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Idris looked at his wife and then smiled, shaking his head. "I don't think you are going to get it any sooner, Catrin. But definitely one day, you will get it. I just hope when that day comes, your regret doesn't cross the limits that's hard to bear." he loved his wife, and if given a choice, he would take all her sufferings. But at the same time, he knew not all the pains can be shared. There are a few that had to be carried alone. 1

Catrin felt the weight of his words, and it unsettled her. "Idris, do you really believe that our daughter will stay happy with such a man who can't even offer her with what she had grown up with? Did you not see, she didn't even bring a car. She walked all her way here and —" 1

"Catrin, you haven't asked her about it. You are just assuming," Idris interrupted, not able to listen it any further. "Arwen clearly said she was doing well. She might have reasons to not bring a car; she had an accident. She can't drive anyway. How does a mere car decides anything?"

"She could have brought a driver, if she can't drive. Can't her dearest husband afford a driver?"

Idris pinched the bridge between his brows,



trying to contain his frustration. "We have only one daughter, Catrin. It doesn't matter what her husband can afford. We can give her everything she needs. Does her husband's financial status even matter?"

"It does matter, Idris," Catrin said, her frown deepening. "Arwen may be our daughter, and we can provide for her, but she holds some responsibilities as well —a responsibility to choose right husband —one who would keep the Quinns prosperous in the future while taking care of all her needs."

"Catrin, we yet don't know him properly. What if he is someone who would treat our daughter with the bests? A social media account doesn't reveal a person's true worth. Most people fake their lives there," Idris replied. 1

"Even to fake something, you need to have something," she retorted, picking up the tablet from the table, turning the screen towards him again. "Do you think, he has anything to show off, apart from his name —Aiden Winslow?"

Something flickered in Idris's eyes as if she had recognized that name. "Aiden Winslow!" he enunciated, that name rolling out his tongue royally. "That name is not common, Catrin. As far as I remember, there is only one prominent 'Winslow' family that I have ever heard of —one



deeply woven in the history of Cralens. It he belongs to that family, his status can barely be matched by anyone, not just in Cralens but across the world."

Quinn has been one of those families as well — a name spoken with reverence in the elite circles of the society. Their legacy were also steeped in the old money, generational power and cultural influence. Hence, Idris had heard a lot about them while growing old. However as the power and prominence of the Quinns diminished over time, he had lost track of most of their affairs. Yet, the name 'Winslow' remained firmly engraved in his memory.

Catrin arrogantly scoffed. "Heh! Prominent family? I never heard of any Winslow existing in Cralens, Idris. The one you are talking about exists only in legends, not in reality." She shrugged leisurely and added, "And even if they did existed in real, that man would have nothing to do with them. Using that name as his, he is probably just bluffing people around, the same as he must have bluffed your daughter. But he can't fool me."

Since Idris himself was not too sure about the Winslows, he decided to not argue further. Rising to his feet, he walked past Catrin with the intention of leaving.



Seeing this, Catrin frowned and asked, "Where are you going now?"

"To the study," Idris replied, his steps pausing momentarily. "I don't think staying here with you tonight is the right choice. You better rest alone and dwell in your thoughts. I can't bear this conversation anymore." 1

With that, he turned to leave. But just as he reached the door, Catrin stopped him.

"Fine, Idris. If that's what you want, I will look into him myself," she said begrudgingly. However Idris didn't stay there to hear her more. One he was gone. Catrin walked back to her side of the bed to get her phone. Dialling a number, she ordered, "I want you to look into the Winlows. I want all the details about them, as soon as possible."

Hearing the person affirm on the other end, she pulled away the phone from her ears and disconnected the call. "Arwen, it took me years to shape you into desirable. You can't make me lose the face now —not when I was ready to show Brenda Davies how much better I am than her." She muttered to herself. Her gaze then fell on her wallpaper, where Arwen's smiling face looked back at her, arms wrapped around her, evidencing how much her daughter loved her. 5

Yes, she knew her daughter loved her —loved



her the most. There is no way she would remained apart from her for long. Sooner or later, she would realize what a wrong decision she had made and come back. On that day, all their difference would vanish, and she would embrace her daughter with all her heart, showing her how deeply she had missed and loved her. **3**

Catrin was lost in her thoughts when a knock at the door pulled her out. "Madam," Mr. Carl called out before entering in with a phone in his hand. "Young Miss has forgotten her phone here."

Catrin frowned. "She is still forgetful as ever," she grumbled looking at the phone. "Since she had already forgotten, deliver it back to her. She must be already searching for it."

Mr. Carl seemed a little hesitant. Looking at the lady, he slowly said, "I don't think it would be easy to do that, Madam."

"What do you mean?" her frown deepened.

At which, Mr. Carl explained, "We don't know where Young Miss stays. It was her phone that kept her connected to us. But now that she had even left it behind, I don't think we have way to reach her."

Catrin's expression darkened , her fingers tightening around her phone. "What are you

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saying, Carl?" she snapped, her voice laced with frustration. "How is it possible that we don't know where she is? Are you telling me my own daughter has completely severed herself from this house?"

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