

156 I am your world.

Arwen wanted to shake her head in a no. But after witnessing her mother easily disowning her she wasn't remaining with much confidence. Shaking her head, she disapproved. "I don't know. The people for whom I made all the sacrifices believe I am a big disappointment. I can't keep too much faith now." Her eyes were full of tears but she held her head high, not ready to let it prove to be her vulnerability. 1

Aiden felt hurt, but right now, he knew in comparison to hers, his pain was nothing. Reaching up he cupped her cheeks with both hands before slowly moving his thumbs to caress her skin. "Those are irrelevant people. You shouldn't pay heed to what they say," he said softly.

Arwen looked at him and shrugged. "How can one's own parents be irrelevant? Shouldn't they be the most important ones?"

Aiden shook his head. "It not necessary. Anyone who couldn't understand your worth is irrelevant, irrespective of what role they play in your life. It doesn't matter. They don't matter."

"Then who does?" Arwen asked, suddenly feeling all alone in this whole wide world —the emptiness making her feel void inside.

"Me," he said in a beat of a heart, without holding any hesitation. Staring in the depths of her greys, he continued. "Only I am relevant. Don't think about others, just think about me because I am your world, same as you are mine. No one else matters." 2

Arwen felt her heart skipped a beat. She would have thought he was saying all that you make her feel better but then the intensity of his chestnut brown promised it all to be genuine and sincere. "What if tomorrow you feel disappointed in me? Won't I lose this world all over again?" she asked, a little hesitant to believe.

But Aiden remained patient. Curling his lips in a genuine smile, he said, "You won't lose your world ever again, because I will never let you lose me. You are the wish that I craved to come true. Now that I have you, there is no way I am losing you." 2

The tears that Arwen was holding all this while, finally slipped, rolling down her eyes. But before they could have rolled off her cheeks, Aiden caught them on his fingertip.

"Cry all you want in front of me. But when in front of others, don't let yourself lose," he said, continuing, "You are not someone's disappointment; you are my pride. And no one gets to call you otherwise." 4



Maybe this was what Arwen needed to hear all her life, but she was kept deprived of it. At one point in time, she thought she was asking for too much, but only now she realized that she was just asking the wrong person.

Nodding, she pressed her face more into his hand to take the comfort he was offering her.

Aiden allowed her to take all the time she wanted without hurrying her into. Only when her tears dried away, he said, "You might not have gotten hurt today, but Jason said you need rest. Let's get you home."

Home!

Yes, it was her home. From the very first day, she stepped in there, it became her home. Not because she was the lady of that place but because she had been accepted there the way she was.

A gentle smile curved her lips as the realization dawned upon her. She finally has what she craved —a family that won't try to shape her into something she was not. Nodding, she smiled, "Let's go —to home then." 1

Arwen smiled, before getting up. Leaning down, he pressed a soft kiss on her forehead. "Let's go," he said. Once again, he picked up her bag to give it to her.



Arwen didn't mind it this time. Holding it, she was ready to get up, but Aiden held her down. "What?" she asked, confused of his intention.

"What do you think you are doing?" he asked.

And Arwen scrunched her brows, replying, "Didn't you say we are going home? I am getting up for that?"

Aiden narrowed his eyes. "Yes, I said we were going home. But I never said that you need to get up for that."

His words left Arwen momentarily puzzled, but just when she would have asked him to explain it to her, she saw him bend to get to scoop her back again. "Aiden —" she almost yelped, wrapping her arms around his neck to hold herself safe. "What are you doing?"

"Did you really think I will let you move on your own when you are like this?" he asked, looking down at her, their faces sharing a close dangerous proximity. She could feel his warm breath on her lips.

Arwen tried to control the things that his closeness was doing to her. "I thought —"

"What did you think?" he asked, drawing closer to her, making her breath hitch.

Her breath hitched while her chest rose. His



words played in her mind yet she was unable to reply. She had thought his gestures to be indifferent. When he had avoided looking at her and asked her to carry her back, she had thought he was disappointed in her and was avoiding her. But she should have known, he wasn't the same as others.

Her lips curled up slightly at the corners as she felt herself gaining again the confidence slowly, a little at a time. "My legs are fine," she said, continuing, "Didn't you hear Dr. Clark saying that? I can walk. You don't need to carry me like this."

"You must have wrongly perceived me to think that Jason's words are enough to convince me when it comes to you," Aiden said, before shaking his head at her. "Moon, when it's about you, I won't get assured until I make the fixes myself. You are too precious to be forsaken even for a fraction of a second."

Arwen didn't know how to respond. He made her feel so precious —so valuable that for a second, even wanted to know what she did to deserve his such appreciation. 1

Was she really that precious?

