



114 Pathetically surreal.

Arwen was leaving when someone grabbed her hand from behind. Just the touch made her frown, and as she turned, her expression turned colder when she saw it was Ryan. 1

"What do you want?" she asked, pulling her hand free from his hold.

Seeing her shrug off his touch like it was the most unpleasant thing on the Earth, made Ryan's jaw tighten. But at that moment, he forced himself to keep his composure. Tucking his hand into his pocket, he replied, "Arwen, we need to talk."

"We have nothing to talk about, Ryan. I made this clear already, didn't I?" her voice came steady and firm.

Ryan's fist clenched inside his pocket, and Arwen saw his jaws tick. But even seeing him losing his control like that, Arwen remained completely unfazed.

"I think that's where you are wrong," Ryan gritted out. "We have a lot to talk about. Like where have you been staying if not at Quinn Villa?"



Arwen stared at Ryan as if he had grown two heads. She didn't answer him, not even when his gaze hardened at her.

When Ryan faced her torturous silence like that, her patience snapped. Pulling his hand out, he once again reached to again, trying to grab Arwen by her arms. But before he could, she stepped back, dodging his touch.

His fingers curled, hanging in the air for a moment. "Arwen, I asked where have you been staying these days?"

"And may I ask, how does that concern you?" Her tone was so indifferent that a cold shiver of ran through Ryan's spine. "I have never been your concern, Ryan. Neither in the past, nor in present and never in the future."

"Arwen, don't play the same break-up game again. You can hide things from me just playing that same game again and again. We both know I never agreed to the breakup."

Arwen laughed softly. "Really?" she asked, the sound of her words coming along with her small laugh felt like mockery. "Is this how you justify your desperate act?"

"I —"



"Ryan, I think you need to take a good, hard look at yourself. There is definitely something really going wrong on with you," she interrupted with a sharp tone. "This is so not you. You never hovered around me like this before. Don't tell me you are regretting losing me this early? Then again, that too feels surreal."

Arwen said, shaking her head, dismissing the thought entirely. Of course, she had moved on without a single string attached, but it would be a lie if she said that she hadn't once hoped to see him regret his choices, regret losing her. She wanted him to feel the sting of rejection and the loss she had felt once.

After all, she was forgiving –but she also held the grudges.

But knowing Ryan, she knew, regret wouldn't come to him. Not for her, at least. And definitely not this soon. After all, she had barely mattered to him.

"What if I am regretting?" Those words left Ryan's lips before he even realized. And it caught Arwen off guard for a moment.

Ryan would have hurried and denied his words with some snarky remark to cover his



vulnerability, but he stopped seeing her expression shift.

For a brief moment, he thought she was considering his words, maybe even reconsidering their past. But then a soft, mocking chuckle left Arwen's lips that made his expression harden once again.

"Like I said, even the thoughts is so pathetically surreal that I can't imagine." She then glanced down her watch, realizing it was time. Aiden must already be on his way. Not wanting him to wait long, she decided to end this conversation before it could escalate anymore.

But before she could say anything, a nurse came up behind Ryan.

"Mr. Foster!"

Ryan didn't respond. His gaze remained fixed on Arwen, as if still trying to come up with the words that would help me prove himself and his stance positively. But the more he tried, the more he realized that he had never done anything to earn the right to defend himself in front of her.

"Mr. Foster!" the nurse called again, stepping a step forward to be heard. But then her gaze fell



on Arwen, realizing that Ryan wasn't standing there alone. She quickly apologized for interrupting. "Oh, I am sorry. I didn't know Mr. Foster was busy."

Arwen shook her head, giving a tender smile. "Not at all . He is not busy," she said to the nurse, before bringing her gaze back to Ryan to motion him to look behind. "Mr. Foster, seems like it's time for you to attend someone else. Please don't hold back on my account."

Ryan's brows creased at her words. Even though she hadn't mention Delyth outright, the taunt was very clear in her words. Maybe it would have been better if she had mentioned her, he might have had a reason to explain, to say she was mistaken. But since she hadn't, he felt at loss.

"What is it?" his words came out cold, mirroring his emotions inside.

The nurse flinched a little at his tone but, with no other choice, spoke up. "Mr. Foster, it's Ms. Ember."

Arwen couldn't hold a chuckle. It slipped out even before she could stop it. Not because she wanted mock Ryan, but because everything had



become such a cliché script that she could easily guess it all.

Ryan's gaze darted briefly to glare at her before returning to nurse. He handed her the parcel he had brought and said, "Take this to her first, I will come in some time."

"That ..." the nurse hesitated. "I think, it would be better if you could come along, sir. Ms. Ember is not in a good mood, and she —" her words stopped when Arwen turned without another word and started walking away.

Ryan frowned deeply. Instead of listening to the nurse, he followed Arwen with frustration evident on his face.

"Arw—" he started to call out to her, to stop her. But before he could even finish her name, another voice called her name, interrupting him.