



## 61 Are you threatening me?

"Thank you, Lawyer Thorne. I have heard a lot about you. It's a pleasure to meet you as well," Arwen responded, exchanging a glance with Aiden. Her gaze was a bit accusatory, silently questioning him if bringing in a big shot like Jacob Thorne was necessary. Wasn't that an exaggeration? 1

Aiden smirked, reading her expression too well. He reached to hold her hand for a moment before explaining "Jacob's team is responsible for all our company and family's legal matters. Since you asked for someone, I couldn't think of anyone better than him. And it is always better to have the best," he said.

Arwen nodded in understanding.

Jacob noticed the small exchange between the two and couldn't stop himself. "You can trust me, Mrs. Winslow. I wouldn't let you lose any case," he said putting on a casual smile.

Arwen smiled and shook her head, "How can I doubt one of Cralen's best lawyers, Lawyer



Thorne? I just feel that involving you in a simple matter like mine would be a waste of your skill. Asking you to help me sue someone for defamation and false accusation seems beneath your usual work. It would rather be boring for you."

Jacob was intrigued. Leaning in a little, he repeated, "Defamation and false accusations?" His gaze briefly flickered to Aiden before he added with curiosity. "Who would dare do that to the beloved wife of the Dragon King?"

"Dragon King?" Arwen repeated, as she shifted her gaze to Aiden, who sat unfazed by the bold comment.

Jacob chuckled and adjusted to sit in a better comfortable posture in the chair. "My bad! I should have introduced myself better. Hello, Arwen. I am Jacob, the appointed lawyer for the Winslows and, by default, also Aiden's friend. And yes, 'the Dragon King' — that's a nickname we, his friends, gave him, based on his attitude and behaviour."

Arwen was amused. With that explanation, Aiden's nonchalance to the comment made more





sense. "Oh, the Dragon King. That sounds interesting," she repeated as she glanced at Aiden, who smirked. He seemed clearly pleased with the way the title rolled off her tongue.

Leaning in close, Aiden whispered, "That sounds perfect coming from you. But still, I would still prefer you to call me something else, Moon. Something that would make me feel the same way you do when I call you 'Moon'." He was so close that his breath grazed the side of her neck, sending a shiver down her spine. 2

She turned her head only to find him even closer, the world around them momentarily forgotten. His proximity muddled her thoughts. "What should I call you then?" she asked softly, but in response to her askance, Aiden only pulled away, giving her the space she needed to compose herself.

Even though he enjoyed seeing the flush that crept up her face when they were close, he knew that her serene beauty was meant for his eyes alone. He didn't like sharing those moments with others.

"You have got the time to decide," Aiden said, his

tone teasing. Just as Arwen was about to respond, Jacob cleared his throat, reminding them of his presence.

Arwen's cheeks flushed an even deeper shade of red as she realized what had just transpired.

"Now, back to your concern, Mrs. Winslow," Jacob said, bringing the conversation back to its original topic. "I would say, it wouldn't be boring for me. While it's not the type of case I usually handle, it's certainly intriguing. After all, we don't come across such bold people every day," he added playfully, and Arwen told him everything that had happened.

Jacob listened carefully, exchanging a few glances with Aiden throughout. By the time Arwen finished, he didn't need to ask Aiden to know what he wanted. Jacob smiled meaningfully and nodded at Arwen. "So, it's Ms. Delyth Embers that you want to sue?"

Arwen nodded. "I want her to either prove the allegations she made against me or apologize – publicly."

"Got it. I will have my team work on it, and we will send her a legal letter by tomorrow. You can



61 Are you threatening me?



sit back and relax." Jacob assured her before gesturing to one of his associates to take down all the necessary information.

\*\*\*

Meanwhile, back at Cralens Care Hospital, Delyth's mood was only getting worse. As she scrolled through the comments on social media, her frustration grew. Her fans were slowly turning against her, resenting her for the loss they were forced to suffer suddenly.

"Delyth, you need to do something. This can't continue. It's going to destroy your image. Netizens suspect that you played a smooth game against Arwen, making her the subject of people's criticism when it's you who had wronged her," her agent said, wiping his clammy hands. He had received a legal letter earlier, and the amount demanded as a penalty was far beyond what he could afford.

Delyth gritted her teeth. "What do you expect me to do? I am already in this mess. I might not ever be able to return to the stage ever, so why should I even care of fixing this?"

"Delyth, these people are still your fans. You





can't let them suffer in the hands of Arwen. Even if you can't perform, you will eventually have to return to society. How do you expect to make living if the people who once supported you turn against you? You won't survive for long."

But Delyth remained silent, showing no signs of caring. Panicked, her agent decided to play his last card. "Delyth, I have known you for a long time, but I am not someone you can use. If I have to suffer because of this, I will make sure you suffer tenfold. You would better figure something out. Otherwise, don't come crying to me if Mr. Foster shows up to question you about what happened the other day."

"Are you threatening me?" Delyth asked, her face darkening with a frown.

But her agent didn't back down. "If I have to take a loss because of something you plotted, then, yes take this as a threat. I will make sure you have no way out. So, you better come up with a solution before this spirals completely out of control," he said firmly.

Delyth clenched her fists, her frustration boiling over, but she remained silent, glaring at him with



61 Are you threatening me?



simmering anger.

“

*Creation is hard, cheer me up! Do send  
your votes, love and support. Also,  
remember to drop your thoughts in the  
comments. ...*

—

**Scarlet\_Shine**

Creator's Thoughts