

220 Just in time.

In the car, Aiden's brows knitted in concern as he glanced at Arwen pressing an ice pack against her lips. "Is it hurting too much," he asked. 1

And the moment, the question left his lips, Arwen's head snapped in his direction, her eyes sharp with accusation. "You still have the nerve to ask that, husband?" she hissed. She then pulled the ice pack away from her lips and tilted her face towards him. "Look at this! Do you think I can show up like this to my Granna? What will she think?"

Aiden blinked, momentarily at a loss. "What would she think?" he asked, genuinely confused.

Her lips, though slightly swollen, didn't look bad at all. If anything they appeared fuller and more luscious, complimenting her delicate features. He was sure no one would notice —or rather, they might notice for all the right reasons.

Arwen maybe was being a little paranoid, but she never appeared in front of her Granna like thin. Since she was young, she never had any



guy in her life other than Ryan. And given the strained relationship she shared with him, a situation like this never appeared.

But today things were different. With Aiden, things were different. The thought of showing up in a way that would invite her Granna's teasing made her self-conscious. And she wasn't sure how she would handle it if that happened.

Her cheeks flushed as she pursed her lips and looked away. "Leave it," she muttered. "You won't understand. And this will get better by the time we get there." Saying that, she pressed the ice pack back onto her lips, letting its coldness soothe the swelling.

Aiden studied her for a moment before leaning over and gently pulling her closer. The suddenness of his movement left her startled, and before she could react, she was already sitting snugly beside him.

"Aiden," she began, her voice coming out as a soft sigh. "What are you doing?"

"Shush!" he said, his tone low and warm as he gently pried the ice pack from her hand. He pressed it against her lips with far more care than she had been. "Let me help you."



"You don't have to," she replied back. "I can do it myself."

But Aiden didn't budge. He held the ice pack and let it help her. Arwen stared at him, not having the heart to pull away.

"They aren't looking bad," he said. "You look beautiful."

Arwen blinked but then her lips curled up softly. Moving her hand to hold his, she pulled it slightly away. "Sorry," she began. "I didn't mean to blame you. It's just that I got a little anxious. Granna teases me a lot and she wouldn't miss a chance if she found out something."

"She teases you?" Aiden asked, looking at her and she nodded. "For what?"

"Not particularly about something?" Arwen said. "She is just playful and loves to tease me every chance she gets. And believe me, this rare chance she wouldn't miss. And though I usually deal with all her teasings, this one would turn out to be something I might not be prepared with so ..."

"You mean you never gave her this kind of chance in teasing?" he asked, clearly intrigued.



Arwen narrowed her eyes at him. "What do you mean this kind of chance?" she asked before adding, "For your information, Mr. Winslow, you are the first man I married to, and this would be the first time ever I am taking you to meet my family. Of course, there would be no before to this."

Ryan was her fiancé but he never entered that category, so Arwen didn't even consider him ever.

Although Aiden was just planning to tease her, her words only made him warm inside. He thought he had missed his chance, but years after at every step he has come to realize that he never lost her. She was away, yet remained close to him.

"Oh," he said and he pressed the ice pack again to her lips. "Don't worry, your lips already look better now. Granna won't find out."

"Really?" Arwen perked up, before pulling away a little to check on the mirror. And truly as Aiden has said, her lips no longer looked swollen. "This is better now. Give me a minute, I will put on the lipstick."

"Want my help?" Aiden asked and squinting her eyes at him, Arwen refused.



"No need, husband. I can do it by myself. This is lipstick, not a crayon that you can you to paint me up." With that, she pulled out her lipstick from the bag and started applying.

Soon after, Neil, who had been driving at the front, announced. "We are here, Sir. We are now entering the Serenity Residence."

Arwen exchanged a glance with Aiden, slowly muttering. "Just in time." Aiden nodded as the car was pulled up at the front of the entrance.

When looked out of the window, Arwen saw Margaret standing there. "Let's go," she said to Aiden, ready to push open the door on her side and step down the car.

Margaret's lips curled in a welcoming smile as her eyes met with her. "Ms. Arwen, you are here. Madam had been waiting for you all this while."

Arwen smiled. "Waiting for me? More like waiting to blame me again for not coming to pick her up at the airport." At those words, the two women laughed, just as Arwen felt a hand press down on her lower back.

Her gaze turned sideways, and finding Aiden there with her, she introduced, "And this is my husband, Aiden Winslow." She then moved her



gaze back to the lady and added, "Aiden, this is Aunt Margaret, my grandmother's assistant. I have known her since I was a child, so she has become more like my aunt now."

Aiden looked at the woman and offered a small polite smile. "It's nice to meet you, Aunt Margaret."

"Aren't you too eager to build new relationships, young man?"

Just before Margaret could respond, an elegant, aged voice cut in deliberately.



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