

35 Is it that obvious?

Ryan avoided meeting Daniel's gaze as he said, "She wouldn't know anything. And even if she did, she would choose to believe me. After all, we all know how obsessed she has been with me, calling it love." 1

And Daniel frowned. "Aren't you strangely confident about that, Ryan?"

"Why? Do you think otherwise?" Ryan asked, clearly very sure of himself.

Daniel shook his head, "No, but I do believe that even the strongest feelings expire when they are ignored and taken for granted." Downing the rest of his drink, he added, "Anyway, now that I have heard all of it, I would take my leave. I still want to go back and get some rest." 2

As he got up to leave, Ryan stopped him.

"Daniel, wait." Ryan said, causing Daniel to turn back. "I want you to look into something." But before he could explain further, his phone rang.

When Ryan glanced down, it was Delyth calling. He frowned but answered the call. Moment later, his expression turned ashen. "Which hospital?"



he asked, standing abruptly. "Alright, I will be there soon."

Daniel saw him hang up and asked, "What happened?"

"Delyth's been in an accident."

"What?" Daniel was shocked. He had arranged for the car, and the driver was highly experienced. How could an accident happen? 2

Ryan was already heading for the door. "I am going to the hospital," he said, and Daniel quickly followed.

"Wait for me. I will come with you." Daniel said, hurrying after him.

The next evening, Arwen was ready. Since she was moving from Gianna's place, she didn't have much to pack.

She was waiting for Aiden's call when her pinged with a text notification. Glancing down, she saw it was from Gianna, and an affectionate smile curved on her lips.

[Gi-Anna: Wennie, I will be boarding the flight soon. But stay safe. Don't make me worry too much.]



Shaking her head, Arwen replied to her: **Have a safe journey, Anna. I will be fine.**

Gianna's trip has come up so suddenly that she had almost refused the opportunity. But Arwen knew how long Gianna had been waiting for this particular artist to resurface. Now that the artist had finally announced a week-long workshop, Gianna turning it down just to stay with her would have filled Arwen with guilt. 1

Eventually, Arwen convinced her friend not to miss the chance. Of course, Gianna hadn't agree at first, but Arwen had her ways.

After exchanging a few more texts, Arwen was about to set her phone down when she felt it vibrate again. This time, the screen flashed with 'Husband💛' as the caller ID. 1

A slight smile, tinged with a blush, appeared on her cheeks as she answered the call. "Hello! Have you arrived downstairs?"

"Mhm," came his hum of approval, and she quickly replied.

"Fine, wait there. I will be down in a minute."

Then hanging up the call, she grabbed her trolley bag, and headed for the door.



When she got downstairs, she saw Aiden standing by the car. Unlike the last time, his secretary wasn't around, nor was he dressed in his business attire. Instead, he looked much more casual today in loosely fitted denim and a white, solid shirt that clung perfectly to his muscles all so well. His build wasn't overly large, but it was clear that beneath that shirt, he had well shaped biceps and sexy washboard abs. His tall frame not just matched his commanding presence, but it also accentuated his slender legs that gave him a perfect appeal in an attractive, lean look.

"Let me carry that for you."

Before Arwen could even react, Aiden had already taken her bag and was heading towards the car. She felt embarrassed at how easily she had gotten lost in ogling him in his casual outfit. She quickly followed after him, but in her haste, she forgot to mind her recovering legs.

Without realizing it, she tripped, stubbing her feet on the uneven path.

"Ah—" she yelped, bracing herself to fall on her face, but the very next second, a strong arm quickly wrapped around her stomach, holding her mid-air. 1

She heaved a sigh of relief but then heard his concerned voice, laced with clear worry and some unknown fear.

"Careful!"

His panicked tone struck a chord with her, reminding her of something —or someone. She furrowed her brows and turned to look at him.

The blurry night flashed from her memories and the feeling of the same comforting engulfed her. But she wasn't sure about it —about him.

Could he be —

"You should be careful with your legs when you walk around. Don't rush like that —I am not going away," Aiden said, clearly worried for her. 1

Arwen stared at him, and when her gazes met with his, she asked, "How do you know?"

"Know what?" Aiden asked, his usual calm demeanor as he helped her regain her balance and turned to walk toward the car. "I never told you that my legs are not fine. How did you know about it then?"

After placing her luggage in the car, Aiden turned to look at her nonchalantly and said, "I can see it when you move. It's not hard to tell."



Arwen's expressions deflated. For a moment, she had thought that he might be him—the one who had saved her that night, the one who held her like she was the most precious thing in the world—the one he couldn't dare to lose. But in her excitement, she had failed to consider how impossible that coincidence would be.

"Oh, is it that obvious?" she asked with a soft smile, though her disappointment was clear.

Aiden didn't want to keep the truth from her, but with everything going on, now wasn't the right time. "Yes, it is," he replied, gesturing to the car, "If there is nothing else, shall we go?" 2

Arwen nodded, and Aiden walked over to open the door for her. She smiled at his not so rare gesture.