



163 Are her medical records tampered with?

Flashback — 1

No one could imagine how much Aiden wanted to confront Arwen for forgetting him, for forgetting the time they had spent together ... but he was scared —scared to know something that he wouldn't be able to bear. He had his explanations ready, but he feared it might already be too late to give them.

"Since I was on the verge of losing consciousness, I may not remember it very clearly, but I do carry the faint recollections of the things that happened that day. I heard you calling my name several times," Arwen said, her voice distant as she tried to piece together her fragmented memory of that night. "And with each call, it felt like you were someone familiar. Someone who had known me —someone whom I had known."

"You tell me —do you know me?" he asked, his voice heavy with emotion, overwhelmed by her words. She clearly recognized the effect he had on her, yet she chose not to recognize him. His eyes turned sharp, demanding an answer, locking her gaze with his own.



Under his intense gaze, Arwen felt uncomfortable. It made her feel guilty for reasons she couldn't understand. "Though you give me the feeling of familiarity, I don't think I have known you from before. I don't remember meeting you before our recent encounter at the Civil Affairs Bureau. But given that we attended the same high school, there seems a possibility of a brief encounter there. I don't know."

This has been what Aiden had feared —her refusal to acknowledge that he had once been a part of her life. For a fleeting moment, he had wondered if she had amnesia. But when he investigated, there had been no records of her suffering from any memory loss which meant only one thing: she had deliberately chosen to forget him —just him. 5

Arwen noticed the shift in his expression and felt something was amiss. A doubt clenched her heart, tighter than it should have. Slowly reached out to hold his hands, which were brutally gripping on the steering wheel so tightly that his knuckles had turned white. But before she could even get to touch him, he grabbed her wrist —painfully, for the first time.

She froze, taken aback. Her brows knitted in confusion. As she tried to read him, her gaze locked on his eyes. She might have thought his earlier gentleness was a facade if she hadn't seen



the raw pain in his eyes —the pain of being forsaken. Somehow, she felt it too, as if she had shared in his suffering without realizing it.

"Aiden, you —"

"If you have forgotten everything, then tell me this, why did you still go to that deserted lake?" he interrupted harshly. "What did it mean to you?"

Arwen flinched at his words. "That place ..." She hesitated, her voice uncertain. "I don't know how I ended up there. I didn't realize where I was walking until I stood there alone. But how does that have anything to do with you? Could it be ..."

Aiden said nothing, but the intensity in his gaze made her frown. She began questioning herself, her voice dropping to a murmur. "Why did I go there? Why, whenever I feel dejected, do I end up walking there, seeking comfort? I don't know. But yes, you are right —there must be a reason." Her other hand reached to hold her head that had started to pound in pain. "But what? I —"

As she tried to think harder, her face grew pale, and sweat began to bead on her forehead. Her expression contorted with pain, and her breathing grew labored.

Aiden snapped out of his trance, immediately



realizing something was wrong. His expression shifted to one of panic as he moved closer to her. "Moon, I am sorry. I —"

Before he could say more, Arwen collapsed, unconscious.

When Jason heard it, his expression got serious and his eyes darted to glance back to Arwen. "So this all happened when she tried to remember the past?" he asked, skeptical about it.

Aiden expression remained cold. He didn't reply, but his silence did answer Jason's question.

Frowning, Jason said again, "If that's what happened then it only means that she has no memory of the past. She had not just forgotten you but had forgotten it all." As he said, Aiden glanced at him. To which he added, "Brother, what I mean to say is that she must have suffered a partial amnesia."

Aiden's features tightened. He had realized it as well. But then if that's so, why was there no record of it in her medical history?

"What's wrong?" Jason asked when he saw Aiden's expression darkening.

Aiden hesitated, his gaze flickering to Arwen's pale face before returning to Jason. "If she had partial amnesia, there would be medical records of it. But there aren't. I checked."



Jason frowned, shaking his head at that. "That doesn't make sense. Memory loss isn't something that goes unnoticed. There must be some record of it in her medical history." He then paused to add a suspicion, "Are her medical records tampered with? Could it be possible that someone wiped off a part of her reports intentionally?" 1

Aiden's jaws clenched, his fingers curling into fists. Jason noted the subtle shift in his expression and stepped closer. Placing a reassuring hand on Aiden's shoulder, he said, "Give me some time, I will look into it from my end. Clark's network is stronger in this field. If someone tampered with her records, we will uncover it soon."

Jason's gaze then shifted back to Arwen, his expression softening. "As for her current condition, she is stable. Once she wakes up, we will run all the necessary tests to understand what's going on."

He spoke with quiet confidence, a certainty that reassured Aiden despite the turmoil brewing within him. Jason firmly believed that, with thorough testing, he could uncover the truth about what had happened to Arwen. Though he rarely voiced it outright, his skill and expertise left little room for doubt.



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"Trust me," Jason added, his voice steady. "We will figure this out."



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