

137 Angel husband in shadows.

Carl was momentarily taken aback. He didn't speak for a moment as if frozen in disbelief. Then, after a minute, he spoke softly, almost as if he feared being overheard by someone around. "Ms. Quinn, did you mean that you will be dancing on the stage? Representing Giselle?"

Arwen clicked her tongue, "It will be Amelia, Carl. I think you have forgotten that I retired from the stage long ago."

Carl sounded confused. "You mean ..."

"Carl, I will detail you the things later. For now, I am sure you must be quite busy. Without Amelia, you will have to take on more responsibility. I hope you won't disappoint me?"

Arwen didn't elaborate further, and she knew Carl understood when he cleared his throat on the other end of the line, speaking a bit bashfully. "I won't, Ms. Quinn."

"Great!" Arwen replied with a nod. "Now take your time but send me the details and schedule of the event"

"I will email it to you right away," Carl promised

before hanging up the call. And Arwen smiled, shaking her head.

Giselle was her second home, her sanctuary where she had poured all her heart, soul and years of dedication into building something meaningful. She had started it just to save the remnants of the dream that she had destroyed herself. But over the years, *Giselle*, the dance academy has become more of a dream of the dancers.

"You still haven't recovered."

As she was delivering in her thoughts, Aiden's voice suddenly pulled her out. And she turned to glance back at him. Smiling, she said, "It's not me who will be performing. It will be Amelia. Didn't you hear? I have retired from the stage long ago."

Aiden narrowed his gaze at her and she knew that maybe Carl didn't understand her plan, but Aiden did. He knew exactly what she was upto. Sighing, she shook her head and walked to him, speaking, "Fine, bingo! You guessed it right. I will be performing on the stage, taking Amelia's spot. But I am doing it because it's important. *Giselle* can't back out at the last moment, not when I can step up to save the day." She might not have

explained to him the importance that her dance academy held in her life but something told her that he knew it already.

And Aiden did understand. But still to him, above everything, it was Arwen. He can't let her get hurt. "Jason has said that your legs still need time and patience to get recover. Your academy can send someone else to take her spot," he said and Arwen walked to him to explain.

"Amelia is the best dancer of Giselle. She had represented the label several times and had earned the name. Apart from Eira, no one can replace her. And with Eira having a situation, I have to take the charge," she said. And when she saw frowning, she reached out to brush her fingers over the creases on his forehead.

"Don't you believe me?" she asked, softly as if she was just confirming the answer she already knew in her heart. Aiden didn't speak. To which she smiled and added, "I won't get hurt, believe me. I have long left the stage and I can't exaggerate my moves. Besides this is not any contest where Giselle has to win. It's just an event and even simple choreography would be enough to save the day."

Aiden still didn't utter a word. His expression

also remained unfazed. To which Arwen pouted.

"Here, I thought you would be supporting me in everything. But now I feel like I just cooked all that in my thoughts. You won't ..."

"This is not about support, Moon," Aiden interrupted, his voice laced with concern. "—it's about your safety. I can't let you risk that. Not for anything."

Arwen thought she would tease him, but seeing the raw concern in his eyes, she couldn't bring herself to joke around anymore. She stared into his eyes, letting the warmth of his concern seep into her heart. Then, reaching out to cup his cheeks, she said, "Who said I will be risking it, husband?" she asked before continuing with unwavering confidence. "With you around, I would never have to risk anything." 1

"Moon —"

"Shush!" she pressed a finger over his lips as she continued, "I know you are concerned but believe me, I will be fine. I will practice a really simple choreography that would strain my legs too much. It will be fine. And if something happens, I know you will be there to save the day. You wouldn't abandon me alone."



Aiden wanted to refuse, but the unwavering confidence with which Arwen was staring at him was making it difficult for him. He wasn't able to refuse her.

Arwen could see the battle of his heart reflected in his eyes. Knowing it was difficult for him, she leaned in to press a soft kiss on his cheek before urging again, "Please Aiden, I want to do this."

Aiden closed his eyes briefly as if the warmth of her kiss had momentarily softened his resolve. But still, he couldn't shake off the worry that gnawed at him. "You are asking me to stand by while you put yourself through something I knew could be painful. Moon, do you think it would be easy for me?"

She shook her head, "I know it wouldn't. And I also know that maybe I am pushing you to something you don't agree with. But, just this once, I want to be selfish and do something I know could go wrong. You asked me to be careless and leave the rest for you to handle, Can this be one of those moments where I trust that you will be there if anything goes wrong?" 4

He took in a deep breath, staring into her eyes. He could see her conviction, and it struck a chord within him, making it harder to argue. So,



having no choice, he nodded. "Fine, I agree but one condition." he paused giving Arwen a chance to refuse and when she didn't, he continued, "If you are going to do this, you will have me as your shadow, watching over every move. If I sense the slightest hint of pain or struggle, I will make sure you are off that stage, no matter what."

A soft laugh escaped Arwen's lips. "Girls have knights in shining armour —I will have a husband angel in the shadows," she teased, but when she saw his firm resolve, she nodded and agreed. "Alright, husband, I accept." 1