

68 His actions spoke volumes.

Arwen stiffened at the sound of her mother's voice, already laced with disappointment. She didn't have the strength to feel disheartened once again, so before her father could say anything, she quickly said, "Dad, I need to make a few calls. I will get back to you later."

As if sensing her unease, her father hummed on the other end of the call in understanding.

"Alright, go ahead. I will let your mother know that you are doing fine," he said before ending the call.

Arwen stared at her reflection in the mirror as a heavy sigh escaped her. For most people, their mothers were their pillars of comfort, but for her, her mother was the relentless source of pressure—a constant reminder of the expectation she couldn't meet, draining her spirit.

"It's okay, Arwen," she whispered, drawing a deep breath. "She is your mother, and you can't change that. But you can change yourself. You have tried living by her rules; no, let's try living

by yours. Cut her influence, and maybe, it wouldn't be hard to reclaim all the confidence you lost along the way." Muttering to herself, she straightened her posture, a small smile tugged at her lips.

A knock at the door suddenly pulled her back from her introspective thoughts. She turned to find Mr. Jones standing at the door.

"Madam, there is something you need to check. If you have time, can you please come with me," the butler said and Arwen paused for a moment before nodding.

"Sure," she said as she walked toward him.

"Where are we going?"

A few minutes later, Arwen stopped in front of a room. Her eyes widened in surprise, "This ..."

"Sir had us prepare this room for you. He had specifically chose everything, but he asked us to make sure it's to your liking. So, Madam, please let us know if you would like to make any changes to it," Mr. Jones said, waiting to hear her response.



Still in surprise, Arwen walked inside the room, taking in every detail. She never told him about her passion for dance, but given the design of the room, it seemed like he knew it very well.

Her gaze wandered over the serene and luxurious space, which reflected the warmth of his gestures that she had felt all along. Sunlight streamed through the floor-to-ceiling windows, illuminating polished hardwood floors cushioned for her comfort.

Her eyes darted to check the grand mirror, framed in gold, stretched across one wall. The handcrafted barre, set at the perfect height, invited practice. Muted pastel tones —soft blush pinks, gentle creams and hints of gold —wrapped the room in an air of elegance and serenity. A vase of fresh flowers and a plush velvet armchair in the corner offered a welcoming touch, providing a moment of rest between practices.

Every detail carried a heart which she could feel just at a glance. She doubted that, if asked, she couldn't have designed this with as much thought as he had. Every corner, every intimate detail demonstrated how deeply he cared.

How can she not be touched?

The passion that no one else cared about—he treated it as if it had a soul of its own. They say actions speak louder than words, and in seeing his gestures, she realized that his actions spoke volumes—louder than anything she had ever heard before.

As her gaze grew a little blurry with unshed tears, she asked the butler, her back still turned to him. "When did he plan all this?"

"It was the night before you arrived," the butler replied, adding, "If there's anything you would like to add or change, let me know and we will arrange it as soon as possible."

"That won't be necessary, Mr. Jones. This couldn't be more perfect," Arwen said, turning around with a bright smile. "If this is ready, I would like to spend some time alone here. You can go ahead."

Mr. Jones returned her smile with his polite one before nodding and leaving. Once he was gone, Arwen turned back to look at the room again. Her eyes shone as she noted all the details of his care, evident in every corner.



"How does he always know what I carve?" she muttered to herself before walking to another corner of the room, where a sleek, state-of-the-art sound system stood, complete with a library of ballet scores. Her fingers trailed over the controls, and it didn't take long for her to realize it contained all of her favourites pieces, along with several other masterpieces. 2

A smile curled her lips at the realization, and she selected one to play. Outside the room, from a corner, Amanda stood watching, her teeth grinding in frustration. She had known that a new room was being set up, but she hadn't expected it to be for Arwen.

"Such a wicked who*e. I will make sure you get kicked out of here. You have threatened me with my job, boasting your title and position. I will show you those aren't yours to boast about," she spat, envy dripping from her tone. 2

"Amanda, you should avoid thoughts like that. They are dangerous. Don't forget you have to look after your mother. If you lose your job, how will you care for her?" another helper, who had noticed the malice in Amanda's eyes, spoke with a voice laced with concern.



Amanda sneered at her warning. "Worry about yourself. I know what I am doing. If you want to be scared of this temporary woman, go ahead. But I won't. She means nothing to Mr. Winslow and soon I will prove that to everyone."

"Amanda, I am just worried about your mother. But fine, if you are sure. Good luck," the other helper said in a resigned tone, before turning and leaving.

Amanda rolled her eyes before, turning her gaze back in the direction of Arwen. "I will have good luck once I will make sure she is gone." 2

