



164 Do you think I lost my memory?

Aiden sat quietly at Arwen's bedside when she stirred in her sleep. Her little movement jolted him awake immediately. "Moon," he called softly, reaching out to gently hold her hands. 1

Arwen's lashes fluttered a little before she slowly opened her eyes. "Aiden," she murmured, her voice soft as she noticed him sitting there. Her gaze then slowly shifted around the room. "What are we doing here again? Didn't we leave earlier?"

Aiden paused at her question before replying, "You collapsed on the way so, I had to bring you back."

"I collapsed?" she asked, her tone filled with surprise. "How?"

Aiden frowned, his guilt shadowing his face. Knowing he was responsible, he avoided her gaze. Keeping his focus on the hand he held, he said, "I am sorry. I shouldn't have brought the past up. I didn't know ..."

But before he could say any further, Arwen interrupted, "Wait!" Her brows knitting together at his words. "What do you mean 'you are sorry', husband? How long were you planning to hide



things from me?"

Her sudden question caught Aiden off-guard. For a moment, he paused, glancing up at her, slightly shocked. *Did she remember it all now?* He searched her gaze, asking tentatively. "Did you remember it all?"

Arwen pressed her lips in a thin line. Lying down on the bed like that caused her a little inconvenience, so she shifted to get into a better position to speak with him properly. Taking his support, she sat up before saying, "When did I even forget it anything to begin with, that I had to remember it again?"

Aiden didn't understand. As his brows drew in confusion, he asked, "You mean —"

Rolling her eyes, Arwen cut him off mid-sentence. "Of course, I mean I remember, husband. I remember it well — you told me it was you who saved me that night, my Mr. Savior." Her lips curved up in a gentle smile, while her gaze softened. "And now that I remembered it all, I will never forget it again."

Aiden's fingers clenched, unable to decipher what was happening. He felt as if he were losing everything all over again. He had told himself he could endure her forgetting him, as long as she remained by his side. He thought he could build a new life with her, patiently waiting for her love



to bloom again.

But now, how could he bear the thought of her suffering? The suffering that she had endured alone, unable to piece together the fragments of her past. He might not know what had happened to her, but he knew well that he definitely was a part of it. If not directly, then indirectly. If only he had protected her well, she might not have suffered. If he hadn't left, then maybe ...

Aiden's heart twisted at the thought of his incompetence before. Arwen might have noticed his inner turmoil, so she asked, "What's wrong?"

But instead of Aiden, Jason answered her from the door. "What else it could be?" he teased, his tone light and taunting as he walked into the room with a file in his hand. His expression carried the same friendly smile he always wore around Arwen. "Your husband is just worried that I am not skilled enough to treat you properly."

Arwen didn't buy it. Her eye shifted from Jason to Aiden, skepticism clear in her eyes. Sensing her doubt Jason spoke again, his voice carrying a playfulness. "Believe me on that, Arwen. If you hadn't woken up by now, I am sure he would have already made arrangements to transfer you somewhere else." He gestured toward Aiden, adding, "Just look at his eyes. Do you think he even slept a wink last night?"



Arwen turned her attention to Alden, noticing the dark circles under his eyes. She knew he was worried about her, but there was something else in his gaze —something she couldn't pinpoint. "I was just fine," she said softly, her hands tightening their grip on his. "You didn't have to worry so much. I have always had issues with low blood sugar. I might have just fainted because of that."

She offered him a reassuring smile before turning back to him Jason, "Right, Dr. Clark?"

Jason didn't think she would ask him to confirm. But after a moment's pause, he smiled and nodded. "Oh yes, it was likely due to low blood pressure. But we still need to run a few tests, Arwen. So, later, you have to cooperate with us."

Arwen nodded without hesitation, not giving it much thought.

Jason smiled widened a little as he opened the folder in his hand. He skimmed through her report before glancing back at her. "So, how are you feeling now?"

"I am better," Arwe replied with a nod. She looked down at her legs, moving them slightly. "Even my legs feel good."

"Good," Jason said, nodding approvingly. He paused briefly, jotting something down on the



papers before asking again, "Do you feel any pain in your head?"

Arwen blinked, confused. "My head?" she asked, furrowing her brows.

"Oh yes," Jason replied, keeping his tone casual. "Aiden mentioned that when you passed out, you hit your head."

"I don't feel any pain," she said after a moment. Jason exchanged a quick glance with Aiden before continuing.

"That's good, but sometimes injuries don't cause pain immediately." He set the file aside and stepped closer, leaning in to check her eyes. "Tell me, what were you talking about before you passed out yesterday?"

Arwen tilted her head, her confusion deepening. "Do you think I will lose my memory just because I fainted?"

Jason kept his expression neutral, hiding any trace of suspicion. "Well, we can't rule out the possibility. So, just consider it a part of a routine check-up."

Arwen chuckled, briefly glancing at Aiden before speaking. "You are just scaring my husband more," she said playfully, mistaking Jason's concern for teasing. "Fine, I will humor you. I haven't forgotten anything. I remember clearly

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that before I fainted, I was with Alden, talking about how, a month ago, he appeared just in time to save me when I needed him the most."

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