



105 Details of Dr. Clark's patient.

"Dan, let's not discuss it," Ryan said, getting up from the bed ready to leave. 1

Daniel was also not in the mood to hear the same old story, so when Ryan tried to dodge the topic, he also didn't probe any further. Nodding, Daniel simply said, "Fine, if that's what you want. Then I have nothing else to say. I have given you the medicine. It will help you with the hangover. Take your time freshening up. I will wait for you downstairs."

With that, Daniel turned and was ready to leave but Ryan stopped him.

"Dan, don't tell me, you can't see what game Arwen is playing now," he said, and looking at him over his shoulder, Daniel raised his brows at him. 2

"Maybe I can't see it. Why don't you make it clear what you want me to see?" Daniel shrugged as if not understanding his words.

Ryan scoffed. "Her cold indifference, the way she acts like I don't even exist anymore —it's all a



game. She is just putting up all that to make me regret the things, so I beg and come crawling back to her," he said, his voice laced with frustration. His eyes flickered with a desperate need to cling to any explanation that could make him feel less responsible for whatever void he was feeling inside.

Daniel remained silent for a moment, taking in Ryan's words. He could see the storm brewing behind Ryan's eyes —the denial, the refusal to accept the reality. It wasn't the first time he had seen it, but this time it still felt different.

"Ryan," Daniel said calmly, turning back to face him fully. "You really think that Arwen is doing this to corner you? To play some twisted game of control? You really believe that?"

Ryan didn't respond immediately, but soon his jaws tightened. "If not, what else explains her attitude?"

"You don't know?" Daniel laughed, shaking his head as if he could believe it. "Brother, don't tell me you haven't even considered that this might be real. Oh, wait, who am I fooling? If you had believed it, there could be no way you have been



in the state you were been yesterday."

"She —"

"Ryan, let me be real with you," Cutting him off, Daniel continued, "I remember telling you that nothing lasts forever. Even the strongest feelings fade when they are ignored and taken for granted. And it wasn't just once you ignored Arwen. You have been taking her for granted for years. So, it shouldn't be hard to believe that she found someone who values exactly how she rightfully deserves. Someone who treats her better."

Ryan opened his mouth to argue, but no words came. His clenched fists trembled at his sides, and for the first time, he felt the confidence in his accusations falter.

Daniel sighed, taking his steps closer to Ryan. "Brother, I am not saying this to hurt you, but you have to stop deluding yourself now —stop running from the truth. Arwen is not your problem anymore. She is not the one to be blamed for how things turned out.

Unfortunately, you are the reason, yourself. And the sooner you accept that the sooner you can

start to fix yourself." 2

Ryan glared at Daniel with an accusing gaze, but it no longer fazed Daniel. He said what was needed to be said. Even if he hadn't met Aiden that day, and hadn't known that Arwen had truly moved on, he would have still said the same. Ryan might be his friend, but Arwen deserved better. If that better was Aiden, then he would happily support them.

Daniel gave a final pat on Ryan's shoulder. "Take your time, freshen up. I will wait for you downstairs." With that, he left the room, leaving Ryan alone with his thoughts.

As the door clicked shut behind Daniel, Ryan let out a long breath. The silence pressed down on him, and for the first time in a long time, he felt utterly lost. He sat down heavily on the edge of the bed, running his hands through his hair. The flashes of Arwen there with him swirling in his thoughts making him remember how much she had devoted herself to him.

She would be there whenever he needed her. She had her dreams for him. She had done everything he asked for without a second



thought for herself. How could she move on after such devotion? He might have accused her of being pretentious, but deep down he knew always that she would pretend for so long. If she did, then it must be carrying the truth somewhere within.

"No, it must not be true," Ryan muttered to himself, still clinging to the shred of hope. "She must be just putting on a show to make me regret. After all, don't I deserve that?" 4

He tried to convince himself that wasn't as important as she suddenly seemed, but he knew he couldn't let her go easily. Not even after knowing that she had left Gianna's place with some man and hadn't returned since.

On the other side, Delyth was in a better mood after her call with Ryan. But as she scrolled through the hateful comments she was receiving online, her mood quickly soured again. The drop in her fan following on her social media handles wasn't helping either.

A knock on the door pulled her attention. Looking up, she saw Lily step in with a few



sheets of paper in her hand.

Delyth's eyes sparkled, guessing what it might be. "Did you find her details?"

The nurse nodded, entering the room. "I did as I promised," she said, holding out the papers. "I got the details of Dr. Clark's patient. But make sure, after I give this to you, we go back to how things were between us. No more favours."

Delyth smirked, extending out her hand for the nurse to give her the papers. "Of course, Lily. Now, give them to me." She wanted to laugh at the foolish nurse. *Did she really think she was important enough to be kept always?* 1