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When Arwen returned to Winslow Residence, she received a call from Mr. Cole. Her brows raised slightly, but she answered it. "Yes, Mr. Cole." 1

"Young Miss!" the butler greeted with slight hesitation, but then composing himself, asked, "I called to ask if you would like me to bring your favourite dishes. Or anything that you need?"

"I got everything that I need, Mr. Cole. I don't need anything as of now." Arwen responded, as if she hadn't sensed his curiosity yet. "As for the dishes, it's fine, I will let you you when I come back next time. Prepare them then."

"Oh okay, Young Miss," he said. Arwen smiled a little before asking. "Mr. Cole, why did you think that I might be needing something." She had asked so fluidly that the butler only realized he had answered her after he had already spoken.

"It's because Mr. Foster came yesterday, looking for you. And he seemed quite worried and —"

"So you called to check on me?" Arwen asked,

frowning. But her frown wasn't for the butler's concern; it was because of Ryan's appearance at her place. *Why would he go there?* She could count his number of visits to Quinn Villa on her one hand. He never visited unless it was strictly necessary.

The butler apologetically replied, "Miss, your parents have asked me to look after you while they are away. I was just doing my duty."

"Mr. Cole, I am doing well. You don't need to worry. As for my parents' instruction, I will talk to them when they arrive," she said.

"I understood, Young Miss," the butler responded, but Arwen's thoughts lingered on Ryan's sudden visit. The more she wanted to distance herself from him, the more he had started to appear in her life recently. *Why was he now haunting her?*

"Is there anything else, Mr. Cole?" Arwen asked, her tone laced with the irritation that she was feeling inside.

Sensing her mood, the butler paused for a moment before saying, "Apart from informing you that your parents will be arriving back in

two days, there is nothing else."

"Two days?" Arwen asked, slightly surprised. Although her father had told her that they would be returning sooner than scheduled, she didn't expect them to arrive fifteen days earlier than planned. "They are coming so soon?"

"Yes, Young Miss. I was informed about it early in the morning today," the butler replied.

"Fine, Mr. Cole. I understand. I will talk to my father." Arwen then disconnected the call, only to hear Aiden's voice next.

"Is everything fine?"

Arwen looked up, only to see him sitting on the bed with his laptop, looking at her with his brows tugged in concern. Smiling in welcome, she asked, "You are back already?"

Aiden nodded. "I had not much to do today," he said, and Arwen wanted to chuckle at his casualness. She might not know the businesses the Winslows are involved in, but from her last visit, she could tell it definitely no small scale at least.

Smiling, she nodded, walking over to him, "In the short time I have been with you, how come I have never seen you with a busy schedule? You are the CEO, yet you seem more chilled than a typical 9 to 5 worker." She leaned down to meet his gaze, raising her brows playfully. "You are not duping me, are you, husband?"

"You want me to be busier than I already am?" Aiden asked, matching her playful gaze with his casual one.

Arwen shrugged. "I just want you to earn enough so that I can buy anything and everything without having a second thought. That even if I spend it all, you would tell me you will earn it back before I even realize. I want my husband dearest to be that successful. Am I asking too much?"

If anyone had heard that they would have taken at least five minutes to process it, but Aiden shook his head as if he had always had an answer to it. "If my money gets over from your spending, Moon, then it only means I haven't worked hard enough. Don't worry, don't hold back —spend as much as you want. I will make sure there is always more." 6



Arwen's heart skipped a beat. She stared at him, for a moment, not knowing what else to say. She thought she was playing with him, teasing him, but she hadn't thought him to agree to her ridiculous demand so easily. 1

"Don't you think I am being greedy here?" Arwen asked. "Shouldn't you be doubting your decision to marry me instead? Why are you accepting all of this so nonchalantly?"

"Demanding something from your husband doesn't make you greedy, Moon. But yes, if I didn't agree, it would surely make me look stingy and incapable. And —" he paused before adding, "I can't let my wife doubt my capability."

Arwen was rendered speechless. Could she even say something after that?

Calming her heart that was racing from his words, she pouted and arrogantly said, "Fine then, if that's what you believe. Just don't complain later when I spend it all. You won't even have a chance to regret it then." 2

Aiden smiled and shook his head. "Don't worry, I will never regret anything related to you, Moon. Except —"

He paused, and Arwen blinked at him, waiting for him to finish his sentence. "Except?"

But Aiden's expression showed clear reluctance to continue. Arwen frowned and stared at him.

"Don't leave your words unfinished, husband. Finish it."

Aiden didn't speak, just stared at her as if reliving his regrets all over again. Arwen could sense the weight of his gaze but still could not understand the reason behind it. It was like the same missing puzzle that had always remained unsolved.

"Except what, Aiden?" she probed, not ready to let it go. "Tell me."

"Except for not finding you sooner, Moon" Aiden said softly. "I should have found you earlier. I regret taking so long."

Though his answer was clear, Arwen still felt a major missing. It wasn't like she doubted it to be a lie that he made to escape the situation. But still, she felt there was more to the story—something she couldn't yet see, couldn't quite understand.

