

## 187 Cent per cent.

As Ryan walked out, the expression on his face changed. Pulling his phone from his pocket, he dialed a number. And the call connected after just a few rings. 1

"Mr. Foster," the person on the other end greeted respectfully. "Do you have any other orders?"

"Yes," Ryan replied curtly before adding, his voice cold. "Investigate what happened exactly at Royal Grande on the 29th. I need to know every detail."

"Understood, Mr. Foster," the person on the call affirmed. "I will gather the information and share it with you soon."

Without another word, Ryan ended the call and strode off.

Meanwhile, back inside the room, Delyth's carefully maintained facade shattered as soon as Ryan stepped out of the room. Her fists clenched, and with a frustrated growl, she grabbed a pillow from behind her and hurled it onto the floor.

"Arghhhhh!" she screamed, thrashing her hands against the soft mattress. Her breath came in a sharp angry bursts as her composure dissolved completely.



"Ryan, why? Why are you doing this?" she cried, her voice trembling with both anger and despair. "Don't you hate Arwen? Why are you falling for her now?" 1

Tears stung her gaze as she remembered how Ryan had come in and had served her his indifferent attitude. He had never acted so cold to her. At times, he had ignored her but even then as soon as she would make him realize that she was hurt, he would cater to her wishes.

But today, he was all about Arwen. He might not have explicitly spoken of his feelings, but in his eyes, she could clearly see —the desperation, the longing for Arwen.

Seeing her so drawn to Arwen was like a dagger twisting in her chest. She can't bear it, no matter how much she tries to ignore it.

"No, Ryan," she whispered to herself, her tone chilling laced with malice. "I won't let you get drawn to her. You are the only one left for me, and I will have you for myself." 2

Her fingers trembled as she began searching for her phone. Panic set in when she couldn't find it immediately. She had forgotten that she had given it to Ryan earlier. After a frantic minute of searching her eyes landed on it on the side table. Grabbing it immediately, she dialed a number.



"Hello, it's me," she said, as soon as the call got connected. "I need you to erase all the traces from that day. And you what else you have to do, right?"

The person on the other end of the call hesitated for a moment before replying with a quiet hum of affirmation. 3

When Delyth heard him hum, she said, her voice sharp, "Good, then I will leave it all on you."

Saying that, she hung up the call, her grip tightening around the phone. Although she has never thought that things would escalate to this point, she has still kept her preparations.

'Ryan, I know, what's going on in your mind,' Delyth spoke to herself, gritting. Her gaze burning with anger. "You want to abandon me and set things right with her? Over my dead body. I won't let Arwen have you. Not now, not ever." 2

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The next day,

Though the room was bathing in the warmth and golden light of the early sunrise, Arwen remained lost in a deep, peaceful slumber, savoring the aftereffects of the nights before.

Draped in the soft embrace of the blanket, her



skin glowed with the unmistakable glow of Aiden's affection. Every inch of her body seemed to hum with the warmth of his touch, a tender reminder of the passion and intimacy they had shared. 1

Aiden's lips curled up in a known warm smile when he saw a faint smile curling her lips, and a soft blush reaching her cheeks. He was lying right beside her, taking every detail of her features even the ones that mostly go missed.

"You didn't shy away when you pulled out the bold act last night," he muttered softly, leaning closer, his voice teasing. "And now you are hiding in your dreams as if you didn't drive me absolutely crazy."

Arwen's cheeks heated as she realized that he knew she wasn't sleeping. But she stubbornly kept her eyes closed, determined to hold on to her charade —until she felt his lips over hers, merely brushing, stirring her with feathery, tantalizing touches.

She tried to hold back, but her resolve only lasted for a few seconds. His soft kisses like that were making her carve more, and before she knew it, she was leaning forward, seeking something deeper.

But all she met with was the cool air.



Frowning, she fluttered open her eyes, slightly in confusion, only to find Aiden smirking down at her, his expression as smug as ever.

"You — you did that deliberately?" she accused, her voice laced with both frustration and embarrassment.

"What did I do?" Aiden asked innocently, blinking his eyes as though he couldn't fathom what she was talking about. "Weren't you sleeping? Did you dream of something? Tell me, I might help."

"You —" her cheeks flushed even deeper, and she tried to form a retort, but then no words came to her aid. She, so wanted to strangle him. He was doing that on purpose and she knew that very well. Yet there was nothing she could do.

Huffing, she pouted dramatically as she turned away from him. "You are impossible. I am not talking to you. Hmph."

Aiden chuckled his amusement evident as he watched her feigned indignation. "Not talking to me? Are you sure about that, Moon?"

Arwen only deepened her pout, though the faint upward twitch of her lips betrayed her. "I am sure. Cent per cent."

Aiden didn't speak after that, and when Arwen felt his silence getting heavier, she turned to glance at him. But maybe that was a mistake —



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because the moment she did, Alden's smirk deepened, making his expression go impossibly smug.

"If keeping a kiss from you has you fuming like this, Moon, then it seems I didn't do my job very well last night," he said, his tone laced with playful intent. "Let me make the needed amends."

Before Arwen could respond, a squeal of surprise escaped her lips as Alden pulled her into his arms, making her heart race with both shock and delight.

