

83 Now what has changed?

Ryan's expression hardened, making it difficult to read his true thoughts. But Delyth knew that he wouldn't be able to ignore her desperation — not when she was like this, vulnerable and dependent on him. 1

"Don't worry, Del," Ryan said softly, trying to soothe her growing anxiety. "I will find a way to get an appointment with Dr. Clark. For now, just focus on resting. That's why I moved you here from Cralens Care Hospital, remember?"

Delyth nodded slowly, recalling what had earlier happened to her. "I will rest, Ryan. But are you sure they wouldn't come and find me here?"

Ryan failed to guarantee. "I will make sure no harm came to you. You are right now safe here. Later, I will arrange a few of the guards. They will be around you when I am not. So, you don't have to be scared," he said, before slowly wheeling her back towards her ward.

Outside the hospital,

Arwen stepped into the fresh air, inhaling deeply



as if it would cleanse the bitterness that lingered in her chest. She hadn't expected confronting Delyth to feel this ...liberating. Maybe Aiden had been right —there was power in speaking her mind, in refusing to remain silent.

"Arwen! Arwen! Arwen! Why did you stay quiet for so long?" she whispered to herself, shaking her head at her old habits. How had she let herself be caged in for so long? She might give an excuse saying that realization struck her late, but she knew that was not all. It was —Aiden, who made her resolve firmer than it actually was. He had helped her see things differently, giving her the strength to find her voice.

Without him, she might still be trapped, suffocated under the weight of the past.

She was standing there when the black Maybach came to stop in front of her. Recognizing it from earlier, she opened the door and got inside without hesitation. Once she was settled, the driver asked, "Where to next, Madam?"

Arwen thought for a moment before saying, "Head to the Quinn Villa, please." She hadn't picked up many things from there. Since she was

already out and had some time, she could retrieve a few things to take to Winslow Residence. Gianna's place had been her temporary abode, but Aiden's home was now hers. She needed to bring her permanence over there to make it feel more like her home.

As they headed to Quinn Villa, Arwen's phone rang. Seeing it was Gianna, she answered it with a smile. Before Gianna could say anything, Arwen preempted her.

"I met with the doctor and had my legs checked, Anna. Before you ask me, let me tell you, Dr. Clark said my legs are almost healed. Now I just need some training, and I will be able to dance again," she said, waiting for Gianna's usual snarky remark.

But instead, Gianna's curious voice followed. "Wennie, let's leave the recovery talk to your husband. He will make sure you walk and dance with perfect grace."

"Anna, you —"

"Tell me, is it true that Delyth has been crippled?"



Arwen raised an eyebrow. "Crippled?" she asked, not sure about it.

"I just read it online. They are saying: Delyth, the ballet star, got her retribution —crippled for life," Gianna exclaimed, and Arwen didn't know how else she should tell her friend that they shouldn't be so happy about other's miseries.

"Gianna Griffin, are you even listening to yourself? Even if Delyth is not someone we adore, we shouldn't rejoice in her suffering," she scolded gently, but Gianna scoffed.

"Let it be, Wennie. If I hate someone, I will happily see them suffer. I don't care if it makes me look evil. And trust me, I truly hate Delyth from the depth of my heart," Gianna said coldly. "Now, if that's settled, tell me —are the headlines true?" 1

Arwen sighed "Probably. I saw her earlier, and she was in a wheelchair."

"You saw her?" Gianna's voice thundered. "Did Delyth-the-bitch do something to you?" 1

Arwen rolled her eyes. "Did you lose your IQ like Ryan, Anna? I said she was sitting in a

wheelchair. How could she possibly do anything to me?" 1

An indecipherable silence fell over the call, and for a moment, Arwen thought they had been disconnected. "Anna? You are still there, right?"

"Wennie, did I just hear you say that Ryan lacks IQ?" Gianna asked, sounding shocked.

But Arwen didn't think much of it and simply hummed. "Yes, I did. Want me to list down the instances to prove it?"

"Definitely not. I have known it for longer than you can decipher," Gianna replied with an exaggerated sob.

Confused, she asked, "Anna, why are you crying?"

"Nothing, I just think that my daughter has finally grown up. Now, she is even able to say that a certain dumba*s lacks brains. I am just so happy that I cannot hold back my tears. Finally, you saw the truth." 1

"It's not that I didn't know this before, Anna. I



knew Ryan well. It's just that I was too considerate of everyone else except myself, so I never bothered to highlight his flaws. But now —"

"Now what has changed?" Gianna again asked, perking up.

"Now, I see myself more, Anna. I decided to consider myself just as much as I have always considered others, or maybe slightly more," she paused, then added "Now, his flaws and dumbness have become so evident that I can no longer ignore it,"

Gianna couldn't help but clap on the other end of the call.

"I think, Arwen, I am already becoming a fan of your husband. He really has the charm. In just a few days, he made you see what I have been trying to show you for years."

Arwen didn't refute her friend's words. She believed the same. With Aiden by her side, she saw things more clearly. The way he treated her was something she could openly compare with Ryan. No matter how many lifetimes Ryan lived, he would never match Aiden's level of care and

concern.

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Scarlet_Shine

Creator's Thoughts