



117 Birds of a feather flock together.

"Mr. Ethan, could you drive a little slower," Arwen asked, settling more comfortably into Aiden's arms. She had only meant to lift his mood initially, but now that she was cozily nestled against him, she just didn't want the moment to end soon. "As I said I am a little exhausted. It would be nice if I could rest a little on the way before we get to the restaurant." 1

Emyr nodded, and Arwen gave him a polite smile.

Aiden, who heard her, glanced down at her and suggested, "If you are tired, we can make plans for another day. I could take you home instead."

Before Jason could agree to that suggestion, Arwen shook her head firmly, refusing it straight away. "That won't be necessary. Though I am a bit tired, I will feel better like this." Then she moved her gaze to Jason, adding, "Besides, Dr. Clark is already here, and your other friends must be on their way to the restaurant, it won't look good if we make a change like this at the last moment. They might see me as



Inconsiderate."

Jason chuckled almost immediately. "Oh, believe me, we are not that petty. And even if we were, nothing would change. Your husband would shut us down instantly if he thought we were treating his wife poorly. He wouldn't even show an ounce of mercy, considering the long years of friendship we had shared."

Arwen was taken aback, surprise evident in her gaze as she looked up at Aiden. *Really?* Her eyes blinked at him as if wanting to ask him but hesitating, feeling that it might sound childish.

When Aiden felt her questioning gaze, he looked at her. Just a look into her eyes and he could tell what was bothering her. Reaching out to remove a stray strand of hair from her face, he said, "You are my wife, the most precious one in my life. If my friends can't treat you well, it only means they are not worthy of the friendship. Why would I bother keeping them around."

Arwen was speechless. Though she had wanted it, she never thought he would accept it so boldly —especially right in front of Jason. It was as if there was nothing to hide. Did he not think that Dr. Clark might take it as offense? If Gianna had said something like this, she might not liked



it as well.

Although she felt her heart warming up at his comment, she couldn't hold herself from glancing over Jason. She wouldn't like it if because of her, the friendship between the two becomes strained.

But to her surprise, Jason sat without any care, as if he didn't hear what Aiden had said just now. But she was sure, Aiden had said it loud enough for everyone to hear. Does he really not mind it? Or was he just hiding it?

Before she could dwell more on it further, Aiden's fingers pressed under her chin, tilting her head, so that her eyes returned back at him.

"What are you thinking now?" he asked, noticing the slight pout on her lips.

"How can you say something like that? Joking is fine, but we have Dr. Clark sitting here. What if he doesn't like it? He is your friend, and you shouldn't upset him by saying things like that."

Aiden held her gaze and simply shook his head. "I wasn't joking," he said, and just when Arwen would have said anything, he added more firmly. "What I said is what I meant, Moon. I have said this before, and I would say it again — You are



my bottom line. No one should cross it. Not even my friends." 2

Arwen's breath hitched and she felt her heart race, not just by his words but also by the way his chestnut brows were drowning into hers —it was just adding more flair to the fire.

"But they are your friends," she tried to reason, despite the flutter in her chest.

"And you are my wife," Aiden said, just as Jason chimed in to provide the reassurance that Arwen might seem to be looking for.

"And for us, our wives would always come first. It's a pact we all have agreed upon." Jason said, looking behind through the rearview mirror.

"Aiden is right —we won't deserve the friendship if we couldn't treat our friend's wife well. Our friendship is important which is why we would make sure that we treat so well that you will never have a complaint."

Arwen didn't know how to respond. It was sweet, but beyond that, it was genuinely endearing. Nodding, she said, half-jokingly, "So this is what people mean when they say —birds of a feather flock together."

Jason chuckled but then nodded. "You could say

so, but I won't take the credit. It has always been Aiden from whom we learn. You know, he is too good at setting priorities. He never bothers entertaining something that's unnecessary."

Arwen's eyes flicked back to Aiden. Seeing him sitting nonchalantly even through his praises just added more to his charms.

"Rest if you want to," Aiden murmured before reaching to caress her hair softly. "I will wake you up when we reach the restaurant."

"Are you sure?" Arwen asked, looking at him doubtfully.

When he raised a brow, she shrugged, "I mean, you suddenly don't seem the type to wake me up just to make me meet your friends. You would probably let me sleep until I am fully rested and wake up on my own."

The way Aiden's lips curled into a smirk, Arwen knew she was at it. "See, I guessed it right! You had the plans for it," she said, playfully accusing him. And even then Aiden didn't seem to refuse.

"If you are tired, you should get the rest completely."

"I can rest after the dinner as well. For that, you



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don't have to make everyone wait," she pouted slightly, then added, "Promise me, you will wake me as soon as we reach the restaurant."

Alden looked at her adoringly. Seeing her not budging, he nodded. Only then did Arwen relax. "Alright then. I will take a nap," she said, closing her eyes. It wasn't long before drowsiness took over, and she drifted off.

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