

173 Accept her as your daughter-in-law.

At Foster Ventures, ¹

Ryan sat behind his desk, trying to focus on his work. No matter how hard he tried, his mind refused to cooperate. The past few nights had been sleepless, leaving him with a pounding headache that seemed to worsen with each passing hour.

Not able to bear the pain any longer, he massaged his temples briefly before picking up the phone receiver from his desk. "Send me a cup of coffee," he ordered curtly.

And right after a few minutes, there was a knock at the door. "Come in, Zenith," he called out, without masking the irritation in his voice.

The door of his cabin opened to reveal a young woman dressed in professional attire. Her brows were furrowed in concern. "Mr. Foster, this is your sixth cup. If your headache is getting worse, why don't you take a day off today? You could head home and rest—you will get better."

Ryan shook his head, brushing off her concern. "I will be fine. There is too much work pending here," he replied, taking the coffee from her hands.

Zenith hesitated, then cautiously asked, "Mr. Foster, can we not consider bringing Mr. Evans back?" She was Ryan's assistant, and maybe others haven't noticed, but she did. It had barely been two days since Daniel had left, and things had become unseemly tougher for her boss.

Ryan's hand holding the cup halted midair. Zenith noticed the way his grip tightened on the handle, his knuckles turning white. Realizing she might have overstepped, she immediately backtracked.

"I am sorry," she said hurriedly, lowering her gaze. "I didn't mean to cross the boundaries. Please forgive me if I have something out of line."

Ryan's jaws clenched. "Zenith, you can leave. If I need something else, I will let you know."

Zenith didn't dare to say another word. Giving a polite nod, she turned to leave. But reaching the door, she looked back. Her gaze held the concern that could warm anyone's heart, healing any trace of self-doubt.

Walking out, she closed the door softly behind her, leaving Ryan alone in the suffocating silence of his office. The silence was deafening, screaming at him and forcing him to confront the wrong decisions made all over again.

Feeling immensely burdened under the weight of the regrets, he snatched up his from the desk, dialling Daniel's number on it. It looked like he was lost in a momentary trance because the moment he heard the ringing tone echoing in his ears, he abruptly hung up as if it was some mistake.

His grip on the device tightened as if he might crush it in his hand. His eyes fixated on the screen, hoping for something —anything— to appear. But, when nothing came even after a minute, his frustration boiled over. Raising the phone, he was prepared to hurl it across the room.

However, at that very moment, the phone rang. Hearing it, Ryan's expression softened slightly. He glanced at the screen, expecting Daniel's name. But when he realized it wasn't him, the small flicker of hope extinguished immediately, making his expression go all dark again.

"Hello," he answered the call, asking, "Did you find out what I asked you for?"

"Yes, Mr. Foster. I got all the details you have asked for," the person on the other end of the call replied, adding, "I have shared the folder in your mail." 1

Meanwhile, Catrin arrived at Foster Villa. As she stepped out of her car, Mr. James came to greet her. "Mrs. Quinn!"

"Mr. James, Beca is at home?" she asked, and the butler nodded with a smile.

"Madam is in at home," he replied. "Please come, I will take you to her."

Catrin nodded before following Mr. James inside.

Beca was on a call when Catrin saw her. Not wanting to disturb her friend, she heard the butler and softly said, "Mr. James, you can go back first. I will quietly wait for her call to get over. She doesn't like to get disturbed amidst the call."

Mr. James nodded to her and then left. Catrin glanced at Beca before walking to her, cat-footed. Without drawing her attention, she took a seat and waited for her to complete. The way she was staring at her friend, one could tell the devotion in Catrin's heart for her friend was real, one that goes beyond sisterhood. 2

When Beca turned around and saw Catrin sitting there, her eyes widened in surprise, which soon dulled. "Let me give you a call back later," she said on the call before hanging up decisively.

"Catrin!" Her greeting came more like a sigh that made Catrin frown.


"Beca! That's not how you greet me usually."

Beca shook her head, sadness clouding her voice. "I am sorry, Catrin. I don't know how should I face you. I really don't know. Ryan has really embarrassed me. Arwen has been such a nice girl always, but he never cherished her. I failed to raise him properly. I am so sorry."


"Beca, stop blaming yourself," Catrin said firmly, standing up and walking closer before taking her hand into hers. "It wasn't your fault. They were too immature to not handle their relationship properly. While Ryan was wrong in several instances, you cannot give a clean chit to Arwen as well. If only she had been a better fiancée and handled things well, things wouldn't have come up to this point." 1

Beca frowned, slightly displeased. "What do you mean, Catrin? How was Arwen wrong here? It was entirely Ryan's fault for not treating her right. He betrayed her and abandoned her in the worst possible way. No woman deserves that — especially not Arwen, who has always been so nice and caring. I don't understand how my son could be so blind to not see her goodness. I feel so indebted to Arwen now that I don't know how to make it up to her."

Catrin's eyes sparkled, a hint of purpose flashing within them. "I know a way you can make it up to her, Beca. It's not that difficult." 1


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Beca looked confused, staring at her friend in silent question.

Seeing her confusion, Catrin smiled knowingly and said, "Beca, the only way you can make things right and truly do justice to Arwen is by accepting her back as your daughter-in-law." 

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