



32 Right decision.

The butler nodded. "Yes, Ms. Quinn had visited earlier to meet Madam. But she didn't stay for long." 1

Ryan's jaws clenched. He knew it was her. "Mr. James, you can go back to your duties. I will go and meet my mother myself." Saying that, he left the butler behind and walked into the living hall before heading straight to the dining area.

Beca was sitting at the table as the butler had said, but just one look and Ryan could tell she wasn't waiting for the dinner –she was waiting for him.

"Mom." Ryan greeted.

But instead of returning his greeting, Beca asked bluntly, "Is Delyth back in the country."

Ryan didn't respond, and Beca knew the answer already. "So, she has," she muttered, audibly enough for her son to hear.

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Slapping her hand hard on the table, she got up, enraged, "Really? Is that so? If not her, then tell me -what else is the reason, Ryan? Why didn't you and Arwen get the marriage certificate today?"

"An important meeting got scheduled at the last minute. I couldn't avoid it," Ryan said, avoiding his mother's gaze. "And I already told Arwen about it. Did she come to complain to you?"

"Complain to me?" Beca couldn't help but give a sarcastic chuckle at that. "Is that what you think of her, Ryan?"

"Isn't that obvious?"

"What's obvious is your ignorance," Beca retorted, clearly fed up with trying to advise her son. "If Arwen really wanted to complain to me, I would have been hearing about it every single day. After all, each and every one of your behaviors has been worth complaining about."

"Mom, I already asked Mr. James, He said Arwen



"Yes, she did come. I never said that she didn't. But she wasn't here to make any complaints. Arwen came to let me know how rightfully she has broken up with you. And I am glad she did." Beca might be upset that Arwen wouldn't be her daughter-in-law anymore, but seeing her son's attitude, she realized that Arwen has made a right decision.

Ryan was taken aback. He had received Arwen's text about the breakup, but he hadn't accepted it. How dare she come here to tell his mother? Was this her new way of manipulating him?

"Mom, she is just upset and throwing another tantrum. Tomorrow, she will come around. Don't take her anger too seriously," he said, but Beca no longer saw the point in trying to explain things to him.

So, she nodded, "Fine, if that's what you believe, I won't burst your bubble. But being your mother, I will remind you one last time —listen carefully — even the strongest feelings expire when ignored and taken for granted. And we both know that except for ignorance, you haven't given Arwen anything else. And now I can see you are taking her for granted too."

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"Mom, you are overexaggerating. I know you are upset because we couldn't get the marriage certificate today, but I assure you, we will get it done soon." Ryan spoke with such confidence that Beca almost wanted to believe him. But the resoluteness she had seen Arwen today told her otherwise.

She knew it wouldn't be that simple for her son anymore. Still, she wanted him to realize what he had lost. She knew that he would, sooner or later—but she hoped it would happen a little too late. After all, desperation hits hardest when realization comes too late.

"I no longer care when you get the certificate, son. But let me make one thing clear—I do care who you get it with. I might let Arwen go if that's what she wants, but I won't allow Delyth into this household, even if she is desperate for it. So, keep that in mind," Beca said, making sure her son understood her disapproval of Delyth. 1

Ryan frowned, but before he could defend Delyth, Beca had already turned to leave. As she passed by, she asked a maid to send her dinner to her room.

Left standing alone, Ryan didn't know what to do. Pulling out his phone, he called Daniel and simply



Left standing alone, Ryan didn't know what to do. Pulling out his phone, he called Daniel and simply said, "Meet me at 8th Heaven Restobar." Then he disconnected the call and left.

Meanwhile, back at Tulip Societal Residency, Gianna was pacing back and forth without taking any break. Arwen was sitting and watching her, trying her best to ignore the dizziness caused by her friend's continuous brisk movements.

"Anna, can you please sit down and relax for a bit. Your pacing is giving me a headache, and I don't think I can take it much longer." Giving up, Arwen spoke.

But it was as if her words only triggered Gianna further. Snapping her head in Arwen's direction, she retorted, "I am giving you a headache? Wennie, reflect on what you have done. You went and signed a marriage certificate with a complete stranger. How can you even ask me to sit and relax? Do you even realize what you have done?"

Of course, Arwen knew what she had done. But she wanted to keep her impulsive action as normal as possible. Otherwise, even she wouldn't be able to keep calm if she started freaking out.

"But I thought you didn't want me to marry Ryan. Aren't you happy that he is no longer there in my



"But I thought you didn't want me to marry Ryan. Aren't you happy that he is no longer there in my life. I broke up with him." Arwen forced an exuberant smile.

Gianna only leaned down to pinch her cheeks.

"Girl, are you serious? Do you even listen to yourself? You married a complete stranger, just to escape Ryan. How is that going to help you? You have trapped yourself in a messier trap to escape a tedious one." 1

"But the messier trap is not that bad. In fact, it's rather handsome and attractive. Given a choice, any woman would willingly crawl into it." Arwen blinked playfully, and Gianna could no longer take it. 4

"Arwen Quinn, I am being serious! Can you stop cracking jokes right now?"