



207 Maybe it's love.

Ryan paused at those words, his brows furrowing and his expression hardening. Although the insinuation meant little to him, he couldn't suppress the instinct to refute it — to claim that neither he had moved on, nor did Arwen. ¹

But given the situation, he couldn't say that. Hence, he kept his to measured and asked, "What are you intending to say?"

"Ryan, I heard what happened between you and Arwen," Frederick said. Though his words were framed with sympathy, his tone lacked the same emotion. The call felt more like a formality — a checkbox he deemed necessary to check. "I really felt bad about it, but this time I would say you overdid it. You have always pushed Arwen to the limits, but this time you crossed the line — subjected her to harsh public comments."

Ryan remained silent, his jaws tightened as he listened.

At which Fredrick further continued, "Being in your circle of friends, almost all of us were aware of your arrangement with Arwen, as well



as your past with Delyth. But none of us ever thought you would be so immature as to announce it publicly. It's no wonder Arwen took such a drastic step. After all, no woman would tolerate that kind of embarrassment."

Ryan's hands balled into fists, the veins in his forearms taut with restraint. He was to refuse it all, but he had realized his fault for not thinking before acting and he carried the blame since he truly overstepped the limit but giving that statement publicly. Even if she refused it now, no one would believe.

"I have said this before, Fredrick. I never had a relationship with Delyth. I thought I made that clear the last time we all met."

Frederick's scoff came through the line, a sound of disbelief and mild amusement. "I have believed that Ryan, but then your bold actions spoke something else. And I couldn't help but reconsider it. But anyway, it's water under the bridge. It's fine as long as both of you have moved on. Seeing you so involved in work and Arwen buying the wedding ring, I think both of you have moved on from that phase. So, I took a moment to call you up and congratulate you on it. I am happy that finally, you have moved out from the arrangement. You were once



desperate for it. We all have seen it."

Desperate for it?

Ryan's chest felt heavy with the weight of that word. For so long even he had believed the same, that he was desperate to end it all until the day he truly realized that wasn't the case. If he had been truly desperate to get out of the engagement, he would have been happy seeing Arwen moving out of it and ending it between us. But instead, he felt betrayed —abandoned.

The betrayal he felt wasn't hers; it was his own.

But wait, he suddenly caught something else amidst those words. Frowning at it, he asked, "Wedding ring?" Arwen was out to get a wedding ring? That thought alone made him heart burn. He wanted Fredrick to refuse it saying that he just presumed or maybe seen someone else who looked like Arwen.

But instead, he heard him hum in agreement. "Yes, she was out to get her a wedding ring for her husband. I am surprised that she chose to get it from Lustreé," he then paused briefly before adding, "She might really be very serious about her relationship with her husband, or maybe it's love. Though the idea seems not practical, given that she might have not known



him for very long ago. But then without that strong emotion for someone in her heart, there is no way someone could get a wedding ring from a brand such as Lustreé."

Fredrick still speaking when Ryan disconnected the call abruptly. He was no longer able to take it any longer.

Lustreé policies for wedding rings were no secret. Anyone familiar with the brand knew them and Ryan had learned about them the day his mother suggested getting their wedding rings from there.

He had refused flatly his mother, right on Arwen's face, making it loud and clear that he would never promise Arwen the commitment she wanted—that he would never promise her the fidelity that every woman desired. Deep down he knew he wouldn't cheat on her, yet he wanted her to stay scared forever about their relationship.

But he never knew in the end it wouldn't be her left insecure, but rather him. How could she even think of getting the wedding ring from there?

Was she taking revenge on him now?

How could she get something that precious for



someone she hardly knows?

Frederick's words from earlier rang in his ears, and he almost staggered at it. Shaking his head, he refused to believe it —to believe that it was for love. He refused to believe that Arwen would fall for anyone when she had always loved him. 2

"No, no, it must be just to get revenge," he muttered to himself taking the support of the wall on the side. His knees felt weak and he could hardly hold himself up.

"Mr. Foster, are you alright?"

The sudden voice of the doctor snapped him out of his spiralling thoughts. She stepped forward to check on him, but it was as if Ryan couldn't even feel her presence.

"Mr. Foster!"

The doctor called again, this time shaking his arms slightly. Ryan blinked and looked at her, but his gaze was distant, as if he wasn't fully there.

Guessing something was wrong, the doctor immediately suggested, "I think Mr. Foster, you should get checked. You don't seem well."

She then called a nurse and instructed, "Help



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him to my cabin. He doesn't look fine."

The nurse nodded but the moment she tried to reach Ryan, his cold gaze froze her and she didn't dare. "M-Mr. Foster, the doctor has asked me to take you to her room. If you are fine, you can walk yourself."



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