



202 It will suit Granna.

Aiden's gaze remained fixed on Jason as he read through Arwen's reports. 1

"We were right," Jason finally said, closing the file and sliding it across the table to Aiden.

"Arwen did lose her memory and that loss was not caused by any trauma. Instead, someone has deliberately interfered with her mental state."

Aiden's jaws tightened, and his hands balled into fists as he picked up the file. His sharp eyes scanned the document, pausing on certain sections that described it in better terms.

"Continue," he said, his voice low and cold.

Jason leaned forward in a more understanding stance, his expression grave. "Based on the test, it looks like someone used a highly refined neurological suppressant. It's not something readily available —and would require both resources and expertise to administer it. The substance didn't just suppress her memories; it altered her perception of reality, making her believe everything was normal and that nothing was missing. That's why Arwen has no idea



what she has forgotten. To her, everything seemed in place, and her life feels complete." 1

Aiden's grip on the file tightened. "Wouldn't that also mean people could manipulate her easily? Make her believe whatever they wanted to?"

Jason nodded solemnly. "Precisely. In her state, she was like a blank canvas. Whoever did this could have painted any narrative they wanted, and she could have accepted it as truth. Even her personality could have been manipulated."

The weight of Jason's words settled heavily in the room, thickening the air between them.

"How many times has this been done to her?" Aiden's voice was sharper now, laced with fury.

Jason sighed, shaking his head. "Though it's hard to say exactly. However, the chemical markers in her system suggest a prolonged exposure over several years. So, it's possible this was a single, sustained process rather than multiple sustained attempts."

Aiden didn't speak immediately and a dark silence surrounded him that sent a chill through Jason, who couldn't help but ask, "What are you thinking now?"



"Whoever done this didn't just want her memories gone," Aidem muttered, his tone dark. "They wanted control over her entire reality." 5

Jason hesitated before continuing. "If that's the case, then the perpetrator would have needed continuous access to her —someone close, someone she trusted implicitly." 1

Aiden's jaws clenched, the realization dawning upon him. "The Quinns," he hissed, his voice dripping with venom." 1

Jason's brows tugged in a frown. He didn't know much about the Quinns, but given the situation, they seemed to be directly related to the whole of the situation. After all, who else would have Arwen believed more than her parents?

Aiden closed the file and stood up abruptly. "If it's them, they won't get away with this," he declared, his tone resolute. "I won't let them get away with it."

Jason glanced at his friend. He knew now nothing could stop him. But still softening his voice, he spoke, "Aiden, I know you are barely able to hold it but before you act over anything, think about Arwen. She is your priority. Act



according to her. If you are going to uncover the truth, remember to keep her safe by your side first."

"I know," Aiden said firmly. "I won't let her get hurt again." With that, he turned to leave.

Jason leaned back in his chair, watching his friend's retreating figure. Then leaning forward, he again took Arwen's file, taking the read for the second time.

Meanwhile, in the car, Arwen was sitting oblivious to the storm brewing in Aiden's mind. She stared out of the window, her thoughts focused on the design she wanted for Aiden.

"Madam, we are almost there," Alfred announced, pulling her own of her reverie.

Arwen nodded.

She had no idea that the man she was preparing the surprise was simultaneously preparing to shield her from the truth that could shatter her world. 1

As the car came to a halt, Arwen looked out of the window, noting the same elegant store, she had entered just in the morning.



Alfred was about to get out of the car to open the door for her when Arwen stopped him, "It's fine, I can do it by myself."

The driver politely nodded and Arwen opened the door and got out of the car. Entering the store, she was about to walk straight to find Mr. Castille when her phone rang. She looked down at the screen and found Emyr's name on the screen.

"Hello, Mr. Ethan," she said, answering the call. "I just reached the store."

"Madam, I have talked to Mr. Castille. He would be soon there to receive you. But since the requisition was put forward so suddenly, he said it wouldn't be possible to move out the few customers that are there." Emyr responded.

Arwen didn't mind a few presences around, so smiling, she said, "It's fine, Mr. Ethan. Anyway, I will be staying here for a long. I just need to share a few words with Mr. Castille. So as long as I get to meet him, it's fine."

"It's arranged, Madam," Emyr said politely and then after a few more words, Arwen hung up the call. While she was on the call, something on the show caught her eye.

Keeping her gaze fixed on it, she walked to the



store staff who was standing the nearest.
"Hello! Can you show me that beautiful pair of earrings?"

The staff eyes shone as smiling professionally to Arwen, she said, "Sure, Ma'am." Though the staff at the store worked in shifts, she was there in the morning when Arwen and Aiden had come together. Hence, she knew Arwen was someone influential.

As Arwen checked the pair of earrings, her lips curled up in grace. "It will suit Granna perfectly," she muttered to herself before glancing up to the staff to say, "I will take this, help me wrap this up."

The sales representative smiled. "You have a wonderful choice, Ma'am. I will bill it for you."

Saying that she took the delicate piece before putting it in an elegant velvet box. Arwen pulled out one card from her bag and handed it to her. The staff accepted it before moving to the counter to get it billed.

Right at that instant, a voice interrupted Arwen.

"Arwen, is that you?"

