

## 195 She is not my girlfriend.

After a while, both Arwen and Aiden stepped out of the boutique. It was still late in the afternoon and the soft warm glow of the sun was still there in the sky. Just as they reached the car, and Aiden was about to open the door of the door for her, Arwen turned, her eyes questioning and her tone uncertain. 1

"Why did you do that?" she asked, crossing her arms. "Wedding rings come in pairs. How can you get me one but not let me get one for you?"

She had wanted to ask Mr. Castille for a matching ring for Aiden, but he had gently stopped her before she could.

Aiden paused, a small, amused smile tugged at the corner of his lips. He reached out, his hand slowly caressing her hair. "You can, of course," he said softly. "But not from here. You can get me one from another store and it will be equally precious."

Arwen's brows furrowed. "Why?" she asked, confusion lacing her voice. "Why can't I get you one from here? Do you think I don't have the money?"

At her unexpected accusation, Aiden chuckled. Emyr who had been standing nearby, also could



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hold himself from reacting. He coughed hard to mask his reaction.

Did the lady has not yet realized that half of the city was in her name? She would be the last person here to have no money even if she loses it all tomorrow because his boss had even kept arrangements for that.

As he was about to shake his head in disbelief, Emyr caught Arwen's sharp glare. He quickly lowered his head, focusing on the ground as if it were the most fascinating thing in the world. He dared not meet her gaze again.

Aiden, however, seemed thoroughly entertained. "Didn't you, yourself, talk about their policy of exclusivity?" he asked, his tone came as his eyes searched hers. "

Arwen blinked, her confusion deepening. "Yes, I did. So?"

"So, I don't want you to feel pressured into something you are not ready to give yet," he replied, brushing her nose teasingly. His voice came steady, yet filled with meaning.

Arwen frowned at that. Tilting her head, she asked, "Not ready to give? What are you talking about?"

Aiden's expression softened, and he stepped a step closer, letting his towering frame radiate



the warmth for her. "A wedding ring from Lustreé represents a lifetime," he began, keeping his gaze unwavering. "It's not just about money or commitment. It's a symbol of commitment — something that you choose wholeheartedly, not out of obligation or impulses. I chose because I wanted to, you will also choose when you want to. It doesn't have to be now."

She paused, staring at him, her mind processing his words. She didn't think so much. He was right when he talked about commitment. But to her, it felt like her commitment was already with him. She never thought of giving him explicitly.

"I-I ..."

"You have given me your promise, Moon," Aiden interrupted, almost reading the thought going through her head. "But I don't want you to feel bound to prove it in the same way. You have all the right to make your choices, same as I have all the right to wait for it."

As Aiden said that, he made his heart understand that Arwen yesterday was different from Arwen today. She has forgotten him. And he can't expect her to feel the same way he does for her until she starts feeling it on her own.

Arwen's lips parted, but no words came immediately. After thinking for a while, she finally asked, "Fine, I agree with what you said."



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It's a big promise and it would only be better if I took my time giving it to you. But what if I want to actually give it to you? Will we be walking inside now to get you the matching ring?"

Her gaze was determined as it got locked on Aiden. He thought for a while before smiling. "We will then come here again, another. So that, after you decide, you still have time to contemplate it."

"Aiden, I am serious," Arwen said firmly, her tone exasperated.

"I know," he replied, his voice steady. "And so am I. I want you to take time before considering it. I won't stand against accepting it even if you take the time of a whole lifetime."

In the end, Arwen had no other choice but to nod. "Then it will only be better to make you wait for a lifetime and another for it." With a huff, she then turned back to the car, opened the door and slid inside, closing the door with a thud.

Aiden scratched his brow before walking around to get inside the car the other way.

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Meanwhile, on the other side, Ryan brought Delyth back to the hospital. Her situation had dreaded him, but internally he prayed to the heavens that she would turn out to be fine.

Once the doctor came out of the room, Ryan rushed to him to ask, "How is she?"

The doctor gently assured him. "Don't worry, Mr. Foster. She is fine. Her wounds are all external. We have done the dressing, and soon she will be waking up fine."

Ryan frowned at that. "Just external injuries?" he asked. He had thought it was something serious.

The doctor nodded. "Yes, all her cuts and bruises seem to be external. I have checked her as you have asked. She hasn't been physically molested. Maybe her kidnapper has just tried to scare her."

Ryan's brows remained furrowed as if he was trying to contemplate something. 3

When the doctor saw him lost, she reached to place a hand on his shoulders and said, "Mr. Foster, don't worry. Your girlfriend is alright. She will be waking up soon."

"She is not my girlfriend," Ryan said almost immediately. His expression turned dark. Glancing at the doctor he then clarified. "She is like my younger sister. I am looking after her on behalf of her brother." 3

