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Aiden helped Arwen in the car before fastening her seatbelt. "You are comfortable?" he asked, his eyes sharp at her as if trying to notice even the slightest of her discomfort. **1**

Arwen shifted a little before adjusting herself more comfortably in her seat. Then, nodding, she said, "I am perfectly comfortable. You will be driving?"

Aiden hummed lightly before closing the door for her. Then walking around the car, he got into the driver's seat.

She glanced at him, her eyes noting his handsome chiselled face. He had moved around so much, yet not even a single hair looked out of place. He simply looked so perfect that even perfection would shy away from him.

"Take a picture, it will last longer," he said, suddenly turning to catch her off guard. **3**

Arwen blinked her eyes before looking away. "I wasn't looking at you," she said, feeling Aiden leaning her side, motioning her to look outside, up in the sky.

She didn't understand what he was asking her to look at until she heard him say, "And there I see the pigs flying. Interesting, isn't it?" She pouted,



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before pushing him off.

"How narcissistic!"

Aiden chuckled. "I have all the reason to be one, and you can't refute even one of them."

"Really?" Arwen pressed her lips as if challenging him, only to see him shrug.

"Want me to prove it?"

Could she win? Definitely not. He was right to say. If he comes to prove it, she would find not one good reason to refute it.

Looking away, she skipped his question. "Why aren't you driving already? I still have to get home and rest," she said, and Aiden laughed internally, before starting the engine.

After a moment, Arwen suddenly remembered something and she turned back to him. As her gaze got fixed on him, she asked, "By the way, I didn't get to ask you but I am curious —how did you find me?"

He appeared there right on time. Though it felt like a miraculous coincidence, she was mature enough to know coincidences don't happen — something or the other just triggers it and the parties involved remain oblivious to it, thinking that it was some kind of coincidence.

Aiden didn't answer immediately, but from the

side, she saw something shift in his expression.

"Even I didn't know where I was walking to. I simply ended up there somehow and realized it when I was snapped out of my trance," she as she remembered how she had ended up there. "And you appeared there, right on the time, as if you knew I would be there. How?"

Aiden's finger tightened around the steering wheel, as he once again refrained from answering her.

"Aiden!" Arwen's brows furrowed at his silence and she reached to hold his arms, tugging on his lightly. "I asked you something. Answer me, how did you know I was there?"

Aiden didn't turn to look at her, and kept his focus on the road. If Arwen hadn't seen him driving the other time, she would thought that he was a serious driver. However, she knew that was not the case. He was just trying to avoid looking at her. But why?

"Mr. Jones called me earlier informing me you haven't returned. He was concerned since Alfred was not able to reach you," Aiden started and Arwen quickly justified.

"Oh, my phone, I seemed to left back at parent's place. I came to realize I didn't have it with me only when I searched and couldn't find it in my



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bag. Did you call in that?" she asked, her brows already knitting, thinking about the possibilities that would have occurred if her mother had answered it.

Aiden sensed her anxiousness and turned to her. "I tried, but your phone was turned off, so it was not answered," he said, and Arwen heaved in relief. She wouldn't have known how to apologize if her mother would have said something to insult him. She wouldn't allow her to do that ... ever.

"Then how did you know I was there?" That place wasn't a prominent spot in Cralens. So, not many would know about it. It was just a beautiful deserted area close to her old school that remained lively in the day, full of young kids and became dangerously dark and silent after dusk. 1

Aiden stared at her for a moment, and his expression became hard to read. After a while, his lips curled up in a smile that didn't reach his eyes. "I have my ways and resources. As long as I want to find someone, I can find him. You were still under my radius." 1

Although that sounded quite reasonable, Arwen felt that was not it. There was something else deeper in it that he didn't reveal ... for a reason. And this wasn't the first time he did it. The expression on his face was very similar to the



ones he had carried in the past when she asked him of something and he had dodged it without answering it.

"I never knew you were this formidable," she said trying to get a reaction from him that would explain his expression better. But he wouldn't give it away ... at least not that easily.

Aiden turned to her and smiled again. And just like that the previous melancholic expression was gone. "I will try not to be a narcissist this time," he cracked it like a joke, but Arwen wasn't able to enjoy it.

She just reciprocated it with a smile as she stared at him. Since he was driving, he didn't look at her for long. Returning his focus to the road, he said again, "I would still suggest you take a picture. It will last longer."

This time Arwen didn't snap. She simply kept her gaze on him while her thoughts remained busy with something she didn't discuss.

When Aiden felt her gaze like that, he glanced at her, raising his brows. "What's wrong?" he asked.

"Was it you that night?" 3