

71 It was him.

Daniel's eyes trailed down at the shining ruby in Arwen's finger. "You know that day at the hospital, Ryan rushed down for you. But he was a little late. You were gone already. If not, you might have seen his worry-stricken face. He was really worried for you," he said, and Arwen followed his gaze to her finger. 1

Her brows furrowed. Wearing this pretty Foster heirloom had become a habit, but how did she forget that she no longer holds the position to wear it? It was meant for the daughter-in-law of the Foster family — Ryan's wife.

Arwen's eyes dimmed as she reached to remove the ring from her finger. "We have been over for a long time. I just never fully realized it until I pieced together the entire story myself," she said, looking up at Daniel. "I don't doubt your words. Ryan may have rushed you to help me, but he was too late. Not just that day, but in every possible situation, whether in the past or the future. Because I am gone — I have moved on." 1

"Arwen —"

"Daniel, I didn't get the chance to tell you this before; but I am already married." Arwen cut him off firmly. "Next time, I will plan something so my friends can meet my husband." When she had told Aiden that she had no intention of hiding their relationship, she had meant it.

Daniel was stunned for a moment. His expression shifted through various emotions in just a few seconds, and even he wasn't sure what he was feeling. "You are married?" he asked, still in disbelief.

Arwen smiled and nodded. "Yes, I signed the certificates signed on the 29th," she said, and Daniel's brows furrowed deeper.

"On the 29th? But weren't you supposed to sign the certificates with Ryan that day?" Then something clicked for Daniel, and he asked, "Arwen, did Delyth tell you something? Don't believe her. Nothing happened between Ryan and her. She is just bluffing. I asked Ryan, and he said that he had no idea of how he ended up with her that night."

"So, you knew," Arwen said, unsurprised. She had

already suspected as much. Daniel was about to explain, but before he could, Arwen shook her head, stopping him. "It doesn't matter anymore, Daniel. I don't care about Ryan and Delyth's relationship. Whatever they have between them is their business. I never had a right to comment on it, even when I supposedly Ryan's fiancée. Now that I am no longer involved, even thinking about it feels like a waste of time."

Daniel wasn't sure what to say. He agreed with Arwen's words, though his friendship with Ryan still weighed heavily on him. Still, he had to admit that Arwen was better off with someone who truly valued her than with Ryan.

Nodding, Daniel asked with a soft smile, "How is your husband, then? Is he treating you well?"

At the mention of Aiden, Arwen's lips curled into a warm smile, reflecting the happiness she felt inside. "Better than anyone ever has. He came into my life as a surprise, and I realised that it's been the best surprise I ever received. He is too good. You probably must have seen him?"

"Have I?" Daniel raised his brows.

Arwen nodded, "You might have, though I am not

sure. He came with me that day at the hospital. While I went inside, he waited for me in the car, outside. He was the one who came to my rescue when I needed him the most."

It was him. Daniel was stunned as he recalled the fiery brown eyes he had seen in the crowd that day. The man held Arwen in his arms, ready to wage a war if necessary to protect her. No wonder, Arwen had been so comfortable with him. He was her husband —the one who had come to her rescue when she was in danger.

"I didn't get a good look at him. The crowd was too thick," Daniel said, remembering the moment. "But I saw how protective he was for you. He held you, without caring about his own safety."

Arwen nodded with a smile. "Yes, that was him." She paused for a moment before adding, "Gianna is not in the city, right now, but once she is back, I will definitely arrange for both of you to meet him"

Daniel nodded and once again drifted to the ruby ring that now lay abandoned on the table. It wasn't just anyone's fault —this was Ryan's doing.

He might not realize what he had lost now, but soon he would. And by then, as Arwen had said, it would be too late. 1

Arwen noticed his gaze and reached out to pick up the ring. If it had been an ordinary piece of jewelry that could simply be bought, she would have discarded it. But this ring was tied to the Foster family's legacy, and it would only be right for her to return it personally.

"Do you want me to give it to Ryan?" Daniel asked.

But Arwen shook her head. "If Ryan had given it to me, I would ask you to return it. But Aunt Beca was the one who put it on my finger. It's only right that I return it to her myself," she explained, and Daniel nodded in understanding.

"Does Mrs. Foster know about it?" he asked. When Arwen nodded, Daniel added, "So, that's why she is been treating Ryan like that. For once, I don't feel bad for him. He deserves it."

Arwen, once again, chose to remain silent on the matter.

A little while later, her phone rang from where it

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rested on the table. She glanced at the screen and saw 'Husband' flashing across it. A smile tugged at her lips as she picked up the phone. "One moment," she said to Daniel

He nodded, gesturing for her to take the call. Arwen swiped to accept it.

"Hello," she answered, hearing Aiden's voice come next.

"If you are done, I will come to pick you up," he said.