



29 Medieval era of chivalry.

Although Arwen refused, Lady Foster still insisted on walking her out. It was not just out of love but also partly because she wanted to see who exactly was waiting outside. 1

"Aunt Beca, it's fine. It has already started drizzling. If you come out, you might get soaked." Arwen spoke, pausing at the main entrance of the villa to stop her from stepping outside.

Beca patted Arwen's hand and nodded. "Fine. I won't step out. Let Mr. James help you with an umbrella," she said, turning to the butler, who nodded and moved to carry out her request.

But before he could even open the umbrella, Arwen heard Emyr's voice. "Madam!"

She turned to find him already there with an umbrella. Her eyes twinkled in mild confusion, which Emyr quickly explained.

"I am here to escort you back to the car. Sir wanted to come, but an important call held him back, so I had to come." 1

"It's fine, Mr. Ethan. Thank you for your thoughtfulness," Arwen said warmly. It might not



"It's fine, Mr. Ethan. Thank you for your thoughtfulness," Awen said warmly. It might not have seemed like much, but since these gestures were coming from someone she had met only a few hours ago –someone who was now also her husband –they made her feel cared for. Something she hadn't had experienced much in her life.

Turning to Mrs. Foster, she smiled, "Aunt Beca, Mr James doesn't need to trouble himself. Mr. Ethan is already here to take me back."

Beca turned to assess the man standing in formal attire. His sophistication spoke louder than her words. With just one look, she could tell he wasn't someone from a simple background. Nodding, she turned back to Arwen. "Fine, then go quickly. And don't forget what you promised me today. Come visit me often."

Arwen smiled and nodded before turning to leave. As she stepped down, Emyr walked beside her, holding the umbrella over her head, shielding her from the drizzles. But before they walked away, he casted a brief but calculating glance towards Mrs. Foster.

Beca didn't miss his gaze. Standing at the door, she kept her eyes on the two figures walking



Beca didn't miss his gaze. Standing at the door, she kept her eyes on the two figures walking towards the car until she noticed another movement near the Rolls Royce. Due to the distance between the house and car, she couldn't make out the details clearly, but she could tell the man who stepped out from the car carried an aura that was unrivaled.

Even from afar, she could feel it. While her eyes squinted to try and make out more details, the umbrella obscured his identity. However, it couldn't hide his gentleness towards Arwen.

Not minding the drizzling rain, the man stepped down just to open the door for Arwen. That alone briefed the story that was yet to unfold. 2

"Mr. James, do you know who he is?" Beca asked the butler standing behind her,

"Sorry, Madam, I don't. But if you wish, I can have someone to investigate him immediately," the butler offered, but Beca shook her head.

"No need. If it would be necessary, his identity will reveal itself in time. Right now, what matters is Arwen. We, the Fosters, have failed her," she said, deep disappointment flashing in her eyes.

"Mr. James, please find out where Ryan is. Ask him to come home straight away."



Arwen was the girl she had chosen for the family, not just because she was a Quinn but because she had watched her grow into the woman no other young lady could match. Even in the shadows, Arwen had a charm that shone through. But her foolish son never held an eye to notice her. Now, he had lost her to another man, and Beca was certain that sooner or later, her son would regret it. But even if he did, she wouldn't be able to help him.

Back in the car, Arwen turned to look at Aiden. Her eyes paused on his shoulders that got efficiently wet due to the rain. "Mr. Ethan was holding the umbrella for me. You didn't have to get down and open the door for me," she said. 2

Aiden, sitting in his usual composed manner, turned to her, and calmly responded, "Someone had to open the door for you, and it should be your husband."

"It wasn't necessary. We have long moved past the medieval era of chivalry where women were treated like that because of their gender," Arwen said, almost pouting.

Aiden shook his head. "You are mistaken. What I did wasn't from some outdated concept, but from the concept of the relationship we are



Aiden shook his head. "You are mistaken. What I did wasn't from some outdated concept, but from the concept of the relationship we are starting. If it's chivalry, then I will always be chivalrous –for you and only for you. Because you are now my wife. Legally wedded wife," he said, his words rendering Arwen speechless. 4

Up front, Emyr shared the same sentiment as Arwen. After all, this side of his boss was not just new for her, but also for him.

Arwen quickly recovered from her shock. Rubbing her nose gently, she asked, "Mr. Ethan, do we have spare towels in the car?"

Emyr, caught off guard by the sudden shift of the conversation, took a second to respond but quickly nodded. "Yes, Madam. We have some." He leaned forward to retrieve one from a compartment.

Arwen took the towel from him and turned to Aiden, extending it for him to take. But Aiden simply stared at her with an expression that resembled confusion but wasn't quite that.

Pressing her lips in a thin line, Arwen didn't mind his little game. Leaning towards him slightly, she began dabbing his shoulders to dry the wetness. "Since that's what you have decided, let me help



While her words left Emyr even more confused –watching everything unfold like an intriguing movie –Aiden understood her meaning. He didn't stop her, rather let her continue. Even though it was small gesture, because it was her doing it, it was no longer trivial enough to ignore.

Emyr didn't want to interrupt the moment between them, but after driving aimlessly for a while, he figured it would be better to ask. Clearing his throat audibly, he spoke, "Sir, Madam, where should I drive next to?"

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Scarlet_Shine

Creator's Thought