

165 I trust you.

Jason exchanged a glance with Aiden, their eyes communicating in unspoken understanding. 1

"Perfect!" Jason said to Arwen with a teasing grin, "And here I was, almost convinced you might have forgotten your husband dearest after hitting your head —like it happens in movies and dramas."

Arwen nearly chuckled but stopped herself when she noticed Aiden's serious expression. Holding back her laughter, she replied, "As dramatic as that would have been, Dr. Clark, I am sorry to disappoint. Forgetting my 'husband dearest' isn't something I can easily do. Even if I ever did, I am certain he would make sure I remembered him all the same." 1

She said staring at Aiden, her lips curling up in a gentle but confident smile. Jason's eyes shifted to Aiden as well. He couldn't doubt what Arwen said because he could see that happening right in front of his eyes. Arwen might have forgotten Aiden, but that didn't stop him from making her his.

"Since you are fine, I will leave first," Jason said, and Arwen glanced back at him, giving him a polite smile.

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"Thank you, Dr. Clark," she said. Jason nodded to her before leaving. Once he was gone, Arwen turned to Aiden again, and asked, "Are you angry at me?"

"Do you think I am?" Aiden asked back.

Arwen shook her head and then shrugged. "I don't know. It feels like you are upset with me for something."

Cupping her cheek, he shook his head. "I can never be upset with you, Moon. Never. I am just upset with myself. I should have protected you well, yet you ended up here at the hospital. I haven't been competent enough, it seems."

"Who said?" Arwen refuted, "If you haven't been competent enough, do you think I would have been sitting here, today?" Pausing, she then reached out to cup his face similarly he had cupped hers. "Husband, I wouldn't have been able to find anyone better than you even if I had walked around the world barefoot. Don't underestimate yourself. You don't even know how lucky I feel to find you in my life."

Aiden wanted to deny her words, tell her it was not her luck but his, to find her back in his life. But he knew he couldn't tell her all that now. Caressing her cheeks, he smiled, "Same as I wouldn't have found anyone better than you. Not around the whole universe. "

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Though his words felt warm, Arwen still blinked her eyes, surprised. "Really?" she asked him. "But I haven't done anything for you. Why do you think so?" Instead, she feels like since she appeared in his life she has just caused him more trouble.

As she asked, she didn't realize she had pulled her expression so adorable that Aiden couldn't stop himself from tapping her nose.

"You —"

"You don't have to do anything, Moon. Just your presence in my life is all that I need to call myself lucky," Aiden replied, and Arwen pressed her lips, dumbfounded for a moment, not knowing what to say anymore. He was just too good with his words.

"Mr. Husband, someday I would really want to know how many women you practised on to get this smooth," she said, pouting playfully.

To which, Aiden simply replied without showing hesitation. "Only one." His words came so smoothly and naturally, that even if she wanted she couldn't doubt it.

Arwen rolled her eyes, ready to refuse it. "Do you want me to buy that?"

"I wouldn't lie to you but if I did someday, it would be for a reason," Aiden said, and Arwen



raised her brows at him.

"Are you telling me that you might lie to me someday? Do you think I will accept that?" Well, she would —because she knows that if he would be lying to her someday, it wouldn't be to betray her or you hurt her, rather it would be for her. And as long as the lies are not for betrayal, she would be willing to hear his reason. She thought to herself.

Aiden chuckled softly at her raised brows and playful challenge. Moving his thumb to gently brush against her cheek, he held her gaze.

"Moon," he began, "if there comes a day when I have to lie to you, it won't be to betray you or to hurt you. It will be because it would be the best way to protect you, to shield you from something I can't bear you to face. But even then, I would carry the weight of that lie every single day, and when the time would come right, I would tell you the truth —because you deserve nothing less."

Arwen stared into his eyes. Her heart melted and her eyes became tearful. "When a day like that comes, Aiden, I don't want you to carry that weight. I trust you enough to believe that whatever you choose, it will be a reason that matters. I would choose to believe you, always. So you don't have to blame yourself ever, for anything."

She didn't know when she started to believe him like that, but she had that kind of trust in him that she could blindly follow him even if he led her to the path of Hell.

Aiden smiled at her. Her trust overwhelmed him, but there was also something else lingering in his thoughts —something that he couldn't ignore, even if he wanted to.

"I would never break your trust, Moon," he said slowly, caressing the back of her hand. *I will never betray you, not even with a lie. When the time comes, I will tell you all that you need to know. I will not let anyone make you suffer —not even myself.* He promised more to himself.

"I know," Arwen smiled, and just then Aiden's phone buzzed with a text. As he read it, his expression slowly turned serious again. 1

When Arwen noticed the shift in his mood, she asked, "What's wrong? Is everything fine?"



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