



222 From which angle does my man look old?

Inside, in the living area, Aiden took a seat along with Arwen and the old lady. The room was elegantly decorated, exuding a warm and elegant ambience that spoke volumes about Brenda's refined taste. 1

Margaret, who had followed them in tow, smiled warmly. "The dinner will be served in a while," she said, addressing the group. "But before that, would you like to have something?"

As she asked, her eyes lingered on Aiden. He returned her smile with a courteous nod. "That won't be required, Aunt Margaret. I am perfectly fine."

Margaret nodded approvingly before stepping away, leaving the three alone. Brenda, who had been observing quietly, decided to interject.

"You seem eager, again?" she remarked, her sharp gaze resting on Aiden, the faintest hint of challenge in her tone.

Arwen who felt Aiden was being cornered was about to speak for him when Aiden's voice



came, steady yet carrying an undeniable undertone of authority. "Eager?" His expression was as composed as ever, while his posture was relaxed but confident. "Why should I need to prove the eagerness for a relationship that's already cemented?"

His gaze shifted to Arwen, softening as it met hers. "Arwen is my wife. Not by chance, but by choice — mine and hers. That fact is not something I feel the need to defend or validate to anyone. Respect for her and this bond is what guides me, not eagerness."

Brenda raised a brow, her lips curving slightly in amusement, though she masked her reaction with feigned indifference. "Respect for her and the bond you share, you say?" she asked, her tone sharp as her eyes narrowed, scrutinizing him for any sign of pretense.

But Aiden didn't flinch under her gaze. His confidence remained unwavering. "I don't find any basis to doubt it," he replied firmly

"But I see plenty of reasons to," Brenda countered, leaning back with an unmistakable air of challenge. "Or, if what you say is true and you truly respect my granddaughter and the bond you two share, then why hasn't there been a proper wedding to prove it?"



Aiden paused at that. He never wanted to give any less to Arwen, but he knew in this one thing he had failed deeply. Their wedding was still pending.

"You keeping your relationship with her to be secret, do you harbor any plans against her?" Brenda added again and Arwen spoke, not able to take it keep shut anymore.

"Granna," she began. "You can't blame him for it. He never kept our relationship a secret. On his side, he always made sure that people knew my identity."

Arwen would never let him take that blame. She still remembers that soon after they got married, he introduced her to all the people around him who were relevant. Be it at his company or among his friends —he made sure that everyone knew my identity as his wife."

"Really?" Brenda asked. "If he made sure that everyone knows your identity then how come there are still people thinking that you married an old man?"

Arwen frowned. "Married an old man?" she gestured to look towards Aiden, "From which angle does my man look old? If people turn to be blind, does that mean we have to take the blame?"



Brenda chuckled, but she held it in time. Looking at Aiden, she said, "This girl is now calling her own mother as blind, do you think I can even fight with her?"

Arwen pouted, her cheeks flushing slightly. "I didn't mean to," she muttered. "It's just that I can't let anyone call my husband old when he clearly looks so handsome and young."

Aiden, who had been listening quietly, was momentarily stunned. Though he knew he was handsome, hearing it coming from Arwen gave him another sense of pride.

Brenda shook her head, her expression softening slightly. "If that's the case, then you would better do something to shut their mouths," she said, her expression not truly giving away her thoughts. "Or else, these rumors would only grow."

Aiden looked at Arwen and asked, "Do you want me to hold you a wedding?" Though he wanted to give her the best one, if she wanted to have one now, he would agree.

"No," Arwen refused straight, without even thinking about it. "Wedding is a big thing. I don't want us getting forced into it just to prove some people. I want to take time and a



good while to prepare for it." But then remembering something, she turned to Aiden and asked, "Do you want to have it like that?"

Aiden shook his head. "But I would agree if you want to."

"No need, We don't need to force us into this." Arwen was very clear about it. Maybe before she didn't think much about this wedding, but now, she wanted it to turn out to be perfect, with no compromises made.

Brenda who had been quietly observing their exchange, sighed audibly, drawing their attention. "If you guys are having so many problems in deciding it, let this old woman help you," she said before pulling out a file from the side to hand it to Arwen.

"Let's announce it in my party," she said and not understanding what her grandmother meant, Arwen took the file to check first. Her brows knitting realizing Brenda's plan all of a sudden.

Closing the file, Arwen shook her head. "No, Granna. I am not up for this either."

"But the decision on this was made far long back. You plan to back out now?" Brenda asked, furrowing her brows in concern.



Arwen shook her head. "But we decided you will give me time for this."

"I already gave you enough time, sweetheart. Almost four years and a half, it's time that you take up the job you promised me to." Brenda said, her tone soft yet firm enough to not leave any room for further discussion. "Don't worry, I believe you will be able to do it Arwen. You have been doing it so well all this while. And I am sure you won't disappoint me in future as well."

Arwen wasn't nervous or unsure of her capability. She was just reluctant to take it, knowing that it was something her mother wanted always but couldn't have it ever. 2



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