



118 Game of jealousy.

Delyth sat on the bed, clenching the sheet, trying her best to calm her irritated nerves. But, no matter how hard she was trying, she was simply not able to forget it. She wanted Arwen to lose, but now it was she who had lost everything – not just her legs, but also everything that she had worked so hard to achieve. 1

"Del, what's wrong? Why are you not taking medicines?" Ryan asked with a frown as he entered her room.

Delyth's eyes snapped at him, and for once, her gaze didn't mask the hostility she felt within. "Didn't you go after Arwen? Why are you here now?" her voice came sharp and piercing, laced with pure antagonism.

Ryan was taken aback. He had never heard Delyth speak like this. It suddenly felt like she was not the Delyth he knew. "What do you mean, Del? I came here to check on you."

"No, you didn't. You came here looking for your opportunity with Arwen, Ryan. You came for her, not for me," she replied, her every word dripping with pure venom.



Ryan's brows furrowed deeply. Reminded of Arwen, his fingers clenched. "Del, I ran into her downstairs. I had no idea that she would be here. It was just a coincidence, and ..."

"And yet you followed her like a puppy," Delyth scoffed. "Coincidence! Heh! Ryan, don't fool me. I saw you running after her, so desperately. I never thought you would stoop so low for her. Have you forgotten who you are?"

Ryan's jaws tightened. His mood was already sour, and Delyth's words were only teasing his wrong nerves. "She is my fiancée, Del. Even if I go after her, that's my business. It shouldn't bother you or anyone."

At the clear mention of the relationship with Arwen, Delyth saw red. Her expression turned furious and she grabbed the first object she found on the side table, throwing it on the floor with a scream. "She is not your fiancée. She is not. Not anymore. You two already broke up. And breaking up means the relationship is over."

"Delyth!" Ryan's voice boomed, and that instantly made Delyth realize her mistake —the mistake of taking off her mask of a soft and vulnerable girl.



"Ryan, I —"

"You have crossed your line, Delyth," he said coldly, his eyes darkening. "Arwen is my fiancée, and I won't let anyone say otherwise. Not even Arwen herself."

"I am sorry, Ryan," Dely said, crying out with tears brimming in her eyes. "I shouldn't have said that. I lost my senses for a moment. I didn't mean to say it like that. Please, forgive me. I was just ... I was just worried about you. I couldn't bear Arwen ignoring you like that. You were there and still she left with another man. I didn't like it and —"

"It's not for you to care. It's between me and her, and we will resolve it ourselves. I don't need you to give your suggestions," he replied, without feeling any guilt of interrupting her words. 1

Delyth clenched her fingers tighter beneath the sheets. She never thought Ryan would so easily put her in her place. It was humiliating, but she had to endure it, especially now that she was in such a vulnerable state. She couldn't afford to lose him.

Nodding, she replied, "You are right. It's not my place to interfere. I overstepped my boundaries."



But Ryan, believe me, I hold no malice in my heart. Even though Arwen was in one way or the other way responsible for putting me in such a helpless situation, I still want you and her to stay happy together. It's just that when I saw her ignoring you, I couldn't bear it."

"Del —"

"Ryan, you mean so much to me. You are the only precious thing I have left. I can't stand seeing you in pain." Delyth's voice turned soft and vulnerable, her expression pained. "And recently Arwen has been constantly hurting you. Even last night, you were drinking because of her. I simply can't stand her behaviour. Didn't she say that she loves you? Then why is she acting like this?"

Seeing her distress, Ryan sighed, pinching the space between his brows. He wasn't in the mood for more drama. "Arwen doesn't mean any of this. She is just upset with me, so she is pulling all these stunts to irritate me. Don't mind her. Once she calms down, she will be back to my side, and things will go back to normal." 1

He spoke as though he had Arwen's action all figured out. Although Delyth didn't like it, she nodded with a small smile. "Oh, so it's the



jealousy game she is playing? Good. She is so cute to think of such a kiddush game." 1

"Jealousy game?" Ryan asked, frowning his brows.

Delyth smiled and nodded with a hum. "Yes. The jealousy game. Have you never heard of it?" Seeing him confused, she smirked slightly and then added, "Oh Ryan, you are so innocent. How can you not understand such a simple game?" 1

Ryan's brows remained creased and seeing him like that, Delyth asked him to take a seat. "Come on, let me explain," she said, and he walked in before settling down on the chair beside her.

"If what you are saying is true, then Arwen's just doing this to make you jealous. She is acting arrogant, spending time with other men so that she could make you regret things. And given how everything is turning out, it seems she executed her plan perfectly —otherwise, you wouldn't be chasing after her like this."

Ryan's expression hardened. Suddenly everything started replaying in his mind. Could she be really playing such a game? 4

"Ryan, Arwen has always loved you and followed all your instructions. Even if you hadn't fallen for



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her little game, she would have still come back to you. But it's fine. Sometimes you should also appease her —it shows you care for her, that you love her. Isn't that right?" she paused to observe his changing expressions. Satisfied that her words had made the needed impact, she leaned in and asked with a smirk, "Ryan, you do love her, don't you?"

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