



159 Mr. Savior.

Arwen felt somewhere betrayed. She had been desperately looking for him all this time, yet he stayed by her side without ever letting her know. 1

"Moon ..." Aiden's voice was soft. He read her expressions very well and it cut through like a blade when he realized that unknowingly he had hurt her in a way he had never thought he would. He reached out, trying to cup her face and soothe her, but she swatted his hands away and shifted farther from him. "I didn't mean to hide it from you."

"That's a lie," Arwen snapped, her voice already thick with emotion, betraying the feeling she was holding inside. "You did hide it —that's why you never told me. You didn't even visit me in the hospital. I waited for you, but you never came. Was it fun for you? To leave me hanging like that?"

She didn't even realize that instead of showing anger, she was complaining. As though she wanted him to punish himself for what he had done to her. Girls often spoke like that to their fathers —placing all their faith in them, believing they would do right every wrong done to them. But Arwen had never known such reliance until



she met Aiden —a reliance where she trusted that Aiden would not let anyone treat her wrongly, not even himself. 1

"You waited for me?" Aiden asked, surprised a little. He knew she had been waiting in the hospital. But he never thought it was for him. After all, she had forgotten him.

Arwen looked away, not wanting to let him see the tears that were again coming into her eyes. "How does that matter anyway? You didn't even care about it."

Aiden could no longer take it. He needed to touch her to believe it. Unfastening his seatbelt, he shifted in his seat so that he could have better access to the situation. "If not you, who else would I care?" he asked, before turning her face to her.

"Teasing you could be fun, but I would never do anything that would bring tears to your eyes, Moon," Aiden said, already losing the calm seeing the tears filling her eyes. Reaching out, he slowly wiped her tears and then continued, "I didn't think I was hurting you. I am sorry."

If Arwen hadn't known, she would have thought 'sorry' was an easy word for him to say. But she knew Aiden rarely apologized, yet he did it to her as if it was very natural to him. And that alone melted her heart. How could it not? This



man undoes all his rules for her every time without any hesitation.

"Why did you hide it from me?" she asked, still wanting to know his reason.

Aiden shook his head. "I never hid from you, Moon. It was just that I was waiting for you to ask. But you never did, so ..."

"You were waiting for me to ask?" She raised her brows, and Aiden nodded. "But how could you wait for me? I mean how would I know that it was you if you never told me about it?"

And that stung Aiden's heart with a pang. Yes, he knew he was expecting something totally unrealistic and almost impossible. After all, how would she have remembered him? What was he even thinking? When he had left her here, he must have known that he would be forgotten.

Even though that hurt, Aiden tried to not show it on his face. "You met Jason that day at home," he said, and Arwen's brows knitted a little as it dawned upon him. "I thought you must have guessed it already. It was there in your eyes too. But later, you didn't ask me. And I realized it was unimportant to you."

Arwen shook her head almost immediately. "It wasn't. It never was unimportant to me. You were never unimportant to me, Aiden. And will



never be," she said, not knowing how else to explain it to him better. "I had guessed guessed it that day, but then was hesitant to ask you. I was ... probably scared that you would say that it wasn't as big of a matter to you as it was to me. I didn't want to hear you say that you didn't care." 2

"You don't have to hesitate to ask me," Aiden said, and Arwen looked away, suddenly feeling dumb to think so much when it was pretty simple. Only if she had asked, she would have known it earlier.

A smile curled her lips as the same realization dawned upon her once again. Turning to him, she said, "So, I finally got to know you —my Mr. Savior!"

"Mr. Savior?" Aiden repeated.

She hummed, "Yes, you saved me that night, so that makes you my savior. I have been waiting to meet you so that I could thank you." She then paused for a second before adding, "Thank you for saving me that night. If it hadn't been for you I don't if I would have been able to see this day at all or not. If you hadn't brought me to the hospital on time, I might have lost my life." 1

"Even though Dr. Clark never openly admitted, I know it was you who asked him there. Because of his skills, my legs healed. Otherwise, today even if I would have survived, I definitely

wouldn't be able to walk or dance." She said.

Aiden immediately added, "You still cannot dance. Not until you are recovered."

Arwen almost chuckled. "I am fine. Dr. Clark already said by tomorrow, I will be all fine."

"Moon!"

"Alright, I get it. I will only go to represent my academy if I am good to go. Otherwise, I will abort. Good enough now?" she said.

Aiden nodded. "Good." He then turned to start the engine. But just as he did, Arwen remembered something and she asked, "Oh yes, I remembered something." She then turned to look at him before continuing, half expectantly, "That night I heard you calling my name, as if you have known me from before. How did you know me? Have we met before?" 5



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