

204 Pitiful state.

Arwen paused in her steps. Turning back to Emily, she nodded with a soft hum. "Yes," she said, her voice brimming with the confidence she had carried all along. "I am married. I am sure it has been all over the internet for quite a while as well. People who know me must know about it as well. Didn't you come across the posts?" 1

Emily's jaws clenched tightly. Of course, she had seen the post and read discussion the endless discussion about them. But she had never expected Arwen to so readily admit it. Did she not feel any shame about being looked down upon?

"Arwen," Emily began, her voice tinged with mock sympathy, "I thought you were like Aunt Catrin —beautifully cunning. Like her, you know how to get the best out of every deal and relationship. But now, it seems like you took after Uncle Idris." She chuckled, her tone dripping with disdain. "Even a blind could tell that Ryan was the best of the best. Yet, not only did you reject him, but you also closed all the gateways that could have allowed you to make amends. I feel so bad for you."



Arwen heart it all calmly, her expression unchanging. For a fleeting moment, it seemed as though she were genuinely considering Emily's words. But in the next instant, the glimmer in her eyes made it clear that she was mocking them internally.

"Emily," she finally said, her voice as smooth as silk, "do you think you are even in the position to feel bad for me?" 1

"Arwen, you—"

"Let me save you the trouble," Arwen interrupted, her tone sharper now. "I never was and never will be in the position where I will require your pity or anyone else's. So, it would be better if you worry less about my choices. That will save you your efforts that aren't much of the use anyway." 1

Emily's face flushed red in anger. She was about to retort when a polite voice interrupted them.

"Ma'am, sorry to keep you waiting. I didn't realize it would take me so much time to get back here," a man said as he approached.

Arwen turned at the familiar voice. "Oh, it fine, Mr. Castille. I came suddenly at such a short notice. I just hope it's not an inconvenience."



Mr. Castille shook his head with a gracious smile. "Definitely not, ma'am. Rather it's an honor for us to serve you." His eyes then darted to look at Emily. "Ma'am, is this lady accompanying you?"

Arwen glanced back at Emily, whose shocked expression was almost comical. "This ..."

"Arwen, did you call him Mr. Castille?" Emily interrupted, her voice tinged with disbelief. "The mysterious designer behind the brand, Lustreé?"

Arwen smirked faintly. Returning her gaze to Mr. Castille, she said, "Oh, no, Mr. Castille. She isn't with me. I met her here by chance. She is just an ...acquaintance."

Emily's jaws dropped. She turned to Arwen, visibly annoyed. "Arwen, what are you saying? I am not just an acquaintance! I am your cousin. Why are you not introducing me properly?"

It was clear she was angling for an introduction to Mr. Castille, hoping to gain some advantage from the association in future.

"Not introducing you properly?" Arwen raised a brow at that. "How so? Emily, did you forget you just said I was kicked out of the family? If I



have been kicked out, doesn't that mean I no longer share any relationships with anyone there? So how could you still claim to be my cousin?"

Emily's face turned a shade darker as her indignation rose. "Arwen, you —"

"Let's nt complicate things," Arwen said cutting her off smoothly. "I am here for getting my husband a wedding ring, and I don't think I can anymore stand here with you and go around the circles. So, how about we bid goodbye to each other now?" 2

Arwen turned her attention back to Mr. Castille, who was patiently waiting, "Mr. Castille, you have to come at a short notice. I don't think keeping you waiting for long will be polite. So, we can proceed."

"Of course, ma'am," he said with a polite nod before stepping a step aside to gesture her inside with a hand. "Please come this way with me."

Arwen nodded with a smile and proceeded to walk, but Emily stopped her just in time, her voice rising a decibel higher than necessary.

"Arwen, are you for real? You are planning to get a wedding ring for your huband from here?"



Do you think, he is even worth that?"

Arwen's fingers clenched momentarily, but she didn't turn. Seeing her hesitate, Emily thought she had intimidated her and continued, her voice dripping with malice. She wanted people nearby to laugh at Arwen's perceived foolishness.

"Actually, now I think Aunt Catrin is right to kick you out of the house. Otherwise in your stupidity, you might spend all the fortune on the wild man." She then turned to look at Mr. Castille and said, "And you, Mr. Castille. Don't believe her temperament. She was the young lady of Quinn family, but now she is nothing. I doubt she could even afford anything her. If you don't believe me, you can check with your store attendant. Just now, her card was declined. She was barely able to pare with a spare card. But once she exhaust that she would be left with nothing."

Mr. Castille brows tugged in a frown and his eyes turned to look at Arwen as if considering her presence here. 1

When Emily saw him like that, she was satisfied inside. Smirking, she crossed her arms, and said, "Arwen, it would be better if you let go your facade of rich heiress soon. At least you will

< 204 Pitiful state.



save something, otherwise later, it will be only get tough on you. Like how it would be now when you will be thrown out of this store." 2

"Really?" Arwen turned around finally. Her expression was hard and resolute. "Will I really be ending up in such pitiful state?"



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