

54 Unloved.

Arwen stepped out of the bathroom, having finished her shower, only to find Aiden already lying on the bed. Even though he was dressed in comfortable clothes, there was something etched on his face that spoke of discomfort. 1

"You okay?" she asked while drying her hair with the towel.

Aiden's brows furrowed slightly, but he nodded to her. "I am fine," he said, gesturing towards the dresser. "There is a blow dryer over. You can use that to dry your hair."

Arwen followed his gesture and nodded before walking over to the dresser. To her surprise, all her things were so neatly arranged that it didn't feel like she had just moved in that today, but rather as if she had been living there for quite some time. She paused, glancing back at him. "Did you ask them to do this?"

Aiden looked at her, then at the dresser. Nodding, he replied, "It's more convenient for you this way."

"Thank you," Arwen said, turning to dry her hair. Once she completed her night routine, she walked over to the bed.

Since Aiden had made it clear that they would be sharing the bed, she didn't bother asking about it again. Adjusting her pillow a little, she said, "It seems we have compatible preferences. I like the left side of the bed, and you don't mind sleeping on the right."

Aiden glanced at her, and Arwen smiled. It wasn't a big deal, but she appreciated it. No matter how hard she tried, she could never fall asleep on the wrong side of the bed, and Ryan never cared about it. Although there was not many times she had to had to share bed with him, the few times had to, Ryan made sure to torture her the worst.

"We are compatible, and that's why we are together," Aiden commented casually, though there seemed to be something deeper in his words.

"Huh?" Arwen asked, curious about what he meant exactly.

But he just shook his head. "Go to sleep early. You must be tired."

Arwen looked at him, dwelling to understand what he meant earlier. Still unable to decipher it, she smiled before getting into bed under the sheet. "Alright, good night, then. We have a few things to discuss, but we talk tomorrow."

With that, she lay down. It was still a little awkward, but to make herself more comfortable, she turned on her side, facing away from him. As long as she didn't have to see him, she might be able to relax.

Aiden, knowing her little trick well, shook his head in adoration before lying down on his side of the bed. He had already pushed things enough today. If he tried anything more, she might run off to the mountains and never look back. It would better to take the things a little slow, allowing her to lower her guard and grow comfortable in her vulnerability.

Meanwhile, in the quarters, Mr. Jones was on the phone with someone, his expression solemn. "Yes, Sir. The young missus arrived earlier with a young master earlier. She has grown like a fine lady—none can compare. Her aura has matured; it no longer carries the wildness from before. The way she handled the chefs earlier — I am

certain they already hold her in genuine respect," he said, listening to the man on the other end.

Nodding, he continued, "Understood, sir. I will make necessary arrangements." After a few moments, he heard the beep of disconnection.

The night wasn't deep and long, but somehow Arwen found herself trapped in a nightmare that left her restless. She tossed and turned in her sleep, trying to wake up, but no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't. Not until she relived the same accident all over again.

The moment she felt herself thrown off the ground, she snapped awake, a scream of terror escaping her lips as she sat up, horrified. Her breathing was ragged, and her heart felt constricted. This was the second time in a month she had had the same dream again.

While she struggled with the trauma she had once suffered, she suddenly felt herself being pulled into a warm embrace. At first, she couldn't process it, but gradually, she felt herself calming down. Then, she realized his hands were soothing her back, easing her demons.

"It's okay, I am here." 1

She heard his voice and was surprised at her consciousness accepted his reassurance so easily, without needing much evidence.

As her breathing returned to normal, Arwen didn't move. His embrace felt like the perfect solace, and she didn't want to leave it—not so soon. Pressing her hand against his chest, she scooted a little closer. "It was a nightmare. One from my past. My accident. I was a kid, and couldn't handle the situation or the trauma well. For some reason, it still haunts me. I haven't forgotten it yet —maybe because that was the incident that changed my life. It forced me into something I never really wanted." 1

She didn't know why she was telling him all of this, but she just wanted him to know. She wanted to share it with him —something she had never shared with anyone, not even Gianna. "I married you to escape an unwanted relationship. But it was not just the relationship that was unwanted —it was also me. Not once or twice, but every time, he abandoned me. And yet, I stayed foolish, believing that one day things would change in my favour. Until I realized how

naïve it was to think I could change something that was never meant to change. I was destined to remain unloved."

Arwen hadn't planned to tell him everything so soon, but the nightmare had made her vulnerable, and his arms had made her feel so safe that she couldn't help it. She wanted to let her guard down, to let him see her true, broken self.

"You are my wife, Moon. With me around, you can never be unloved". 7

She heard him speak. Thinking that her ears were playing tricks on her, she shifted slightly in his embrace and looked up at him, only to find his gaze sincere as he looked back at her. 1