

186 *Lonely in the world.*

Ryan stared at Delyth's worried face for a moment longer than necessary before shaking his head. "There is no need for you to explain anything, Delyth," he said with a decisive tone. 1

His words like that finally brought the relief Delyth was craving. For a moment she had thought that Ryan had softened towards Arwen, but his apparent indifference to the misunderstanding eased her anxious nerves. As long as Ryan doesn't care for Arwen, she has the chance. Internally smiling, she kept her outward expression calm.

"Arwen shouldn't have to be so fickle," Delyth said, her voice tinged with subtle disdain. "How could she misunderstand you so easily?" She paused briefly, then added. "But Ryan, you don't have to be stubborn either. She was your fiancée. If she misunderstood you, take the opportunity to explain everything to her. Don't let this misconception linger, or else —"

Ryan interrupted her, his brows furrowed. "Arwen isn't fickle." his words surprised her, cutting through the calm facade she wore. "She is my fiancée and she has every right to feel hurt and betrayed if what she saw made her believe something untrue. I don't blame her."



Delyth was caught off guard. She hadn't expected him to accept Arwen's attitude. Shouldn't he be furious instead?

"Ryan, you mean...?"

"Delyth, when I said there is nothing for you to explain, I meant there is no need for you to step between me and Arwen," Ryan clarified, making Delyth's fingers curled on her sides. "Arwen has misunderstood me. And being her fiancé, I will take the opportunity myself to make her understand things. I don't want you or anyone else to step in there."

The finality in his words left no room for argument.

Delyth's jaws tightened, but she nodded, feigning agreement. "Of course," she murmured. "I only wanted to help as I feel I am to be blamed here. If I hadn't kept you all occupied with me, maybe Arwen had less reason to misunderstand you. I —"

"It's fine, Delyth," Ryan cut her off. "Even I am to be blamed. I should have been more mindful."

Delyth felt it hard to contain. She blamed herself intentionally, thinking Ryan would chide her, saying it was not her fault like how he would usually do. Instead, he subtly accepted it blaming himself. Was he saying that he was regretting taking care of her?



She no longer dared to ask him that. She feared what she would hear in return, hence she simply nodded. After a moment of silence, she turned her head up again and slowly asked, "Ryan, don't take me wrong. I am not blaming Arwen, but don't you think she overdid it this time?"

She then paused and said carefully, "Even if she misunderstood you, she should have left you a gateway. Now that she is married, even if you explain things to her, you two can't get together. I mean —"

"Her marriage means nothing, Delyth," Ryan spoke with hesitation.

"What do you mean, Ryan?" Delyth frowned at that. "She announced publicly that she is married. How can that not mean anything?"

Ryan's face hardened and it was clearly evident that he was trying to ignore something.

"Decision in haste means nothing, Delyth. And that's what Arwen's false marriage and the announcement are all about. I am sure once I explain to her, everything will fall back into its place."

"Ryan that's not as simple as you think. Arwen is married and —"

"Enough, Delyth," Ryan stopped her from speaking any further. "The matter between



Arwen and me is for me to deal with. You don't have to get concerned about it."

For the first time in years, Ryan's eyes held a clarity that startled Delyth. He felt her grip on him slipping further, like sand through her fingers. "But Ryan —" Desperate to hold him back, she tried again.

But once again she was denied any interference. It was as if, Ryan had hardened his resolve to keep her away not just from him but also from all the matters related to him.

"You should rest, Delyth, he said, his tone soft and polite, but strangely distant. "We have talked enough for now." He then darted his gaze back at the shards of glass on the floor. "I will ask someone to come and clean this up."

Delyth grew anxious, knowing he was about to leave. She wanted to hold him back. But before she could say any further, Ryan already made a move.

"Ryan!" she called, only to see him pause in his steps. He didn't turn, nor did he show any intention to stay. His back screamed his will to leave as soon as he could and that made Delyth further annoyed. Not knowing what to say, she simply said something that could at least stir another conversation. "I am getting bored here, staying alone. I want to move back to home. Can

you help me with that?"

Ryan turned to look over his shoulders, his brow tugged in a frown. "You need the assistance of the doctors and nurse. It would be better if you stay here, Delyth."

"Please Ryan, I no longer want to stay here." She then paused and slowly added in a helpless tone. "I know I am asking you too much, but I have no one else to ask. Do something, Ryan. I don't want to feel lonely in this world. I don't want to get reminded every time that with Zeke gone, I am all alone here."

Ryan's gaze softened for a moment and the promise Zeke had asked him, played back in his memory. His eyes showed some hints of vulnerability, but his expression remained unreadable. "Zeke has given your responsibility to me, Delyth and I will take care of it. Give me some time I will see what arrangements can be made. For now, have some rest and don't think too much."

Delyth nodded but she could no longer hide her real expression. "Okay, you were leaving, Ryan. It's already late. I won't hold you any longer," she said, and nodding to her Ryan left without any second word.

