

128 Simple and perfect.

Daniel was dumbfounded. He thought he might have misheard, but when Ryan repeated his question, the realization struck him—he hadn't imagined it. Ryan had indeed asked him, in all seriousness, why Arwen had blocked him. 1

"Really?" Daniel asked, mockery laced with amusement coloring his voice. "You asked me here for this?"

Ryan was already feeling unsettled inside. And when he heard Daniel taunting him, his patience snapped. "Daniel, I asked you if you knew Arwen had blocked me. If you do, tell me why?"

Daniel stared at Ryan for a long moment before pinching the space between his brows and shaking his head. "Ryan, I have had enough of this already. Stop involving me in your personal mess. If this has nothing to do with work, I will take my leave. I have actual tasks waiting and don't have time for your delusions." He paused, watching Ryan's stony expression, then turned on his heel to leave. 1

As he reached the door, he stopped and looked back over his shoulder. "Ryan, I have given you

enough advice. But here is one last piece — accept the reality soon if you want to keep your sanity. Whirling around your delusions can't take you a long way. It will only make things worse for you." 1

With that, Daniel stepped out, closing the door firmly behind him.

The weight of his words settled over Ryan. His gaze drifted to his computer screen, where new posts and comments were rolling in. Several pictures and clips of him with Delyth were being posted as evidence of his apparent devotion to her, dissected and interpreted for all to see.

All of it was unsettling to see. He hadn't intended it to look this way, but he couldn't deny how easy it must have been for people to misinterpret his actions. How did he not realize this before? His jaws tightened.

"No, I can't let this go any further. This has to stop," he muttered to himself as he picked up his phone to call the PR department. But before he could even dial, an incoming call from his mother, appeared on the screen.

Frowning, he answered the call. "Mom!"

"Ryan," Beca's tone was sharp and biting, "get



back home. Now!" Without giving him any chance to respond or refuse, she then hung up the call.

Ryan stared at his phone, still frowning. His fingers tightened around the sleek piece before he dialled the number her had decided to before Beca's call entered. Once the call was answered, he spoke in a low, clipped tone, "I want you to stop the posts circulating online. Erase every thread, every clip, every image —immediately. I don't care what it takes, just make them disappear."

There was a pause on the other end as if they were trying to process the severity or the possibility of executing the order. After a few seconds of pause, a hesitant voice came. "Sir, I don't think, it's now possible. Everything has escalated to the point that we can no longer control it."

Ryan's expression turned dark. Slamming his hand on the desk, he spoke in such rage that the vibrations could be felt by the person on the other end of the call. "Did you not hear what I ordered? I said I don't care what it takes, just remove the things going online. There must be a way and it's your job to find it."

"B-but sir ..."

"I want it done as soon as possible." Ryan didn't let him continue and hung up the call straight. Then grabbing the keys, he headed out, his mind racing around Daniel's words.

Meanwhile, Arwen stared at her laptop screen and then at Aiden. Pursing her lips, she asked, "Like seriously, husband?" She still couldn't believe it. "In this evolving world, where social media has become so important, you never had a personal account on any platform."

Aiden shrugged. "It was never required before," he replied, folding his arms as he leaned back in his chair casually.

Arwen blinked before shaking her head at him. "You make it sound so interestingly unimportant that now I wonder if I was wrong to have one in the first place." She pushed the laptop towards him, motioning him to it, "But anyway, it's not as unimportant as it seemed to you all this time. I need you to make one now. Can you?" she asked.

Aiden looked at her, his eyes betraying a hint of playful disinterest. Arwen read his expressions

clearly, but she also knew that it was just a way of his to tease her. Hence, she thought of dealing with it her own way.

Leaning forward, she placed her hands on his shoulders to get some leverage before staring into his eyes. Her eyes dropped to his lips and she saw his gaze follow hers. Noting it, she smiled before dipping down and pressing her lips right over his.

It was a chaste, gentle brush. Neither did she intensify it, nor did he ask her to. It was as if they had mutually decided to keep that way — simple and perfect, just the way it was. Her kiss lingered for a moment, taking in his warmth until she was satisfied, before pulling away to meet his gaze. "Please!"

Aiden smiled at her, and she knew he had gotten exactly what he wanted. His reluctance was merely a ploy to get her to give him what he wanted.

Arwen pulled away to stand straight on her feet, pointing to the laptop with a playful nudge. "Now that you have agreed, be quick about it. Don't delay anymore." She then rounded the table before going to his side and sitting right next to him.

"Come on, go for it. I am waiting for you to do it."

Aiden reached the laptop, letting his fingers glide over the keys, while Arwen looked at the details with interest. It was almost done when her eyes suddenly caught something. "Wait, you also went to Cralens High School?" she asked, looking at him with hint of suspicion. 1

