

106 Did you change your favourites.

Meanwhile, in Winslow Residence, Arwen was working on some files of her own when she heard her phone ring. Without looking, she reached out to answer it. "Hello!" 1

"Arwen!" the person on the other side spoke, making Arwen pause in her movements. Her eyes glistened with unshed tears as recognized the familiar, endearing voice.

"Granna!" she replied, her voice brimming with joy. "Is that really you?" she asked, as if confirming that it wasn't some figment of her imagination.

"You need confirmation? Why? Has it been so long that you forgot my voice?" The woman scoffed, playfully putting the blame on Arwen.

Arwen rolled her eyes, a fong smile tugging at her lips. "Yes. More or less around three years, I guess. Do you want me to check in detail and get back to you?" she teased, only to hear the woman huff on the other end.



"Three years is still not long enough to forget your old grandmother, dear."

Arwen's smile softened as she leaned back in her chair, giving her full attention to the call. "So, you remember that you have a granddaughter here?" she said with a hint of playful pout in her voice. "And here I was, thinking you might have found a new granddaughter somewhere. After all, Brenda Davies is easily capable of that, isn't she?"

The woman on the call let out an aged flutter of laughter. The sound of which instantly warmed Arwen's heart, making her pout like a kid who was being playfully teased.

"Taunting me, are you? Bullying an old woman — is that fun for you?" the old woman teased, her tone filled with amused warmth.

Arwen pouted, her tone mischievous. "If that's what you call bullying, Granna, then what you are doing to me is outright teasing. How is that fun?"

"Haha ... it's definitely fun. Teasing you has always been a delight," the woman laughed cheerily, before giving a soft sigh. "But it would



be more fun if I could see it with my own eyes. The way your pretty brows knit and your lips pout —those are moments worth witnessing."

Arwen's heart softened further. "Brenda Davies, don't tease me any further. Or else, you won't like it if I start crying. I know teasing me is fun, but watching me cry? That's just ugly." 3

The woman laughed again, and although it was at her expense, Arwen didn't mind it one bit. Instead, her lips curled into a smile, comforted by the woman's cheerful laughter. It was as if that laughter held an unspoken assurance that Arwen needed —a reassurance that she didn't have the courage to ask for.

"So, how are you doing, Wennie?" Brenda asked when the fun subsided. "Is the witch of your mother taking advantage of your fairy grandmother's absence?"

Arwen almost laughed but then gave a small snort. "You have the nerve to ask, Granna?" She paused before her tone subtly turned serious. "Even if she is taking advantage, what can you do? After all, ultimately, my fairy grandmother loves her trips across the world more than her



poor granddaughter. She wouldn't mind seeing me at a disadvantage."

"Bullshit!" the old woman grunted. "If that were true, how do you think your parents were conveniently sent off just before the auspicious set the date for marriage? "

Arwen frowned not quite understanding the meaning behind her words. "What do you mean?" But she could easily guess there was something that she was unaware of.

"What do you think?" Brenda poked.

"Granna, tell me." Arwen probed, feeling as if there was something bigger she was missing. But then something struck her, and she asked as if piercing it together. "Wait, Granna, don't tell me that the business trip that Mom and Dad are struck with is all your doing."

The soft chuckle came which made all of her doubts clear. It was her. If it had been someone else, playing a business trick against Quinns would have looked impossible, but Brenda Davies was capable of all of this —of even getting on the wrong nerves of Catrin Davies. And Arwen never had a doubt in that. She believed

that if anyone had the power to go against her mother, it was her grandmother.

"If not me, did you really think I would let her force you into something that you weren't agreeing to? Who does she think she is?" the old woman scoffed, making Arwen facepalm. 1

"Granna!!!"

"What? You are upset?" Her grandmother's tone turned dramatically hurt, and Arwen could practically imagine the pout on her lips. She wasn't surprised when she heard her exaggerated sigh next. "Don't tell me that in just three years, you changed your favourites?"

Arwen tried to hold back her laughter. "What if I had?" she teased lightly.

Brenda sighed, even more dramatically, and feigned a tone of hurt. "Then what can I say? I would simply blame myself for wasting prowess on an ungrateful brat."

Arwen could no longer hold back her laughter anymore. "Granna, oh Granna, I would love to see how Mom will react when she comes to know it was you behind all this."



"Me?" her grandmother gasped, feigning full innocence. "What did I do? There is nothing she could blame me for? After all, I did nothing but bring her some good business. Isn't she always in love with it?"

Arwen shook her head, chuckling softly. Her mother only loves two things most in the world. The first was to control her every single decision of her life, and the second was her precious business. No matter how successful she already was, her mother was insatiable when it came to growing her empire.

"Of course, you didn't do anything, Granna. You only ruined her plans of marrying off to her best friend's son. Nothing major, definitely," Arwen said dryly, a smirk tugging at her lips.

Brenda simply gave a loud chuckle. "Did I?" she asked with a mock innocence, then added, "Sweetheart, that's something you did. I just gave her the business. It was you who decided to take the chance to ruin her plans in her absence."

