

## 141 Incapability.

Arwen's eyes moved back to the tablet, reading the headline: '*No Marriage Arrangement Between the Quinns and Fosters –The Wildest Assumption Yet?* Her gaze remained unfazed, and after a brief pause, she nodded casually, looking up at her mother. 1

"Didn't I tell you more than once before that Ryan and I have broken up?" she said. Her tone was calm but edged with a hint of frustration. For once, she wanted her mother to notice her and ask her about her reasons –not to interrogate her or demean her, but out of true concern. But it seemed like it was some luxury that she could afford in this life. Not even for a fraction of a second. "Why are you acting like you had no idea, Mom? Or was it that you never cared enough to think about what I said?"

Idris's brows furrowed in confusion, his gaze darting from his wife to his daughter. "You and Ryan ...have broken up?" he asked, his voice filled with surprise. "When did this happen?" As far as he knew, Arwen and Ryan were preparing to get their marriage certificate, and a formal wedding ceremony was planned upon his and Catrin's return. Then what had suddenly happened?

Arwen kept her eyes on her mother as she

answered her father. "On the very day we were supposed to get our marriage certificate. I initiated it and I told Mom about it, but it seems like she never cared to listen."

Idris's frown deepened, and a flicker of sadness crossed his face as he saw the hurt in his daughter's expression. His gaze shifted to Catrin. "Catrin, what's going on? Did you know Arwen and Ryan had broken up? And if so, why didn't you tell me? You have been discussing wedding plans, as if nothing had changed."

He shifted his gaze and asked, "Catrin, what is happening? Did you know Arwen has broken up with Ryan? If yes, why have you not told me anything about it? Instead, you were constantly talking about the arrangements of the wedding you have kept in your plans." 1

Catrin's expression hardened, her fingers tightening around the edge of her seat. Ignoring Idris's question her gaze fixed solely on Arwen. "You may have mentioned something but I thought it was just one of your usual dramatics, I told you to stop throwing tantrums and work on your relationship with Ryan. But look what have you done –you have ruined everything. You have destroyed all my carefully laid plans I had for your future!"

Arwen's jaws tightened as her calm exterior

began to crack. "Mom, my life isn't some strategy or scheme for you to design. It's my life. And I can't keep living it according to the image you have for me —not when I know how wrong your plans are for me and how badly they will affect my future."

"Oh, really?" Catrin let out a bitter laugh. "Idris, did you hear her? She thinks I planned it wrong for her?" she scoffed as if the world was beneath her. Turning back to Arwen, she said, "Dear, spare me the lecture. Do you think any of this plan was for me? That any of this would have benefitted me in the future? If you think so, you probably got the whole thing wrong. Everything I did was for you, to secure your future, to keep you in the position you deserve. And yet, you have thrown it all, disregarding all my efforts for a whim."

Idris interjected gently, sensing the growing tension. "Catrin, maybe we need to hear Arwen out. She might have reasons behind —"

But Catrin cut him off, her voice rising. "No, Idris. There are no reasons." Her face twisted with a mix of anger and disbelief. "And even if there is one, I don't care. She has to settle according to the plan I have crafted for her. And I will not take a no for that. No one but Ryan is the best choice for her, and she will know it the future. I don't care even if she hates me until she

understands." 1

"Was Ryan really the best choice, Mom?" Arwen no longer was able to take it. Clenching her fists, she spoke holding onto the thin line of patience remaining in her. "How could he be the best choice for me when he never had me in his heart? How could he be the best choice for me when he never cared for me? How could he be the best choice when he always had someone else in his eyes? And how could he be the best choice for me when he had always had Delyth in his heart?"

"Don't blame it on her, Arwen. Not when I personally made sure that Delyth leaves Ryan for you," Catrin snapped before continuing. "If you truly want to blame someone, blame yourself. Blame your incapability that you can't even make a man love you after staying with him for almost a decade. The problem is not Delyth. It's you." 1

Arwen blinked, for a moment not knowing how to react. A tear slipped from her eye. Was this really her mother? How could she be so cruel to her?

"My incapability?" she enunciated. "Mom, how can you say that? I am your daughter! How can you say that to me? How can you blame this on me?" Arwen asked, desperate for an answer. But Catrin simply looked away, as if she was getting bored of it all.

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"I agree that you did everything to remove Delyth from the picture. And when I say, everything I mean it." Arwen couldn't hold back the laughter of self-mockery. "You made me give up dance so that Delyth could get the opportunity to go abroad and make a career in it. But even making me give up all, sending her away, what made you think you removed her from the picture? Weren't you just being cruel to me by making me give up the one thing I held precious in my life?"

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