



160 Stubbornness runs through her veins.

On the other side, at Quinns Villa, Catrin couldn't help but scoff as she read more through online threads. "An insignificant man like him could never be my son-in-law. I would never accept," she said, before glancing at Idris, who sat nearby, lost in his own thoughts. **1**

Catrin expected him to respond, but when he didn't, her brows furrowed in annoyance. "Idris, I am talking to you. Are you even listening to me?"

"Is there anything more to listen from you?" he asked, his tone dripping with sarcasm. "I think I have already heard you enough, Catrin. I can't bear to listen anymore." He then picked up a magazine and began flipping through it.

Catrin was not one to back down easily. She stood up and walked to him, holding out the tablet for him. "Here, look at this, and then tell me if you still think I was wrong to react the way I did earlier."

Idris glanced briefly at the tablet, but made no move to take it. Looking up at her, he said firmly, "I don't have to look at anything to tell you what you did today was wrong, Catrin. No matter how you try to justify it, your actions won't be right." **1**



"Idris!"

"Really, Catrin? Do you think you can justify disowning our daughter with anything?" His sharp gaze pinned her in place. "She is our daughter —our own flesh and blood. Disowning her is like to fleshing her out of our own selves. That's simply cruel."

"I didn't disown her, Idris! Do you think I would do that?" Catrin snapped, disbelief lacing her voice. "I was just trying to scare her into understanding my point ... thinking she would understand what I was asking her. But I never imagined that man would hold such an influence over her —that she would be willing to choose him over us, her parents."

"Scare her?" Idris repeated, as if the idea were laughable. "She is no longer a kid to scare, Catrin. And even if she were, what kind of parent uses fear like that? You crossed every line today. Instead of realizing your mistake, you doubled down and acted out of ego —blocking her cards as if that would bring her back. Didn't you see it would make things worse?" 1

Catrin felt those words like daggers to her heart. She never thought Idris would question her intentions. She opened her mouth to defend herself, but no words came out that made it sound reasonable. In the end, she looked down at the tablet, searching in her conviction. 1



"Maybe, you didn't, Idris," she said, pulling the magazine from his hands and replacing it with the tablet. "Look at this and then tell me again if what I did was wrong."

"Cat—"

"Idris," she interrupted sharply, before her husband would have fended her off. "I asked you to look at what I am showing you."

With a sigh, Idris shifted his gaze to the tablet. But as he looked, confusion marred his face. "Whose account is this, Catrin? And what am I supposed to see? There is nothing here."

"Exactly, that's what I am showing you, Idris," she said, and Idris frowned. Seeing his exasperation, she explained. "This is your so-called son-in-law's social media account, dear. As you said there is nothing to see in it because he simply doesn't hold any capability. He is as useless as this account. Do you think a useless man like him deserves our daughter, deserve to be called out son-in-law?" 1

"Catrin, how does that even matter?" Idris couldn't understand why his wife was so bent towards such materialistic things which doesn't hold any value in the real world. "The only thing that matters is that Arwen has chosen him, and being her parents we should accept her choice." 1



"I can't accept her wrong choice, Idris?" Catrin argued, adding. "Especially knowing what she would be giving up by being with him. Just see his account —he is not even prominent enough to give her decent reputation. What will he bring for her on the table? Will she even be able to survive with him? She won't. And I just want her to realize that." 1

"Realize it in such a cruel way?" Idris's voice was filled with disbelief. He suddenly felt he didn't know his wife at all. "Do you even know Arwen, Catrin?" he asked, and at his such ridiculous question, Catrin frowned.

"What do you mean?" she bristled. "Arwen is my daughter. Of course, I know her well."

"Well, it doesn't seem so," he said, before pointing at the tablet. "To Arwen, none of this matters. Money doesn't matter. Fame doesn't matter. What she cares about is love and respect. As long as she has those, she will live happily. She wouldn't come back to us."

"That all are just easy talks, Idris." Catrin spat, full of arrogance. "She acts indifferent because she has never lacked anything. I have given her everything on a silver platter, so she never felt deprived of anything. But now that she would see what she has lost, she would surely return. Mark my words, she will return"



Idris stared at his wife and shook his head before saying, "How did I never noticed this before?" he muttered with a dry chuckle. "You have been her mother all this time, but you have never really known her." 1

"I know her well enough, Idris. Don't forget —she is my daughter."

"It's not me who is forgetting that. It's you, Catrin. It's you. You are the one who seems to have forgotten. He smiled faintly, pride flickering in his eyes. "She is your daughter —stubborn and capable, just like you. Do you think you can bend her? Your mother couldn't bend you back then. You should know same stubbornness flows in her veins too." 1

At the mention of her mother, she said, "I am not like my mother. I am better than her and Arwen is not like me. I made her sensible." Despite her words, she wavered. 3



NEW BOOK ALERT!!

