

158 Why?

Arwen didn't know why she asked that suddenly, but it was definitely something she had wanted to know all this while. Previously, she was scared of getting disappointed if he said he wasn't the one. But today ...she felt it no longer mattered. 1

Even if he weren't the one that night, he would still be her husband —the one she could no longer think of parting with.

When Arwen didn't hear him answer, she continued, "A month and a half back, I met with an accident at Palace Road in the East. I would have died that night if someone hadn't appeared at the right time, like today, to save me. I was in a delirious state and had no visual remembrance of the man, but I still feel indebted to him. He saved me when someone abandoned me to die. I don't know why but I feel a strange kind of longing for him, like I had known him from the past."

She paused for a second as if trying to search for a better explanation. "Same as I feel for you sometimes. Like I have known you from before. Though all of this doesn't make much sense, I am still curious if any of it holds a possibility —the possibility of you being the one—the one who saved me that night?"



Arwen tried her best to explain but there was more in her that she was hesitant to say. She feared that if she said more, she would be misunderstood. Besides, she still wasn't sure if he was the one that night.

Aiden had heard it all, but he didn't choose to respond until he found a spot to park the car. Once done, he turned to look at her, his eyes focused as if reading the faintest details of her expression.

"What if I am not the one?" he suddenly asked. "Will you still look around for him?"

Arwen never thought about looking for that person, but she did want to know who he was. "I don't know. He saved me and maybe I want to thank him for that. I —"

"Thank him?" Aiden raised his brows. "Are you sure you just want to thank him? I feel you have much deeper feelings for him."

"I ..." The tone he used made Arwen feel guilty. Deeper feelings? Did she harbor deeper feelings? She, herself, wasn't sure. But she did feel something for that person; otherwise, she wouldn't have deliberately stayed in the hospital just to wait for him for so long.

"You said you feel longing for him, as if you knew him from the past," Aiden said. "Does that mean

you will leave me if he shows up tomorrow?" Arwen's pupils dilated at his words, as if she hadn't expected you to articulate something like that. 1

"Definitely not!" Her expression scrunched as if she was repulsed with the thought itself. "How could you even think that? You are my husband. Why would I leave you for some stranger?"

No matter how confusing her feelings were for that man, she knew one thing for sure —her feelings for Aiden were unwavering. She might not have reached the point where she could confidently say that loved him, but he was someone no other man could compare to — someone whom she could blindly put all her faith in, someone she had come to believe would never hurt her.

"Well, you said you feel indebted to him," Aiden shrugged as if he was just stating his thoughts without intending to go anywhere deep. 1

But for Arwen, it felt like she had given a wrong impression of something she hadn't truly meant. "Yes, I feel indebted to him, or more I would say grateful for saving my life when I was left to die. But that's all it is —gratitude, not romantic entanglement. God! What are you thinking? Aiden, you are reading too much into it."

She rubbed her face as if trying to get over that



thought. "I won't deny that he has left an imprint on my heart, but it's not what you are insinuating. My commitment to you, to our marriage, runs far deeper than any fleeting sense of connection that I might feel towards him. You are my husband, and except for you, I am not planning to share any romantic entanglement with anyone. Not even with that stranger."

Arwen said all that in one breath and then stared at Aiden, searching his expression that would assure her that he got what she meant.

But Aiden looked at him, intrigued. "Are you sure?" he asked. And Arwen was ready to burst when he added, "Not even when the stranger has come to become your husband."

Arwen blinked, for a second unable to decipher his meaning. Her brows furrowed as she reiterated, "Husband?"

Aiden kept his gaze on her but didn't say any further. It seemed like he didn't want to explain it any further, rather wanted her to understand and make sense of it on her own.

And soon it hit Arwen like a wave. Her expression changed that of surprise as she asked to confirm, "It was you?"

Aiden might have hidden himself before, but he

never planned to keep himself hidden for long. He had thought he would tell her the day she would ask him, but last time, in her hesitation he didn't. If she had, he would have told her that day itself.

"It was really you!" Arwen held no more doubts. Staring at him, she found herself at the loss of words. She had so much to ask him before, but now suddenly she didn't know what more to say. He was the one who saved her that night. Was it a coincidence or was it something that she was failing to decipher, yet?

"Why didn't you tell me this before?" She asked in a tone that seemed a little accusatory. "If it had been always you, why did you hide yourself? Why" 2



NEW BOOK ALERT!!



