

26 No compulsion.

Foster Villa on St. Fords Lane. 1

Emyr didn't need not to ask whom the lady was planning to meet. The Fosters weren't a new name to him. Even before they had returned to Cralens, he had been keeping tabs on them per his boss's orders.

He swallowed visibly, unsure of what to do next. Driving the lady to the Foster Villa, where her ex-fiancé lived, felt like summoning his own death.

Emyr was still hesitating, wondering whether he should take the risk of asking his boss or not, when he suddenly heard Aiden's annoyed voice.

"What's wrong, Emyr? Did you forget the way to St. Fords Lane?"

Of course not. Emyr has entire blueprint of Cralens, especially the city of Cralora, memorized. Even with amnesia, it would be hard to forget the routes. 2

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Arwen quickly added, "No need to hurry. You can drive at your own pace, Mr. Ethan."

Emyr nodded, and started the car to drive to the St. Fords Lane.

As the scenic view passed behind them, the silence in the car became more and more deafening. Usually, silence like this didn't bother Arwen, but something about it this time made her feel unsettled.

Unable to bear the feeling any longer, she turned to look at Aiden, who was sitting beside her. She stared at him until he turned to meet her gaze.

"Do you need anything?" he asked gently, and Arwen shook her head.

"I thought of telling you something," she said. After a second, noticing the itch on her expression, Aiden nodded.

"Sure, tell me. What is it?"

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"You are not going to ask me why I am going to the Fosters?" It wasn't that Arwen felt compelled to tell Aiden everything, but sitting beside him while heading to her ex-fiancé's family home without letting him know made her uncomfortable. It wasn't exactly betrayal, but the feeling was similar.

Aiden studied her furrowed brows and asked gently, "You want me to ask you?"

Was that a question?

Arwen frowned slightly and said, "Ryan, my fiancé, I mean, my ex-fiancé, is a Foster. Foster Villa is where his parents live. I thought you had an inkling who he was since they mentioned his name at the magistrate's office earlier."

"Yes, I heard the Foster name there. And I am aware that he is your ex-fiancé," Aiden replied, without hiding anything. But then, he said nothing more, leaving Arwen confused at his nonchalance. It wasn't because she wanted him to be jealous, but she thought he might get upset if he found it later.

Confused, she asked, "So, you are still letting Mr. Ethan drive me there? You are not even curious why I am going to my ex's house when I am already married to you?"

Right. Why would he care? It's not like they married for love. While she had signed the certificate to escape the loveless marriage with Ryan, he must have had his own reasons. Why would he care if —

Arwen was lost in her thoughts when Aiden's voice interrupted, leaving her dumbfounded with an easy explanation.

"As your husband, I should believe you. Shouldn't I?"

His words left Arwen momentarily speechless. The sentiment felt oddly familiar, as if she had recently heard it herself but in a different way.

Emyr, who was driving was also taken aback. He barely managed to stop himself from hitting the brakes in shock. He hadn't meant to eavesdrop, but in the close quarters of the car, he couldn't help it. He had feared his boss might erupt in jealousy, possibly burning the city or even the world in his fury. But instead of smoldering with envy, Aiden was exuding a calmness built on trust and belief. 2

In just one day, Emyr barely recognized the man anymore. He wasn't sure what else the future had in store. 2



Arwen realized why Aiden's words felt familiar. She had said something similar, but she had never expected him to remember, let alone act on it so soon. It was too good to be true.

"So, you are not going to ask me about it?" she asked again.

Aiden shook his head. "If you want to tell me, I am more than willing to listen. But if you don't, I won't force you. There's no compulsion because, as your husband, I choose to trust you."

Arwen tried to delve into his chestnut-colored orbs to see if he really meant what he was saying or if he was just creating as fragile bubble that could pop at any moment. But all she saw was genuine trust. He meant it.

Nodding, she smiled before turning to gaze out the window. "In that case, wait for me to tell you everything slowly, in my own time."

Aiden nodded as they entered St. Fords Lane. They were nearing Foster Villa.

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"You can take your time there. I will wait for you outside in the car." Aiden said as the grand white villa came into view. Soon, the plaque with the name 'Fosters' carved elegantly on it appeared, marking the start of the property. The security came to check but seeing Arwen sitting they went back to open the gate.

Arwen wanted to decline his offer, but then she nodded agreeing to his suggestion. "Okay. I will try to not take too long, but if you get bored, send me a text and leave. I won't mind."

Aiden didn't reject the idea, but Arwen could tell that he wouldn't leave, no matter how bored he got. It was written on his face. The determination was so clear that it made her heart flutter every time she looked into his eyes.

Emyr got out of the car and swiftly came to open the door for her. "Ma'am!" he said politely, and Arwen stepped down, giving him a small smile, appreciative smile.

"Thank you, Mr. Ethan." With that, she walked towards the villa, where the butler came forward to greet her.