



194 Something only visible to her.

"Lustreé by Lorien Castille," Arwen read slowly as the car came to a halt right outside the world's renowned jewellery house. Her voice was laced with awe, and her gaze lingered on the cursive letters etched into the glass storefront. **1**

She turned to look at Aiden and asked, "This... why did you bring me here?"

"We had wedding rings pending on our list for far too long," he said continuing, "I didn't think delaying it for longer would have been better."

"Wedding ring from here, husband? Are you sure?" she asked as if she wasn't sure.

Aiden's brows furrowed as well. He stared out of the window at the store icily. "I heard they are the best when it comes to designs and details. Do you not like them?"

Emyr, who had been sitting on the front, coughed hard. Not able to digest it suddenly. But he didn't dare say anything. He just sat there, quiet, trying his best to make his presence almost invisible.

Arwen blinked. Not like what? *Lorien Castille's* designs?



The world dies to get hands-on even simple pieces designed by them, how can she be outrageous to say that she doesn't like them? But —it's not just the design that they have been famous for. Rather it's their policy that makes them unique—a policy of exclusivity.

"Husband," she started, pursing a smile on her lips. "They are not just famous for their designs and the unerring attention to detail, but more than those two what had gained her the reputation is their policy of exclusivity."

Aiden stared at her blankly as if he couldn't understand what she was speaking about. And Arwen at once guessed that he had no idea about it.

"As I guessed," she shook her head before deciding to explain. "Fine, I will tell you. In their policy, if you get a wedding ring from here, that means you have used up your chance to get it for a lifetime. No money can bring you another chance. That is the reason why even if someone could afford to get a piece of minimal jewellery here, they still don't dare to buy it. After all, nothing is for sure in this life."

Aiden's expression remained unreadable. When Arwen saw him like that, her brows furrowed and she asked, confused, "You still didn't understand? I mean to say —"



"That we can get only one kind of jewellery one time in a life and there is no going back," Aiden helped her finish, letting her know that he got exactly what she meant.

"Yes, and —"

"And so is our marriage to me, Moon," he didn't allow her to speak anymore. His voice was low, warm, and utterly disarming. He leaned in slightly, his gaze steady and unwavering. "For me, marriage is also a one-time thing. Once I signed the certificate with you, I signed it for life. I signed myself to you for life." 1

Arwen's heart skipped a beat, and she stared at him, momentarily lost for words. Her cheeks flushed, but more than that, her heart thumped hard inside her chest. Has he always been so sure about her? She still remembered the day she asked him at the Civil Affairs Bureau —even that day, he agreed to her as if he was there just for her. 2

Aiden unbothered by her stunned silence, stepped out of the car and walked to open her door extending his hand to help her out.

While at the same time, inside the boutique, the air was buzzing with quiet efficiency. The staff flitted about like elegant butterflies, arranging cases and polishing glasses. They have been told to be on their best behaviour as someone really



important would be arriving later.

But all their activity came to a halt when a junior associate rushed into the back office, where a man with sharp, discerning eyes was overseeing the latest designs.

"Mr. Castille," the associate said, slightly out of breath, "a car has been parked outside for several minutes now, but no one has come in yet. Do you think it's the guest we have been expecting?"

Mr. Castille stiffened, his pen paused mid-air. He hadn't revealed the guest's identity to anyone, as per the strict instruction, but he knew precisely who was meant to arrive today.

But if they have arrived, why haven't they come yet?

The associate hesitated. "Well, sir ...we didn't want to appear over eager. If we act desperate, it might lower the brand reputation."

Though the response was technically correct, it still made Mr. Castille's frown deepened. "If offend the guest today, there wouldn't be any reputation to save tomorrow," he snapped. And then without waiting stood up to walk out of his office.

The associate was left dumbfounded. Was his boss going to greet that guest? That had never



happened before.

While outside, as Aiden helped Arwen step out of the car, Mr. Castille himself was already at the entrance, waiting. His sharp, discerning gaze softened when it landed on them, and to everyone's astonishment, he inclined his head respectfully.

"Mr, Winslow, Mrs. Winslow," he greeted, his tone smooth and polished. "Welcome to Lustreé. It's a rare honor to have you here."

Aiden nonchalantly glanced at him and nodded. "It's our pleasure too, Ms. Castille."

Arwen blinked in surprise, caught off guard slightly. Her eyes fixed on the man — this was the famous Castille. The one who had stayed mysterious and under the blinds up until today.

When Mr. Castille caught Arwen's gaze, he politely smiled before stepping aside to usher them in. He escorted them to a private viewing room, where he had already kept all the finest designs ready.

"Mrs. Winslow, we are told to help you select the ring that would suit you," he said and then gestured for her to look down at the collection. "These all are our best designs. Please let us know if there is anything that catches your eye."

Arwen smiled and looked at the set of rings



decorated on the tray. One look and she could tell, all of them were better than the other. It was a tough choice to make until Arwen's eyes paused at something. It was a simple yet elegant band with vines intertwined together from both sides, holding a rose of diamond in the middle.

"What do you think about this?" she turned to Aiden.

Aiden didn't look at the piece. Instead, he stared at her shining eye and said softly. "It can bring shine to your eyes. It's perfect." He then turned to look at Mr. Castille and added, "But I would like it to be customised."

Arwen didn't understand. But she heard, Mr. Castille agree as if he wasn't bothered that his design was asked to be changed.

"Of course, we can do it," Mr. Castille said. "What do you have in mind?"

Aiden's answer was simple like he had long thought about it. "A rare diamond —flawless in cut and clarity. I want it embedded on the inside of the band, visible only to her. Something no one can see but her and me."

Mr. Castille's professional demeanor gave way to admiration. Smiling, he said, "An exceptional choice. Consider it done."

