



196 Obsession is very different from love

The doctor felt the change in his demeanor and realized her mistake. Nodding, she quickly apologized. "I see. My apologies, Mr. Foster, I shouldn't have guessed on my own." She then paused for a brief moment before continuing in her professional tone, "But regardless, she is in good hands now and should recover well. Don't worry, we have got her." 1

Ryan offered a curt nod, but his jaws remained clenched. If it had been before, he would have easily shrugged off such a small misunderstanding. But with the recent events weighing on him one after the other, he could no longer ignore it.

Especially now, when he could finally see someone's foul play at work. How could he be so dumb to not notice it before? How could he be so negligent when it was all right in front of his eyes?

Perhaps it was his fault. He had indulged Delyth so much that she had started to believe and grow confident to think that she could get away with everything. But no —not anymore. If he has given her the wrong confidence, he would also help her rectify it as well because he would no



longer be taking it anymore. 5

At Winslow Globals,

Emyr stood and watched as Aiden read the documents carefully, his sharp eyes scanning each line before signing his name at the bottom of the papers with swift precision.

"Is there anything else?" Aiden asked, putting his signature dot at the end of his name and glancing at his secretary.

Emyr leaned forward to take the file from Aiden's desk before shaking his head. "No, sir. For today, that's all that was left on your schedule since you requested your evening to remain free."

Aiden nodded, adjusting the cuffs of his tailored suit. Rising from his chair, he exuded the same commanding presence that he has always been known for. "Then, getting up, he said, ready to leave, "Then wrap the rest and call it a day."

Seeing him leave with that, Emyr hesitated for a bit, her brows knitting together briefly before stepping forward. "Sir, do you want me to accompany you?"

Aiden paused mid-step, turning slightly to glance back over his shoulder. His gaze was



unreadable, his expression calm but distant. "That won't be necessary. Take the rest of the day off," he replied, his voice flat and measured.

There was nothing particularly unusual in Aiden's demeanor, but to Emyr, something felt off. He had worked closely with Aiden long enough to recognize the subtle signs — something was keeping his boss on edge.

"Yes, sir," Emyr said, though there was still lingering unease in his voice. But he didn't say anything more and watched as Aiden left the office.

Meanwhile, at Quinn Villa,

Catrin called Idris just to make sure of his plans later. Though she knew he had a few meetings lined up throughout the day, she just wanted to confirm there was no change in the plans.

And she finally eased up when Idris told her that there was still a dinner meeting pending for him to attend, which meant that he would only be returning late at night.

"It's okay, Idris," Catrin said softly. "You don't need to rush back. Take your time and complete that follow-up meeting. I will finish the dinner and will rest."



Saying that, she hung up the call, before turning to the butler on the side. "Mr. Carl," she said, her voice carrying an edge of authority. "I will be waiting in the garden. Once he is here, bring him in."

The butler inclined his head. "Of course, ma'am."

As Catrin rose gracefully from the sofa, she added, "And, Mr. Carl, keep an eye on him. Observe everything — his habits, his movements, how he carries himself. I want you to notice everything about him. They say you can uncover a person's true identity and worth by those very things."

The butler's expression remained impassive, though he fully understood who she was referring to. "I will report it all to you once he leaves," he assured her.

Catrin nodded, dismissing him with a wave of her hand before walking inside, towards the garden. Though she was sure that she would be able to negotiate well, still she wanted to hold the upper hand so that if it was needed tomorrow she could easily exterminate that unworthy soul without putting much effort.

In the garden, Catrin took a leisurely seat at the round table. She never had time to sit back at home and chill like this, though that hasn't been on her list of complaints ever. She liked to work



and she would never regret the time she spent working.

But today she also didn't regret missing her work and staying back here. Maybe because she knew this was equally important. Arwen was equally important. And she could afford to miss her schedule a day or two if that could ensure her daughter back the way she wanted.

"Arwen, sweetie, you always say I don't care enough for you," she sighed slowly. "You are so wrong to even think that. Mom loves you more than you realize. How can I not? You are my own flesh and blood. If I truly love someone in this wide world, it's you. After all —" 1

"After all, people often start feeling obsessed with their pawn when they come to realize that they can no longer control it." 2

The icy cold voice interrupted her, cutting through the serene garden atmosphere.

Catrin hadn't expected it and hence her head snapped to look around in surprise, only to find Arwen standing there with her gaze all cold and aloof at her. Her brows furrowed at her sudden appearance, but then she realized what she had just said.

Disapproval etched her expression, but not giving her a chance to voice it out, Arwen strode

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forward, confident in her steps. She stopped in front of her mother, before calmly pulling out a chair for herself.

"Obsession is very different from love," She said coolly, meeting her mother's gaze without flinching for once. "And I am sure you are getting confused between the two, Mrs. Quinn." 2

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