

78 Irrespective of the role you play—Angel or Devil. 1

"Arwen, you—" 1

Cutting off Delyth's arrogant talk tirade, Arwen spoke, "Ms Ember, if you called me this early in the morning just to remind me of my name, let me assure you, I have been using it longer than you and had it memorized by the time I was two." "You —"

"What did you call for, Delyth? Get to the point, no dawdling." Arwen didn't want to start her morning in a foul mood, especially after the peaceful and fulfilling night she had just had. She just wanted to savour the lingering warmth of those memories, but Delyth's pompous attitude wasn't helping her. So, she just wanted to get her done as soon as possible.

"Fine, I will be on point, Arwen," Delyth said sharply. "Let's meet. I have something to talk about."

Arwen raised an eyebrow, almost tempted to ask what gave Delyth the confidence to make such a



request in that tone. But then she didn't want to waste more time than necessary.

So, instead of dwindling, she simply rejected. "I don't have anything to discuss with you." Her tone came more curt than it would have pleased Delyth, but Arwen didn't mind. Delyth asked for it. "Now that you have got your answer, don't call again to disturb me," she added before hanging up, without giving Delyth another chance to speak. 1

Arwen was totally uninterested in finding out Delyth's exact agenda. She assumed it was either related to the lawsuit she had filed against her, or something about Ryan. Whatever it was, Arwen had no interest in engaging with Delyth. Not because she saw her as an enemy, but simply because it wasn't worth the bother. 1

"Who was it?" Aiden asked as he emerged from the bathroom, his bathrobe loosely tied, giving a perfect glimpse of his muscular chest.

Arwen's eyes lingered a moment too long, her breath catching at the sight. Realizing her wandering gaze, she quickly averted her eyes and answered, "O-oh, it was Delyth. She was just

trying to stir up trouble, asking to meet me."

Aiden nodded in understanding before asking, "So, what are you going to do?"

"What is there to do? I already turned her down," she said with a shrug. "Meeting her would only give her another chance to cause trouble. Why bother?"

Aiden smirked. "Trouble is only bothersome if you can't handle it. If you can, it becomes fun."

Arwen stared at him with furrowed brows, trying to decipher the meaning behind his words. They were simple, yet she couldn't shake the feeling that he was hinting at something more mischievous.

"Are you saying I should cause trouble for others and enjoy it?" she asked with a hint of disbelief in her voice. The very idea seemed devious, making people frown and hate her. He couldn't be serious about it.

Aiden's smirk deepened, and he nodded as if it were the most obvious thing. "You are a Winslow now. Stirring things up will keep you from getting bored and others more informed about



you. They should know you are off-limits."

Arwen blinked, not yet believing him. Her mother had always warned her to avoid trouble and things like this, as it could harm both her and her family's reputation. But Aiden's perspective was so different that it almost made her reconsider.

"You are asking me to turn into the Devil. Won't you hate me if you ever come to know that I am so devilish? Taking advantage of the people's helplessness and weakness," Arwen pointed out, checking if it was a trap he set out to test her.

But Aiden only gave her a confused look and asked, as if he couldn't grasp her worry, "Why would I?"

"I don't know," Arwen shrugged. "I have always seen people hate devils and love innocent angels. Men seem to be like that. They prefer women who are weak, fragile, innocent, and adoring — not those who are cunning and wicked."

Aiden listened silently, his gaze fixed on her, as though he were reading her insecurities and thoughts. Slowly, he approached her, kneeling down before taking her hand into his.



"Then believe that I am different. I like you, irrespective of the role you play. Angel or devil, it doesn't matter," he said, playfully brushing her nose. "Innocent, fragile women wouldn't hold a candle to your charm, even in the devil's cape. I would still favor you, no matter who stands before you. You are my wife, Moon. Have a little faith in your husband. He is only ever going to look at you." 6

Arwen blinked, unsure how to respond to his words. Narrowing her eyes at him, she pursed her lips. "You sure are a sweet talker. Sometimes, I wonder how many women have you charmed like this."

"Investigate me if you want, Moon. But don't be surprised when you find that it's only ever been you. Always." Aiden's challenge left her at a loss for words. 1

How could he be so confident?

Does he not care that she might disappoint him one day?

"You should go and get ready for the day," Arwen suddenly said, changing the topic. "I can't bear seeing you half-dressed like this." Her gaze



briefly flicked to his exposed chest before looking away.

Aiden noticed her lingering gaze and a proud smile curled his lips. Clearing his throat, he pulled her back from the thoughts and asked playfully. "Why? Are you losing your control self-control because of my charms?"

"Nonsense," Arwen snapped, "There is nothing like that. I just think you are exposing too much. There are so many maids around. Are you seeking attention?"

"Hhm-hm," Aiden hummed in admission. "I am dying for attention. But a small correction: it's not theirs. It's yours. Your admiring gaze makes all this effort worth it—all the workouts I put in."

Arwen felt her heart skip a beat, but quickly brushed it off. She pushed him away. "Go and get dressed. Don't make it sound like you exist in this world just for me. It will make me think you have set a trap for me to fall into. Did you?"

Aiden smirked. "I wouldn't mind if you blamed me for that, Moon."

