

73 Break another rule.

"And this is Aiden, my husband," Arwen introduced, and inside the car, Emyr let out a quiet sigh of relief. If she had delayed another second, he feared Cralens might have turned into second Antarctica. 1

Arwen moved to stand beside Aiden, smiling as she continued, "I was planning to introduce you later to my friends, but since you arrived and Daniel was here, I thought, why not now?"

Aiden eased when he heard her introduce him that way. Extending his hand to Daniel, he said, "Hello, Daniel. Nice to meet you."

Daniel studied Aiden for a moment, trying to recall if they had met before, but the memory seemed vague. "Have we met before?" he asked, and Aiden met his gaze evenly, shaking his head.

"I don't think so. I have never met any of my wife's friends before," Aiden glanced briefly at Arwen, then back to Daniel. "But it was nice meeting you. Hopefully, we will meet again soon. For now, we will have to excuse ourselves. The



weather is getting chilly, and I don't want her catching cold."

The way he expressed his concern —so naturally, as if it was his second nature. Daniel glanced between them and nodded. "Sure, go ahead. I won't hold you two back. We will meet again soon anyway." 1

Aiden gave a small nod and then turned to Arwen. "Shall we, then?"

Arwen nodded, before turning to give Daniel a polite smile. "Take care, and drive safely. I will head back first."

Daniel smiled and nodded to her.

As Daniel watched them walk away, he couldn't shake off the feeling of familiarity he had felt earlier. While Aiden's demeanour was friendly, there was an undeniable threat in his gaze that he felt very evidently. It felt like his gentleness was reserved for only Arwen. No one else. His aura, though seemingly gentle, carried a subtle warning that left a lasting impression.

Had he ever met him before? The sense of familiarity was thin, but it surely was there. He

felt like he had seen him somewhere, known him from somewhere.

In the car, Arwen glanced at Emyr sitting in the front passenger seat, remembering Aiden's earlier words over the call. "I thought you were done for the day when you returned home. Was the work that urgent?" she asked, curiously.

Aiden turned to look at her and hummed in response. And Emyr bit back the urge to say something. Since when had his boss become so adept in disguising the truth? In the past, Aiden never masked his intentions —if he wanted to do something, he made it clear through his actions. But today, just to pick Arwen up, he had created an entire facade.

If only she knew how long they had waited outside the café for the right moment to call her. Covering the distance from the South District in just an half hour would have been impossible without some careful planning. And his boss ... well he always has his ways.

Unaware of all the behind-the-scenes that had happened, Arwen nodded. "My car is still parked.



Did you arrange for someone to pick it up?" she asked.

Aiden hummed again. "It will be taken care of. Let's go." He signalled the driver, and the car began to move in a certain direction.

Something about his tone felt off, probing Arwen to ask, "Where are we going? Are we not heading back home?" She had noticed the road they were heading on was not towards the South District.

Aiden gave her a small gaze. "You will find out soon," he said cryptically, leaving her no choice but to wait. She turned to the window, recognizing the road as familiar, filling her with nostalgia.

As they drove down the pebbled path, Arwen's eyes widened in recognition. Just when she thought she knew where they were, the car stopped.

Aiden spoke calmly, "We have arrived."

Arwen looked outside, eyes landing on an old stall in the distance. "The NOODLE Shop," she whispered, recognizing the place. Though the name on the signboard appeared dusty and



faded, she could still make it out.

Emyr, on the other hand, was puzzled. He hadn't expected Aiden's mysterious destination to be anything like this. Earlier, when they were leaving the Winslow Residence, Aiden had simply given coordinates of the location, and Emyr hadn't thought much of it. But now, seeing the humble noodle stall, he was completely thrown off. Could he go back in time and ask his boss about it?

Aiden heard Arwen murmur the name and raised his brows, feigning surprise. "You know this place?" Although his voice was calm, his gaze betrayed the emotions that were simmering beneath.

Arwen's brows furrowed in confusion. Shrugging, she shook her head, "I am not sure. This is the way to my old school. But ..." She paused in her words, before shaking her head again. "I don't know. The stall looks old, but I don't think I have seen it before."

Aiden's expression dimmed a little, but at the same time, he felt there was something amiss. It wasn't just that she had forgotten him; it seemed



she had forgotten everything connected to that time.

But how? And why? 4

"What are we doing here?" Arwen asked, her attention shifting between Aiden and the stall as if searching for something that was just out of reach in her memory.

Aiden reached out to brush her hand gently, "I thought you might be hungry and would want to eat something. So ..."

"Here?" Arwen raised her brows, clearly taken aback. She had never been allowed to eat from such stalls —her mother had deemed them unhealthy and off-limits, refraining her from eating there, even if she ever begged to let her try once.

Aiden nodded, but he felt a bit odd. "This place used to have the best spicy noodles in the town back. I thought you might want to try them since you like spicy food." He paused before adding, "But if you want to go some somewhere else, we can choose another place that suits your taste and liking."



Her eyes sparkled up with curiosity. "You have eaten here before?"

Aiden smiled faintly, his gaze searching something on her expression. "Yeah, a few times when I was younger. The food was great back then. Not sure if it's still the same."

Arwen grinned, surprising him. "Then let's head in and check it out."

Aiden hesitated, "Are you sure?"

She nodded, her smile growing bigger. "My mother never let me try this kind of food, but now that I have the chance, I won't miss it. Let's go in."

With that, Arwen was ready to break another one of her mother's strict rules. Someone has rightly said after the first step, the second and third comes easy.