

79 Did something happen?

Arwen dabbed her cheeks, trying to compose herself, but Aiden's words kept replaying in her mind again and again. He was a tease, for sure, but none of his words or promises felt like a prank. Everything seemed genuine, proven by small gestures he always made towards her. That's why, when he mentioned setting a trap just to lure her in, she couldn't help but feel her heart skip a beat —both in anticipation and nervousness. 1

A reminder on her phone suddenly pulled her from her thoughts, and she realized it was for her appointment with Dr. Clark. She had almost forgotten about it, but thankfully she had set the reminder.

Last time she had visited him before she had gone to Civil Affair Bureau and at that time, Dr. Clark seemed very interested in knowing how first she was about marrying someone who had not even been accompanying her for the checkups. At that time, she was confused, and had remained silent. But now, she had the



answer and she had also acted upon it, taking the decision that was most needed.

Just as Arwen was about to get up and get ready, Gianna's call came through. Arwen picked up and opened her mouth to speak, only for Gianna's voice to beat her to it.

"Wennie, I am just calling you to remind you about your appointment at the hospital. Don't be late and don't miss it."

"I remembered, Anna. But thanks for taking the time to remind me again. I will be on time. Is that good enough?" Arwen teased.

Gianna hummed in approval on the other end. "Better." Then, after a pause, she asked, "How is it going with your husband? Is he bullying you?"

"Why? Are you planning to come here and beat him up?" Arwen joked.

Gianna, however, took it seriously. "I wouldn't mind. Want to test me?"

"Anna, I was joking. He is not bullying me. Can you stop painting my husband in such a bad light? He hasn't done anything to deserve that,"



Arwen said, unconsciously slipping into the defensive tone of a protective wife.

Gianna cleared her throat. "Girl, can you not pretend to be the sweet, loving wife? For God's sake, you didn't even know your so-called husband a week ago, and now you are siding with him against me —your friend who has been by your side for as long as I remember."

Arwen bit her bottom lip and quickly reasoned, "I am just siding with what's right. Obviously, being your friend, I can't lead you down the wrong path. And the same time, I can't let you misjudge my husband,"

She could picture Gianna shaking her head on the other end of the call. "Girl, you sure are turning into someone else. I can barely recognize the Arwen I used to know," Gianna sighed. "But it's fine. I like this version of you. Seems like your husband is not as bad as I have imagined. Let me think about it, and I will tell you after I meet him."

Arwen smiled, but before she could respond, someone interrupted Gianna. A moment later, Gianna rushed her goodbyes. "Okay, Wennie, I

will get back to you later. Don't miss your appointment. Love you. Bye."

"Okay, bye," Arwen replied, before the call was disconnected.

Afterward, she went to get ready. Her appointment was in the late afternoon, so when she was almost ready, the butler came to inform her that the lunch was ready. And Arwen told him she would be down soon.

When she sat at dining table, she was surprised to find all her favourite dishes. Although this could might not be unusual, she still asked, "Is there something special, Mr. Jones?"

The butler smiled and replied, "The chef team wanted to show their gratitude in their own way."

Arwen nodded, understanding, and began eating. After a while, she glanced around, as if looking for someone. Usually, Amanda would be hovering nearby, always eager to serve Aiden whenever she had chance. But today, she hadn't showed up even once. Even during breakfast, another maid had served them.

"Amanda isn't around today," Arwen remarked, adding, "Is everything okay with her?"

The butler hesitated briefly before smiling.

"Amanda is no longer with us, Madam. She quit her job last night, and someone else has taken her place. If you need anything, I will have another maid assist you."

Arwen was taken by surprise. Amanda had always seemed insignificant, but she had caught Arwen's attention from day first. She never thought that Amanda would willingly quit her job.

"Did something happen?" Arwen asked.

"Oh, it's about her mother, who had been terminally ill. Her situation might have deteriorated last night. Amanda wanted to be filial and take care of her," the butler explained, and Arwen nodded after giving a thought to it.

That seemed like a reasonable explanation. A daughter would always put her mother first, just as Arwen had done all these years.

"Mr. Jones, since Amanda worked here for a long time and contributed so much, it would be kind

to help her in some way. If her mother is ill, ask if she needs any assistance — financial or otherwise. We will do what we can," Arwen said.

The butler nodded with a smile. "Of course, Madam. I will make sure her mother is well taken care of."

Arwen nodded and then after a moment, stood up to leave. Behind her, the butler's expression changed slightly.

In the distance, a few maids whispered among themselves.

"Did you hear Amanda left overnight?" one spoke softly.

"Yes, Mr. Jones come to the quartered last night, and asked her to leave," another one hummed.

"Amanda wanted to protest, but then something happened and she left willingly. It must be about her mother."

"The old woman has been terminally ill for so long. Amanada has been working for her."

"Heh! Her sick mother? Please. She barely cared about her. It must be something else."



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"Could it be that her intentions be exposed?"

As the whispers grew, Mr. Jones's commanding voice cut through the gossip, shushing them.

"Gossips have never been tolerated here. Focus on work, and leave the speculation to those who have time for it."

The maids exchanged glances, falling silent. No one dared to push their curiosity further, not when Mr. Jones was around at least.

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