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After a while, when Arwen came out of the bathroom wrapped snugly in a bathrobe. The warm bath had done wonders on her; she now felt duly fresh. Her eyes wandered to look around the room, but it didn't take long for her to realize that Aiden was no longer there. **1**

"Arwen, you can't act spoiled like this. It's not his job you prepare the breakfast for you," she muttered under her breath, shaking her head at herself. It wasn't her nature to rely on others, but Aiden's unwavering attention and care were making her feel increasingly dependent. It was so comforting that she no longer cared about all the disciplines she had been taught while growing up.

As she was about to drift into her thoughts, the subtle ring of the phone broke her focus. Her brows knitted in surprise as she turned to the bedside table where Aiden had left his phone.

A day before, she had dropped a text to Gianna and was expecting her call. So when she heard the phone ring, she thought it might be her. But just as her fingers brushed the screen, the ringing stopped. She frowned, catching a fleeting glimpse of the number on the display.

The ending digits seemed familiar, though she



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couldn't immediately place them. It wasn't Glanna's number, but —

Before she could dwell further, the phone chimed again — this time with a text message. Arwen hesitated, not wanting to intrude on Aiden's privacy. But she couldn't stop herself from glancing the Emyr's text as well that popped on the screen.

[Emyr: Sir, the client you were supposed to meet this afternoon has requested to reschedule the meeting for later in the evening. If you permit, I will ...]

The rest message was cut off, but it was enough to put Arwen's curious mind at ease. The earlier call must have been related to this meeting.

Shaking her head, she decided to let it go and headed to the closet to get dressed. She made a mental note to call Glanna once she was ready.

After dressing in a casual yet elegant outfit, Arwen stepped out of the closet, only to hear the phone ringing again. Frowning at the persistent rings, she made her way to check who it was. If it was, Emyr, she thought she would answer him and ask him to wait until she got down and handed the phone to Aiden.

However, the number flashing on the screen was not Emyr's. It was the same familiar number

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from before —one that had gotten her confused for a moment. The furrow between her brows deepened and she answered the call, without holding any reservedness.

But before she could even say hello, the person on the other end spoke, making the knit between her brows grow severe.

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Meanwhile at Quinn Villa,

Idris left Catrin back at home as he headed to the company alone. Usually, they would go together, but given how low and sick Catrin was looking, he suggested she rest at home.

Catrin also didn't refute the idea. Nodding to him, she bade him goodbye, watching him leave. However, as soon as he was out of sight, her weak and fragile demeanor vanished and what remained on her face was her well-known shrewd and calculating expression. On that she keeps one while dealing with her competitors in the business.

Settling into the plush armchair in the living room, she pulled out her phone and dialed a number.

As the call connected, her voice came sharp and commanding. "Did you find out what I have asked for?"

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The person on the other end must have said something that displeased her, as her expression immediately soured.

"Why are all of you are becoming so useless?" she snapped her tone laced with irritation. "I told you I needed the information as soon as possible. Are you telling me you still haven't found anything?"

The person on the other end stammered an explanation, but Catrin disregarded it as if those were just some meek excuses.

"I don't want excuses," she hissed. "Find out what I need to know. Every detail. Do I make myself clear?"

Hearing a curt reply from the other end, she ended the call with a sharp tap, her lips pressing into a thin line.

"Mr. Carl!" she called out sharply and the butler appeared promptly, as though he had been anticipating her summon.

"Madam!" he greeted with a slight bow.

Catrin glanced at him and asked, "Did you do what I asked you for?"

The butler hesitated but then nodded. "Yes, Madam," he affirmed before adding, "I contacted him and he agreed. He should be here this

evening."

"Of course, he would come," Catrin smirked with a smirk, her confidence evident in her smug expression. "After all, he must have realized that without Quinn's name, Arwen is of no benefit to him. He is just been waiting for our call to see some hope, some opportunity."

Her eyes gleamed with triumph as she leaned back in her chair. "And I will make sure he knows exactly how much he stands to gain —or lose — depending on how much he caters to me."

The butler stood there. When Catrin glanced up at him, her lips curled up in a satisfied smile. "You can go, Mr. Carl and make the arrangements. We will be having a guest this evening. I am sure you would need to do at least a few extra things."

The butler understood what she meant. Nodding, he gave a small polite bow and excused himself to oversee the arrangements that were needed to be done.

Catrin sat back confidently, her lips curling up once again in a confident smile. It didn't matter if she was still unaware of who he exactly was and what he was in need of. As long as he agrees to cooperate with her and leave Arwen, she will help him gain the small benefits. After all, nothing was more precious than her daughter.