

140 The changes that's believed to make me happy.

Mr. Cole, the butler of Quinn villa, hurried his way in to deliver the news as soon as he received the call. "Madam, Young Miss has arrived."

Looking already furious, Catrin turned towards the doorway and asked, "Where is she?" Her brows knitted in a frown.

Mr. Cole hesitated but then answered, "I received a call from the guards outside. She is walking her way here and should be stepping in anytime soon."

"Walking her way here?" Catrin's voice pitched high. "Did she not bring her car?"

Mr. Cole pursed his lips. "Young Miss hasn't taken her car anywhere recently. Even the last time when she visited, it appeared she had borrowed a car from a friend." Being the family butler, he knew all the staff member in the household. The driver who had dropped Arwen off wasn't one he recognized, so he could easily guess that it wasn't one of their own.

When Catrin heard that, she looked at her husband and snapped, "Did you hear that, Idris? Your precious daughter has gone all wild in our absence. She has lost her sense of discipline; she has even forgotten that young ladies from families like ours bring their own drivers and cars. They don't go around walking or calling cabs."

Idris paused for a moment. Although he didn't like Arwen not using the facilities of comfort, still he tried to calm his wife. "It's all right, Catrin," he replied, his tone calm yet firm. "Arwen is here now. You can discuss it with her when she arrives. I am sure she has her reasons. Don't get worked up before hearing them."

Catrin's lips pressed into a thin line, her irritation barely contained. To her, every detail was a reflection on the family, and Arwen's casual disregard for appearances was intolerable. She held her head high, waiting for her daughter's arrival, already preparing to unload her disappointment. 5

While outside, after climbing the first few steps, Arwen took a deep breath as she stood right outside the door. She was no longer anxious, but still, she feared that once in front of her mother,



she might waver. But then again, there was no such option as running away. She has to face it — and she has to face it today.

Knowing she couldn't escape it, she took her step inside. Just as she entered the living room, she paused. Her eyes flicked around the room, stopping on her father briefly with a hint of warmth before moving to her mother's hardened expression.

Catrin's gaze swept over her daughter critically, noting her overly casual attire, lack of notable jewelry, and the absence of any visible luxury — anything that would mark her as a Quinn. To her, Arwen looked like an ordinary woman and this simple appearance was already rankling her to no end. 3

"Arwen," she started, her voice laced with barely masked irritation. "Is this how you choose to present yourself when you come here? Walking up to the house like ... like some visitor?" 2

Arwen's posture stiffened, but she kept her voice calm. "I didn't think it mattered how I arrived, Mom, as long as I was here."

Idris stood and stepped in gently, sensing the tension. "Arwen, your mother is just concerned,



that's all."

"Concerned?" Catrin scoffed softly, unwilling to let the matter drop. "I would rather call it shocked. A daughter of this family should at least take some pride in appearances. Tell me, Arwen, where exactly is your car? Or has our young miss taken up some new lifestyle we are unaware of?"

Arwen's gaze remained steady, but she took a slow breath before answering. "I haven't needed my car lately, Mom, I have been managing fine with what I have." At first, she avoided taking her driver and car around because she didn't want her parents to be worried about her accident. And later when she needed it, Aiden provided one for her, so she didn't bother about getting her car or driver there.

Catrin's frown deepened. "What you have? Arwen, this is not about getting by with the bare minimum. It's about presenting yourself with dignity and grace. Do you think you are doing this family proud by acting ordinary?" 2

Arwen gazed down at herself. There was nothing called the bare minimum in her look. From head to toe, she was dressed in luxury. Her mother knew it too, but she was just trying a way to



humiliate her —to let her realize how terrible she had become a disappointment. 1

A trace of a smile played at the corner of Arwen's lips, but there was no humor in it. "Mother, if pride is wrapped up in how I appear to others, then maybe we are looking at things differently. I am here to speak with you and Dad, not to parade around a car." 2

Catrin looked visibly taken aback, and for a moment, her composure slipped. She was about to snap, but Idris placed a hand on her shoulder, offering her a quiet but steady reminder of his own presence. 1

"All right, Arwen," he said, his voice calm and reassuring. "Let's sit down and talk. You have said that you want to discuss things when we are back."

Arwen gave a small nod, her gaze softening as she met her father's eyes. Then, following her father, she sat down, glancing briefly at her mother before speaking. Her heart thrummed, but she ignored it.

"Dad, Mom," she began, her voice steady but carrying an undercurrent of vulnerability. "I came to let you know that I have made a few

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changes in my life —the changes that I believe will make me happy. I —"

Before she could say any further, a tablet landed in front of her with a sharp thud, making her flinch at the sudden action. Her gaze shifted to her mother, whose face was flushed with barely restrained anger.

"Is this the goddamn change you are talking about?" Catrin's voice was a harsh whisper, trembling with fury as she pointed at the tablet. 2

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