

198 Guilt trap. 1

Arwen was confused. She married a man thrice her father's age? When did that happen? Her brows furrowed deeply as she stared at her mother, trying to understand what she even meant by that. 1

But Catrin only smirked in arrogance. Seeing Arwen flustered and confused, she finally thought he had gained the upper hand over her daughter. Scoffing, she said, "Arwen, did you really think you could hide him and your shameful deed forever? Did you think I wouldn't find out" 1

Arwen crossed her hand, her expression calm but watchful. She decided to let her mother continue, curious to see how far this fabricated tale would go.

"Just when I thought you could embarrass us anymore, you proved me wrong," Catrin continued, her voice dripping with disdain. "Not just you rebelled and married a stranger, you married a damn old man. Do you know how appalling is that? It's shameful. How can you not think before acting on such a stupid idea?"

Arwen raised an eyebrow, the faintest hint of amusement flickering in her eyes. "Interesting," she said, her tone measured, "Though your



thoughts and anxiety are no longer my concern, still I would like to know from where you learned to weave such crooked stories. When I last checked, you were quite practical in using the tropes. This isn't matching your style."

"Don't play coy with me!" Catrin snapped, her composure slipping. "This is not a tale that I am narrating, it's the truth that you are trying to glorify. But know that shame can never be worn with pride. And that man who you call your husband is the shame that —"

"Enough, Ms. Quinn!" Arwen's voice rose with a deafening warning. She took a step forward, making her mother cower a step back. "What did I say about disrespecting my husband, Mrs. Quinn? It seems like either I haven't been clear enough, or you have lost your competence to understand my words."

"Arwen, I am your mother —"

"No, you are not," Arwen cut her sharply, her voice carrying an edge that can at once slither one's confidence. "You are nothing to me, anymore. So, don't use any leverage to insult my man. I won't take it sitting low."

"You are protecting that old man?" Catrin asked in disbelief. "He doesn't even hold a position to stand in front of me and you are acting as if he owns the world. Who gave you such

confidence?"

"I never needed any confidence to protect what's mine," Arwen said, her tone like ice. "I just needed a desire." She took a deliberate step closer, towering over her mother in both stature and presence. "And my husband isn't some 'old man' you think he is."

"Heh! Do you think I would believe that?"

Arwen stoned her gaze and for a moment it felt like the sky would shatter on her command, but the very next moment, she took a step back, creating a distance. "And do you think I would care about what you believe? Mrs. Quinn, you are as irrelevant as any other man walking on the street. Your thoughts don't concern me."

Catrin's face twisted in anger, her voice rising. "Arwen!"

"It would get better if you start calling me Mrs. Winslow now. After all, I am no longer a Quinn." Arwen took one more step back before finally turning to leave.

When Catrin saw her leaving her with such indifference, her anger knew no bounds. She shouted, "Arwen, stop there. Come back here! I said come here now. You can't leave while I am talking to you. Arwen!"

But Arwen seemed like she carried no



obligations towards her anymore. She continued her walk without stopping and just when she was about to leave the garden area completely, her steps paused.

Her eyes fixed on the man who had appeared in front of her, just in time.

"Arwen, you have come?" Idris asked, pleasantly surprised. His eyes scanned his daughter as if he hadn't seen her for ages.

Arwen would have ignored him as well and walked away, but she paused when she saw the hints of tears in her father's eyes. "Da—" Out of habit, she almost addressed him as her father, but she stopped herself just in time. "Mr. Quinn," she greeted coldly. 1

Mr. Quinn.

That simple indifference in her tone stiffened Idris for a moment. His brows furrowed as he stepped forward, trying to reach her. But before he could, she stepped back, avoiding his touch.

Not because it repulsed her, but because she knew she wouldn't be able to keep herself indifferent if his touch conveyed the same emotion his eyes spoke of.

She could read his eyes —the regret he was holding inside. She could read it all. However, at this moment she didn't want to acknowledge it.

She was forgiving, but not to the point of forgetting everything so easily.

Her father might be regretting it all, but that regret wouldn't change anything. It wouldn't erase the things she felt whenever her mother controlled her to the point where she felt like dying.

"Arwen, what's wrong? Did something happen?" Idris asked, feeling something was off. His eyes darted across her face, trying to piece together what he had missed.

But Arwen's eyes were so cold and expression so unreadable that he felt helpless —he couldn't discern anything at all.

"Were you bullied?" he asked suddenly, remembering what Catrin had told him. Though he hadn't believed it at that time, seeing Arwen back here made him doubt if she had returned after a heartbreak. 1

Arwen's lips curled in a soft smile which soon turned into a full-fledged disdainful grin. When Idris saw her smile like that, his brows furrowed in a frown.

"Arwen —"

"Mr. Quinn never cared to ask me this when I was bullied in this house. But today, when I have finally left and severed my ties, you are suddenly

< 198 Guilt trap.

concerned. Is this some kind of guilt trap that you are trying to throw at me?"

Her words struck him like a blow, leaving him speechless. And he didn't know how to respond anymore.



NEW BOOK ALERT!!



Comment ⁹

View All >



Post your first comment!



Vote



Fandom



Send Gift

Swipe left to continue >