



192 Impossibly yours.

Arwen was lost in some of her own thoughts when she heard steps approaching. Almost instinctively, she turned to look, her gaze meeting Aiden's calm, steady ones. **1**

"You haven't started yet?" he asked, his voice smooth but carrying a subtle note of concern.

Arwen glanced down at the table, taking in the few beautifully plated dishes that had been already laid out. "I was waiting for you," she said with a soft smile, watching as Aiden took his seat beside her, his usual quiet authority radiating from him.

Emyr also settled into a chair a polite distance away —neither too close nor too far. When Arwen noticed it, she gave him a kind smile. "Mr. Ethan, please don't stand on ceremony. Make yourself comfortable and enjoy."

Emyr returned a polite smile but remained cautious. It wasn't hesitation; it was a survival instinct. After all, while the lady might be an angel, she was also one who could stir the fiercest storms in his boss. Around them, he didn't dare do anything that might cost him his job or worse. his life.

Meanwhile, Aiden turned his full attention to

Arwen. Without a word, he reached out for the platter he had prepared. The Fettucine Alfredo he had crafted sat on it like a masterpiece, its creamy sauce gleaming under the soft light. Carefully, he served her a generous portion, his action slow and deliberate, almost carrying the same gentleness he always carried for her.

"Here," he said, adding a small serving of green salad on the side. "Have it while it's still warm, or it will lose its true essence."

Arwen stared at the plate in front of her, her smile deepening as a faint blush crept up her cheeks. "Thank you," she murmured before gesturing him to serve himself. "You should have some too. I am sure you will start loving it as much as I do."

Aiden shook his head with a small smile. "It's fine. Let me keep this exclusive for you. No one will have it except you," he said, serving himself other dishes that the chefs have prepared.

Arwen liked the idea of keeping it exclusive —it felt special, just reserved for her —but then she remembered something. Turning quickly to Emyr, she said, "You shouldn't say something like that when we have a guest at the table husband."

Looking at Emyr, she felt slightly embarrassed. She grabbed the platter and offered it to him with an encouraging smile. "Mr. Ethan, don't

192 Impossibly yours.

mind your boss's words. Here, try some. I am sure you will like it."

Emyr blinked, startled by the offer. His gaze darted to look at Aiden cautiously. If he had understood well, this was the dish, his boss had exclusively prepared for the lady. How could he even dare to touch it?

So, even though he was undeniably curious about the dish, he politely declined, "Madam, I don't think I could dare." He then quickly reached for a few other dishes, serving himself to deflect attention. "I am more than happy with what the chefs have prepared. Their cooking is always too good"

Arwen narrowed her gaze at him but then said nothing. Turning to Aiden, she simply murmured, "You live to scare people. How bad of you?"

Aiden was forking salad, paused in his movement and glanced up at her. He didn't say anything but still, Arwen felt it.

"What?" she asked. "Don't look at me like that. Dare to deny me and I will challenge you with real-time examples."

"No need," he mused. "I dare not deny you anything. Not even myself. Be it your taunts or your compliments, I will embrace it as I embrace



you."

"You —" Arwen was taken aback, the flush that had dissipated just minutes ago was back again, deepening her cheeks a shade darker. She hadn't expected him to say something like that all of a sudden. She thought they were having a lighthearted conversation, but it seemed like this man had a knack for turning moments intense.

"I? What?" he pressed, teasing her further, drawing closer to her.

But just when their lips were close enough, Arwen looked away, flustered, muttering slowly so that only Aiden could hear her voice. "You are impossible."

"Impossible?" he echoed, for a moment acting as if he couldn't understand. But then with a smug on his lips, he nodded, "Yes, impossible — impossibly yours."

At that, Arwen's head snapped towards him, her heart skipping a beat. That wasn't quite a confession, but it did sound like one.

Suddenly, a soft humming ring of the phone tore the air of silence and Emyr quickly excused himself before taking the call.

While taking the chance, Arwen also skipped the topic. Looking down at her plate, she let her fort

tremble slightly a few times before holding it with all her strength. "Have your food, husband. Your hunger seems to be making you go insane. Otherwise who takes that proudly as a compliment."

"Yours truly," Aiden replied without any hesitation.

Arwen turned back to look at him. Opening her mouth she wanted to scold him for teasing her, but no words came to her aid. In the end, she kept quiet and began eating her food.

After finishing the call, Emyr returned to the dining area. Standing beside Aiden, he said respectfully, "Sir, the arrangements are made as per your instructions. If you are ready, we can leave."

Aiden glanced at Arwen, before asking, "Are you ready?"

"For what?" she asked confused.

"You will see," Aiden said cryptically, standing up and offering his hand to her.

Arwen didn't know what he was upto, but still, she gave him her hand without any hesitation, without any question. Placing her hand in his, she allowed him to guide her to the car that was standing outside.

192 Impossibly yours.


"If we were going out, you should have told me. I would have gotten dressed a little differently," she said suddenly noticing her dress that looked a little more casual.

Aiden stared at her before letting his eyes look at her from head to toe. "You look perfectly beautiful."

Arwen was dumbfounded. Perfectly beautiful! Could he be any worse in lying?

 **NEW BOOK ALERT!!** 

Comment ¹ **View All** 

 Post your first comment!



Vote



Fandom



Send Gift