

138 Who is this Winslow?

Arwen looked at Aiden through the mirror and pressed her lips in a thin line. Turning around, she narrowed her gaze at him. Pressing her hands over her hips, she pouted, "Husband, you already made me accept your condition, but you are still upset. Aren't you putting me at a loss?"

Aiden crossed his arms as he stared at her. His brows were still slightly furrowed in concern while his gaze was steady. "Accepting my condition doesn't make me any less concerned, Moon," he said.

Arwen softened. She could feel his fear, his dread of seeing her hurt and it kind of warmed her heart. She never knew someone's concern could make one feel so relaxed. But here with him concerned for her, she felt it unnecessary to stay concerned for herself.

Stepping closer, she pressed a soft smile over her lips. "I know you worry," she said gently, reaching for his hand. "But I want you to believe me. Believe in the promise that I have given you. Same as I believe that nothing wrong will happen to me with you around."



Aiden's expression softened just a bit, and she squeezed his hand reassuringly. They shared a small moment until Arwen realized something really important that she had been missing.

Glancing at her watch, she said, "Oh, it's already time. I think I should make a move now, or else I will get late." As she completed her words, she removed her hands from his and took a step back.

Although he had been swift in her move, Aiden was still able to feel the slight vibration through her cold skin that she only gets when she is nervous.

"You want me to come?" he asked again, even though he knew she would refuse.

Arwen hesitated. She wanted him to come with her so that she could be calmer. But at the same time, she knew she couldn't ask him today, not when she knew that her mother could wreak havoc over things. She doesn't want him to face that because he didn't deserve it.

Shaking her head, she smiled. "It's fine, I will handle it," she said.

Aiden stared at her for a moment before nodding to her. Standing up, he took a step closer to her

and cupped her cheek. "I know you will."

Arwen nodded back to him, letting his confidence seep into her through his gentle caress. "You are not going to company today?" she asked, noting that it was past his usual timing.

"I will. I am just waiting for you," he said and she raised her brows at him, not understanding what he meant. At which, he further added, "Come on, get your bag, I will drop you there on the way."

Arwen blinked. "But Quinn's Villa is not on your way."

"It doesn't have to be on my way to drive you there, Moon. I can drive you to your destination before making the trip to mine," he said, and Arwen smiled.

"Alright. Wait for me, I will get my bag." With that, she turned to walk back to the closet to get her handbag. "Let's go," she said as she came out, ready to go.

Meanwhile, at Ryan's apartment, Ryan woke up with a pounding headache. The previous night, he hadn't even made it to his bedroom, so on

waking up, he found himself sprawled on the floor, surrounded by empty bottles, with the look of disheveled, lost.

For a brief moment, as his head felt clouded by the hangover, he managed to forget everything. But that blissful forgetfulness didn't last for long. As his eyes took in his state on the glass window and then the mess around him, memories of the night before came rushing back, each one piercing deeper than the last.

The announcement he had seen on Delyth's phone replayed in his mind, haunting him. Remembering it, his first instinct was to grab his own phone and check, hoping against hope that it had all been a bad dream – a nightmare.

But as the screen lit up, all his hope came shattering. There it was – the same announcement, staring back at him, reminding him that it hadn't been a nightmare, but a reality which was painfully real.

Ryan's heart twisted as he took in the details once more, feeling the same sharp, unbearable pain that had driven him to drink himself into a stupor last night. If it had only been a rumour, he might have convinced himself it was just a prank. But the photos of the marriage certificate, with

the official stamp and date, left no room for doubt. Not anymore. The date was clear —it was the same day she had sent him the break-up text, the day when she had for the first time mentioned it. The very day they were supposed to get their certificates.

He never knew she would be bold enough to go and get it with someone else. How could she?

Was this some kind of revenge that she planned on him?

Something that she pulled to make him realize his wrong?

But even for revenge, how could she dare to marry someone else?

Did she not think that this would ruin her chance with him?

That she would lose him?

Did she not fear it once?

The questions filled his mind, racing wildly. And it was then something different stuck to him. Amidst the questions of self-doubt, rose a suspicion of her betrayal. Could all this be her plan? A plan that she only executed at the right time? 4

His eyes turned sharp as he focused on the name partially visible on the certificate. He couldn't read the name, but the surname 'Winslow' was clear. His fingers tightened around his phone while his jaws clenched. He knew Arwen would never betray him. He doesn't know where that confidence was coming from, but it was there instilled in him, very deeply. 2

But if she hadn't betrayed him, then who is this Winslow? And why had she married him? 1

Comment 12

View All >

Post your first comment



Vote



Fandom



Send Gift

x2 During the event, your votes cast are doubled

