

Breaking Free, Loving Again -The Flash Marriage with Mr. CEO Chapter 1 - Just hold on for a little longer.

17 Cross Road, near Palace Road, was prone to accidents—especially when someone was tailgating.

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"Boss, we were only tasked to scare her. But if she keeps driving at that speed, she might crash further up the road," one of the two men chasing the Mercedes spoke with a tone that was tinged with worry.

But the other man who was sitting on the driving seat was unfazed. He chuckled and commented sadistically, "Let her crash and die then. We might have been ordered to only scare her, but the boss didn't say that she couldn't accidentally die. If she does, that's her bad luck."

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After that, the two cars zoomed down the lane. While one was trying to escape, the other relentlessly pushed the first to its limit.

And the inevitable happened soon. On the dark route, the Mercedes met with a deadly crash, halting the air in serene silence. The car that had been tailing it stopped meters away, and the man in the driver's seat pulled out his phone to make the call.

"Boss, the job is done. Ms. Quinn has successfully gotten into an accident," he reported and then slowly retreated from the spot as if he and his car had never been there.

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17 Cross Road was closest to the highway, but since it was in the deserted zone, not many people were around. When the accident happened, no one was there to call the ambulance. Arwen knew this well, so she didn't expect any help to come.

With the head bleeding and limbs painfully trapped, she tried to make the call. Her breath was ragged, and every slight movement sent waves of excruciating pain through her body.

"Arwen, don't give up yet. This can't kill you." She encouraged herself before slowly bending to retrieve her phone which had slipped onto the floorboard earlier. "Arhhh!" she winced, feeling her flesh tear as she bent down. The pain was agonizing- given a choice, she would have rather die than endure it.

But she couldn't do that now. She had a person to return to. She couldn't leave him alone in the world after promising to stay with him forever.

Just for him, she would choose to suffer. Even if it meant hell, she would do it.

Grasping the phone, she took in a deep breath as she slowly speed-dialled his number. It was a difficult task- not only her fingers were shaking, but she was slowly feeling it all go numb. Her life felt like it was slowly slipping away her body.

"Ryan, I will wait for you. Come and save me soon." She murmured to her heart, confident that he would hear her call through the bond they shared. After all, for all the years she had known him, she could hear him without him saying anything.

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After several attempts, she was finally able to dial. But instead of getting connected, she was notified that he was busy over another call. She didn't hang-up, choosing instead to wait for him to answer. But despite her faith, it seemed that the person on the other end was impatient.

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With a beep of rejection, she was notified that the caller was busy and could not accept her call at the moment. Her heart clenched. Although this wasn't the first time of him rejecting her call, given the situation today, she thought he might act differently.

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Her heart painfully twitched, but she reached out to caress it, urging herself to not give up yet. He would come around soon. With all her effort, he would turn around and appreciate her love. Just hold on for a little longer.

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A sad smile curled her lips as she once again managed to manipulate her heart into believing.

Yes, she knew that she was manipulating it into hoping something that might not be true. After all, eight years wasn't a short time. If it were going to turn out in her favour, it would have by now.

But still, she wouldn't let go of it easily. She would believe, even if it was impossible. Just one more time- if she doesn't die. If he comes to save her ... if he makes her grab onto that string of hope himself. Then maybe she would believe in their relationship one more time.

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Arwen felt the consciousness slipping away- slowly, gradually. Maybe there was no longer time left for her to believe in the impossible. This was her time to let go and accept fate.

A resigned sigh left her lips as she readied herself to embrace the death that now seemed inevitable. Her eyelashes flickered, slowly drooping close.

She tried to look outside to see if there was anyone to save her, but her vision blurred. She wasn't sure if it was due to her injuries or the smoke from the crash. She couldn't see anything clearly outside. Perhaps no one was there. Otherwise, they would have come to help or call the ambulance.

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"Accept it, Arwen. This was it. You can no longer escape." She said slowly, lamenting her situation. But then, suddenly, she caught something moving outside from the corner of her eyes. It looked like some brightness appeared at a distance.

Could it be that someone came to her rescue? Could it be Ryan?

She wished it was him. Then, even if she died today, she would feel satisfied knowing she had made his heart change. Her efforts and care for him didn't go to waste, and she finally made him care for her in return.

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Clinging to the last string of consciousness, she forced herself to stay awake- just to make sure that it was him. And she wasn't disappointed when she saw him finally appear amidst the smoke.

Even though she was experiencing a hell of pain, her lips turned up in happiness. He did hear her. He came to save her. "Ryan, you came to save me. I knew you would. I knew you would come to ..." she mumbled, but her words paused faltered when, instead of advancing towards her, she saw him turn to the other car.

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