

## 127 Arwen had blocked him.

Arwen felt the strength unfurl within her as she leaned into his warmth. Her heart swelled with a blend of gratitude and courage, making her lips curl up in a confident smile.

"I know," she murmured before pulling away from his embrace. "Looking into his eyes, she said, "I know with you around I have nothing to be unconfident about. You will take care of everything if needed."

Aiden's eyes softened, his fingers brushed a stray strand of hair from her face. "And that's exactly how it should be, Moon. With me around, you should be fearless."

A calm silence settled between them, as if a moment itself was woven in quiet understanding. As the two stared into each other, time felt like slowing down, letting them enjoy the serene joy of their connection.

"Do you want me to deal with the things going online?" Aiden asked. Emyr had reported the situation immediately. If Aiden wanted, he would have asked Emyr to handle it then and there. It would have hardly taken a flick of his finger.

But after the last time, Aiden knew Arwen preferred to discuss such matters before any action was taken. So, he came back to ask her if she would like him to intervene.

Arwen's expressions shifted so subtly that if not Aiden hadn't been standing in front of her, he would have missed it. Her eyes changed colour, darkening with thought. "There would be no use in dealing with it the hard way. Those people who are talking online hardly matter. It's just that I can't see this drama drag for long."

"So, how do you want to deal with it?" Aiden could easily tell there was something already up in her thoughts.

Arwen turned and took a step to the side, staring out of the window, deep in thought. "Recently, when I met Ryan and Delyth, I was very clear with them. Yet, it seems they didn't fully understand my intentions. Maybe a more direct clarification would serve the purpose."

She then turned back to face him. "But this clarification is something that I can't do without taking you into consideration. If feel this is not the right time, I can —"

"There is nothing here that requires

consideration for my sake, Moon. Use me however you need. You have every right." Aiden's voice came firm.

Arwen hadn't expected him to refuse, but she also hadn't expected him to agree so readily. She thought he would ask her for more details as this might affect him as well. But when he didn't she was left momentarily dumbfounded. "Are you sure?" she asked.

"Did you think I would refuse to go public with you?" Aiden asked, his brow raised in amusement.

Arwen shrugged. "No, I just thought you might have other thoughts. But seems like I was just overthinking."

"And may I ask what you were overthinking?"

"I—I just thought you would want to make certain arrangements, just in case," she said playfully. "I mean maybe there is someone you would want to give a heads-up."

With a grin, she took a step away, only to be pulled back into his arms. His brows turned intense at her.

"Mrs. Winslow," he said, his voice low and

searing. "let me make this clear —you are my only legally wedded wife. There is no one else who deserves a heads-up from me. Apart from you, there is no one else who could make me pause even for a moment."

He pulled her closer, a faint smirk playing over his lips. "And as for the arrangements," he continued, dipping his voice in a gentle tone, "my only priority has always been you."

Arwen looked into his eyes, feeling her heart race at the sincerity of his words. The way he called her '*Mrs. Winslow*' felt so intimate that for a moment, it seemed as if he had made her claim him.

"Did you understand what I just said?" Aiden asked. It was clear that it was not the confirmation he was seeking, rather he was just asking her to remember what he had said today.

Arwen nodded. "Then let's do this," she said, her voice steady. "Let's make everything clear."

Aiden also gave her a nod, before leaning done to press a soft kiss to her forehead. "Take the lead," he whispered.

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Meanwhile, Ryan sat in his office. Though he was reading through the documents, his focus was elsewhere. And that was the reason why he was still stuck in the same file he had been reading for hours.

Every few moments, he would read a line or two, then glance at the clock at his desk, before drifting his gaze to look at his phone. He would then go back to check the internet again, only to find the rumors getting escalated an uglier level.

He didn't expect it to grow to such an extent, but with every passing second, the accusations against Arwen became harsher, painting her as the darkest villain the history has ever seen. He had wanted to help Delyth and get Arwen back to understand her position, but now he felt he had miscalculated.

But even as things as reached to such an extent, why hadn't Arwen shown up? Should she already be here, on her heels, asking for forgiveness? Why hadn't she called him yet?

As he toyed with his phone, staring at Arwen's contact, he accidentally pressed the call button. The moment he realized the mistake, he quickly moved to disconnect, but what he noticed left him stunned.

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The call didn't go through —not because he disconnected it in time, but because he was blocked. Arwen had blocked him.

When had she done that? And how dare she? 1

He grabbed the receiver from his desk and dialed the office extension to call Daniel. Within moments, Daniel entered the room. His demeanor was as cold and detached as before.

"Is there something you need help with?" he asked.

And Ryan didn't hesitate another moment asking, "Why has Arwen blocked me?" 4