

69 Cancel the reservation.

Arwen returned to her room with a smile. But her expression changed when she noticed her phone ringing on the dresser. She had left it behind and wasn't sure how long it had been ringing for. 1

Frowning slightly, she picked it up and saw Daniel's name flashing on the screen.

After everything that had happened between them, she hesitated for a moment. Should she answer the call? Or just ignore it? But then, considering their years of friendship, she accepted the call.

"Daniel!" she greeted as she answered.

"Arwen, finally! I was starting to think you wouldn't pick up." Daniel's voice carried a note of relief, which brought a smile to her face.

Truthfully, she had considered ignoring the call, but in the end, she decided otherwise.

"Well, if you are feeling that way, maybe you should call again, and we will see if you were right," she teased lightly.

Daniel quickly dismissed the idea. "No way, not doing that again." After a brief pause, he added, hesitating, "Arwen, I know things have been weird, especially after last time, but... can we meet?"

"If this is about Ryan," Arwen began, her tone growing more serious, "Then I don't think—"

"No, Arwen. This isn't about him," Daniel quickly said interjecting, his tone softening towards the end. "There are just a few things I need to say to you, but I would rather do it in person."

Arwen paused, considering his words. It wasn't like meeting Daniel was an issue, but the tension from the last time still lingered. She felt really disappointed in him when he didn't return her call when she had asked him but had called her to the hospital when he thought Ryan needed an explanation.

Sensing her hesitation, Daniel spoke again, "I understand if you are hesitant, Arwen. But I still consider you my friend and I don't want to be misunderstood because of what happened last time."

"Alright, Daniel. Let's meet then," Arwen agreed,

knowing well that she couldn't always ignore him, given their long friendship. And he was right —she couldn't place all the blame on him for one incident.

Daniel sounded relieved on the other end of the call. "Great. Then let's meet at seven in the evening. I will text you the place, somewhere close to your place."

Arwen didn't say much and simply hummed before the call disconnected. Checking the clock, she noticed there were still a few hours left. So, she decided to finish some pending work that had been left unattended because of several reasons.

When the clock neared seven, she closed her laptop, made a quick call and said, "I have gone through the files. You can move forward with the next steps." After hanging up, she got up to get ready.

As she stepped out of her room, dressed and prepared, Aiden walked in unexpectedly. Arwen raised her brows in surprise. "You are early today?" she asked casually.

Aiden's eyes subtly took her appearance, noting

the effort in her outfit. "You are heading out?" he inquired, his tone neutral.

"Yes, meeting a friend. I was just leaving when you came in," Arwen replied, watching his expression for a reaction.

Aiden merely hummed in response, but his gaze lingered for a moment than usual. Arwen considered mentioning the practice room, but it didn't feel like the right time. She would bring it up later when they could have a more relaxed conversation.

But apart from that, Arwen felt there was something amiss in Aiden's expression. Though he looked calm, it felt like he was battling within. "You don't want me to go?" she didn't know why she asked that but she felt like he misunderstood something.

If he would have asked her to explain, she would have done it. But as far as she understood him, she knew he wouldn't ask her. Nor would he stop her from going out.

And her understanding of him wasn't proven wrong. He shook his head and gestured, "Go ahead. You shouldn't make your friend wait if



you guys have decided on time."

Arwen smiled, feeling proud that she could read him, even if just a little. "I will go first then," she said, turning to leave. But just after taking a single step, she paused, glancing back at Aiden.

With a slight smile, she retraced her steps, coming to stand directly in front of him. Aiden's brows furrowed in confusion as he watched her. "What happened?" he asked, curious. "Did you forget something?"

Arwen nodded softly, her smile widening. Without saying another word, she leaned in and placed a gentle kiss on his cheek. She felt him stiffen at her unexpected touch, and her smile deepened at the effect.

As she pulled away, she whispered, "Wait for me at home, husband. I will be back soon. Miss me while I am gone, okay?"

With a wave, she turned and left, leaving Aiden standing there, momentarily stunned. He watched her go, noticing how she didn't glance back, but he could tell she was blushing from her own boldness. Indeed, she was braver than anyone gave her credit for.



Just as Aiden stood there, still in a daze, from Arwen's unexpected kiss, Emyr entered with a puzzled expression. "Sir, Madam left on her own. Did you not tell her you came back to pick her up?"

Aiden unbuttoned the top of his shirt with deliberate calmness, his face unreadable. "Cancel the reservation. She has some other plans," he said simply, before turning and heading upstairs.

Emyr was momentarily left speechless. Was he even serious? Cancel the reservation? He couldn't help but think of the wasted money and the missed opportunity. After all, not many could afford to book even a table at Demeter, the most exclusive restaurant in the city —let alone the entire venue. And his boss had reserved the whole damn place, making him work extra hard on the arrangements that were specifically arranged.

Could someone help me find a corner to cry now? I can't take this anymore, Emyr lamented internally, before following Aiden upstairs. 2

