

44 Henpecked Husband.

When Daniel showed Delyth's social media page to Ryan, he didn't understand what Daniel meant at first. But then his eyes caught the recent post she had made several minutes before but not very long ago 1

Ryan's gaze turned frigid as he read it slowly:

[Thank you for all your love and support during this difficult time. I am safe now, but it's heartbreaking how some people can come between what's real and cause such unbearable pain. But the truth always comes to light, and love will always prevail. With all my fans' love, I will surely keep shining. Love you, everyone. ❤️]

"Delyth posted this right when Arwen left.

Although the words are subtle, they clearly tells who's to blame. With most people knowing three of your history, her fans didn't need to think too deeply to figure out what she was implying,"

Daniel said before glancing towards the woman, who had clearly gone a shade paler.

Ryan also turned to face Delyth. His expression

was ready to cut her soul. But before he could say something, Delyth spoke first, "What wrong, Ryan? What's wrong with my post?"

"Delyth, your fans just tried to harm Arwen. Don't you realize how likely it is because of your post?" Ryan asked, still somewhat skeptical. "Was harming Arwen your reason?"

Delyth immediately shook her head. "Definitely not. Why would I do that? I simply posted my thoughts out and thanked my fans for supporting me. I heard they have been standing down there all this time, so I was overwhelmed. I never mentioned her name. I really didn't think that my fans would weave their own story. Believe me, Ryan. How could I do that?" she said.

And Daniel couldn't help but scoff. Not just your fan —if I didn't know any better, even I would have woven the same story they did," he said. Then looking at Ryan, he added, "Anyway, Ryan do you see things clearly now?"

Ryan's brows furrowed for a moment, but he rejected everything Daniel had worked to prove.

"Delyth wouldn't do anything like that. If something got stirred up, it's was not her

intention. Unintentional things happen sometimes. This could just be one of those times. Besides, Arwen is fine. Nothing happened, so let's not make a big deal out of this," Ryan said.

Daniel opened his mouth to rebuke him but then closed it, shaking his head in disappointment. "My bad, I thought I could help you salvage something, but you, brother, are beyond redemption," Daniel took a step back, pointing at both Ryan and Delyth, "You two suit each other. No, you complement each other. Stay together like this forever. You got all my blessings." 2

Ryan's fingers clenched, but he couldn't bring himself to say anything. Daniel gave a disappointed smile before leaving the room.

"Ryan, I —"

"Delyth, the next time you post anything, be mindful of your words. You nearly got Arwen into a problem today. I may have supported you, but Arwen is my fiancé, and I don't want to see her hurt at any cost," he said sternly. 7

Delyth simply hummed in response, like a docile

lamb, though she hid the jealousy that burned within her.

Meanwhile, Arwen couldn't focus on the breathtaking estate they had entered. Her attention was solely on Aiden. With her brows furrowed in concern, she asked Emyr, who was driving, "Mr. Ethan, have we not arrived yet?"

"Madam, we are almost there," Emyr replied, glancing back through the rearview mirror. The situation felt different. Not because his boss was injured and bleeding, but because he was letting someone take care of his injury.

"Why didn't you agree to visit the doctor? We could have gotten there quickly, and the treatment would have been better." Arwen said, her frown deepening

Aiden looked at her, amused, but didn't say anything. He knew it was wrong, but he kind of liked seeing her so concerned for him.

"Madam, we have arrived," Emyr announced, halting the car at the grand entrance of the villa that looked nothing less than a palace.

Arwen glanced out briefly before saying, "That's good. Mr. Ethan, please help Aiden."

"I can walk on my own. His help isn't needed," Aiden replied. Just as he said that, Arwen snapped at him like an irritated wife.

"It's damn needed, SIR. Can you not go against my request just once? You have already gone twice in one day. And I certainly won't like it for the third time," she said, her tone so audacious that Emyr visibly gulped. His eye darted to his boss immediately, expecting something bad to happen the next.

But what happened was not just bad —it was the worst. Worst for his heart! Because nothing at all happened as he expected. The Hell didn't freeze, nor did the Heaven fall.

Emyr wanted to sob and tell the world of his suffering. But he knew he couldn't. The pain he was suffering couldn't be put into words. It could only be experienced, just as he was experiencing.

All the legends that he seemed to be journaling over the years, standing tall beside his boss, now seemed like myths —far from the reality. Myth to

an extent where he almost doubted if his boss was the same person he had known all these years. Or had some doppelganger taken his mighty spot?

His boss had been titled cold yet fierce Dragon King in his circle, yet ever since he met the lady, he has been anything but cold and fierce. He had just been snapped at, and if it had happened anywhere else, Emyr could vouch that the consequences would have been gruesome that even the torture of Hell couldn't compare.

But now, the same Dragon King had been reprimanded by his wife, and he was taking it all like any henpecked husband would. Was this what they meant when they said that love could change even a beast?

"Mr. Ethan, we don't yet know how badly he is hurt. He hasn't allowed me to see, but with the blood oozing like that, I think it would be better if you support him inside," Arwen said, her tone more like a strict instruction. Emyr nodded to her. But when she didn't see him move at her request, her patience snapped. "Mr. Ethan, the sooner, the better. Can we not delay more than we already have? Please."

And Emyr was instantly embarrassed. "I am sorry. I will do it right away," he apologized and quickly stepped out to help Aiden as Arwen had asked him.

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Scarlet_Shine

Creator's Thoughts

14:18

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