



## 134 What was this strange feeling?

As Delyth read the subsequent online comments and discussions, her jaws tightened. Her fingers clenched tight around the sleek figure, and if she held the strength to shatter the phone, she would have done that already. **1**

"Arwen, how could you stoop so low to escape?" She gritted her teeth, ready to throw the phone away when the door of her room was rudely pushed open. She was ready to lash out at whoever it was, but her expression shifted when she saw Ryan standing there.

"R-Ryan," she called, sounding a little perplexed. She had been waiting for him to come all day, but now, suddenly she wished it would have been better if he hadn't shown up now. "You have come. I-I was just checking the thing online."

Ryan stared at Delyth as if he was betrayed by her. When Delyth read his expression like that, a feeling of unease settled in. "What's wrong, Ryan? Is everything fine?"

"Delyth, you tell me. Did you lie to me?"



"L-lie to you? About what?" Delyth's voice started to waver. Something was very wrong in Ryan's expression, and a warning bell sounded in her mind, urging her to choose her words carefully.

Ryan's jaws tightened as he held up a file in his hand. Walking in, he slapped it on her side, motioning her to check on her own. "Why did you lie to me that day?"

Delyth felt like she was walking on the eggshells. She knew she had lied to him — not just once, but so frequently that now she couldn't even be sure which lie he was referring to. So, trying to keep her composure and not get herself revealed, she reached to check the file he had thrown at her. **1**

And the moment she read Arwen's name lettered on the top, she knew what it was all about. Her face paled and she dared not look up to match Ryan's gaze. "R-Ryan, I —"

"You what, Del? You don't know how to explain?" Ryan snapped, not even ready to let her sidestep the truth. "Didn't you say she was fine that day? That the accident hadn't been serious, that she even walked out of her car to call the ambulance?"



Delyth's hands trembled as she forced herself to speak, "I-I didn't know, Ryan. I thought that she was fine and ..."

"Fine?" Ryan's voice dropped to a low, dangerous tone. "Look at her report and tell me, which term there seems to explain that she was fine. And I will believe."

Delyth teared up, finally looking up at him, "Believe me, Ryan? You mean you doubt that I did it deliberately? Or wait maybe, you already think I did that purposefully."

Ryan didn't refuse to accept it. He didn't offer her any support or consolation like he would always do and that only made Delyth clench her fist. "Ryan, how can you think like that about me? You came there that night. You have also seen how injured I was. Do you think I was in a condition where I could lie to you?"

"So, you are saying that what you said is truth and all these reports that stated Arwen's situation after the accident is false?" Ryan asked, taking a dangerous step forward. "Del, the report says Arwen was badly stuck in the car. She wouldn't have made it to the accident if someone had arrived at the right time to save her. And that night you clearly said that she walked out of



the car and had called the ambulance. Tell me where is the truth there?"

Delyth swallowed, fear and frustration mingling inside her. "Ryan, I didn't lie. I-I did see her, but ...but maybe, it was an illusion. I thought I had seen but maybe I didn't. Furthermore, I didn't even know Arwen was there in the first place. Don't you remember it was you who recognized her car there?"

Ryan could not handle the truth anymore. He knew he was at fault and that was already killing him inside. Slamming his fist hard on the table at the side, he let the glass shatter on the floor, leaving his hands to bleed.

Delyth flinched at his action. But before she could react, she heard him growl. "Yes, I recognized her car there. I did. But it was because of what you said, I left her there. If you hadn't confirmed her situation, I might have stepped forward to check on her. I didn't because you said that she was fine and had called the ambulance. I wouldn't been so cold to leave her alone there when she was suffering like that." 3

Delyth's fisted her fingers so tight that they dug deep into her palm, making it bleed. "So you are



blaming me for it. Ryan, how could you blame it on me when it was you who left her stranded?" 1

"I didn't!" Ryan yelled as he stepped back struggling to accept the truth that was very obvious. "I didn't mean to leave her. I just misunderstood her situation. I thought she was fine. If I had known, she wasn't I wouldn't have left her there."

Delyth gritted. "It's fine, Ryan. You mistook it. She is fine, anyway. Even if you weren't able to save her, someone did. It's fine. I am sure if you explain her, she would understand."

"Will she?" Ryan asked his voice for once losing its confidence. His eyes looked expectantly at Delyth as if seeking her to confirm him.

But Delyth didn't give him what he needed. Instead, she deliberately moved her eyes to look down at her phone giving him a hint of suspicion. "I am sorry, Ryan. I am really sorry. You are right, blame me. I made Arwen misunderstand you. If not for me, things wouldn't have escalated to this point."

Ryan frowned, "What do you mean?"

And it was then Delyth held up her phone. On the screen, it was the article from TheScoop, the



headline blazing about Arwen's surprise marriage.

Ryan couldn't hold himself back from grabbing the phone. Almost snatching it, he read it in total disbelief. "This ... this can't be real."

"It is." Delyth's voice was a murmur, and her gaze flickered with a hint of satisfaction that she couldn't entirely hide. "I think your explanation no longer carries any weight. She has chosen a hard way to not give you any chance to make amends. She had married someone else and ..."

Before she could even finish her words, Ryan turned and walked out, leaving Delyth alone to clench her fists in frustration.

On his way out, Ryan couldn't walk straight anymore. His gaze was getting hazy, and nothing was visible clear. It was not until he reached out to wipe his eyes did he realize that there were tears in them. 3

Was he crying?

He couldn't. Arwen wasn't that important to him. She was just an arrangement arranged for him by his family. So what if she married someone else? She helped him escape from the arrangement. Then why was it hurting him so



134 What was this strange feeling?



much? Shouldn't he be happy instead?

Why was he feeling this pain inside his chest then? Why was he feeling like he couldn't breathe? **1**

What was this strange feeling? **2**

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