



205 A crescent Moon.

Emily wavered when she met the fire in Arwen's gaze. "Y-You still doubt?" she stuttered, her arms falling limply to her sides. 1

Arwen crossed her arms confidently before shaking her head. "No," she said, her voice calm yet laced with with subtle challenge. "I am just trying to confirm with you. Will I?"

She let a small, knowing smile adorn her face, aware that the slight curve of her lips undoubtedly get on Emily's nerves.

And it did. Emily's composure cracked as the smile picked at her ego.

"Arwen, don't always act so high and mighty," Emily hissed, her voice trembling with frustration. "You are no longer holding the same position there. Stop pretending you are someone special everywhere."

She then turned toward Mr. Castille, her tone falsely taking a sweet note. "Mr. Castille, you are misunderstanding her for something she is not. Take my advice and —"

"Show her the door," Mr. Castille interrupted, his expression calm and resolute.



Emily's face lit up, misinterpreting his words. Nodding eagerly, she chirped, "Exactly! That's what I was saying. Show her the door and ban her from entering. Anyway she can't afford anything here. She doesn't even deserve to be here!" 1

Mr. Castille shifted his gaze towards the guards around and gave a subtle signal. Two of them stepped forward without hesitation .

Emily smirked in triumph, glancing back at Arwen. "See, Arwen? I told you not to act so high and mighty all the time. Especially when you don't deserve it. Look at the embarrassing situation you have put yourself in! Even as your cousin, I can't —" 1

Her words ended in a startled yelp as the guards each took hold of her arms.

"Wait, what are you doing?" she cried, her head whipping back and forth between them.

"You have caused enough of a scene, ma'am," one of the guards said firmly, his expression lacking any empathy.

Emily's face turned crimson. "No, you have got the wrong person. It's not me, it her. You have to kick her out, not me. Quickly let me go."



But it was as if the guards couldn't hear her at all. They started dragging her towards the exit. Emily tried the best to release herself, yet her strength simply wasn't enough. In the end, turning to Mr. Castille, she said, "Mr. Castille, tell your people, they have got the wrong person. It's Arwen that you want to kick out, not me."

Mr. Castille ignored her and turned to Arwen. "I am really sorry for this inconvenience, ma'am. Please come this way. You and sit and we can discuss."

Arwen nodded to him, before glancing towards Emily one last time. Without saying anything more, she turned on her heel and walked with Mr. Castill towards his office.

While behind, Emily was all dumbfounded. She was sure that she made Mr. Castille see how unworthy Arwen was, yet he chose to believe her. Why?

Why was Arwen still standing so competent?

Meanwhile, inside Mr. Castille's office,

Mr. Castille pulled the chair for Arwen before walking across the desk to take the seat himself. "Apologies for the inconvenience, ma'am."



Arwen shook her head. "No need to apologize, Mr. Castille. You actually didn't have to do that," she said, keeping a polite smile on her face. She might not have said this in front of Emily, but she truly didn't intend to embarrass her there.

Mr. Castille understood her concern. Shaking his head, he said, "That was something that I should have done, Mrs Winslow. At Lustree, we truly value each of our customer. We can't let anyone be disrespectful to the other. And that lady was intentionally disrespecting you. Banning her only save us the trouble she would have caused us and others in the future." 1

Arwen nodded, understanding. "If that's how you think then I have nothing to say." She then took a small pause while darting her eyes around to look the several glittering pieces on the displays. "Actually, I am here to request you something"

"Please tell me, Mrs. Winslow. How can I help you?" Mr. Castille was more than eager to help. He had seen Aiden's gaze at her earlier. One look and he can tell that he can tell that he treated his wife wlike a treasure. He would dare take her any less.

Arwen smiled. "Msr. Castille, it's regarding the



wedding ring order we have given before. I want you to create them in pairs. We have already decided the design we wanted on my ring. Now I am here to give you the order for the ring that I want for my husband." 1

Mr. Castille nodded in understanding. "It will be our honor to create the pair, Ma'am. Please tell me how would you like it. Do you want me to show you the designs we have?"

Arwen raised her head, refusing to the idea. "No, Mr. Castille. There is no need to show me the options. I already have a design in mind, and I would like it customized."

She paused, her fingers brushing lightly over her ring finger. "For Aiden's ring, I want it to have a simple yet bold design—in same platinum band as mine with a brushed finish. However, I would like the inside of the band engraved with a crescent moon."

"A crescent moon?" Mr. Castille asked, trying to know deeper about the specific request.

Arwen smile deepened and she nodded. "Yes, a crescent moon," she said, adding, "It's the reflection of same moon he has requested for my ring. A hidden promise, just for us to share. No one knows and no one gets to know it, apart from us."



Mr. Castille understood her intention and nodded, "That can be done, Mrs. Winslow. Anything else that you want from us?"

Arwen paused for a moment before nodding after giving some consideration. "Yes, I want you to keep this request of the ring from my husband for now. It's going to be surprise for him which also means," she briefly paused to retrieve her card from her bag and then continued, "I want to make the bills separate. I will pay for his ring."



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