



75 Favourite subject to study.

"Apart from accepting the penalty and apologizing, there is only one way to evade this case, and that is —" The lawyer paused for a moment and then continued in a cautious yet firm tone. "—if Ms. Quinn drops the case on her own accord." 1

Ryan snapped, shooting a glare, but the lawyer stood unwavering. He was stating the truth. There was no other way to help Delyth in this fiasco.

"Ms. Quinn is your fiancée, Mr. Foster. If you talk to her, it shouldn't be a problem. This is our only way out. If you don't believe me, you can check with any other lawyer."

Ryan frowned, closing his eyes and cursing in his heart. *Arwen, is this what you wanted all along? I truly underestimated you.* 1

"You can leave." Ryan dismissed the legal team before turning the other side.

The lawyers had nothing more to say, so they stood up and left the room, leaving him alone to



mull about everything.

After finishing dinner at the noodle stall, Arwen and Aiden returned to the Winslow Residence, walking straight to their bedroom.

Arwen was feeling exhausted, but the spicy noodles were all worth it. "That was really great," she said. "Thank you for taking me there, husband."

Aiden was satisfied but held back his smile, "Are your thank-yous always this bland?" He stepped closer to her, and she instinctively stepped back, syncing with his movements. "Don't you think adding a bit more effort to your gratitude would make it interesting?"

"What do you mean?" Arwen asked, already feeling the heat rise to her cheeks. She wasn't blushing, but the intensity in his gaze was doing things to her.

Aiden smirked, then gestured her towards the bed. Arwen followed his gaze, her eyes widening as she realized what he might be implying. Wasn't he moving too fast with her?

Sure, they had kissed, but ...

"You —"

"I meant you must be tired and should rest your feet for some while I prepare your bath. And once you are done, maybe you can help me prepare mine," he said, blinking innocently. "What kind of thoughts are you having, Moon?"

Arwen was at a loss for words. She knew for sure he didn't mean anything as innocent as he claimed. What she hadn't expected was how easily he could manipulate her into saying the things he wanted her to say. Now, if she mentioned his innuendo, he could easily turn it around on her. She would have no defense.

She wanted to huff at his cunning attitude, but the mother's years of training to be a proper lady wouldn't allow her to be so indecorous.

"I wasn't thinking anything. I was just waiting for you to get my bath ready," she said before turning and walking to her side of the bed and sitting down to relax. "Go on," she added when she saw him still standing there. Bending down, she began unstrapping her heels when she noticed his shadow walking away in the



direction of the bathroom.

Arwen winced suddenly, regretting wearing low heels. She shouldn't have assumed her legs were fully healed. She was massaging her ankles, trying to ease the pain, when a warm hand suddenly reached out to take over.

Arwen blinked in surprise. "What are you doing?" 2

"Is it hurting badly," Aiden asked, already using his finger to press at the right spots.

"It's alright. I forgot about my legs and wore the heels. I shouldn't have," She explained, trying to pull her legs out of his grasp, but his hold remained as gentle as firm. "You don't have to do this, Aiden. I can handle it on my own," she said, feeling hesitant about accepting such warm care. She was just not too used to it.

Aiden frowned slightly, looking up at her. "Let me take care of it." His words were more of a request, and Arwen couldn't bring herself to refuse. So, she just let him do as he pleased, quietly enjoying the warmth of his care.

She hadn't noticed it before, but he had brought



a basin of water with him, setting it beside the bed. When he dipped her feet into the water, she realized it was perfectly lukewarm. The aroma of herbs filled the air, and she couldn't resist asking, "Did you add herbs to it?"

Aiden hummed in response, keeping his focus on massaging her feet, soothing the pain with each movement. "It will relieve the strain of your muscles and make you feel better. Let me know when you feel better," he said.

Arwen felt her heart skip a beat. She was sure she hadn't shown any signs of discomfort, yet he had noticed effortlessly. Just how observant was he? Nothing seemed to escape his gaze.

"I really liked the practice room. How did you know I love to dance and do ballet?" She hadn't got a chance to properly thank him for it, but somehow, she felt he already knew how much it meant to her.

Aiden didn't pause in his movements, nor did he show any excitement from her compliment. It was as if he wasn't doing it for acknowledgement, but simply because it was in his nature —nature to take care of her and all her



passion and wishes.

"I have my ways of knowing things about you, Moon. You have been my favourite subject to study for much longer than you could imagine. So, tomorrow, don't be surprised if you feel like I know you better than you know yourself. I have been reading you for much longer than you realize," he said, and momentarily stunned by his words.

"Have you known me from before?" she asked, thinking that maybe this time, the answer would be different from the last two times.

Aiden looked up and smiled. "The Quinn family is prestigious in Cralens. Of course, people would be interested in their daughter," he said, and Arwen didn't know why, but a slight disappointment settled in her heart.

Maybe she had wanted to hear something else — something along the lines of, *I have known you my whole life.* 2

