



129 Henpecked Husband.

Cralens High School had been Arwen's previous high school. Though she might not remember much from the time there, its name was still etched in her memory, a small reminder of a past she had forgotten. 1

Seeing Aiden mention Cralen High School in his history on MomentShare made her pause. She turned to look at him in surprise, waiting for him to answer her.

Aiden's fingers froze midair for a moment before he nodded, accepting it. Meeting her surprised expression, he said, "It was the school my mother could afford."

Arwen didn't fully understand, nor did Aiden chose to explain the details. "So, till the time I stayed here, I went there."

Although his tone was casual, Arwen didn't miss the flicker in his eyes when he mentioned his mother. She sensed a story he was hesitant to share. Not wanting to press him, she simply nodded, changing the subject.

"What a coincidence we share! That was also my primary school. I had been there for some time,



but later I got transferred to another. If we were in the same year, I might have thought we had met. But you must have been my senior, so I doubt we hardly would have crossed paths. Maybe ...Maybe we just passed each other in same corridor."

She said before pausing for a moment. A small smile curled her lips slight as if she had seen some possibility there. "That seems possible. After all, we have got into so many coincidences that one more of such kind wouldn't surprise me," she chuckle with a hint of playfulness in her tone. "Do you remember any beautiful girl there who left a lasting impression? Someone like me? Maybe we would have bumped into each other sometime in some common corridor, or —"

Arwen only meant to tease him, but Aiden's gaze grew still at her. The depth of his chestnut brows suddenly deepened as if he was once again reliving the past she had forgotten. The time when a young girl bumped into him, making him stumble hard against a wall.

Her amber pairs still looked the same but the fierceness it held then was very different. It was more like a pit of fire that could swallow a soul all at once. Same as it had swallowed his, then.



When Arwen saw him lost, she felt something amiss. She snapped her fingers in front of him, forcing a small, awkward smile. "You don't have to think so deeply. I was just messing up with you. There could be no such coincidence. And even if there was one, neither of us would remember it after so many years."

Aiden's jaws clenched slightly at her words. Even if her words were true, he found it painful to realize how easily she had forgotten him, as if he never existed there in her world. 1

Arwen noticed the shift in his expression and his mood, and her playful smile faded. Something in Aiden's silence unsettled her. The way his jaws tightened, and the way his gaze shifted, she could see a storm beneath his calm surface a hint of something that he was keeping to himself—hesitating to share.

"Aiden?" she asked softly, placing her hand gently on his. "I truly just meant to tease. I didn't mean to ..."

That soft touch of her hand brought him out of his trance. He blinked, glancing down at her hand that was covering his own and realized how easily he had let his inner turmoil surface. He had meant to keep it hidden forever yet, it



had shown the very first moment it felt the chance.

Looking back into Arwen's eyes, he sensed the growing concern in her gaze, and managed a faint smile. "You are getting better, Moon, but your teasing skills haven't reached the level to trouble me yet."

Arwen raised her brows, confused at first. But then the understanding of his words dawned upon her, and her eyes narrowed at him. "You —" she started, but not giving her the chance, Aiden quickly changed the topic back to the original.

"The account is created. You can use it," he said, gesturing to the laptop. When Arwen turned to see, she found the profile ready and active. Her gaze zeroed in on the '0 followers' and '1 following' stats, and she clicked her tongue. She didn't need to ask to know whose account he had clicked to follow.

"Tsk tsk, this would have been impressive if you had even a few followers, husband. But with zero followers and only one following, people would hardly recognize my fan. They will think that I created a fake account to hype myself with one extra follower. So, don't you think it would be better if you tried following a few more? That



way it would look a little less suspicious."

Aiden's gaze flicked to the screen before returning to hers. "Is that important?" he asked.

Arwen raised her brows. Was it important? Pressing a smile, she said, "It will make your account look legit in less time."

"It will look legit over time," Aiden replied, his calm confidence leaving her momentarily speechless. But he had a point —the account would gain credibility naturally. If he added followers too quickly, right before she made announcement, it might look suspicious.

So, she nodded thoughtfully. "Yes, let it get legit over time then. For now, let people think that you are a crazy fan of mine. Or maybe ... a henpecked husband?"

"Henpecked husband?" Aiden repeated, his voice laced with amusement . 1

And Arwen hummed, before gesturing him to look towards the laptop, feigning seriousness on her expression. "If you only follow me, and ignore everyone else, people might think you are a husband totally under his wife's spell. I am sure your wouldn't mind that title. Or would you?"



But Alden only smirked as if he was least bothered about it. With an unfazed expression, he suggested, "If that's the case, perhaps I should put it in my bio. Let's make it official."

Arwen blinked, stunned at his response. She opened her mouth to speak but found herself at loss for words. Was he serious?

“

The chapter has been edited. Hope you enjoy reading it. Thank you for your patience.

...

—

Scarlet_Shine

Creator's Thoughts

