



27 There was nothing left to fight over.

The butler smiled when he saw Arwen coming. He bowed slightly in greeting, "Young Miss, you are here. Madam has been expecting you." 1

Arwen returned his smile and nodded, "Let's go in then. I have come to meet Aunt Beca."

The butler nodded but then glanced behind her, asking, "Young Miss, if you have brought your friends, we can invite them inside. They are welcome to join the celebration."

Arwen didn't blame the butler. He was still thinking that she had married Ryan today, which was why he was suggesting that. However, at the same time, she could see the lines of confusion on his brows. He was puzzled, trying to understand why instead of coming here with Ryan, she had arrived with someone else.

Arwen glanced over her shoulder at the Rolls Royce. Even though she couldn't see Aiden, she knew his eyes were on her. A smile curled on her lips for reasons she couldn't quite understand. She turned back to the butler, shaking her head. "That won't be necessary, Mr.



Arwen glanced over her shoulder at the Rolls Royce. Even though she couldn't see Aiden, she knew his eyes were on her. A smile curled on her lips for reasons she couldn't quite understand. She turned back to the butler, shaking her head. "That won't be necessary, Mr. James. I will bring him over some other time. Today, let him just wait there."

The butler felt something was off in her words, but before he could inquire further, Arwen interrupted, "I have something important to discuss with Aunt Beca. Mr. James, can you please take me to her?"

"Of course, Young Miss. Madam is in the garden. I will take you there," he said, leading her inside the house.

Meanwhile, outside, Emyr stared at the villa and asked, "Sir, Ma'am has gone inside alone. Wouldn't it have been better if you had accompanied her? What if the Fosters try to manipu—"

Before he could even finish his sentence, he felt the death glare from Aiden, which made him shut at once. 1

"Are you trying to teach me now?" Aiden asked, Emyr quickly shook his head.



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"She can handle it on her own. I trust her." Aiden said, and Emyr nodded without further comment. But then he heard Aiden add, "Besides, the Fosters doesn't have the kind of luster that could charm her." 3

Emyr almost choked. He knew his boss was right, but he never knew he would be so openly narcissistic? 3

Inside the Foster Villa, Arwen followed the butler to the garden. Despite having visited the house many times and receiving all the adoration and love, she still didn't feel like she belonged there. And today, she finally understood why. This place was never meant to become hers from the very beginning.

"Arwen!"

She suddenly heard Beca Foster's voice as soon as she stepped into the garden. As the butler had said, Beca was waiting for her. Smiling, Arwen walked towards her as the woman enveloped her in a warm hug. Pulling back, Beca beamed.

"Finally! Let me see how beautiful my daughter-in-law is. Also, Arwen we have talked about this before. Now that you have married Ryan, you should start calling me 'mom' like he does. I won't accept you calling me 'Aunt'

Arwen felt a pang of guilt for the woman but responded, "It won't be appropriate to call you 'Mom' anymore, Aunt Beca, because I haven't married Ryan, and I won't be marrying him anymore in future as well."

Beca frowned, not comprehending at first but when she saw the seriousness in Arwen's eyes, she asked, "What happened, Arwen? Did he bully you, dear? Tell me, and I will definitely make sure he learns his lessons. In every fight between you two, I will always take your side."

Arwen smiled and shook her head before reaching him to hold the older woman's hands. "You don't need to, Aunt Beca, because between Ryan and me, there is nothing left to fight over. I already broke up with him. I came here to let you know."

"You broke up with him?" Mrs. Foster was shocked. Over the years, she had witnessed Arwen's patience and endurance, and it was hard to believe she would give up after everything she had been through.

Arwen nodded. "It's what's best for both of us. I couldn't ignore it any longer. Ryan only has Delyth in his heart. Despite all my care and sacrifices, I couldn't melt his heart. Even if we



Arwen nodded. "It's what's best for both of us. I couldn't ignore it any longer. Ryan only has Delyth in his heart. Despite all my care and sacrifices, I couldn't melt his heart. Even if we would have married, nothing would have changed, and I don't think I could have endured it for longer than I already did."

Beca shook her head, her voice tinged with panic. "Arwen, you must be mistaken. I know Ryan used to have feelings for Delyth, but after she left the country, he forgot about her. It's only you now. No one else could be more perfect for him than you." 1

No matter how insecure Arwen had felt standing next to Ryan, even she knew this to be true. Ryan couldn't find anyone better than her. But at the same time, she had also come to realize that she deserved someone better than him. She was not sure if Aiden was that person, but she was certain that Ryan wasn't.

Arwen maintained her smile but gently withdrew her hands from Beca's grasp before saying something the woman didn't know. "I thought that, too, Aunt Beca, but that was just an illusion—one I created in my own wishful thinking. And all of it shattered the day Delyth reappeared."



"Yes, almost a month back."

"Arwen, you are the one for Ryan. He might act foolish and oblivious sometimes, but believe me, you are in his heart. I am his mother and I can tell you. He may not have shown it, but that's only because he hasn't realized it himself. Give him a chance and he will prove it. Don't give up so easily after everything you have been through" Lady Foster almost pleaded, holding Arwen's hands.

But it was already too late. It wasn't easy to give up, rather it was really hard. Only she knew it. Arwen shook her head. Then pulling out her phone, she opened something on her screen before turning it to the older woman. "After this, I don't think I can hold on any longer, Aunt Beca. And I am sure, you wouldn't want me to tolerate I either." 4

