

33 Long-lost tale.

Gianna was truly freaking out. She didn't want Arwen to marry Ryan, but she certainly hadn't wished her to marry a complete stranger either. 1

"Anna, I am not cracking jokes. I am serious as well," Arwen said calmly. Then, getting up, she walked to the dining table to pour herself a glass of water.

Sipping it slowly, she continued, "If I weren't serious, how could I have signed the marriage certificate today?"

"Exactly, my point! Why did you do that?" Gianna asked, as if she was in agony trying to understand what had driven her friend to make such a decision.

Arwen turned to look at Gianna and gestured for her to take a seat on the sofa first. "Sit down, I will tell you what all happened." She walked back to sit as well before reaching for her phone. After tapping it a few times, she showed Gianna an image.

"What the fu*k? That ass*le actually slept with that b*tch just a night before marrying you?"



"I am not sure," Arwen said honestly, and Gianna rolled her eyes at her.

"What's there to be unsure about? Isn't the evidence right in front of you?"

"Delyth is not worth trusting." Arwen replied, and Gianna scoffed.

"As if Ryan Foster is?"

Arwen shook her head, "He isn't, but I don't think he would cheat like that. At most, he might go out on a date, but not sleep around. If he had, Delyth wouldn't be so insecure even after having all his attention."

Gianna rubbed her chin. "So, you mean Delyth—"

"I said I don't know, There can be a 'maybe' amidst this all." Arwen didn't like making accusations unless she was sure, and right now, she wasn't.

"If that's the case, shouldn't you have clarified things with Ryan instead of marrying a stranger like that?" Gianna knew how serious Arwen had been about marrying Ryan. If it wasn't his betrayal that made her take such a bold step, then what else had?

"There was no point in clarifying something I had

already known," Arwen smiled and shook her head again. "Ryan might have been with me all these years, but even a blind person could tell I wasn't in his heart. I just couldn't see it. He left me to die, and that's when I realized how little I meant to him. I decided to let him go that day, but was under the pressure from my mother."

"But today was different. I had the upper hand in the situation. If I hadn't used it, I would have lost the only chance I had. So, I took it. It was just marrying a stranger. I have heard that, in ancient times, people did that often, for various reasons."

Arwen explained it as rationally as possible, and for a moment, even Gianna thought it might have been for the best. But then, when she recalled what Arwen had actually risked, she shook her head, circling back to square one.

"Arwen, don't try to manipulate me. Sure, in the ancient times, people arranged marriages with strangers, but we don't live in that era anymore." Gianna reasoned, then added, "And if you really wanted to escape the situation, why didn't you just fake it? That would have been safer and smarter. Why did you have to make it real? "

Gianna's argument was sound, but in that moment, Arwen hadn't considered those



options. Maybe in her desperation, she hadn't thought everything through. 1

"Maybe I was so charmed by his looks that I simply didn't see any other options," Arwen said with a shrug.

"Arwen!"

"Really, his eyes were too deep. They captivated me in a way that I just couldn't look away. Otherwise, why would I have chosen him when I was clearly planning on picking the magistrate's assistant?" Arwen said, and Gianna could barely believe what she was hearing.

Still Gianna nodded, "Is he that handsome?"

Arwen nodded her head vigorously. "His charms are dangerously strong. He could scare anyone with just one look. I saw it when he scared the magistrate with a single gaze."

"And you still married him?" Gianna asked, bewildered. Shouldn't she run away instead when he looked so dangerous?

But Arwen nodded as if she had hundreds of reasons to explain. "His gaze wasn't the same towards me. In fact, he felt oddly familiar; like I had met him before. I almost thought I knew him

from somewhere in the past."

Gianna pressed her lips in a thin line, no longer believing Arwen's words. To her, it seemed as though her friend was under the effect of some kind of spell.

"Really? If he seems that familiar to you, do you think you two shared a relationship in the past life or something? Maybe in this life or the previous one?"

"I don't know." Arwen admitted, lost in her own trance. The familiarity that she felt around Aiden was really hard to ignore. But no matter how much she tried to remember, she couldn't place him anywhere in her life.

Gianna, on the other hand, was feeling ready to squeeze something out of pure frustration.

"Okay, tell me what's his name. Maybe, I can help you remember him," she asked while trying her best to stay composed.

Arwen, still lost in her trance, almost missed Gianna's question. "Huh?" she asked, furrowing her brows little in confusion.

And Gianna repeated herself, controlling her temper as best as she could. "I asked for his name. I hope you at least asked for that before



marrying him."

"Oh, right, I did." Arwen nodded, before replying, "His name is Aiden."

"Aiden!" As Gianna repeated that name, and something in her expression shifted, as if she was finding it hard to believe. Could it be —? 2

Arwen noticed the change in Gianna's expression and asked, "You know him?" Her gaze fixed on Gianna, curious, as if waiting for her to reveal a long lost tale wiped from her memory. 2

Gianna didn't answer immediately. Instead, she asked, as if trying to recall someone, "Can you say that name again? Aiden, what?" 3