

45 Mysophobia

As Emyr helped Aiden inside the villa, the butler appeared with a worry-stricken face. "Emyr, this —" He was about to ask but Emyr shook his head against it, signaling a silent warning.

The butler was confused but remained silent. Stepping aside, he allowed them to enter. However, the moment he saw Arwen, his eyes twinkled with surprise.

Arwen noticed that gaze but she couldn't decipher the emotions behind it. Her brows furrowed, not understanding why the man was looking at her as if he knew her from before. Did he know her? She didn't remember meeting him before.

She would have tried to jog back in her memory, but just then, she heard Emyr: "Madam, what next should I do?"

Arwen, remembering the situation, let go of her curiosity and quickly walked into what felt like the living room. Approaching Aiden, she looked at his shoulder, which was now drenched in

blood. "It's bleeding so much. Are you sure it's just a small scratch and nothing more?"

Aiden glanced at his shoulders, "I am fine," he said, then turning to Emyr, he signalled something, at which Emyr nodded.

Arwen noticed that small interaction between them. Just as Emyr walked forward, her voice halted him.

"Mr. Ethan, stay where you are and don't move until I tell you." 1

Emyr was taken aback. While his steps obeyed his command, his mind struggled to decide still couldn't whom to follow first. His boss had given him an order, but the lady had overridden it.

Aiden stared at Arwen and was about to speak, but Arwen cut him off. "Don't think of escaping now. I might have agreed to your request of not visiting the hospital for the treatment, but definitely, I am not letting you handle this wound on your own," she said, crossing her arms on her chest.

Then, turning to Emyr, she requested, "Now, you can step forward and help him remove his shirt.

"We need to check his wound."

Emyr nodded at once and walked towards Aiden. His spine felt as though it might snap under Aiden's cold gaze, but his didn't falter. As he drew closer, he whispered softly to his boss, "Sir, your wife is fiercer than you. I can't dare disobey her." 1

Suddenly, Emyr felt the dread in the air dissipating. He didn't understand it at first, but then he looked at his boss, who seemed far more relaxed than before.. The warning in Aiden's eyes had disappeared.

"Did I say something to soothe the dragon?" Emyr wondered. The answer he arrived at unsettled him. *Could it be because I praised his wife's authority?* He felt a little dizzy at the sweet rush of realization but knew he would have to brace himself for more of these moments in future. 1

"You better not delay, unless you are ready to face her fierce side," Aiden said calmly, to which Emyr furrowed his brows in confusion. 1

But all his confusion was quickly cleared up when Arwen spoke next. "Mr. Ethan, is there a problem? If there is, I think we should find

someone else to handle this."

Emyr shook his head immediately and quickly got down to business. "Sorry, Madam, I just thought there might be something wrong with Sir's wound. Anyway, we will see better once we remove the shirt," he said simply trying to dodge the bullet. He had no idea his small comment would only amplify Arwen's worry.

"Something wrong with his wound?" She moved closer to check, just as Emyr finished removing Aiden's shirt from his injured shoulder.

Arwen gasped loudly at the sight of it. A small scratch? Who was he kidding when he said that?

"This can't be treated here. We need to go to the hospital." Arwen said, ready to ask Emyr to help Aiden back to the car when she felt a hand gently grab hers. Looking down, she found Aiden holding it.

Her brows furrowed. "This is not that scratch you mentioned. The cut looks much deeper. It would be better if we go to the doctor. You might need stitches."

Aiden shook his head, his demeanour so calm

that it was impossible to tell he was injured. Arwen couldn't understand how he was so at ease. Wasn't he feeling any pain?

"We won't go to hospital for this. It can be handled here," Aiden said before looking at the old butler, who had been standing nearby. "Mr. Jones!" he called.

The butler nodded and disappeared momentarily, returning within a couple of seconds.

"Miss, please allow me. I can handle this," Mr. Jones said to Arwen before stepping forward to tend to Aiden's wound.

Emyr looked at the old butler and introduced him to Arwen, "Madam, Mr. Jones is the butler of the house. He has specialized skills in medicine and often handles situations like this for Sir. You can rely on his expertise."

Arwen noticed the precision in the old man's movements but was still confused. "Did you say 'often'? Does Aiden often get hurt like this?" she asked, making Emyr earn a glare from his boss.

Emyr scratched the back of his neck before

quickly shaking his head. "That's not what I meant. I just wanted to reassure you sir will be fine under Mr. Jones's care."

"Mr. Ethan, that's not what I asked. Tell me — does he often get hurt?" Arwen pressed.

Emyr shook his head hastily. "No, Madam, Sir doesn't get hurt like this often. Today was a special case because he rushed out without security. But on the rare occasions when he does, Mr. Jones is the one who takes care of it. Sir has a mysophobia, so he avoids hospitals unless absolutely necessary," Emyr explained, doing his best to choose his words carefully.

Arwen heard him, but found her curiosity increasing. She remained quiet and watched Mr. Jones work on Aiden's wound with precise care. Once it was gauzed well, the old butler smiled. "It's done. The wound should heal in a week or two."

With that, he stood up, gathered the first aid kit, and walked back in the direction from where he had appeared earlier.

"Are you feeling better?" Arwen asked, concern evident in her voice.

Aiden nodded.

As Arwen walked closer to check on him once more, she asked, "Last time, I couldn't get your full name. What is it?"

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Creator's Thoughts