

124 Nothing to do with love.

Arwen's brows furrowed as she read the words that Ryan had posted. Earlier, just hearing Gianna's cursing told her something was wrong. But even so, she hadn't expected this. It wasn't because she thought better of Ryan —she knew him too well for that —but she hadn't thought he would stoop so low.

"I so want to fly back there just to knock some sense into him. Should I book the ticket?" Gianna asked, clearly still fuming over the matter.

"No need," Arwen replied pretty calmly. "There is no reason for you to ruin your mood or schedule over something like this, Anna. Ignore it and focus back on your work."

"*Something like this?*" Gianna echoed, urging Arwen to reconsider her choice of words.

"Wennie, if you haven't yet, You need to check the threads circulating in your name. People are making you out to be the villain of some tragic love story when you were never part of it that way. They are throwing all kinds of contempt at you. Do you really think this is a small thing?"

"It might not be. But I don't want to lose my

peace over it, Anna," Arwen replied after a beat, her voice measured. "They can think what they want. I am not a celebrity whose life would get upside down facing some random people's contempt. Their perspective wouldn't affect me or my business even a single bit. So, why should I care?"

"That's true, but ..." Gianna huffed on the other end of the call. "Ryan knows the truth. How could he twist it like this?"

"It's not hard to guess. He is trying to protect Delyth, no doubt," Arwen replied, seeing right through Ryan's actions. "Since he hasn't found a real solution to the case I have filed against her, this damage control post is the least he could do to distract people."

Gianna fell quiet for a moment, clearly mulling over Arwen's words. Then, in a softer tone, she asked, "So girl, are you saying that you are not the least bothered regarding it?"

"I am truly not. At least, not a least bothered about what Ryan had said or what people were talking about," Arwen replied with a smile.

"Besides, why would I be bothered when it's easy enough to clear this up? It's hardly a challenge."

"What do you mean?" Gianna asked, not understanding.

Arwen smiled with an unmistakable confidence. "Anna, don't worry. I am not the kind of person who can be easily bullied. I will handle it in my own way."

"Do you have something in mind?"

"Oh, absolutely," Arwen said as a glint passed through her gaze. "I will remind people who I am and show them what they overlooked. If Ryan wants a story, I will give him the real one. One that he wouldn't be able to twist."

"..." The line went silent for a moment and guessing Gianna's confusion, Arwen laughed.

"Anna, it's fine, you can wait and see what I am up to. For now, I will hang up. Just before you called, I got a call from my father as well. Need to give him a call back too. Talk to you later," she said, before hanging up, ignoring the plea that Gianna had just started to make.

While back at East City Hospital, Delyth's eyes were glued to her phone as she scrolled through her social media feed. "Perfect! This is exactly

what I wanted. People are finally cursing Arwen," she muttered, with a satisfied smirk, watching her plan against Arwen begin to take effect.

Michael, who sat beside her, scrolled through the online posts as well and nodded approvingly. "This is good. The change in netizen's perspective will help you greatly. They are already starting to pity you and sympathize with you while placing all the blame squarely on Ms. Quinn."

"Of course, they will," Delyth said smugly. "After all, Arwen is to blame. She deserves this. Who told her to try and drag me down with her? She should have seen this coming already."

Michael studied her for a moment, then asked. "But Delyth, I don't understand why Mr. Foster agreed to this suddenly." His gaze settled on her suspiciously as if trying to see through her ploy.

Delyth shrugged dismissively. "What do you mean? He loves me, of course. Why wouldn't he do something like this for me?"

Michael let out a low chuckle, shaking his head. "Delyth, I have helped you with this from the start, so let's be honest here. After all, no one knows better than I do that there is no real love

between you and Mr. Foster."

Delyth's eyes narrowed and her mouth opened to object. But Michael held up his hand, silencing her. "If you have forgotten then let me remind you, that I was the one who reached out to Mr. Foster about this first, but at that time he refused it without even giving it a second thought. If he had loved you, he would have jumped at the chance to support you. The fact that he changed his mind now? It's got nothing to do with love, and you know it."

Delyth's expression soured as she looked away, unwilling to let his words sink in.

"What? Don't like the truth?" Michael taunted, not missing the chance. "Delyth, it would be better if you realize this sooner. Don't depend on something that's not for you. Because tomorrow when you lose it, you will have nothing to rely on. After all, what's not yours will never be yours." 1

"Ryan is mine. Haven't you seen the video of our past?" Delyth said raising her phone for her to see. "If not for love, why would he be on his knees for me?"

"If that's what you want me to believe, I have got

nothing to say." Michael's voice was flat, unimpressed. "Just remember, I am not here helping you. I am here for the company. If tomorrow things go south, I won't be here to help you, Make sure to keep that in mind."

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