



212 Far-sightedly righteous.

The next day, when Catrin descended down the stairs, she spotted Idris already at the door, ready to leave. ¹

"Idris!" she called to stop him and at her call, Idris paused in his steps, but he didn't care to turn around to look at her.

Catrin didn't mind his indifference for she knew he was mad at her. She walked up to him, stopping just behind him. "You are going to the company?" she asked, even though she knew the answer.

Idris nodded, ready to resume his walk again.

"Wait," she said, stopping him again. "Why are you in such a hurry today? Won't you have the breakfast first?"

Mr. Carl, who was standing there on the side, quickly spoke on the cue of Idris, his tone all polite. "Madam, Master has already completed his breakfast. He has a meeting scheduled early, so he was leaving for that."

Catrin frowned when instead of Idris, the butler spoke. But she had seen Idris cueing him to speak so she knew that Mr. Carl was just



following his orders. "Idris, if there was a meeting scheduled early today, you should have told me about it. I would have woken up early as well." She then paused and added, "It's fine, give me a moment. I will finish my breakfast quickly and go with you."

Idris didn't speak immediately but looking at Mr. Carl, he dismissed him first. Giving a polite bow, Mr. Carl left. And once he was gone, Idris turned to look at Catrin.

"There is no need for you to accompany me, Catrin. I will go alone," he said, his tone measured.

Catrin's brows furrowed, her expression darkening slowly. "What do you mean, Idris?" she demanded. "Are you dismissing me from work? Do you think you can do that?"

Idris looked at her and shook his head. "I am not because I know what I can do and what I cannot. I know what is right to be done and what is not, Catrin. So I am not doing anything that you are thinking."

The taunt was evident in his tone, but Catrin chose to ignore it to her good. She didn't want to bring back the topic from the last day and make the differences between them worse.



"Then why are you not taking me with you?" she asked.

"Because I thought you would have other things in your plans. After all, recently, aren't you more busy plotting the things in our lives more than in our business," he said.

Catrin stiffened at his remark, his subtly accusation clear. "Idris!" she snapped defensively. "How can you say something like that?"

Idris seemed uninterested in continuing the topic with her. Glancing down at his watch, he said, "I am getting late for the meeting. You can go to the company on your own." With that, he turned to leave.

But he had barely taken a step when Catrin spoke again to stop him. "Idris, we are having a conversation. Let's finish it first."

Idris turned to look back over his shoulders. "That seems to have of no use with you, Catrin because you simply aren't ready to understand what others have in their thoughts in mind. Let's not waste more time on it. The damage is already made and you can no longer make any amends. I have also lost all the hope I had once in you."



Saying that, he left, no longer waiting for Catrin to call him again. While behind, Catrin suddenly felt his legs go weak. She staggered on her feet, only to grab the edge of the table on the side.

Shaking her head, she muttered more to herself. "No. No hope has shattered. I can still make things right." Nodding, she got back straight to her feet. "Yes, I can still make things right. It's just that I have to think it through to act this time. Arwen might be acting rebelliously obsessed now, but tomorrow once she gets back in her right mind, she will be fine. At that time, things will again turn back to normal –as it has been always."

Although she has tried to make herself believe that, somewhere still those assurances didn't feel enough. But she chose to be confident. After all, with all that she has done over the years, she can't afford to lose it now.

Meanwhile, in East Residence, Brenda was barely at ease. Although she was sitting in the living area, her sharp gaze and constant instructions were making rest all the others march around the house, preparing everything just the right way to her satisfaction.



"Margaret, did you get the room prepared?"

Brenda asked suddenly, her voice carrying just enough urgency to make it seem as though the question slipped her mind until that moment.

Margaret, being ever so patient, approached with a warm smile. "Madam, this is the fourth time you have asked me, and I have already assured you that it's done. You don't have to worry."

Brenda raised an eyebrow her lips twitching into a sly smile. "Aye, Margaret, are you making fun of my old age now?" she teased. "Even if I am old and prone to forgetting things, you shouldn't remind me like that. Or else —" She leaned forward slightly, her tone light but carrying a mock threat. "It's not hard to deduct your salary, you know."

While the maids and the staff being unfamiliar with the old lady's playful nature, stiffened, Margaret simply laughed softly, shaking her head. "Madam, even if you do deduct it, it won't matter me much. Over the years, I have accumulated enough to live the rest of my life in ease."

Brenda raised a finger before squinting her gaze at her. "Aren't you becoming more and more confident with age? I can't even scare you now."



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"You were never scary, Madam," Margaret said, her voice laced with the utmost respect that she carried for the lady. "You were just always far-sightedly righteous. Not many understood it and view you in a wrong way."



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