

## 174 You are overestimating yourself.

Beca was taken aback, for a moment, not understanding what Catrin intended to say. **1**

"Beca," Catrin began, her tone soft yet firm, "I chose Fosters as Arwen's second family because I believed in you. I knew you would protect her, stand by her side, and treat her like your own daughter. That's why I am ready to overlook all that Ryan did to her."

But her words only made Beca frown. "You shouldn't, Catrin," she said continuing. "You shouldn't ignore all the things that Ryan did to Arwen. You are her mother. In this whole world, you should be the last person to ignore all that Arwen had suffered. This is cruel, how can you even say that?" **2**

Catrin pursed her lips and shook her head, frustration flickering in her eyes. "Beca, you are also misunderstanding me," she replied, her voice growing heavier with emotions. "I am not dismissing Arwen's pain. I might look like I am doing that, but all I am focusing on is her future. I just want her to have a life she deserves—a happy life, a happy home. And whether we like it or not, that life was supposed to be with Ryan." **2**

Though that sounded somewhat convincing, Beca looked away as guilt painted her features. "How can you still think that after all he has done? Ryan doesn't deserve her, Catrin. He doesn't deserve her forgiveness, her love, or even her second chance. He has made the mistake he cannot undo, none of us can undo. As much as I want to have Arwen as my daughter-in-law, I don't dare to ask her to go back to the man who betrayed and broke her heart —not when she has taken the courage to move on." 2

"Moved on?" Catrin scoffed. "That's her mere tantrum, Beca. I am sure she has done that just to teach Ryan a lesson. She must not be serious about it." 1

"How can that be?" Beca took a step away frowning. "Arwen would marry someone randomly just to take mere revenge. Marriage is not a play for her. She must have —"

"It has become a play for her, Mom." Ryan's voice interrupted, drawing the attention at once.

When Beca turned to look, she saw her son descending the stairs and walking towards her. Her brows knitted in a frown and she asked, "Didn't you go to the company? Why have you returned so early?"

Ryan's expression was dark, and Beca could tell

he was fuming within. "Ryan, I asked you something. Do you want me to repeat it until you finally consider answering me?" Her tone was so cold that it could pierce one's soul easily.

But it didn't work on Ryan at all. His gaze instead turned dark, flashing with suppressed emotion. "Mom," he began, his voice low and strained, "I am just here to prove a point, Arwen has made the most ridiculous decision of her life."

Beca's frown deepened. "What do you mean, Ryan?"

Catrin also crossed her arms, speaking, "Ryan, I might not have confronted you yet, but that doesn't at all mean that I have overlooked all that you have done with Arwen. If Arwen is to be blamed, then so are you. Don't put it all on her."

Ryan's bitter laugh echoed in the room, but it was laced with pain rather than mockery. He clenched his fists at the side while his voice dropped to a tremble that betrayed the whirlwind of emotions inside him. "Aunt Catrin," he said, his tone cracked slightly. "You think I don't know I made a mistake? That I don't regret things I did —or didn't do —for Arwen?"

He asked but seeking an answer was not his intention. He seemed to be venting out all that was going inside him because he could no longer take it forward with him. It felt like killing him

every second. "Every single day I replay them in my head, Every time I close my eyes, I am reminded of the night when I left her there in the car. I shouldn't have. I so want to go back in time to rectify it, if only I get a chance. However I know, I can't, and I won't dodge from taking the blame for the wrong that I did. But what about her? Did she think she did right?"

Beca knew this day would come when her son would realize what he had lost. But it was too late. Now nothing he says could change anything. Sighing, she said, "Ryan, there is no use of crying over the spilt milk. Arwen has moved on and you should accept her decision."

"Really, Mom?" Ryan asked, his tone full of disbelief. "Accept her ridiculous decision? I would never do that." 1

"Ryan!" Beca's voice raised. "Arwen is married, and I won't like if you create a nuisance for her now. She doesn't owe you anything, so don't harass her just because you can't get over your regrets."

"Beca, I don't expect you to say that. You can't forget the promise we made to each other. Things might have gotten a bit complicated now, but I am sure we will be able to solve it." Catrin said, not liking Beca's idea. 1

Beca turned to look at her and reached out to

hold her hands. "Catrin, it's not needed to keep all the promises. Now that Arwen has moved on, and married someone else, it would be better if you accept her relationship. Let her be happy in her life." 1

"Beca —"

Before Catrin could say anything, Ryan interrupted it with a chuckle. "Mom," he began. "You are dismissing my relationship with Arwen, have you even asked me about it."

"Do I need to ask you, son?" Beca raised a brow, her eyes pinning his son coldly. "Did I have to remind you that you never agreed to be in the relationship in the first place? That you never gave her the respect, or the care that she deserved. You didn't even accept her as your fiancée openly. And now that she is married and has someone else in her life, do you think you have any right over her? If you think so, then you are overestimating yourself, son."

"She has someone else in her life?" Ryan ridiculed. "Mom, do you even know whom she has married to?"



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