



168 You will lose her again.

Meanwhile, in Jason's cabin, Aiden sat in the chair, across his desk. His piercing gaze fixed on the stack of documents in front of him, while he flipped through the pages reading the same details again. His jaws were tight and his brows were furrowed. **1**

As before, nothing in the documents confirmed whether Arwen had truly suffered from amnesia. These were the same reports he had gotten in his hands when he had investigated Arwen's medical history.

"These are her past medical records. I got it through my resources and the possibility of them being tampered with is nearly impossible," Jason said, standing across the desk with his arms folded. His tone came measured, as though he had already anticipated Aiden's reaction in response to his words. "And as you can see there is no —"

"Trace of any memory loss," Aiden finished impatiently, his voice carrying an edge that couldn't be missed.

Jason sighed, his expression was calm, but was mirroring the tension of the tension in the room. "I have checked thoroughly Aiden. Even though everything seems normal on the surface,

something about her condition feels ...just off. Something that is invisibly there —something that we can't pinpoint yet." 2

Aiden's fingers clenched tight, crumbling the edges of the papers he held tight. "Is there a way to find out?" he asked, his voice steady but laced with impatience.

Jason leaned back slightly, unfolding his arms in the process. "Nothing that could immediately answer all our questions," he said, shaking his head. "To understand what is there, we will have to run a series of detailed neurological and psychological tests. Once we have the results, I might be able to identify the issue. But ..."

"But?" Aiden's gaze narrowed at that intentional pause.

"But there is something I suspect." Jason hesitated for a brief moment before continuing with a serious tone. "I suspect that Arwen may be suffering from a rare form of memory disturbance, something akin to partial amnesia. However, her case might be more complicated than typical amnesia cases we usually encounter."

Aiden straightened, his gaze locking on Jason. "What do you mean by 'complicated'?"

Jason let out a deep exhale. "There is a rare

condition —not officially documented in most medical literature —where the brain suppresses traumatic or distressing memories as a natural defence mechanism. But here is a critical part, this suppression can also be externally induced."

Aiden's brows knitted in a frown and Jason nodded before continuing to explain, "Yes, this situation can be externally induced as well. With the right combination of chemicals, psychological stressors, or manipulative techniques, it is possible to force the brain to suppress memories or even create false gaps in the memory. This method is not just unethical but also extremely dangerous.

"Are you saying someone could have done this here deliberately?" Aiden's eyes darkened. 1

"I can't be sure, but there can be a possibility that we can't rule out either," Jason admitted grimly. "If someone wanted her to forget a part of her life, it would have been impossible for them to do it to her. They would have subjected her to external methods to suppress or erase those memories. Given her clean medical record, that's what I suspect. But the problem in all of this is —if her condition is truly due to externally induced suppression then it could have damaged her brain's certain ability to process and retain new memories." 2

"So, you mean when she was forced to forget, it might have destabilized her mind?"

Jason nodded, confirming Aiden's suspicion. He then added, "And what's worse, trying to recover those suppressed memories —whether naturally or through external manipulation could cause cognitive overload. In layman's terms, I would say, make her forget her present, which was what happened yesterday. Arwen might have tried to recall her memories, but in turn, she forgot that she ever even asked you anything about it."

Aiden's mind raced back to the moment when Arwen had woken up and recognized him as his savior but had forgotten the conversation they had had afterwards. It was like she never shared that moment with him where he had almost lost all his patience. At that time, he thought, she was just trying to avoid that conversation but —

"We were lucky this time," Jason's voice softened. "The situation was minor and things didn't escalate further. She fainted right in time and that saved her in a way. But if something like this happens again, we might not be able to save the situation or even her. So, brother, I would suggest you remain calm. I know it has been hard for you, but it will be harder for her if you let your emotions take over. You might lose her for the second time." 4

"I am not losing her again," Aiden said, his voice carrying a strong conviction. "Whatever it takes, whatever I have to endure —it will be nothing in comparison to seeing her in pain. If she suffers, even for a moment, it would break me in ways I could never recover from."

Jason nodded, before walking to his chair and taking a seat across from him. "I know. And that's why I will make sure to get to the root of the cause as soon as possible. But for now, I can't promise you anything. This might take time."

Aiden leaned back in his chair. His mind raced with the storm of thoughts. Time was the one thing he couldn't afford to lose —but when it came to Arwen, he could afford to lose everything, if that means to keep her safe and protected.

"Aiden," Jason said, taking a pause, "Didn't you say that you are willing to start anew with her — that it doesn't matter whether she remembers you from the past or not? As long as she stays with you in future, nothing will matter. Then what has started to bother you now? Why are you losing your calm when you have clearly trained yourself for better?" 6

