

Breaking Free, Loving Again -The Flash Marriage with Mr. CEO Chapter 17 - Beauty and looks are very subjective topics.

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Arwen was lost in her thoughts. She hadn't realized she had spoken them aloud until she heard her mother's reproach.

"Arwen, what are you talking about? Are you even in your senses?" Catrin rushed, almost panicking. "Ryan is a good child. You two have grown up together. If not him, who could be a better choice?"

2

Arwen might not have intended to voice her thoughts, but even if she did, she never expected her mother to reproach her instead of asking why she felt that way. "Mama, I –"

"Enough, Arwen! I don't want to hear anything. The date is already fixed. Now, don't try to embarrass us in front of the Fosters. What will your Aunt Beca think? She has always adored you." As her mother continued listing reasons why she should not make such a decision, Arwen heard her father interrupt her mom.

1

"Catrin, at least hear what Arwen has to say. She might have a reason. Don't force her into something that she doesn't want."

2

But just when her father took her side, her mother chided him. "Honey, you are spoiling her. Don't you know Ryan? We have seen him grow. How could he be the wrong choice for our daughter? And I have known Beca for years. With her in the family, our daughter will become everyone's favorite. What other family could be better for our daughter than the one that adores her? She will have beautiful life with the Fosters."

2

"But Catrin, if Arwen is having hesitation –being her parents, we should listen to her."

1

Arwen heard her father try again, but her mother was simply too biased. No matter what happened, she wouldn't try to understand Arwen's heart and wishes.

"I don't care, Idris. I am her mother and I know what's best for her," Catrin said adamantly. In the end, Arwen interrupted them.

4

"I was simply speaking, Mama. I have no intention of backing out. Don't worry," she said, and then added for her father's sake. "Dad, please don't fight over such a small thing. I am sensible. Of course, I won't back out now that we are so close to the date. Ryan is really good to me, and I am happy with him."

8

"Are you sure, honey?" Idris asked his daughter. But before Arwen could reply, her mother spoke up again.

"That wasn't a topic to joke about, Arwen. You almost gave me a panic attack. I really thought something big had happened between you and Ryan."

4

Arwen couldn't help but laugh with a hint of self-mockery. Her mother guessed that something might have happened between her and Ryan, yet she did not bother to ask what it was. Or ask her what was it about? Did she already assume that Arwen had caused some trouble?

"Everything is fine, Mama. I have something to do, so I will hang up now. Let's talk later." Arwen said, no longer in the mood to handle her mother. She waited for her mother to acknowledge her, but after a few seconds it was her father who spoke again.

"Okay, dear. Take care. I will call you again when we have time."

And there it went again. Her mother got upset without any proper reason. It had always been this way. Whenever Arwen wished for something or said something that didn't align with her mother's thoughts, she would get upset, expecting Arwen to come forward and apologize for being inconsiderate.

1

"Arwen, are you okay?"

Suddenly Arwen realized that she wasn't alone. Gianna was sitting there with her. She might not have heard it all, but with traces of conversation audible, it wasn't that hard to guess.

Arwen looked at her friend and smiled, nodding. "I am good." Then she glanced down at her plate. "Breakfast is done. What do we have next in our plan."

"Gianna knew Arwen was trying her best not to cry. After all, her mother never understood her, and nothing pained Arwen more than that. So, to help her friend, Gianna pretended the call never happened.

Looking down at her empty plate, she said, "After breakfast, next we have to do the dishes. Can you lend me your presence, my lady? I usually get bored washing them alone. With you around, we can chat."

Arwen looked at her and nodded. "Sure, why not? But on one condition." She said, raising one finger of hers.

"What is it?" Gianna asked.

Arwen gave a sheepish smile and then said very seriously, "You are not going to start talking about your uncle again. I am all bored with it and definitely not interested in him."

"Shouldn't you be interested in him?" Gianna asked, and Arwen raised her brows.

"Why should I be?"

"Because I wanted to set you two up. You both are my favorites, and you would look good together." Gianna said, and Arwen pointed a finger at her. Setting her up with her old uncle? What absurd revenge was Gianna planning on her?

3

Gianna, you better give up that thought. Or else, I will curse you to have an aged husband who simply won't be able to sati—"

"Arwen, you better not say more," Gianna warned, picking up the jug of water, ready to throw it on Arwen. "How could you even curse me like that? Am I even your friend?"

Arwen pursed her lips, before saying, "Same as you could think of marrying me off to your uncle. Am I your friend?"

"My uncle is better than anyone. You haven't met him, so you don't know. He might be a little older, but that doesn't matter. Come with me to meet him, and if you don't start drooling on his looks, I will admit defeat." Gianna challenged.

3

But Arwen wasn't interested. "No need. Beauty and looks are very subjective topics. I don't want to debate with you. You can consider your uncle's look drool-worthy, but I am not interested."

"Want to take up the challenge?" Gianna suddenly asked, making Arwen tug her brows together.

"What challenge?"

"Come with me to meet him. If you still don't agree with me, I won't pester you again," Gianna confidently set out the challenge for Arwen to consider.