

24 Too late to regret.

Arwen blinked. Was it really that easy? Even as she signed her name on the form, she couldn't quite believe it. As she pushed the documents toward the man sitting beside her, she ogled his composed demeanor. He was so calm, as if nothing was out of the place. 1

He had come for her, and she was meant to be his. 1

"Do I intrigue you so much, dear wife?" Aiden suddenly turned to her, catching her off-guard.

Befuddled, Arwen nodded at first, but then after considering what he had asked, she shook her head. "Not at all. You look very ordinary."

"Ordinary?" Aiden raised a brow.

Arwen nodded, flustered, knowing full well what a big lie that was. He was anything but ordinary.

Aiden smirked. "Fine, we will discuss that later. From now on anyway we have all the time in the world to explore what you mean by 'ordinary'." 3

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Arwen turned to look at him with creases formed in between her brows, briefly forgetting the weight of his words. But, as if to remind her, the magistrate spoke up, "There, it's almost done."

He picked up the department seal, pressed it onto the paper beside the President's seal, and signed his name. "I now declare you husband and wife. You can take the receipt now, and come back to collect your official marriage certificate in fifteen days."

With a smile pressed on his lips, he looked at Arwen and then shifted his gaze to Aiden.

"Congratulations to you both!"

Aiden nodded to him before turning his attention to Arwen to say, "The procedures here are done. Emyr will take care of the rest. We can leave."

Arwen looked at him and nodded. She was about to stand up when Aiden extended his hand towards her. She glanced up, realizing his gaze was asking her to take his hand.

She almost wanted to laugh -it felt so surreal. But maybe it was the right thing to do, especially given the magistrate's earlier doubts.

Arwen placed her hand in his and stood up, whispering, "Thank you."

"It's my pleasure," he replied as they walked out together, looking every bit like a beautiful couple. Emyr smiled at the sight of them. But then, turning back, he requested the receipt and the file of documents that were needed to be taken. The assistant quickly handed it to him, and Emyr followed his boss out.

"Sir, why were you so surprised to see his documents? Was it just because they got them approved by the President's office?" The assistant asked as he saw the three people leaving.

The magistrate shook his head. "Not just that, but also because of the additional details that were added further ahead." The magistrate said before continuing, "If the President's office hadn't approved it, we didn't have the authority to approve it on our own accord."

"What was so special about it?" The assistant was curious.

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"According to the Cralen's marriage law, it's mandatory for the husband to gift or contribute to his wife's exclusive property as a mark or respect. Usually, men keep it simple with a small monetary gift, or a property or some other asset. But this gentleman named almost the entire country in his wife's name. All the extra documents attached towards the end were the property deeds he had given to her. Some of them required government permissions, which is why only the President's office could approve it. Such extravagance is remarkable and also mark of his sincerity towards the woman. It was undeniably well thought and can't be made on a whim." ?

The assistant looked towards the exit, still able to see the two walking together. He found it hard to believe.

"But the lady clearly came here intending to marry Mr. Foster."

"If that's so, then her destiny brought her to this golden man. She would have ended up with him anyway because he holds the passion for her like no one else," the magistrate said with a laugh.

"Since the day is done, I will be leaving first. You can wrap up your work."

Outside, Emyr huffed, looking down at the file of documents in his hands. Only he knew how he had made everything possible in such a short time. Everything had moved so fast that for a moment, even he couldn't process it.

They had been waiting, observing Arwen's every move, until out of the blue, his boss asked him to get the marriage documents approved by the President's office. Since the documents were already prepared before they returned to the country, Emyr had no confusion about that.

But what puzzled him was why his boss had decided to push it all through so suddenly. That hadn't been part of the plan. Now, though, he understood what his boss had been aiming for.

Arwen was walking beside Aiden, still trying to grasp what she had done, when she suddenly remembered something she had overlooked. She stopped in her tracks, her brows furrowing.

Noticing her stopping, Aiden turned to look at her. Seeing her confused expression, he asked, "What's wrong?"

"I didn't ask for your name," she admitted, feeling truly dumb. She had just gotten married without even knowing the man's name. What had she been thinking?

Aiden tucked his hands into his pockets. "Are you scared now?" He asked, but Arwen shook her head.

"No, I just ... I didn't get to ask your name, and the reason you agreed to our arrangement?"

"Arrangement?" He repeated her chosen term. Just as Arwen was about to explain, he added, "I made it very clear -I don't do arrangements. If we marry, we marry for real. And now, it's too late to regret." 2

The way he said that made him seem cool, but at the same time, Arwen sensed he was too sure about her. As if he knew he had known everything. Did he know her?

Remembering the familiarity she had felt around him earlier, she asked again. "Do we know each other? I mean have we met before?"