

Rewritten 22

Chapter 22

"The car's ready. Are you sure about going to the Arnold residence?"

"Why, am I not allowed to?" The young man sat in his wheelchair, exuding an air of dignified elegance. He wore a shirt and jacket, with a hint of a blue tattoo peeking out from under his sleeve. He seemed enigmatic and aloof, a touch of melancholy playing around him.

"But Madam..."

Ethan lifted his dark gaze, coldly staring him down. "It's not her place to dictate my actions." "My apologies, sir. I misspoke. I'll take you downstairs now."

For Ethan, this was the first time in years he had stepped out of his home. He had not seen the sun in what felt like forever. Once outside, he realized that everything was as she had described; the scenery was breath-taking. He glanced at the jujube tree beyond the wall where he could vaguely see a young girl swinging her legs, her beautiful smile visible even from this distance. As he looked away, the warm emotion in his eyes disappeared, replaced by a cool detachment.

An hour later, he arrived at the most luxurious villa. Dozens of servants stood outside, forming two lines. They watched as a black Cayenne pulled up to the entrance, a trembling bodyguard stepping forward to open the door. As Ethan transferred to his wheelchair, the waiting staff chimed in unison, "Welcome home, Mr. Arnold Jr."

Ethan showed little emotion. He could not remember how many years it had been since he had last visited the Arnold residence,

"Oh, Ethan..." A deep, aged voice echoed from not too far off, and an elderly woman slowly made her way toward them, leaning on a cane.

"Mom, be careful," Owen Arnold warned.

Upon seeing the elderly woman approach, Ethan's lips barely moved as he murmured, " Grandma."

Evelyn Anderson's eyes welled up with tears. "You've finally decided to come and see your old grandmother, huh?"

Ethan nodded, then glanced at the middle-aged man standing behind Evelyn. As their eyes met, Ethan indifferently looked away.

"Grandma, I came back because I have some matters to--"

"Whatever it is, let's talk after we've had dinner."

Ethan was wheeled up to the head of a long dining table set for twenty, covered with his favorite dishes. Ascending to the table was not a hardship for him, but Evelyn still assisted,

guiding him to the seat at the head of the table on her left. Knowing Ethan was coming and fearing he might feel uncomfortable, she had dismissed everyone else from the house, sparing Ethan from any discomfort. Her eyes reddened as she watched her slender, radiant grandson.

"Ethan, look at you, you've lost weight. Eat up." She urged.

"Thank you, Grandma," he replied.

Owen, intending to please Evelyn, added, "How've you been these past years? I heard you haven't been going to school. You're nearing the age for college entrance exams. Do you still want to go to school? If you do, I could arrange for your admission."

Ethan picked up a piece of fish from his plate and took a bite, leisurely responding, "Isn't it a bit late for you as a father to be concerned about how I've been doing these past years?"

The comment seemed to affect Owen, who stiffened, a cold glint appearing in his eyes.

Ethan continued, "No need to worry. I've been just fine."

Despite everything, guilt lingered in Owen's heart for Ethan.

"Since you're back, why not stay here? Your room's been prepared."

Evelyn chimed in, "Yes, I've kept your room for you all these years. You should move back in."