



131 Heroically choosing his mistress over his fiancée.

Meanwhile at Foster Villa, 1

Beca was sitting and massaging her head when she heard her husband returning. Looking at him, she asked, "Who was that?" They had been receiving the calls nonstop since morning.

Gareth shook his head, looking tired. "It was another of our relatives. They were again asking the same thing if we are truly considering taking Delyth into our family."

"We are not, of course," Beca said almost immediately, getting irritated with the thought of that idea itself. "Why are they even asking that?"

"They seemed to be equally displeased about it. They are just calling to make sure we are aware of their displeasure. After all, Ryan's actions had left everyone dumbfounded." Gareth rarely involved himself with Ryan's personal affairs, but now, with the fallout and persistent questioning of the family members and business partners, he could no longer ignore it. "Did you call him?" he asked.



Beca let out a tired sigh, rubbing her temple. "I did. But I am not hoping for anything better," she said, and her husband's face mirrored her expression. "Your son is bewitched. I can barely recognize him these days."

"It's fine Beca. He has grown up. We can't force him into a relationship. Arwen is a good girl, but ..."

Before Mr. Foster could finish his words, Beca snapped. "Gareth!" she called out sharply, frowning at his suggested meaning. "Are you asking me to accept Delyth just because your son likes her? Let me tell you, it will only happen over my dead body."

"Beca!"

"I am serious Gareth. I won't let that girl enter our household. No matter what. So don't even ask me that. Your son may have grown, but he still couldn't tell the difference between a pearl and a rock," she said, and Gareth sighed inwardly.

"That's not what I meant, Beca. I didn't ask you to accept Delyth. I was just saying that if Ryan doesn't like Arwen, we shouldn't force them together," he paused, then continued, "He should



be with someone he truly appreciates. After all, marriages are for life, and compromises can only go so far."

Beca shook her head at his words. "It doesn't matter anymore, Gareth. We can't force them together now —not because Ryan doesn't like Ryan, but because Arwen would never choose Ryan again. In fact, no good woman would choose your son." 6

"What do you mean?" Gareth asked, frowning at his wife's choice of words. No matter how upset Beca was, she would never normally speak so harshly about their son. 1

Just then, a sound at a distance caught her attention, and she turned to see Ryan approaching. Casting him a scornful look, she replied, "What I mean is that no woman will choose a man who leaves his fiancée to die just to tend to his mistress. And your son has a history of tha. Isn't that right, Ryan?"

"Mom!" Ryan frowned, his frustration evident. He hadn't been able to explain properly last time, and today, his patience was wearing thin. "I told you already Arwen was exaggerating. She was fine. She even called the ambulance herself and —"



Before Ryan could finish, Beca slammed her hands on the table and stood up. "Exaggerating it? If she was exaggerating, then explain why she had to undergo a critical operation. Was that for a show?"

Ryan frowned, taken aback by her mother's words.

Gareth, equally confused, asked, "What critical operation, Beca?"

"The operation your son considers an exaggeration, Gareth," Beca replied, eyeing her son coldly before turning to her husband. "A month before Arwen got into a serious accident on Palace Ground Road. She called Ryan, thinking he was nearby and would come to help her. But not only did your son trample on her hope, he left her to die there. He ignored her call and went to rescue Delyth instead, heroically choosing his mistress over his fiancée."

Gareth could hardly believe it. His gaze shifted to Ryan, reflecting the same disappointment that Beca held in her eyes.

Ryan was stunned. Shaking his head in disbelief, he replied, "Mom, that accident wasn't that serious. Arwen was able to move. Delyth, on the



other hand, was stuck in the car, with a sprained leg that needed immediate attention. I had to take her. Arwen wouldn't have gotten such serious injuries." I

Before he could say more, Beca interrupted, "Arwen's legs were badly damaged. So much so that if she hadn't received surgery in time, she might never have been able to walk again. Is it not serious enough? Or was the Delyth's sprained ankle more serious than it? If not attended on time, would she have also been ruined for life?"

Ryan was shaken, feeling as though the ground had been pulled out from under his feet. A wave of fear twisted his gut as he tried to deny it — that couldn't be possible, Arwen couldn't have been injured that seriously. She must have been fine. Wasn't she looking looking at him that day? If she had been so badly hurt, she would have called him for help. But she didn't. Why?

"Ryan?"

Lost in his confusion, he barely heard his father. It was only when Gareth repeated the question that Ryan registered his words.

"I asked you, Ryan, did you leave Arwen there?"



"Dad, I — I don't know. She was there, but I thought she was fine. It was Delyth who seemed injured. She —" Before he could say more, a sharp slap stung his cheek, snapping him back to reality.

"Even if Delyth was more seriously injured, leaving Arwen alone was wrong. She was your fiancée, and more importantly, she was a woman in need. How could you do that?" Gareth demanded, fiercely. He could overlook his son's poor judgement in relationships, but abandoning someone like this was something he couldn't forgive.

"Dad, I —" Ryan began, but then remembered seeing Arwen at the hospital, in a wheelchair. That memory suddenly was enough to make him realize the gravity of the wrong he committed. 5