

176 I will apologize.

At Quinn Villa, 1

Idris checked his watch one last time before glancing at the butler, who stood silently to the side. "Mr. Carl, ask the driver to prepare the car. I will head to the company alone."

Mr. Carl gave him a polite nod as Idris stood to leave. However, just as he was about to move, the sound of a car arriving outside caught their attention, making them pause.

Idris turned his gaze towards the entrance, and as expected, Catrin walked into the house moments later.

"Catrin, you are back. I have been waiting for you," he said, his tone a mix of relief and urgency. "Come, let's leave now, or we will be late for the meeting."

Catrin pinned him with a cold look and addressed the butler. "Mr. Carl, call the company and ask them to postpone the meeting scheduled for today."

The butler, visibly perplexed, hesitated and glanced at his master for confirmation. Idris, equally confused, stared at Catrin, his brows furrowing in concern. "Postpone the meeting? Catrin, what do you mean? And why? This

meeting is important —you know that."

"It's not more important than our daughter, Idris," she snapped, her voice sharp and unwavering. The mention of Arwen deepened the furrow between Idris's brows, his expression darkening with worry.

"What are you talking about?" he asked, his voice edged frustration. But before he could press further, Catrin turned her icy glare to the butler.

"Mr. Carl, I asked you to do something. Why are you still standing here? Go and call the company to postpone it. Now."

The butler hesitated for a fraction of a second, before giving a quick nod and hurrying off.

Idris crossed his arms, his stance rigid as he turned back to Catrin. "Care to explain what's going on Catrin? Why are you suddenly making all the decisions on your own? And don't tell me this is to discuss Arwen and Ryan. I already made it clear earlier, that their relationship is done for and I won't agree for that guy ever again."

"Then who will you agree to?" Catrin shot back, her tone laced with sarcasm and anger. "A man who's even more or less a decade older than you?"

Idris froze, her words talking him off-guard. "A decade older? Catrin, what nonsense are you

talking about?"

"Yes," Catrin replied, her voice trembling with both rage and concern. "I think that's what you will support because you have been considering me wrong and proving her and her stupid decision right. So, yes, that must be what you are supporting."

"Catrin!" Idris's voice rose, sharp and frustrated.

"Idris, your daughter has not just married some stranger. She had married an old man —someone thrice her age. Do you know that?"

Idris shook his head, his expression marring with disbelief. "I think there is some misunderstanding Catrin. Why would Arwen do that?"

"Do you still have to ask that?" Catrin asked incredulously. "Of course, Idris, she did this to rebel against us —against the decision we made for her. I don't understand how could she be so stupid. What was she thinking, when she decided to marry that old man?"

Idris's disbelief remained, but his jaws tightened as another thought crossed his mind. A flash of anger sparked in his eyes as he spoke, his voice low and tense. "Do you really not understand it, Catrin?"

Catrin frowned, taken aback slightly by his

sudden shift in tone. "What are you talking about Idris? Are you blaming me?"

"Though I am not sure if this is really true or not, Catrin," Idris began, "But if it is, know that it's you who pushed her." His voice was like a storm that was on the verge of breaking. "You pushed her into this. You made her lose all her faith in us, to an extent where she believed that no matter what she said, you won't agree to her — won't even agree to listen to her. If not rebel, what else have to be expected from her?"

Catrin's eyes widened in shock, her voice faltering. "Idris ...are you still approving her?"

"I am not, Catrin." Idris snapped. "I am just showing you the mirror —letting you know the mistakes you have made all these years."

"I made no mistake. I chose the best for her. I—" Catrin tried to counter. 1

But the moment she started, Idris cut her off. "Your version of what's best is not hers," he retorted. "Did you ever ask her what she wanted? Did she ever consider that she is her own person, capable of making her own decisions?"

Catrin opened her mouth to respond, but no words came out.

"Catrin, I suggest you reflect on your actions

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once. Don't just blindly blame everything on Arwen.," Idris said, ready to walk past her.

Catrin, who stood behind, stopped him, "Idris," she spoke slowly continuing, "if you say this is all my mistake. Fine, I promise I will rectify it as well. I will bring everything back to how it was. Then you will forgive me, right?" 1

Idris's steps had paused. He turned to look at her, his gaze narrowing at her as if trying to read her thoughts. "Catrin —"

"Idris, Arwen is too precious. I can't bear to lose her," she interrupted, her voice softened and eyes glistened with what seemed like unshed tears. "If you think my actions have pushed her away." Nodding to add the determination, she continued, "I will reflect, apologize even, if that's what it takes. But I will bring my daughter back. I won't let her suffer alone. I will bring her back to trust us ... again." 1

Her words caught Idris off guard, and for a moment his stern expression wavered. Catrin was holding an expression that was rare on her —an expression of guilt and regret. And her voice was carrying just enough vulnerability to sound sincere. But still, he felt the need to confirm. 6

"Do you mean that, Catrin?" he asked, unable to believe it for a moment.

