

41 He would risk anything but her.

Arwen had braced herself for a push or something even more dangerous. But what enveloped her next wasn't any push or suffering; it was a warm embrace. 1

She had never hugged him before, but she could still tell it was him. As his custom cologne wafted through her nostrils, she muttered under her breath, "Aiden!" It came like a sigh of relief.

"It's fine. I am here." 2

She heard him speak reassuringly, and for her, everything paused. The crowd no longer bothered her, nor did she fear them anymore. Suddenly with him, she felt like everything was alright – or at least it would be.

As she was getting lost in the essence of his presence, a malicious comment snapped her back to the real situation; and she remembered the mob still crowding around her.

"Who is this bastard? How dare he come to save

her?"

"Come on, let's teach him a lesson too."

The moment Arwen heard their violent intent, her fingers tightened on his shirt, afraid for him. She shifted slightly in his embrace and looked up at him. "Careful, please," she said, her gaze filled with deep concern.

When Aiden saw the worry in her eyes, he nodded assuring her. "Don't worry." Even though he said that, he didn't move. He stood there shielding her against everyone.

Out of the corner of her eye, Arwen saw the shadows approaching mob, their hands raised as if ready to strike. Just as she feared it would get violent, several bodyguards appeared, forming a barricade to keep the crowd at bay.

Everything happened so fast that she couldn't fully process it, but she heard Aiden's voice again.

"Come with me," Aiden said, and Arwen looked at him, confused. He explained, "They will handle it. We can leave."

She peeked at a glance behind him and saw more than twenty guards dressed in black commando outfits, forming an unbreakable human wall.

Who were they? Did he bring them here?

"Shall we?" Aiden asked when he saw the questions in her eyes.

Arwen didn't ask but nodded, walking with him. His frame still shielded her from view, and his arms remained around her, protecting her as before.

Aiden opened the car door for her, helping her in before closing it and walking around to the driver's seat. Once inside, he turned to her, his eyes sharp with concern. "Are you okay? Did they hurt you anywhere?"

Arwen shook her head. "No, you got there just in time. Thank you." She saw Aiden scan her for his own confirmation before he nodded.

Turning to the steering wheel, he sat in silence. Arwen grew confused as she noticed his knuckles turning white as he clutched the wheel. Her gaze drifted to his face, and seeing how

sharp his jaws had become, she realized he was holding in his anger

Why? Was it because of her?

Arwen wasn't sure, but given the situation, she could tell it was highly likely. "I didn't know something like this would happen. I am sorry if I made you worry."

"It's okay as long as you are fine. Leave the rest to me." Aiden didn't want to scare her, but he couldn't stop himself from imagining what might have happened if he hadn't reached her in time.

"Leave the rest to you?" Arwen blinked at him. And Aiden nodded, then stared out the window behind her. He didn't answer her, but she could see a cold glint very evident in his eyes.

She didn't dare ask more, nor did he reveal anything.

"Now shall we head back?" After calming a little, Aiden asked, and Arwen nodded. As the car started, she stared out the window. The mob was still there, but its size had decreased. She could still see the bodyguards handling the situation.

"Did you call them?" she asked curiously, turning to look at him. "I am referring to the bodyguards."

Aiden hummed lightly before replying, "There were required around to protect us."

"Protect us?" she asked before adding, "Did you suspect something like this would happen?"

Aiden turned to her, and his gaze turned protective. "If I had suspected this, I would have not have brought you here."

Of course, he would risk anything, but not her. 1

"Then how did you know?" Arwen asked.

"I didn't. They are my people and always stay around me just in case they are needed, like today," he explained modestly, turning his attention back to the road.

Arwen blinked, a little in surprise. "Always?"

Aiden nodded. "They stay in the shadows. They only appear when needed, which is why you haven't seen before."

Arwen realized she didn't know much about him,

but the more she learned, the more surprised she became. Who was he, really, to have so many people surrounding him like that?

She was about to ask him when she noticed something on his left shoulder. She hadn't seen it before because it was on the opposite side, but now that it was spreading, she couldn't ignore it. "What is that on your shoulder?" she asked abruptly.

But Aiden remained very calm. "Nothing to worry about."

For the first time, Arwen didn't believe him. She was afraid of what she might find but still needed to confirm it. Ignoring his reassurance, she leaned forward to see the other side, and her eyes widened in horror. "That's blood. Did you get hurt?"

"I am fine. It's just a little scratch. There is nothing to worry about," he said again.

But Arwen simply frowned at his nonchalance. "Stop the car and let me see."

"Arwen—"

"Aiden, if it happened because of me, I need to know. You can't deny that. And even if it's a small scratch, it still needs the treatment. Even the smallest injury shouldn't be ignored," she said firmly, gesturing to the side. "Please pull over and let me see."

When he didn't respond, she gripped his arm and repeated, "I said stop the car on the side, Aiden."