



224 Quite unique.

Brenda observed him carefully, noting the shift in his expression. She knew she had unknowingly touched a nerve —either vulnerability or a deep wound from his past that had never healed. ¹

She didn't mean to scrape the wounds of his past. As long as he treated Arwen with the love and care she craved, Brenda had no interest in dwelling on his past. "I see," she said softly, deciding not to press further. "Your mother must be a strong woman. She raised you well."

Aiden didn't respond, his gaze seemed distant as though avoiding talking more about the topic. And to save the situation, Arwen appeared right on time.

"The dinner is ready," Arwen announced, only to halt abruptly. The tension in the air was evident. Her eyes flickered between her grandmother and Aiden, before settling on Aiden finally. "What happened? Is everything fine?"

Aiden glanced up at her, before giving her an assuring look. "Everything is good."

But for some reason, Arwen wasn't convinced.



Her eyes narrowed as she studied him before turning to her grandmother, as if prepared to demand an explanation.

However before she could say a word, Brenda raised a hand in mock surrender, a sly smile on her lips. "Before you accuse me, let me clarify — I didn't bully your husband."

Arwen crossed her arms, unconvinced. She knew her grandmother didn't mean any harm, but Aiden wouldn't look like this either in his usual demeanor. Something must have been there to make him react like that.

"We were merely talking when you walked in," Brenda continued, her tone almost playful. "If you don't believe me, ask him right here and now. I dare him to say otherwise."

Arwen turned back to Aiden, her expression serious as if truly ready to confirm with him.

Seeing her like that, Brenda sighed dramatically, pointing an accusatory finger at her. "You —do you really think I would bully him the moment you left the room? Is that how you perceive me?"

"You have been testing him since he appeared with me," Arwen shot back with a shrug. "What else am I supposed to believe after witnessing



all that?"

Brenda opened her mouth, ready to defend, but no words came. For once, she was at a loss. Her gaze darted to look at Aiden but he was already up, walking to Arwen's side.

Before Arwen could say or react, his arms wrapped around her and he leaned down to press his lips against her, softly as if trying to calm something that was stirred inside him. It wasn't a kiss of passion, but a touch of assurance. 2

Though flustered, Arwen didn't push him. She let his kiss linger for a second as she pressed her hand upon his heart, feeling the rhythm of his heartbeat, faint and subtle. As she knew it was as she had thought something did stir him from inside.

"Don't worry," Aiden reassured again. "I am fine. Granna didn't bully me. She just asked me a few things as an elder and I didn't mind."

Arwen stared at him, as if studying his eyes. "Are you sure?" she asked.

And Aiden smirked, a hint of mischief in his expression. "Wasn't I just been convincing enough?" he asked, raising a brow.



Her face turned crimson, and she quickly stepped back, clearing her throat. "I am convinced. Your words would have sufficed. The demonstration was a bit ... extra," she said, glancing away.

But the moment her eyes met with Brenda's, Arwen realized she had walked right into trouble.

Brenda's brows lifted, her expression a mix of amusement and mock disapproval. "Well, well," she drawled, folding her arms. "I didn't think I would witness such a demonstration today. Quite unique! Young love, I suppose."

Arwen's cheeks burned, but she tried her best to not make it obvious. "Granna, you are growing old. You shouldn't delay your meals. Since the dinner is already done, let's go and have it first. What say?"

Brenda chuckled, but soon, she responded in a tone as if trying to understand something. "Old? Is that what you have been trying to prove with your young moves?"

"Granna!" Arwen exclaimed. "Let's go and have dinner. I am hungry." She said before reaching to wrap her hands around Aiden's and tugging him in the direction. "You too. Come with me now."



The dinner was completed in peace with Brenda teasing here and there and Aiden making sure that even amidst the tease Arwen completed her food well.

"I think I need a stroll in the garden now," Arwen said as she hooked her arm around Aiden, asking him next. "Want to come along?"

Aiden nodded.

"Granna, you take some rest. We will be back soon." Arwen said to her grandmother. And seeing her nod, she turned around to walk towards the garden.

Brenda stared at them walking away, a content smile curled her lips. Margaret came soon to her side with a tray of medicines in her hand.

"Madam, it's time for you to have your medicines," she said making the old woman turn to her.

When Brenda noticed the same dozes of medicines, she exhaled out a deep tiring breath. "Having these every day is so tiring. I just hope this ends soon now." She took the glass of water in her hand and swallowed down the tablets. "With Arwen finally finding happiness, I guess it's finally time for me to find my rest of peace." 1



"Madam, don't say like that," Margaret said, her brows tugging in concern. She knew it was getting difficult for the lady to survive on the medicines, but life had been tough for everyone. One shouldn't lose hope that easily. "Ms. Arwen still needs you. She might have found her happiness, but you have always stayed in her life as her strength. Losing you will make her weak."

Brenda smiled, nodding. "I know and that's why I am doing my best to make her grow stronger while I am still here. So that when I am gone, no one can use her vulnerability to their advantage." 1

Margaret understood what the old lady meant. But there was something that bothered her. Hence giving it a thought, she asked, "But Madam, don't you think you should tell her about your condition?" 1

**NEW BOOK ALERT!!**