inside her. His demeanour seemed so open and amiable at that moment that Arwen felt that no matter what she asked at that moment, he would answer without hiding anything.

Arwen was tempted, knowing she would get all her answers, but it also scared her. What if his answer turned out to be something that she wouldn't like?

Could she bear to take the risk?

Maybe someday. But right now, her heart wasn't ready to face the truth.

Nodding, she replied with a smile, "I have a lot to ask you. But can I not ask you now?" She paused before taking a deep breath and added, "I don't want to ask them right now, but can you promise me that in future, whenever I come to ask you



the questions I have today, you will answer me with the same honesty that you have in your eyes now?

Aiden stared at her for a moment. And just when Arwen thought that her request sounded absurd and he wouldn't agree to it, he smiled, giving her again exactly what she asked for.

"I promise," he said, without any hesitation, without a second thought. And it was then Arwen realized that she wasn't expecting any less.

Since when had her confidence grown so much? She had never been this confident —not in her mother, not in her father and not even in herself. Yet today, she was confident in him —to the extent that she didn't hesitate to ask something next to impossible.

"Did something happen at the hospital today?" Aiden suddenly asked when he found her lost in thought.

And for a moment, Arwen wanted to laugh at his cluelessness. Does this man even know how impossibly handsome he was in her eyes? Every time he made her feel warm and special, he



shone a shade brighter. His gestures never seemed fake; instead, there was such modesty in his actions that made him look more charming than anyone else.

Arwen shook her head and moved her fingers over his forehead. "Nothing that would make you frown like this," she said, adding, "I just met Delyth there, and tried out things that you suggested."

Aiden raised his brows. "Things that I suggested?"

Arwen nodded, "Hhm-hm ...I tried to play the role of the Devil. I might not have been perfect today, but since I enjoyed it, slowly I am sure practice will make me perfect."

When Aiden didn't respond, Arwen narrowed her eyes at him before poking his chest with a finger. "Husband, don't tell me now that you have made me taste the blood, you are hesitating. You asked me to wear the cape of the Devil; now you can't go around missing an angel."

Aiden didn't mean to tease her, but seeing her like that, he was tempted. Hence, he raised his brows.



Seeing his expression, Arwen's lips tugged into a pout. Squinting her eyes more, she humphed. "Forget it. Go and look for an angel," she said and was about to pull away when Aiden held her hand on his chest and pulled her onto him.

Before Arwen knew it, she was over him with her hand on his chest, near his heart, and his faces mere inches apart —just one lean forward and their lips would meet.

Aiden's voice came in a deep, playful whisper, "Why would I look for an angel when the Devil herself stole my heart?" 2

"You ..." Arwen's face turned crimson. But before she could hide it, Aiden held her chin gently and made her look into his eyes.

"How did I get so lucky to be captured by the Devil?" he teased, his breath warm against her skin. 2

Arwen's heart skipped a beat. For a second, her confidence wavered, but then the fire in his gaze made her pulse quicken. She tried to say something, but her words melted away when he leaned in, brushing his lips so lightly against hers.



Her thoughts swirled, but in that moment, nothing else mattered. Before she leaned in more to deepen the moment between them.

Meanwhile, back at the hospital, Delyth was desperately trying to think of a way to meet Dr. Clark. Although Ryan had assured her that he would find a way to get her to meet the best doctors, still she couldn't help but feel that only Dr. Clark could treat her. After all, he has recently treated one patient very similar to her. So, she was adamant about getting to him by any means necessary.

"Sister, can you tell me when Dr. Clark will become next?" she asked the nurse when she came to give her the medicines.

The nurse looked at her and replied, "Dr. Clark does not come frequently to our hospital. He rarely comes and —"

Before she could finish, Delyth impatiently interrupted. "I know that already. But even if he comes rarely, he has to show up sometime, right? Maybe tomorrow, or the day after, next week or maybe next month? So, just tell me, when will he be coming next?"



"We have no idea," the nurse shook her head. "He sets his own schedule, and we are not informed about it. And since he is not an attending doctor here, that information is not even recorded in our hospital database. He only comes to see his patient, and once done, he leaves."

The mention of that patient alone soured Delyth's mood further. But after a moment of thought, she asked, "So, as long as that patient needs him, he will appear, right?"

The nurse frowned, unsure of Delyth's intentions, but after a pause, she nodded. "Yes, as long as it's about to her, he will be here. He really seems to care for her. When she was hospitalized, he visited her every day to check on her."

"Fine, then can you help me contact her?" Delyth asked without hesitation. If this woman was the key to reaching Dr. Clark, why not go through her? If she could get that woman to ask for Dr. Clark, Delyth would have her chance to meet him. After that, everything would fall into place. 3

