

Breaking Free, Loving Again -The Flash Marriage with Mr. CEO Chapter 3 - Burn the city.

Chapter 3: Burn the city.

While Arwen lost consciousness, she failed to notice someone else's appearance. As the smoke gradually thinned, he walked through it like Hades emerging from the underworld.

1

His trench coat swayed in the air like sharp blades, ready to slash through anyone who dared block his path. He didn't look around. His gaze was fixed on the Mercedes—or more specifically, on the woman trapped inside it.

3

Reaching out, he tried to open the door. But it was stuck and wouldn't budge. Before the man who had followed him could offer help, the man himself took a step back and shattered the window with a single punch.

His strike was so precise that although the glass shattered, none of the pieces flew in to sting or cut her skin. In the next moment, he reached inside to unlock the door, pulling it open at once.

His eyes grew cold as he assessed her condition. With her limbs trapped awkwardly and her head bleeding, she looked like a terrible mess—nothing like the image of her that he held in his memories.

1

Had he arrived too late?

No, he couldn't afford to be late. Not this time, at least. Especially not when she was like this.

"Arwen!" he called as he bent down to inspect her. Pressing his fingers to the side of her neck, he tried to feel her pulse. But it was so faint that it scared him. Shaking his head, he quickly reached out to unbuckle her seatbelt.

1

"You cannot die. Do you hear me? Open your eyes," he commanded, but she didn't respond. He tried to shake her awake, but she remained still, unresponsive to any of his orders.

3

Did she even know that the world followed his commands? Or did she know that she alone had the power and authority to disobey him?

"Sir, we need to get the lady out of here first. The car could catch fire at any second. It's not safe," the other man, dressed in formal attire, spoke, keeping his tone polite and sincere.

The man nodded, and in the next second, he scooped her up in his arms. His actions were so swift they reflected his ease in carrying her.

With her in his arms, he turned to walk back to his car when he suddenly stopped in his tracks. He didn't turn around, but the person behind him could feel the dark, dangerous aura he was emitting at that moment.

Even though he had been by his boss's side for years, he still couldn't handle this dark side of him with ease. It chilled his soul.

"Emyr, I want you to find out who was responsible for this. And also, who was in that other car," he ordered.

1

Emyr nodded before responding, "You'll know by tomorrow morning, Sir."

The man said nothing more and turned to walk back to his car with the woman in his arms. Emyr, however, turned to look at the other car, which was now deserted. There could only be two reasons for this: either the person fled the scene without a care, or perhaps they were saved by someone.

In both cases, the lady was left behind. And that alone was enough to enrage his boss. After all, the lady wasn't just anyone. She was the pearl treasured by the Dragon King himself. Whoever dared to offend her or leave her behind would have to settle the score—no matter who it was.

1

He felt a twinge of pity for someone but quickly reminded himself that he shouldn't feel any emotion for a person who dared to offend his boss—directly or indirectly.

2

Walking quickly, Emyr soon reached the car. Opening the door, he suggested, "Sir, if you—"

"No need. Just hold the door, and I'll take care of the rest," the man said, as if guessing his secretary's words. Emyr immediately nodded and held the door, using one hand to shield his head. Once his boss was inside, he quickly closed the door and moved to take the driver's seat.

"Sir, do you want me to drive to your personal clinic?"

"We don't have time for that. Drive to the nearest hospital and tell Jason to meet us there before we arrive," he replied, and Emyr nodded, driving down the lane as he called Dr. Clark on the way.

In the back, the man held Arwen close to his heart as if he wanted her to hear his heartbeat and come back to him. "You cannot die like this. Open your eyes, Arwen," he pleaded, but there was no response. He pressed her closer, but her body was growing colder by the second.

3

And that was enough to terrify him.

"Break the signals, Emyr, and floor it to the hospital. I want us there as soon as possible," he ordered, adjusting the woman in his arms. With one arm securing her, the other went to rub her palms, trying to warm her up. "Arwen, can you hear me? Open your eyes. Don't sleep, and don't you dare die," he commanded, but still, there was no response.

"Arwen, wake up. Come on, wake up," he tried again, dipping down to listen to and feel her breaths. But they were so faint that it felt like her soul was slipping away.

Shaking his head, he mumbled to himself, "No, no, no. Nothing can happen to you. You cannot die. Arwen, wake up, please." Then he yelled, "Emyr, drive faster. Get to the hospital soon, or don't blame me for burning you before I burn this city."

2

The secretary quickly pressed the accelerator—not out of fear for his own life, but out of fear that his boss would really do something drastic in his rage if anything happened to the woman.

Reaching the hospital, he swiftly cleared the way so his boss could walk in with the lady at ease. Since he had called ahead and informed the hospital, the floor was kept clear, especially the one leading to the VIP elevator.

"Dean, did you keep the things prepared as I have asked?" Emyr inquired, interrupting the old man in doctor robe who came to introduce himself.

The old man pressed a thin smile and nodded, "Yes, Mr. Ethan, everything is prepared. Please head to the VIP floor, the best team of doctors is already there."