



221 Losing the little girl to some charming wolf in a suit.

Margaret was already charmed, but to her bad luck, Brenda's words cut in before she could respond to Aiden's polite greeting. 1

At her grandmother's voice, Arwen turned, looking in the direction along with Aiden, her lips curling up in a warm smile. "Granna!" she called out, running to hug the old lady.

Brenda's eyes also shone when she caught the smile on Arwen's face. Opening her arms, she embraced her, her embrace still emanating the same warmth and familiarity Arwen had known all her life. "I missed you, Granna!"

"Really?" the old woman asked, pulling away to raise her brows at Arwen, adding, "But I almost thought someone else caught all your attention." Her gaze darted towards Aiden, who stood nearby, exuding an effortless charisma.

Arwen followed her gaze, and couldn't suppress a smile. Unwrapping her arms from Brenda, she walked back to Aiden, intertwining her fingers with his.

"Granna," she began, her voice soft yet steady,



"let me introduce you formally." Glancing up at Aiden, she continued, "This is Aiden, my husband."

Brenda's gaze zeroed at Aiden for a moment but she didn't say anything. Aiden, also stared at the old lady his gaze firm and confident, unlike the young men who tend to falter at her scrutinizing gaze.

"Granna!" he greeted, his lips curling ever so slightly.

"As I said, you seem too eager, young man," she repeated before turning to look at Margaret who still stood there. "Since when we started to make our guest chatter outside the house, Margaret?"

Margaret's gaze at once cast down as she quickly apologized saying, "My bad, madam. I will escort them inside now."

Arwen frowned slightly. Looking at her grandmother, she asked, "Since when did I start to be a guest here, Granna?"

Brenda's gaze darted back to her as she raised a brow. "I never said you were a guest, sweetheart. I was referring to the one who accompanied you." Her gaze shifted meaningfully to Aiden, who stood quietly by



Arwen's side, his stance unwavering.

Arwen's expression tightened. Her grandmother wasn't usually like this, but for some reason, today, there was a sharpness in her tone, a subtle bias against Aiden that made Arwen uncomfortable. She brought him with her today, and there was no way she would let him get embarrassed or insulted anywhere.

Ready to take a stand for him, Arwen was about to speak when Aiden squeezed her hand, stopping her. She glanced up at him, his slight shake of the head signalling her against the idea. Her frown deepened but given he was asking it, she relented.

On the other hand, Brenda didn't miss this small exchange between the two. Her lips curled up in satisfaction, but she masked it well before anyone could notice it.

"Margaret, bring the guest inside. Don't let him stand there for long," she said, before gesturing to Arwen, "And you, little brat, do you want me to walk alone at such old age? Come here and accompany me in."

Although her grandmother was old, she wasn't so frail as to need Arwen's support. It was clear that Brenda Davies was planning something.



"Granna, I came here with my husband. Do you want me to abandon him and walk with you?" Arwen's words carried a note of refusal.

"Why not?" Brenda retorted shamelessly, gesturing towards the house. "This is my Residence, not some forest where your husband would get lost if you leave him behind. He will walk in just fine behind you with Margaret in tow. Don't worry I didn't pet a beast inside to swallow him whole yet. He would be just as safe as he is with you."

"Granna!" Arwen was speechless. "You are —"

"Accompany her inside. I will come after you," Aiden said, squeezing her hands again.

Arwen turned to him, her brows furrowed. "She is not weak," she retorted.

But Aiden simply smiled. Leaning closer, he whispered, near her ears, "Then help her pretend to be, if that's what she wants. The ball will end up in our court, and we will win the game."

Pulling back, he gave her a reassuring look. Arwen stared at him, momentarily at a loss. But since he put it that way, she agreed to go along with it.



Glancing back at her grandmother, she nodded, "Fine, let's go inside."

With that, she walked to her, before hooking her arms with hers. As they started walking, Brenda noticed her granddaughter's sullen expression, and teased, "See? I knew you would change your favourites. You are favoring that young man over this old woman now."

Arwen narrowed her gaze at her. "Granna, you invited him here cordially. How can you not make him feel welcome? He is not a stranger; he is my —"

"Aye," Brenda interrupted, feigning an expression of surprise. "I never knew you would so easily side up with someone whom you met just two months before."

"Of course, I would side with him. He is my husband and he came with me to my grandmother's house." Arwen countered all so righteously, without knowing that Brenda was taking note of every detail of her changed attitude.

"My, my," Brenda sighed dramatically, her lips curling into a sly smile. "You make me feel like I am losing my little girl to some charming wolf in a suit. Do you think, I would allow it?"



Arwen furrowed her brows at her words. Her steps paused for a second but the old woman tugged her without letting her stop midway.

"What are you planning to do, Granna?" she asked, slightly alarmed.

Brenda chuckled, her tone full of mischief. "The more you protect him like this, the more I want to tease him. It's fun. Why not you protect him more, so that I can tease him more? That way, we would all have a good laugh, wouldn't we?"

Arwen's eyes widened as turned to stare at her grandmother. "Granna!" she felt at a loss of words.

"What? Don't look at me like that!" Brenda said, waving her free hand dismissively. "I am just doing my job as an elder."

Behind him, Aiden followed quietly, catching the exchange. His lips quirked into a small, knowing smile.