

170 Devotion that only comes when someone deeply treasures you.

Idris frowned at that. Glancing up at Catrin, he set the newspaper down. "You are going where?" 1

"To the Foster Villa, to meet Beca, Idris," Catrin replied. "Why are you asking like you can't believe I am going there?"

"Because I am actually not able to believe it. You are going to the Fosters?" He stood up, clearly displeased. "Especially after what they did to our daughter. What are you thinking, Catrin?"

"I am thinking nothing I shouldn't, Idris," Catrin shrugged nonchalantly. "Fosters have been our friends for ages. Do you think just one misunderstanding would break our bond?"

"Misunderstanding?" Idris snapped. "Their son didn't just mistreat and betray our daughter — he left her to die. What exactly is the misunderstanding — the mistreatment, the betrayal, or the abandonment?" 2

"Idris, those were just a few childish mistakes. Ryan might have acted coldly towards Arwen, but he deeply cares for her. You would be surprised to know that he was the first one to

act when he heard that Arwen wasn't staying at home and might encounter trouble outside," she said, as though that alone proved all that she wanted to prove. "Mr. Carl said he came here looking for Arwen when he couldn't find her anywhere. Doesn't that itself prove how much he cares for her? He had never done that before, Idris. But now he seemed to have changed."

"It only proves his insecurity, not his care and concern, Catrin. People tend to start getting insecure when they come to understand that they are losing something and then they tend to lose their mind when they finally realize they have lost it. Ryan is experiencing exactly that." Idris was a man himself and could read Ryan's insecurities all too well. "We have turned a blind eye for far too long, dismissing it as childish behavior, but not anymore. My daughter won't have anything to do with him again. And that's final. I won't take a no for an answer this time — not even from you." 6

His tone was resolute, carrying the authority that left no room for argument. Catrin wanted to refute him, but for the first time, she couldn't. "Idris, Beca is my friend. You can't stop me back from meeting her."

Idris's expression darkened, his fingers clenching tightly as he tried to hold back the rage building inside. "How can I stop you from

anything, Catrin? You have never given me that right. Not even after all these years of marriage." 2

"Idris, that's not what I —"

"But listen to me very carefully, Catrin," Idris interrupted coldly, without any care. "When it will come to our daughter, I will stop you. Arwen might be your daughter, but she is mine too. And I won't allow you to disrupt her life anymore — not after what you have done to her." 4

Catrin's expression turned ugly as though she hadn't expected Idris to speak so harshly. "Idris, Arwen is my daughter as well."

"I have never denied that. I am just reminding you that I am her father. And as long as I am around, she won't have to do anything she doesn't want to. That's all," he said firmly, turning his back to her. "Now, you can go ahead with your plans and visit your friend. As I said, I don't hold the authority to stop you from meeting your friend." 1

Catrin gritted her teeth, but having nothing else to say, she turned to leave. Just when she reached the door of the house, she paused in her steps and looked back over her shoulders. "Idris, this conversation isn't over at all. I am leaving now because I have better work to do than to give you an explanation at this time. But wait for me to come back."

With that, she left. Idris watched her silhouette disappear down the steps, then sighed and slumped onto the sofa, feeling a wave of guilt wash over him. "If only I had been bolder in the past, Arwen —my daughter —you wouldn't have suffered so much. Your dad failed to meet your expectations. I haven't been the best father to you." 3

Meanwhile, back at Cralens First Hospital, Arwen looked up when the door of her room was pushed open. She thought it was Aiden but when saw a nurse come in, she chided herself softly. *He just left and I am already expecting him back. How could she behave like a teenager, desperate to see the man I am starting to like?*

"Good morning, Mrs. Winslow," the nurse greeted as she walked to her bedside. "I have come to give you your meds. How are you feeling?"

Arwen smiled and nodded. "I am fine. Thank you for taking care of me."

The nurse handed her the medicines along with a glass of water. "We haven't had much of the opportunity to take care of you, but it's good to hear that you're feeling better now."

Arwen raised her brows in slight confusion as



she swallowed the medicine. "I am sorry, I don't quite understand. What do you mean?"

"Mrs. Winslow, your husband truly loves you a lot," the nurse said with a smile that held hints of envy. "He was here for you all night and barely allowed us to help you with anything. As long as you needed anything, he took the charge himself. It was like he didn't trust anyone else when it came to you. That kind of devotion only comes from someone who treasures you deeply."

Arwen didn't know what to say though she couldn't deny the warmth blooming in her chest. "Really? But wasn't I just fainted because of low blood sugar? There was nothing to worry in that."

"Low blood sugar?" The nurse looked slightly puzzled.

Arwen's smile faltered as she caught the hesitation in the nurse's expression. Her voice softened as she said, "Yes, Dr. Clark said that I fainted because of low blood sugar. Why? Is there something else I should know?" She suddenly remembered the frown she saw on Aiden's brows earlier. He clearly look worried. Could there be something else?

