



92 You will lose everything in one go before you even realize it.

After finishing the breakfast with Alden, Arwen took a while before leaving for Foster Villa. She had taken the ring off her finger, as Daniel had reminded her, but it was still with her. 1

Yes, she had grown attached to the ring over time, but definitely not in the way Alden thought. While wearing the ring, she never saw it as a symbol of her and Ryan's relationship. To her, it was always a gift from Aunt Beca, who had placed it on her finger on her nineteenth birthday, saying it was meant for her.

But it was only today, she realized it never was. She should have known back then when Ryan had refused to put it on her finger, forcing her to wear it herself.

"Madam!"

Alfred's voice pulled her from her thoughts, and she looked at him with a slight tug between her brows. "Yes?" she asked, following his gaze ahead.



They had already arrived but still needed to pass the security. "Oh, pull closer to the gates. I will let them know," she said, and he drove ahead.

Arwen rolled down the window when the guards approached, greeting them with a smile. She had known them all well over the years.

"It's you, Ms. Quinn. Sorry, we didn't recognize your car," the guard said apologetically.

Arwen shook her head. Of course, this wasn't her car, after all. She had borrowed it from Aiden for a while. "It's fine, I understand. Please open the gates."

The guards nodded and then left to obey. As the gates opened, Alfred drove the black Maybach inside and stopped near the driveway. "Madam, we have arrived," he announced.

"Thank you, Alfred," Arwen replied, adding, "You can wait here. I will be back as soon as I am done," she said, before stepping out of the car.

As she walked into the villa, the place felt oddly quiet. She glanced around, but there were no maids in sight. Usually, Mr. James would come to greet first, but today, even he was not there.



Was no one home?

She realized her mistake. She should have called before coming. Just as she was about to leave, Ryan's voice stopped her.

"Stop, Arwen."

Arwen paused in her steps and turned around slowly to find Ryan standing there, breathing hard. He seemed dishevelled, as though he hadn't slept all night.

"Why are you here so early in the morning?" he asked.

Arwen's brows furrowed a little but she replied, "I came to see Aunt Beca, but it seems she is not home."

A frown appeared on Ryan's face. "What new conspiracy are you up to? Haven't you done enough damage?"

"Damage?" Arwen raised her brows as if she couldn't make sense. "What are you talking about?"

"Don't act innocent, Arwen," Ryan said as if he had known Arwen better than anyone else. At his



confident tone, Arwen couldn't help but feel amused. "You came to meet my mother just after the day you saw me with Delyth at the hospital. If not for acting all pitiful, why else would you be here?"

"—to return something that's no longer mine," Arwen replied almost immediately, as if she had anticipated his words. "Mr. Ryan Foster, you know you can also try to see things from different angles. It's not that hard. You just have to step out from the world's centre of cause. Not everything happens for you or because of you."

"Arwen —"

"Ryan," she interrupted, cutting him off before he could continue his familiar accusations. "I think you have forgotten something really important between us: we have broken up. You are no longer my concern. So, if I am here today, it's definitely not for you."

"You expect me to believe that?" Ryan scoffed, his fingers curling into fists. "Arwen, your world has always revolved around me. I could bet my entire fortune if that's what takes to prove the reason for your presence here."



Arwen rubbed her nose, a disdainful smile curling up her lips. "Don't be foolish enough to do that, Ryan. That's my last bit of advice to you," she said, adding, "You will lose everything in one go before you even realize it."

She then stepped closer to him, though her demeanor remained distant and aloof. Despite her proximity, Ryan felt a slow-growing fear of loss creeping into his heart.

Retrieving the blue velvet box from her bag, Arwen said, "I don't owe you any explanation for my presence anywhere, Ryan. But just to help you out of your delusion, I will tell you." She raised the velvet box in front of him and continued, "As I said I am here not for you, but to return something that's not mine. This is what I meant."

Ryan's frown deepened, his confusion growing. Arwen opened the box, revealing the item inside. "I came to return this to Aunt Beca," she said.

When Ryan saw the familiar ring, his expression turned cold. It wasn't the first time he had seen it, but what surprised him was that it was no longer on Arwen's finger, but delicately kept in



the box. "This ..."

His gaze instinctively moved Arwe's hand, and just as he had thought, the ring he had grown used to seeing on her finger was no longer there.

Arwen noticed his gaze and said, "Yes, it's the same ring you are thinking of, Ryan. The one you refused to put on my finger, but that I kept wearing for years. Too bad I safeguarded it when it was never mine to protect."

She sighed and exhaled out a deep breath. "But it's fine. I am not here to complain. I just came to return it to Aunt Beca, after all, she was the one who gave it to me years ago."

Before she could ask when Aunt Beca would be back, Ryan suddenly grabbed her by the shoulders, surprising her. "What's the meaning of this, Arwen? Why did you take the ring off your finger?" he growled. 5

