



201 One who is hiding in the shadows.

While on the other side, after Arwen stepped out of the Quinn Villa, she took a deep breath and smiled —a genuine smile this time. She had fought her battle, and though it had seemed easy on the surface, only she knew how difficult it had been. Especially when she saw her father like that. 1

"Madam, are we going back?" Alfred asked as he opened the car door for her.

Arwen glanced at him, her lips curling into a soft smile. "Let's go," she said before slipping into the car.

Alfred hadn't seen her smiling so closely before, so it took him a moment to react. His ears turned slightly red, but he quickly recovered, shutting the door before heading to the driver's seat.

As he started the engine, Arwen suddenly remembered something. "Alfred," she said, interrupting the silence. "I have somewhere else to go. Drive me there first."

Alfred looked at her through the rearview



mirror before nodding. Soon, the car drove away from the Quinn Villa. "Madam, where would you like me to drive you?"

Arwen's gaze drifted to her empty ring finger, and her lips curled into a deeper smile.

"Lustreé," she said.

Aiden might have thought her request was an impulsive decision, but she was sure about it. She wanted to get him a pair of matching rings—a commitment to stay with him and only him, forever. Just as he was committing himself to her.

With that thought, Arwen dialled Emyr's number. The moment the ring went through, the call was answered.

"Madam!" Emyr greeted her, his prompt response catching Arwen off guard for a moment.

"Mr. Ethan, hope I haven't disturbed you," she said.

"No, Madam. I wasn't busy," Emyr replied, then added, "Were you looking for Sir? He might have missed your call because he has gone out for a small meeting. Please give me a moment, I will try to connect you with him."



"No, no, Mr. Ethan," Arwen stopped him immediately. "I didn't call to talk to Aiden. I have a small request for you."

Emyr seemed to hesitate for a moment, the pause on the line making it evident.

Arwen was able to sense his hesitation as well. Knowing what the secretary might be thinking, she reassured him, "Don't worry, Mr Ethan. My request won't put you in a position where you would have to stand against your boss. It's something pretty simple and well within your capability."

Emyr heaved a sigh of relief —not because of Arwen's reassurance but because today wasn't the day he would have to make the impossible choice between following his boss's orders or his lady's request. Either choice will bring him the consequences he would be able to take. But he knew there would be a day when he wouldn't be as lucky as today.

"Mr. Ethan, you are still there?" Arwen asked when the silence stretched for long.

"Please give your orders, Madam," Emry said, and Arwen smiled.

"Mr. Ethan, I want you to call Lustreé once again and inform them I will be visiting them



now."

"Now?" Emyr asked, not sure about it.

But Arwen was confident. "Yes, I am on my way there, so it would be good if Mr. Castille could spare me some time."

"Okay, Madam," Emyr responded. "I will make the arrangements. Mr. Castille will be there to greet you."

"Great!" Arwen said, but then added, "Also, Mr. Ethan, please don't let your boss know about this arrangement you are making for me. Let him be busy with his meeting. He doesn't need to know about this."

Emyr hesitated but then nodded. "Okay, Madam," he said.

And with that, Arwen hung up the call.

Meanwhile, at Cralens First Hospital,

Aiden's walked in like he owned the place. Heading straight to Jason's cabin, he pushed the door open, before walking straight in.

"You are here," Jason said, glancing up from the file he was reading. "I was waiting for you."

"Did the reports come?" Aiden asked, pulling a



chair across him before sitting down.

Jason looked at his watch before shaking his head. "It will be soon here. Maybe in the next fifteen minutes. I have sent someone to look for it."

Aiden nodded in understanding, but Jason could read the invisible nervousness in his demeanour. It might not seem to be there, but knowing his friend for more than a decade, Jason knew Aiden was nervous about things.

"Aiden, it's fine," he said. "You don't have to be so nervous about it. Arwen is doing fine. Even if she has lost memory of the past, you have got her again in the present. Make your time beautiful. Don't think of the things that you have lost in the past."

Aiden stared at him. His gaze turned colder.

"Look," Jason continued, "I am saying this because if Arwen has truly lost her memory, it will be nearly impossible to recover it back. And frankly, I would advise against trying — because the process of bringing those memories back would endanger her life. And —"

"Do you think I am worried about her forgetting me?" Aiden interrupted, his voice steady but



intense. It was like he was holding on to the silver line of patience.

Jason paused at that. "You are not?"

"No," Aiden said firmly. "I am no longer concerned about her forgetting me. What matters is her —our present and our future. If recovering from the past puts her life at risk, I won't allow anyone to even go near it. But will I be enough?"

"Aiden are you doubting yourself again?" Jason asked.

Aiden shook his head. "I just don't want to underestimate the one who is hiding in the shadows. I don't want him to become powerful and capable of harming her again tomorrow. And to make sure of that, I need to find him out first, as soon as possible." 3

Jason understood what Aiden was referring to. Nodding he said, "Just a few minutes more, the reports must be here already."



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