31 I don't blame you.

Closing the system, Ryan was about to leave, when Delyth entered his office room without any announcement. ⓵

"Ryan, what should I do now? I can't think of anything. How are we going to explain this?"

Ryan frowned. "Delyth, how many times have I told you to not come to the company? I don't like to bring my personal life into my workplace." ⓵

Delyth's fingers clenched, not liking Ryan's indifference, but she didn't let it reflect on her expression. Keeping a panicked expression on her face, she desperately reached out to hold Ryan's hands.

"Ryan, believe me, I didn't want to come, but I am really scared. We were together last night and then — what if people find out? My image will be ruined. Everyone knows Arwen is your fiancée. If they find out we were together —" ⓵

"Delyth, you are overthinking it. No one will find out. It was just you and me there, and besides, nothing happened between us." ④

"But Ryan, we were there —"

Before she could say more, Daniel's voice interrupted as he entered the office, pushing the door open. "Ryan, your mother —"

Daniel paused when he noticed Ryan wasn't alone in his room. Glancing between the two, his brows furrowed slightly, and he offered a polite apology that sounded too forced. "Sorry, I didn't know that you had a guest here."

Ryan ignored the subtle taunt in his friend's tone and asked, "What were you saying?"

"Oh, I came to inform you that your mother called and asked me to check on you." He paused, glancing briefly at Delyth before adding, "She wanted me to look into whatever is keeping you here, but it seems like I can't help you much with that." Daniel admired Ryan for his work ethic, but when it came to Delyth, he couldn't help but wish Ryan would open his eyes.

This woman was undeniably an actress, especially around Ryan. How could he not see it? ①

Looking at Ryan, Daniel asked again, "So, how should I assist you? Should I call Madam Foster back and tell her that you are occupied with something important and might see her another

Looking at Ryan, Daniel asked again, "So, how should I assist you? Should I call Madam Foster back and tell her that you are occupied with something important and might see her another day?"

"Daniel!" Ryan sighed in frustration. He didn't like his friend's attitude, but he knew what had triggered him.

Daniel raised his brows, "What? I was just suggesting. If you don't agree, I won't make the call. After all, besides being your friend, most importantly I am your employee. I wouldn't dare to forget my place and do something that puts me in a difficult position like earlier in the afternoon."

Ryan pinched the space between his brows as he felt a headache coming on. "Help me send Delyth back. I am heading to the old villa and won't be able to drive her myself."

"I can arrange only a ride for her since I have more important things to attend than driving an acquaintance around," Daniel replied nonchalantly, not caring that his tone might embarrass Delyth.

Delyth was undeniably embarrassed, but there was nothing she could do. Some people simply

Delyth was undeniably embarrassed, but there was nothing she could do. Some people simply didn't like her, no matter how well she behaved around them. And Daniel was one of those people. They had known each other since university, but even back then, he had been as loyal to Arwen as he was today. (1)

"Ryan, I can come with y—"

Before Delyth could suggest, Ryan nodded to Daniel and said, "Arrange it, then. I have to go urgently and can't wait."

Daniel nodded and left to make the small arrangement. He could have handled it with a quick phone call, but being around Delyth was unbearable, especially after knowing what she had tried to pull last night.

Once Daniel left, Ryan was also about to exit his office when Delyth stopped him, grabbing his arm. "Ryan, do you blame me? Do you think I did that to you on purpose same as Daniel thinks?"

Ryan didn't think so, but so much happened that he was frustrated. His mood has inadvertently changed his attitude towards Delyth. But now, seeing her frail demeanor, he felt as if he had wronged her. (3)

Taking a deep breath, he turned to her and placed his hands on her shoulders. "I know Delyth, it wasn't your fault. You are as much a victim of the situation as I am, and I don't blame you. But you need to keep your composure. If you panic and cry like that, it will make us look guilty of something that we didn't even do."
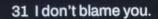
"But Ryan, how do we know that we didn't. We both were so drunk last night. Maybe, we—"

"We didn't, Delyth." Ryan's words were firm, more of a warning. "We were simply lying together. Nothing happened that we should be ashamed of. If something had, we would have had remembered. But neither of us recalls anything, right?" 1

"Ryan, I know but —"

"That's enough, Delyth. I have something urgent to attend to, and I can't stay here any longer to explain. I will leave first. As for you, Daniel will arrange a driver. Go home and get some rest." With that, Ryan turned and left without waiting for her response.

Behind him, Delyth could only grit her teeth. She had hoped to use this opportunity to get closer to Ryan, but instead, he chose to walk away.

Delyth shot the staff a vicious glare before storming off. One day, she would make everyone here respect her -especially Daniel. 2

Meanwhile, Ryan soon arrived at the Foster Villa. Though he no longer lived there, he made it a point to visit his parents once or twice every two weeks.

"Mr. Foster, you are finally here? Madam has been waiting for you at the dinner table. It's past her medicine time, but she hasn't eaten dinner yet, so we can't give her the medicines," the butler informed Ryan as he entered the house.

Ryan frowned and asked, "Did Arwen come here earlier?"