



## 223 Raised by mother.

Brenda's gaze focused on Arwen and she knew what she was thinking about. She placed a hand on her shoulders and said, "Didn't you already sever the ties with her? Why do you still consider her thoughts and emotions now?" 1

"Shouldn't I consider?" Arwen looked up at her, her eyes carrying the bitterness of her heart. "I haven't severed the ties to stay entangled with her one way or the other. I severed it because I no longer wanted to stay connected to her."

"You severed your ties with your family?" Aiden asked, his brows tugged in a frown.

Arwen glanced at him, her lips tugging up in a slow, sorrowful curl. Humming, she affirmed, "Mhm-hm. I did."

Aiden's expression changed into something darker but he didn't say anything. He just stared at her grey pair of eyes that had suddenly lost their glimmer of shine. Although Arwen hadn't talked much with him about her family, he knew she treated them better than she treated herself.

Brenda's tone turned colder, her words cutting like steel, suddenly all different to how she was





just a moment ago. "Your entanglement with your mother isn't my concern to look into, sweetheart. That's your battle you need to look into it your way," she said, shrugging as if indifferent to the consequences. "Davies Empire chain is my baby, one that I have nurtured with my blood and sweat. I won't let anything hinder its future. So I won't accept you backing out, no matter what excuse you present."

Arwen sighed heavily and rose to her feet. Her gaze was steady as she looked at her grandmother. "I told you, I have no plans of backing out, Granna. I just want to make it clear that, in future, you can't come to me complaining that I have been rude to your daughter dearest."

Brenda's eyebrows shot up in surprise and amusement. "Are you threatening me, little brat?"

"I am not," Arwen replied, her tone calm yet firm. "I am simply letting you know that I won't go easy on your daughter as you always have. That means there would be complete estrangement." Her expression hardened into one of cold indifference —not towards Brenda, but towards Catrin.



Brenda chuckled softly, her lips twitching in amusement. "Agreed," she said nodding. "All the decisions would be up for you to make. I won't intervene after after this."

Arwen studied her grandmother for a moment, ensuring her words, before nodding firmly. "I will go and check with Aunt Margaret," she said before turning on her heel. She walked towards the kitchen, leaving Aiden and Brenda alone. Aiden didn't follow her, knowing that she needed space, though his eyes lingered on her until she disappeared from sight.

"You have quite a good temperament, I must say," Brenda remarked, adding, "Otherwise, not many can handle such situations with such composure."

"I didn't handle anything," Aiden replied evenly. "I stayed as natural as possible."

"Natural?" Brenda raised an eyebrow, skeptical. "You don't strike me as someone who stays humble in the face of insults."

"You didn't insult me anywhere, Granna," Aiden replied. "You were just up for a game that I needed patience to win."

Brenda was impressed. Her lips tugged up in a smirk, nodding she said, "Quite suitable. But



don't just relax yet, I won't let you at ease until I make sure you are the right one for her. Arwen is precious to me."

"Not as precious as she is to me," Aiden stated immediately, his attitude as sincere as ever. "So you can test me as much as you want. I would make sure you never find anything that tells you otherwise."

Brenda smiled, for once she looked genuinely at ease. Taking a deep breath, she said, "Arwen might have acted brave today, but she must have gotten broken when she severed her relationship with Catrin. So with her family gone, she only has you now."

"Having me would never feel less to her, rest assured, Granna. I won't fail her, ever." Aiden knew what the old woman was getting at.

Brenda glanced up at him and saw his eyes all sincere with the promise. She nodded before suddenly saying, "I heard that you are trying to set up your company here. Though our business won't be able to help you much because we exist in different industries, we do have some connections that you can take to your benefit."

"That won't be required," Aiden said without



even considering it for the second time. "I have my plans."

Brenda stared at him for a second longer, before saying, "Confidence in one's plans is the basic requirement for success, but confidence ultimately is not a key ingredient alone. In business, having a network to succeed is a must."

Aiden's lips slightly lifted in a smirk. "Networks is the last thing Winslows has ever lacked in, Granna. Stay at ease. I won't fail and nor will my plans."

Brenda suddenly paused at his words, her brows knitting in slight confusion. "What family name did you say?"

Aiden said confidently. "Winslow. That's my family."

It was as if Brenda couldn't believe it for a moment, but her expression didn't give away her inner thoughts. Keeping her composure, she asked, "Is it the same family of Cralens that has become a legend over the years? The one that stands even higher than the royals?"

Aiden simply nodded. "People overhyped the things. We had just helped the royals begin something that was all worth of."



Brenda was stunned. Although Arwen had mentioned it once, she never thought it was the same Winslow family that dates back to history.

"But I never heard Winslows have a successor. Didn't the family disown the only son they had in the family?" Remembering the last news she heard about them, Brenda asked.

And at that, Aiden's expression changed. His face grew a shade darker but keeping his calm, he said, "I was raised by my mother alone." His voice came measured as if holding something inside. 3



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