

169 It's not love, yet.

"When it comes to Arwen, no amount of training can suffice, Jason," Aiden sighed. "But it's not the restraint to keep the past under wraps that's concerning me at the moment. It's the danger lurking around the corner that's keeping me on the edge." 1

Jason frowned, understanding what Aiden meant. "You are more than capable of protecting her."

"How do I protect her from something I can't even see?" Aiden's voice carried a mix of anger and helplessness. "I want to cage her so I can keep her safe, but at the same time, I won't let anyone harm her freedom —not even myself. So how do I protect her? I know someone did this to her, yet I still haven't figured out who it is, then how can I call myself capable?" 1

Aiden stood up and turned to walk towards the window, his restlessness evident in the tension in his movements. "If it had been something else, I would dare to stake it all to prove my capability. But Arwen is not someone I can gamble with — not even when I am confident I would win every battle."

Jason stood up, walking to him. Placing a hand on his shoulders, he slowly said, his tone

measured and comforting. "You should feel confident because you have won her all over again. Not everyone gets second chances in love, yet you made her fall for you again. Isn't that enough motivation to feel capable?" 1

"She has yet to fall for me," Aiden murmured, his gaze fixed on the horizon. Although he could see her affection growing, he was also aware she hadn't fallen for him yet.

Jason chuckled softly, trying to ease the heavy atmosphere. Stepping forward to face Aiden, he smiled. "I would have to disagree on that. From where I stand, things look different. To me, it seems like she never stopped loving you. Her mind might have lost the memory of you, but her heart never let you go. It is just a matter of time before she realizes the feelings she has buried deep inside her. When that day comes, you won't dwell on what you have lost, but will instead look forward to everything that future holds."

Even Aiden anticipates such a future. But it seems the way to reach that future won't be easy. But then again, it's not the difficulty to the reach the destination that deters him, it's Arwen.

"I won't let anyone hurt her again," Aiden promised, more to himself, his voice dropping to a dangerous whisper.

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Jason smiled and nodded, "I know you won't. And I will be with you every step of the way. But right now, the best way to protect her is to stay calm and ensure she doesn't feel any additional stress. She needs stability, Aiden —from you more than anyone."

Aiden nodded.

Meanwhile, back at Quin Villa, Catrin walked into the living hall, all dressed up to leave. "Where is Mr. Carl?" she asked the first maid, she spotted around.

The maid bowed her head and then slowly said, "Mr. Carl has gone to instruct the gardeners about the changes you asked to make. Should I call him, Madam?"

Catrin nodded. "Yes, go and ask him here soon."

The maid bowed and left immediately. And soon after a few minutes, the butler walked in followed by the maid.

"Madam, you asked me?"

"Yes, Mr. Carl," Catrin said with a slow hum. While strapping the watch on her wrist, she then asked, "Yesterday, you brought Arwen's phone. Had she called you to ask regarding it?"

The butler shook his head. "No, Madam. I haven't

received any call on that."

"So, irresponsible of her," Catrin snapped, clearly displeased. "Did she not care how people will reach her if she doesn't bring her phone with her?"

"Madam, Young Miss might have gotten a new phone. Do you want me to give her a call and ask?" the butler asked, but was immediately scolded.

"No need. She is not a kid who needs the reminder for something so basic."

Mr. Carl cast his gaze down at the floor.

Catrin paused for a moment and then asked the next thing she had in mind. "I also asked you to search someone's number there. Did you find it?"

The butler nodded, glancing up. "Yes, Madam, I have found the number, but I have yet to give him the call. If you say, I will do it right away."

Catrin shook her head. "No need to do it right now. I have something to do now, so I will be heading out. Once I am back, bring the phone to me. I, myself, will give him the call."

Mr. Carl nodded, understanding the instructions. After a brief moment, he asked, "Madam, do you want to ask your driver to bring out the car?"

Catrin checked the time and nodded. "Yes, please do so," she said and the butler at once turned and walked away to make the call.

By the time he returned to inform her the car was ready, Idris's voice came.

"Where are you going this early? We have no meeting scheduled until late afternoon." Idris asked, his eyes noting his wife's appearance.

"As the driver to wait," Catrin said to the butler before asking him to leave. Once he was gone, she turned around to face her husband who was descending down the stairs. "Oh, you have finally decided to sober up. I thought you would still be depressing yourself over yesterday's event."

Idris didn't bother to argue on that anymore. Walking to take a casual seat, he picked up the newspaper, before saying, "If you are getting late, you can leave. I was just asking you, but you don't particularly have to answer me if you don't want to."

"What's wrong with you, Idris? How are you talking to me?" Her brows tugged in a frown when she heard her husband all indifferent.

However, Idris kept his demeanor. Not bothering to escalate it, he simply kept his focus on the newspaper and said, "I am not talking to you in any disrespectful way, Catrin. I simply said

that it's fine if you don't want to tell me where you going."

Catrin felt a headache, but then she realized what she had in the plans. Not wanting to ruin her mood when she was on it, she took in a deep breath and said, "There is nothing that I want to hide from you Idris. I am heading to Foster Villa. If you want you can accompany me as well." 4

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