



148 Grim Reaper.

Idris's eyes widened in disbelief as he watched Catrin issue the command. For a moment, he was too stunned to respond, his mind grappling with the implications of her actions. When she hung up the phone, his voice finally broke through the tense silence. 1

"Catrin, what have you done?" he demanded in a tone that sounded a mix of anger and despair. He took a step closer to her, his hands trembling slightly. "You think freezing her accounts is going to make her come back? You are not fixing anything; you are making it worse."

Catrin turned to him, but her gaze remained cold. Raising her chin defiantly, she said, "I know what I am doing. I am her mother, Idris. If she won't listen to reason, then I will make her realize the consequences of her choices. She will come to her senses once she understands she can't survive without us." 1

Idris let out a bitter laugh, the sound devoid of any humor. "Do you hear yourself, Catrin? You are treating her like a pawn in some game. This is not love —this is control. You are pushing her further away, not pulling her back." 3

"She needs to learn, Idris!" Catrin snapped, her voice rising in frustration. "Arwen has always



been impulsive, but this time, she has gone too far. She married someone we don't know, someone who isn't right for her. If we don't step in now, her entire life will be ruined."

"Her life?" Idris countered, his voice breaking with emotion. "The only thing I see getting ruined her is her trust in us. You are so blinded by your pride and expectations that you can't even see the damage you are causing her. She is no longer a kid, she has grown up and knows what is right and wrong for her. She doesn't need us to dictate her life, Catrin —she needs us to support her." 1

Catrin's grip faltered, her grip tightening on the phone. For a brief moment, a doubt flickered in her eyes, but she quickly pushed it aside. "I am doing what is right," she muttered, more to herself than to Idris.

"No," Idris said firmly his voice steady. "You are doing the things wrong. Treating her like this, you are doing her wrong." He turned away, his shoulders slumping under the weight of the grief. "Though it's already too late to make amends, let's not ruin it further. Call and take back your orders now," he commanded.

"No, Idris. I am not taking back my orders."

"Catrin, I asked you to take back the orders now." Idris turned to face Catrin, his temper boiling



already.

When Catrin saw him like that, her brows furrowed and she asked in disbelief, "Are you commanding me, Idris?"

"What if I say yes?"

Catrin's eyes narrowed, her voice cutting like ice "Then I would say that you should think again. You shouldn't be doubting my decision. Not after what you have witnessed it all over the years," she said before taking a small pause to continue again. "Idris, you must not have forgotten where we were twenty years ago. The Quinns were a family name teetering on the edge of ruin — a name whispered in pity at galas and parties. We were bankrupt, both financially and socially. You should have forgotten it right? Do you remember how we gained back all we were about to lose?" 4

Idris froze, his anger momentarily dulled by her words. He did remember it all. He was never able to forget it at all. He was almost paralyzed by the weight of his failure. It was Catrin who had taken the charge and saved it all. 2

Catrin noted the expression on his face and no longer waited for him to respond. "We gained it all because I made my decision firmly. It was because I chose everything right I made everything right, Idris," she continued, her voice



rising with every word. "It was my decisions, my strategies, and my sacrifices that rebuilt our reputation. Otherwise, when you married me, you and your family were nothing but a hollow shell. I accepted you and the challenging life you brought me into; I didn't just sit there and wait for miracles. I clawed our daily back to the peak with my own hands. I secured alliances, made connections and ensured the Quinn name wasn't just salvaged, but rather elevated." 4

Idris swallowed hard, his shoulders slumping. "I know what you have done for this family, Catrin. I never denied it. I accepted all you decided because I knew you were right, But this ... this isn't the same."

"This isn't the same? How so?" she retorted sharply. "Is this not another of my decisions? I made every move for our family's survival. I did what needed to be done, even when it wasn't easy. That's what I am doing now as well. Arwen's reckless decisions threaten everything we have worked for. If I don't intervene, she will destroy not just herself, but everything tied to Quinn's name. "

"She is not a business deal, Catrin," Idris said, his voice softening. "She is our daughter. In the pursuit of perfection, you are losing the sight of what truly matters."



Catrin turned away, her back stiff. Her heart warred with her pride, the echo of Arwen's defiant departure ringing in her ears. For years, she had equated love with control, thinking it was the only way to protect her daughter. Now for the first time doubt crept into her carefully constructed plans of certainty. 3

But her walls were thick, and the momentary cracks were too small. Holding on to her pride, she shook her head. "I can't let her ruin everything, Idris. Not after all we have built." 1

Idris sighed, his voice heavy with sorrow. "What we have built means nothing if it costs our daughter. But I can't force you anymore to see that. Not when you are clearly avoiding. I just hope, for Arwen's sake, that you realize it before it's too late." 2

Then without another word, he turned and left the room, leaving Catrin alone with her thoughts.

Meanwhile, in Foster Ventures, Ryan was in no mood for pleasantries. At that moment, he looked every bit like a grim reaper, who had come to collect souls.

"With whose permission was such a statement issued?" he demanded, his voice cutting through



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the room like a blade, sending a chill down the
spines of the whole team.

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