



36 The Category of "Mine".

"Mr. Ethan didn't come today?" Arwen asked, feeling the silence in the car grow a bit too heavy. 1

Aiden hummed before replying, "I took off today, so it's also his day off."

And then Arwen realized the reason why he was not dressed in his formal attire today. It seemed like he was off work. Although he still looked great in his denim and casual shirt, the powerful charm he exuded in his business attire hit differently.

"What?" Aiden suddenly asked, turning to catch her eyes as she unrestrainedly ogled him. "You didn't like today?"

"How did you know?" Arwen was surprised. How did he always read her so fast and so well?

Aiden smirked, before turning back to the road. "Your eyes have always been too expressive. It doesn't know how to hide things, especially your likes and dislikes."

Was that so? She didn't know. No one had ever told her that before. If her eyes have been too



expressive, why hadn't anyone ever cared about her likes and dislikes? 2

"It's not that like I don't like it. You look great — better than most men, in fact. But you look unparalleled in your business attire. I am sure you know that yourself," she explained. But then she noticed him shaking his head in denial, which made her raise her brows in surprise. "What? No one's ever complimented you before?"

"I don't take compliments from others," he said, and that unknowingly made Arwen shape her lips in an 'oh'

Realizing something, she quickly added, "But you just took it from me." Did he miss in her words? Or were her words so bland that he didn't consider them a compliment?

Aiden turned to give her a look and then smiled slightly, "You are my wife, and you don't fall into that category." He said it so smoothly and naturally that, for a moment, Arwen failed to register it. When she did, her heart skipped a beat. 1

Her hand unconsciously moved to pat her chest as she took a deep breath to the calm the sudden

whirl she felt in her heart. Who says things like that to a woman they just met yesterday?

Was he serious? Or was he just trying to make her heart flutter for fun?

She didn't know, and she was afraid to ask. The way she had become comfortable around him was surprising in itself. It felt like she had known him from before.

"What category I am, then?" Arwen asked, not wanting to drop the topic. She knew that with every word she spoke to him, she was letting her guard down more and more, but strangely, nothing seemed to be at risk. Though her rational mind warned her, her subconscious self whispered to her that it was okay.

Aiden didn't reply immediately, and just when Arwen thought, he had ignored and wouldn't reply anymore, she heard him speak.

"The category of 'Mine'." 5

She thought she misheard him and turned to look at him, only to find him staring at her with a confidence that could easily melt a glacier.

"What does that mean?" she asked, already feeling lost in his gaze. Once again, his eyes had



captivated her.

"You are my wife. You are mine. And so, you belong in the category of 'mine,'" Aiden said.

Arwen didn't know what she felt in that moment, but she did feel something that she couldn't quite explain. Her heartbeat stopped for a fraction of a second before it started pounding hard.

She forced herself to look away and said softly, trying to calm the whirlpool of emotions he had stirred in her heart, "We just met yesterday, and you always make it sound like you have known me for a long time." This man sure knows how to flirt, but she never realized that flirting could rattle her heart like that.

She didn't hear him respond, and since she had looked away, it was hard to tell if he had deliberately ignored to answer her, or simply had not heard her softer tone.

Once she was calm herself enough, she turned back to look at him. His composed demeanor suddenly itched her. She couldn't hold herself back from asking, "How many women have you appeased to be this good at flirting? I am sure you must have quite a record."

Aiden didn't reply, and this time, Arwen was certain he wouldn't. So she rephrased her question a different way before asking, "Did you have a girlfriend before?"

She saw him shake his head.

"Then did you love someone? A muse for all your thoughts and emotions?"

Again, there was no reply. Arwen thought that she might have intruded into his personal space, so she decided not to probe any further. "Fine, if you don't want to tell, I won't ask you. I don't know what had gotten into me, I usually don't speak this much."

She thought that would be the end of it, but then she heard him confess.

"I have only ever loved one woman —the muse for all my thoughts and emotions. And there is no one else. Neither in the past nor in the future." 3

The resoluteness in his confession left no room for doubt. He was devoted to someone, and he proudly acknowledged it.

No matter how cool it sounded, it made Arwen a little uncomfortable. She didn't know why, but it



filled her with a sense of envy. Maybe it was because she had never received such devotion from anyone, She realized that she probably never would —from him, at least. ¹

But wasn't that fine? After all, she had married him without any promises. He was not obligated to give her such devotion. She had married him to escape her engagement with Ryan, and he must have had his reasons for agreeing to the marriage as well.

She was about to ask him what his expectations were when her phone suddenly rang. Frowning she looked at the screen.

It was Daniel. Why was he calling her today?