

200 Beyond redemption.

"Good that you finally listened," Catrin said when she saw Arwen finally stopping at the door. "Now come here. Sit with us and we will talk." 1

Arwen looked over her shoulders, a smile playing on her lips —a smile laced with mockery. "Mrs. Quinn, I owe you for giving birth to me. It must have been a great struggle. Thanks for reminding me of it today."

Catrin's brows slightly, making her confusion evident. She didn't understand what Arwen meant, but something about her tone felt wrong, even dangerous. Still, she maintained a smug demeanor. "Good to see you finally realize that," she said, crossing her arms in front. "Now, come back and let's have a proper conversation where you listen to what I have to say."

Yes, she has made Arwen count many times how hard it was to bear her for nine months, but wasn't that just fine? After all, if she had made sacrifices for Arwen, the girl should know it and be grateful.

Arwen didn't turn back, but from the side, Catrin could the curl of her lips deepen into a more biting smile. "There would be no need for that," Arwen said calmly.

"What do you mean?" Catrin asked, her confusion growing as her brows knit together.

"Since I owe you, there is no debate about the fact that I should repay you," Arwen said, her tone firm and unnervingly serene. She paused, letting her words hang in the air for a moment.

"Let me know how I can return the favour of giving birth to me. As long as it is within my capability, I will unburden myself from this debt." 1

Her words hit like a slap, reverberating in the silent room. The weight of them pressed down on both Catrin and Idris differently, leaving both of them stunned.

"What nonsense are you talking about?: Catrin finally spat, her voice rising in pitch. "Do you think that's something you can pay back? You are my daughter! You don't repay your parents like it's some business transaction!"

Arwen turned slowly, her icy gaze locking with her mother at once. "You have always treated me as some business investment," she said coldly. "Every time you bring up the sacrifices you made for me by giving me birth. It's clear that you are keeping the score. I am sure you will definitely find something through which I can repay you. Don't worry, I will give you whatever you want as long as it makes sure that you don't come you disrupt my life ever again."



"Arwen!"

Arwen didn't mind her yell. Pressing a formal smile, she simply said, "I will wait for your call. Let's settle it once and for all." With that, she turned and stepped out of the place without turning back again.

Catrin felt helplessly lost. She turned to look at Idris and desperately said, "Idris, did you hear that? How could she speak like that? I am her mother. I —"

"You don't get the right to make her feel miserable," Idris snapped and Catrin felt at a loss. Seeing her like that Idris nodded, "Yes, you are her mother but remember that she didn't choose you herself, it was fate. How can you make her feel indebted for coming to life?"

"Idris, I just wanted her to realize that I am important to her and she should try to understand that whatever I decided for her would be good," Catrin said, no longer able to hold the confidence anymore. "For Heaven's sake, Idris. Arwen is my daughter, why would I —"

"Exactly Catrin!" Idris's voice rose, sending a wave of shiver down Catrin's spine. "She is our daughter, not a pet that has to move around and wag its tail on your command."

"Idris!"



"Why did you call her?" Idris suddenly asked.

"And you never even told me about it. If I would have come later, I might not have even known that Arwen visited the house today."

Catrin was at a loss for words. When she didn't speak, Idris turned to look at the butler. He hasn't missed the small remark, Arwen has left for him.

"Mr. Carl, did you go through Arwen's phone?"

The butler at once lowered his head and the answer was clear. Idris's expression hardened. "Why?" he asked in one word.

Mr. Carl hesitated for a moment. But when Idris's voice rang in the air aloud. He could no longer hide it any longer.

"I asked why did you do that?"

"Master, Madam has asked me to look through it and get her Young Miss's husband's number."

"You called her husband?" Idris turned to Catrin but the question was still for the butler.

Mr. Carl nodded. "I called on his number but it seems Young Miss picked it up and came here herself. I had no idea."

"Catrin, do you have something to say?"

"What do you want me to say, Idris," Catrin snapped defensively. "I was doing this for Arwen."



"For Arwen? Really?" Idris repeated, his voice filled with disbelief. "If it had been for Arwen, you would have called her to apologize, not gone behind her back to contact her husband. Especially when you still doubt him! Stop hiding behind those excuses."

"Of course, it is for her," Catrin insisted. "She married an old man, someone completely unsuitable for her. I wanted to negotiate with him —to make him let her go —and I would have compensated him. How was that wrong?" 1

"Compensated him?" Idris's voice rose, his disgust clear. "You wanted to make Arwen's marriage into a business deal when you clearly know she has grown attached to it? How could you?"

"What attachment, Idris? She is just rebelling against us. Why can't you see it?" Catrin snapped, looking away. "Don't make it sound absurd! I was thinking of her future!"

"That's enough, Catrin!" Idris's voice thundered, cutting her off. "Your obsession with control has cost enough already. We have lost our daughter completely. Now, you can take your time to decide how you are going to break the last string that has kept her attached to us."

Catrin froze. Shaking her head, she refused to accept that. "Nothing can break her away from

us, Idris. She is our daughter."

"Nothing but you have, Catrin," Idris said with a tone of finality. "If you haven't yet realized that then realize it now. Arwen has asked you to tell her the way she could repay you the favour you have done her by giving her birth. With that done, she will be officially off on her own. And that would be for better."

"Idris, how can you even say that?"

"Catrin, I thought you changed, but it seems you are incapable of letting go of your controlling nature. You have grown so accustomed to it that today you pushed our daughter farther away than ever before." Idris's voice softened, but the disappointment in his tone was unmistakable. "You have turned this situation beyond redemption."

With that, he turned to walk away. And Catrin stood there frozen, unable to accept it.



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