



34 Vicious.

Arwen blinked. She opened her mouth to speak but then closed it, shaking her head. "I don't know," she said. 1

"You don't know?" Gianna asked, frowning. When she saw Arwen still shaking her head in response, her eyes widened as she repeated, "Arwen, what do you mean you don't know? Aiden is a pretty common name. When you were signing the certificates, shouldn't you have asked him his full name?"

Arwen felt embarrassed. Of course, she should have asked and tried to get to know him as much as she could. "I had planned to, but then the magistrate pushed the papers towards me to sign first, and then to him. I didn't see the name he signed. Later, when I asked, he just said Aiden, and I didn't think to ask his surname. That was my mistake, I agree."

"I can't say anything else, Arwen. Let's stop dwelling on this now." Gianna had had enough for the day. She understood well enough that the more she judged Arwen's action, the more upset she would get, so it was better to just accept it. After all, nothing could be changed now.



Arwen took a deep breath. Even though Gianna was panicking, she herself had remained calm. She had long accepted the decision she had made. "I will be moving in with him tomorrow. He will be here to pick me up," she said, and Gianna nodded, also taking a deep breath.

"Fine. Just remember, I am only a phone call away. If anything seems off anytime, call me, and I will be there an instant," she promised.

And Arwen couldn't help but smile. She didn't doubt Gianna's promise, but she didn't expect things would get so bad that she would need to call for help because: firstly, she wasn't weak — she could handle a man. Secondly, Aiden didn't seem like the kind of person who would resort to any vulgar means. 1

But for Gianna's peace of mind, she nodded, "Alright, alright. I will call you anytime —even if you are out on a serious date."

"If you want to test my promise, try it and see if I don't oblige. No date is more important than you, my sweetheart." Gianna assured her, sounding confident, almost prod of her words. 1

Meanwhile, Ryan was relaxing in one of the



private rooms at 8th Heaven Restobar when the door swung open. He looked up to see Daniel finally arriving.

"You are late," Ryan said, to which Daniel responded with a cold scoff.

"Of course I am late. I had work to take care of. I am a hardworking employee at Foster Ventures, and I can't leave work just because I feel like it. You might not know how bosses are—they don't like it when their employees slack off."

"Daniel, how long are you going to blame me for what I said on a moment of annoyance. You know I didn't mean it. You are not just any employee to me. You are my friend." Ryan said, knowing well that what he did was wrong.

Daniel simply shrugged. He was no longer upset with Ryan, but he couldn't let go the matter entirely. "Tell me, why did you call me here? It's past the working hours, and I had plans to relax alone tonight."

"Daniel!" Ryan sighed.

Pressing his lips into a thin line, Daniel glanced at his friend before walking over to take a seat across from him. Pouring himself a drink, he asked, "Fine, tell me, what is it?"



Ryan didn't look up. He downed his drink and shook his head. "It's nothing. I am just tired, and needed to to relax." 1

"So, it seems Madam Foster's attitude earlier was just a false alarm," Daniel said casually, sipping his drink more leisurely than Ryan.

Ryan poured himself another glass and let out a sarcastic laugh, "Not exactly a false alarm, because Arwen did try to manipulate her. She went there and complained."

"Complained? Are you sure Arwen did that?" Daniel asked, as if not believing him. Ryan looked at him, shaking his head as if in disbelief.

"I don't know why everyone is so convinced that Arwen couldn't be vicious. I mean, she forced me into a relationship with her —what more proof do you need to believe that she is not the pure, simple and innocent woman everyone thinks she is?" 2

Daniel couldn't help but chuckle. Nodding, he agreed, "Sure, I agree. Arwen is vicious to the core."

Ryan raised his brows in surprise. Daniel nodded again, elaborating, "Don't look at me like that. Yes, I said it. Arwen is very vicious. If she wasn't,



she would have left you by now. She is clearly vicious to herself. After all, we both know how well you treat her. The only word that describes your behavior towards her is 'cruel', yet she takes it all with a smile. If not vicious, then what it is?" 1

Ryan couldn't deny it. He knew his treatment of Arwen wasn't right, but since she never gave up, he did his best to torment her with his indifference and lack of empathy. Whatever was going on in between them, he saw it as a battle—a battle he intended to win by breaking her sooner or later. 3

"Ryan, tell me honestly—do you really think what you did today was right?" Daniel asked, trying one last time to make his friend realize how easily he crossed the line that he shouldn't.

Ryan looked up at him and shrugged, "I told you before—nothing happened between us. I don't even know how I ended up with Delyth like that."

"And you think that's a good enough excuse to ask for Arwen's forgiveness?" Daniel asked, shaking his head. "Ryan, this time you have crossed all the limits. You shouldn't have done that." 3



"Daniel, I am not a cheater, so don't make me sound like one."

"Really? That's how you explain taking another woman out on a date and then ending up in bed with her, both of you naked? Do you really think Arwen will believe that?" Daniel said that and his words clearly made Ryan a little uncomfortable. 3