

Breaking Free, Loving Again -The Flash Marriage with Mr. CEO Chapter 2 - He was scared of losing her.

Chapter 2: He was scared of losing her.

Arwen felt numb all over. Was it the pain torturing her entire body, or was it him? She wasn't sure. She knew just one thing: he had failed her today.

She had no idea who was in the other car. It had crashed into hers, and maybe the other person was suffering just as much as she was, or even worse. But still, shouldn't he have come to her side first? Saved her first? After all, she was not just anyone; she was his fiancée, the one he had promised himself to.

1

How could the other person be more important to him than her? Or maybe he hadn't seen her?

Yes, that could be possible. After all, she hadn't been able to call him and tell him about the accident.

"Ryan! I'm here too. Ryan!"

1

With that thought in her mind, she tried to call out to him, to let him know of her presence—of her situation. But no matter how she called, her voice was nothing but a mumble. She had neither the energy to scream nor the strength to get out and walk to him. But somewhere deep down, she believed he would know, just as she always knew his every unspoken wish and call.

But the moment she caught sight of the woman he was holding in his arms, she knew that he wouldn't listen. Because around that one person, all his senses became jammed. His heart locked onto her, making no one else matter. Not even her—his fiancée.

3

Delyth Embers—the belle of Ryan Foster's heart. With Delyth injured, how could he even notice her dying?

Her smile turned mocking. All this time, she had been trying to justify his ignorance, forcing herself to believe that he came to save her... that maybe he didn't come to her because he hadn't seen her.

But in reality, she was just manipulating herself once again into believing something impossible. How dedicated she was, wasn't she?

But what did her dedication bring her?

His negligence. His lack of empathy.

"Heh!" she scoffed sarcastically before spitting out the blood she had been holding in all this while. 'Arwen, open your eyes and see it clearly. You wasted yourself and your youth on someone who barely deserved it. He didn't love you even after you followed him like crazy. Did you really think he would turn around and see you—fall for you?'

That wasn't possible.

Just as she was cursing her dumb self, she saw him walk away from the crashed car. But his steps came to a halt as if he had noticed something—or someone.

Arwen's gaze was blurry, but she saw him turn and look her way. She couldn't make out his expression because her vision wasn't clear. But now she knew that he was aware of her presence.

With him looking her way, he knew that she was there, stuck and dying. But what scared her was his possible response to her situation. Would he care enough to save her?

He should, given she was his fiancée and childhood sweetheart. But she couldn't be confident about that. After all, she knew who he was holding in his arms. With her there, she wouldn't matter. Even if she was dying, he might not care.

And what she feared was exactly what happened. He turned around and left without a care. As if to him, she was nothing but thin air. He didn't see her there.

2

If he hadn't turned to look her way, she might have forced herself to believe that. But even if she was foolish, she wasn't blind enough not to realize he simply left her behind to die.

That was it. Maybe.

This was all she needed to witness to know how wasteful her life had been. How wasteful her efforts and sacrifices had been, for he never cared for any of it. All he cared for was the woman in his arms.

5

As the realization became clearer in her heart, she felt herself falling into a deep, dark abyss that seemed to be the end of everything. Yes, it must be her end—her death.

Her arms fell limply to her side as she lost the last thread of consciousness she had been holding onto. Maybe this was what she deserved for following her heart so illogically.

4

She didn't know how long she was stuck in that deep darkness, but with no hope of light around, she had already given up. But then something shook her in the flames of darkness. It felt like someone wrapped her in his arms, pulling her cold body close, trying to warm her with his natural embrace while attempting to wake her up.

1

Arwen tried to open her eyes to see who it was, but they simply wouldn't open. She didn't have the strength.

"You cannot die like this. Open your eyes, Arwen. Come on, open your eyes."

4

That voice wasn't clear, but she could hear the earnest plea in it. There was also a hint of anger, but she wasn't sure at whom it was directed.

Who was he? And why was he trying so earnestly to save her?

She tried to figure it out, but no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't match his voice to anyone in her memory.

But he knew her name, which meant he must have known her too.

How did he find her?

There were so many questions about him. But she had no answers. Nor was she in a state where she could find them.

Could he be Ryan?

7

"Arwen, can you hear me? Get up. Don't sleep and don't you dare die."

She heard his call again and felt his arms tightening around her. That's when she sensed the fear in his voice—the fear he was trying to hide behind his urgent, intimidating tone.

3

She didn't know who he was. But whoever he was, he was scared of losing her.

2