



206 Out of everything, I do not lack money at least.

Mr. Castille paused at her request, his hesitation becoming more and more evident. 1

Arwen's brows furrowed, noticing the sudden shift in his demeanor. "Is there an issue, Mr. Castille?" she asked, her voice steady but laced with curiosity.

Mr. Castille rubbed the corner of his temples as if gathering his thoughts. Slowly, he said, "Ma'am, you don't have to settle the bill immediately. If you would like, you can make payment after we deliver the finished pieces."

Arwen's brows knitted tighter at that suggestion. This was unusual. Lustreé wasn't just any sho —it was a highly reputed luxury jewellery brand known for crafting heirloom pieces for the wealthiest families. A 'pay later' arrangement was unheard of for such an establishment.

She leaned forward, her tone sharp but not impolite. "Mr. Castille, what's wrong? I don't think this aligns with your brand policies." She wasn't naive when it came to business dealings. Raised in a family with a legacy of business and



being trained to manage one, she knew when it was out of place.

Mr Castille hesitated, his gaze shifting briefly before returning to her. He seemed reluctant to speak, as if the words themselves might offend. Finally, he chose his words carefully. "Mrs. Winslow, your card seemed to have encountered an issue earlier. I thought it might be better to offer a more flexible option to avoid any inconvenience."

His words trailed off, but Arwen understood the implication. He was helping her avoid any potential embarrassment.

Her lips curled into a small, knowing smile. Her gaze softened as she said, "It seems like you have believed my acquaintance."

Mr. Castille's eyes widened. How could even dare that? Shaking his head, he immediately denied it. "How can that be possible, ma'am? You are the lady from the Winslow family, the wife of Mr. Aiden Winslow. He holds the capability and the resources to buy all four state jewellery houses with a snap of his finger. How could I believe you lack financial means?"

Arwen's smile deepened, her tone calm but resolute. "True," she said. "But Mr. Castille,



apart from being the lady of the Winslow family and the wife of Aiden Winslow, I am also Arwen Quinn. I have my capabilities too. Rest assured. Out over everything, I do not lack money at least."

She extended her card out again. "Please bill my husband's ring to my account. And as I have requested, please keep it as a surprise." Her words no longer leaving any room for further argument.

Since Arwen has put it like that, Mr. Castille had nothing else to say. He regretted having doubted her, but Arwen's unpretentious and kind attitude impressed him deeply.

He accepted the card, handling it with care. This time, he personally swiped it. In a matter of seconds, the transaction was completed without issue.

Arwen's confidence remained unshaken, though the earlier incident with the declined card lingered in her mind. She hadn't taken long to deduce the reason behind it—it was undoubtedly one of her mother's tricks, another attempt to remind her of what she had supposedly lost.

A small, regretful smile touched her lips. "Too



bad,' she thought to herself while shaking her *Amidst her busy schedule, her mother never realized that she had long become independent. Not a penny she spent came from her anymore. Even the card she used in the family's name was the one she paid herself.*

"It's done, Mrs. Winslow," Mr. Castille said as he returned the card back to Arwen. "Thank you for choosing us. We will ensure the rings are crafted to perfection and delivered soon."

Arwen offered him a polite smile. "Thank you, Mr. Castille. I will wait for the surprise. I am sure Lustreé won't let us down." With that, she stood up to leave.

Mr. Castille followed her, personally escorting her to the door. As she reached the exit, the attendant from before quickly stepped forward to hand her the neatly packaged bag containing the earlier purchase.

"Oh thank you. This had almost slipped my mind," she said graciously before finally walking out of the store.

Alfred has been waiting for her. When he saw her walking out, he quickly stepped out to open the door for her.



On the other end of the city, Ryan was seated in the office of Delyth's doctor. His focus was entirely on the conversation when his phone vibrated on the table. He glanced at it briefly but chose to ignore the call without hesitation.

"So, you are saying that it's safe for her to undergo the surgery in this week itself?" Ryan asked, his tone measured.

The doctor nodded affirmatively. "Yes, Mr. Foster. Ms. Ember is no longer in that frail state. She has recovered considerably, and there is no reason to delay the procedure further."

Ryan nodded in understanding. "That's good to hear. I will then reach you the specialist and arrange a date this week itself then."

With that, he stood up and extended out his hand. After exiting the room, he pulled his phone back and dialled the number that had come earlier.

The ring went through soon, but it wasn't answered immediately. Just when he would have hung up, a voice came stopping him.

"Ryan, it's been long," the man spoke from the other end. "How have you been doing?"



"Fredrick, come straight to the point. We both know you wouldn't call until it's for something. So, let's not dawdle with the pleasantries." Ryan said, his tone lacking humor.

The man called Fredrick chuckled lightly. "I don't intend that every time, Ryan. You are embarrassing me."

"Fredrick!"

"Ryan, truly, today, I didn't call you because of some work. I really called because I wanted to catch up with you. After all, we might not have been the university buddies, but our family share a bond, that we surely have to carry forward."

Ryan was in no mood to entertain such friendships at the moment, hence he imply said, "We can do that sometime later, Frederick. Right now, I am a midst something and a bit busy." Saying that he was about to disconnect the call when the next words, stopped him.

"So, it's true that you two have truly moved on."



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