



209 How could he?

Arwen was pacing back and forth in her room when Aiden walked in. His brows furrowed at the sight of her restlessness. **1**

Arwen on the other hand didn't notice his presence until she bumped into his broad chest. Startled, she yelped softly, stepping back while rubbing her forehead. "Ah! You are back?"

Aiden glanced at himself, then back at her, his lips twitching in mild amusement. "Seems so. Why? Were you waiting for me?"

Arwen pressed her lips together, trying not to smile. "What do you think?"

"I think nothing," Aiden replied with a casual shrug.

"Husband," she began, reaching out to hold his arms before tugging him along with her. "Of course, I was waiting for you. Come here," she said, guiding him to sit at the edge of the bed.

"There is something really important that I forgot to tell you," she added, her tone carrying a hint of worry.

The faint crease on her brow made Aiden



expression turn serious. "What is it?" he asked carefully.

"My Granna is here," Arwen said, her voice tinged with concern. "And she ... she wants to meet you ... tomorrow."

Aiden frowned slightly, his features thoughtful. Seeing his expression shift, Arwen's heart sank. She knew she should have given him a heads-up earlier. Amidst everything happening, the thought had slipped her mind. Now, she wouldn't even be able to complain if he said no.

"I know, I should have mentioned this earlier," she said hurriedly. "But ... I forgot. It's fine if you won't be able to make it this time. I will talk to her and arrange for us to visit next weekend."

She was about to stand up, but Aiden caught her hand, stopping her. Surprised, she turned to look at him, confusion etched on her face.

"Did you prepare her the gifts?" he asked.

Arwen shook her head. "Though she said she was coming, it completely slipped my mind. I only found out she was here when she called me this evening," she admitted, her voice a mix of guilt and helplessness. "It's fine. I will make



arrangements later."

Aiden tugged her hand gently, guiding her back to sit beside him. "Stay here," he said softly before pulling out his phone.

Arwen watched stunned, as he made a series of calls. His voice was steady, calm, and efficient, delegating tasks with precision. By the time he hung up, her jaw had practically dropped.

Turning back to face her, Aiden raised an eyebrow.

"You are coming with me tomorrow?" she asked, still in disbelief.

"What do you think?" he replied, his lips curving into a small teasing smirk.

Arwen pressed her lips together. "I think that recently you have been very busy with the company. Even Mr. Ethan said that things are growing a little complicated since you are trying to shift your headquarters here."

"So, you were planning not to take me along?" he asked, his tone suggesting an accusation.

"If you were busy, I wouldn't have forced you," Arwen said with a casual shrug. "I would have tried to be an understanding wife instead."



Aiden tapped her nose playfully. "I don't want you to be understanding. I like you demanding instead."

Arwen blinked, not understanding him for a moment. He didn't like her understanding, rather demanding. Was he even thinking before saying that? She pressed her finger down her chin before lifting it up at her. "Don't mess things up saying that, people will think I am bullying you."

"Let them think whatever they want," Aiden replied with a nonchalant smile. "I won't let them change you a bit."

Arwen wanted to act like she didn't like it, but the smile that curved her lips betrayed her intention. "Tomorrow it won't be easy for you, husband. This sweet talk won't win you my Granna's grace. She must already be having weird plans for you."

"I have nothing to fear," he said confidently.

"You will be there to protect me."

"Why are you so sure that I will protect you?"

"Because I know you will protect me. You won't let me suffer in anyone's hands" Aiden smiled confidently and his smile full of confidence like that only made Arwen's heart flutter. Her eyes



licked onto his, enchanted by the depth of the alluring abyss he carried within them.

Meanwhile, in the hospital, Delyth gained her consciousness. "Ah!" she winced, when she tried to move. Her limbs hurt terribly, and it felt like she held no strength in them. "Is there someone outside," she called but no one appeared.

In the end she reached behind her and pressed the bell. Just after that, a nurse stepped inside.

"You are awake?" she asked before saying quickly. "Allow me a moment, I will call the doctor first." Saying that she left the room and soon came back with a doctor.

"Ms. Ember, how are you feeling now?" The doctor asked checking the vitals.

But instead of answering her, Delyth asked, "Where is Ryan?" Her eyes already darting behind them, looking for any trace that could tell her that Ryan was around.

"Oh, your brother isn't around," the nurse replied.

But the moment she said, "He is not my brother." Her voice came irritated and it made



both the doctor and nurse to pause for a moment. "Who told you that he is my brother?"

The doctor gave a look to the nurse, in response of which, the nurse quickly apologized. "I am sorry Ms. Ember, I misunderstood something."

Delyth didn't care to acknowledge it. Instead she asked again, "Did he go to get me the medicines or something?"

The doctor rubbed her nose a little to brush away the awkwardness she felt there, but then clearing her throat, she said, "Ms. Ember, Mr. Foster is not here. He left earlier because he wasn't feeling well. But he said he will be coming back to visit you in the morning."

And that stuck Delyth like a thunder. Ryan left her there? How could he?



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