



40 Spooked the life of our goddess.

Delyth gritted her teeth, not daring to say anything. But she was satisfied with one thing at least — Ryan was finally free. With Arwen no longer in the picture, she could easily have him. A satisfied smile appeared on her lips as she realized this, but she quickly covered it soon and turned to look at Ryan, blinking her eyes pitifully. **1**

"Ryan, Arwen broke up with you. Do you think it's because of me?" **2**

Ryan already had enough of the same topic. He didn't know why, but every time it was brought up, it irked him to his core. When his mother mentioned it, he didn't like it. Even when Arwen spoke about it, faking the resolve, he felt a burn inside. And now that Delyth was bringing it up again, he couldn't take it anymore.

Enraged, he snapped. "I don't, because there is no breakup, Delyth. Arwen is just cooking up stories. She will back soon to drag me back to the marriage bureau because that's what been set for us. I simply can't escape, nor could she."



Delyth didn't like that adamant tone of Ryan's voice. "But –" she began to speak, but before she could finish, Ryan cut her off, removing her hand that was clutching his jacket.

"Delyth, you should rest. I will go and talk to the doctor first." Saying that, he ignored whatever she was about to say and left.

Once the door closed, Delyth could no longer contain herself. Throwing a pillow to the ground, she punched the bed she was lying on. "Argh!! Arwen, how dare you! Why are you still there haunting Ryan? Why can't you simply leave?" she screeched in anger. "Fine. If you won't leave that easily, I will make you leave. Let me see how far your arrogance takes you now."

Taking her phone, Delyth tapped the screen a few times, before putting it to her ears. When the call was answered, she asked, "Are the people still crowding outside the hospital?" Hearing a favourable answer, her lips curled into a smile. "Great. Then make a scene. I am about to post something, and I want you to make sure my message rightfully gets to all my fans."

After disconnecting the call, she fiddled with her phone again before setting it aside. A devilish glint crossed her eyes as she lay back on the



bed. "Best of luck, Arwen You are in quite the ride next." 1

Meanwhile, Arwen was just stepping out of the elevator, about to leave, when she suddenly heard someone call her from behind.

"Arwen!"

Turning around, she saw her mother's old friend. "Aunt Celia!" She greeted her warmly, walking over with a smile.

"Oh Arwen, my God! You have become prettier since I last saw you. How have you been? And how is your mother?"

"My parents have been well. Recently, they have been out on a business trip, but they will be back soon," Arwen replied politely and the lady smiled at her pleasant demeanor. "By the way, Aunt Celia, you are still here at this hour, is everything okay?"

"Of course. I am just getting off my duty a little late today. The mob outside has delayed all of us a bit. I heard some celebrity was admitted, and I think all this is for her."

Arwen smiled politely. Of course, Delyth Embers,



the famous ballet dancer, had such die-hard fans.

"Oh yes, why are you here? Is everything okay?" Celia asked. She was a doctor at Cralens Care Hospital and had noticed a slight difference in Arwen's walking posture earlier.

Arwen noted her gaze drop to her legs but she didn't reveal much. "I am fine, Aunt Celia. I was just visiting someone I know, nothing else."

The lady doctor nodded, her gaze drifting towards the crowd outside. "They are are still there. I don't understand how they find so much free time in a day. I am envious already." Then turning back at Arwen, she asked, "Are you done visiting your friend? If you are, I can drop you off. Anyway, I am about to leave anyway."

Arwen shook her head with a smile. "That won't be necessary, Aunt Celia. Someone is already waiting for me outside."

"Oh, is it Ryan?" Everyone in society knew about the Foster and Quinn engagement arrangement, so Celia didn't hesitate to ask.

Arwen paused for a moment, but calmly denied it. "No, it's not him." Then glancing at her watch, she changed the subject, "Oh, it's getting late,



Aunt Celia. I won't hold you here any longer. Someone's already waiting for me outside, so I will be fine. You don't have to worry."

The lady smiled and nodded before leaving. Arwen also turned to head out. But just as when she had taken her steps near the exit, she heard someone scream from outside, getting all startled.

"It's her! She spooked the life of our goddess."

Arwen turned, furrowing her brows in confusion. The girl who had screamed was looking directly at her, but Arwen didn't understand what she meant.

Her confusion didn't last long as another voice chimed in.

"Yes, it's her. Arwen Quinn! I saw her picture online. She is the one who is responsible for our beautiful Delyth's condition. And now she has the nerve to come here and pretend to sympathize. What a green tea bi*ch!"

"We will teach her a lesson today! After this, she will never dare come between a pair of lovers again! She is a witch, daring to steal our goddess's man."



Another one screamed as they tried to break through the barricades and past the guards to get her. Arwen instinctively took a step back, trying to retreat inside, but it was too late. A few had already broken the chains and were rushing towards her.

It was so unexpected that Arwen wasn't prepared for it.

Daniel had just come down at that moment. From afar, he spotted Arwen, but when he saw the crowd surging towards her with dangerous intent, he panicked.

"Arwen!" he shouted, terrified for her as he ran towards her, but he knew he wouldn't be able to reach her in time.