



208 You impressed me.

"It's the low blood pressure," the doctor said, her tone calm but professional. "Are you stressed about something, Mr. Foster?" 1

Ryan remained silent. His gaze fixes somewhere far off, the tension in his posture unrelenting. Seeing him reluctant to speak, the doctor decided not to press further.

"It's fine if you don't want to talk about it with me, Mr. Foster," she said gently. "But I think it would be helpful if you could talk to someone. Bottling up your emotions will only make things worse. Over time, it would start affecting your health in a way you wouldn't want."

She then picked up her prescription pad, scribbled down a few notes, and tore the sheet before handing it to him. "Here, I have prescribed a few medicines. Take them as directed, and you should feel better."

Ryan nodded, taking the prescription from her hand and rising to his feet. "Thank you, doctor," he said curtly.

The doctor returned the nod but then glanced at her watch. A thought seemed to occur to



her, and she looked up. "Ms. Ember might be waking up soon. Would you like us to leave her a message?"

At the mention of Delyth, Ryan's expression hardened. His jaws clenched, his hands tightening around the prescription. "There is no need for that," he said coldly. "I will visit her in the morning."

With that, he turned and left, the sound of his footsteps echoing faintly as he walked away.

Outside the clinic, Ryan stopped near his car, leaning against it for a moment as he looked around. People were bustling by, their faces a blur of motion, yet he felt an unsettling stillness—an emptiness gnawed at him.

He scrolled through his phone, pausing at Daniel's number. His thumb hovered over the screen, but he couldn't bring himself to dial it anymore. Not after how he acted with him before. He regretted it but he knew the amends was not easy to make

Sighing, he slid his phone back into his pocket and climbed into the car. He started the engine and pulled out of the parking lot, driving with no destination in mind.

He wanted to drive to Arwen, to ask her the



reasons, but he feared the answers he would receive from her.

He wanted to drive his way to Daniel's apartment, but he was scared that he would sever their friendship and he wouldn't be able to take that loss.

Suddenly he felt lost alone in the world. The words that he had chosen to ignore earlier resurfaced again, making it more unbearable to bear.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the town, Arwen sat in the back seat of the car returning to the Winslow Residence. Her phone rang, and seeing the familiar name, she picked it up with a soft smile.

"Are you deliberately ignoring me, granddaughter dearest?" Brenda's voice came through, grumbling with mock indignation. Arwen could already imagine her grandmother squinting her eyes in faux accusation—a look that always made her laugh.

Chuckling softly, she replied, "How would I dare to do that, and why, Granna?"

"Who knows? You might be trying to hide your



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husband from me. After all, my threat from last time was pretty severe." Brenda said, her tone playful. and Arwen disagreed immediately.

"My husband isn't so hideous that I need to hide him, Granna," Arwen countered with a grin.

"Then why else wouldn't take my calls? I almost thought you had been kidnapped back by my enemy! I was ready to march in and save you with all my forces," Brenda declared dramatically.

"Your enemy?" Arwen laughed at her exaggeration. "Are you referring to your precious daughter, Granna?"

"Hmph!" Brenda scoffed, "She stopped treating me as mother ages ago. How could she be my precious daughter? I am only left with a precious granddaughter in this world. And now, even she is ignoring this old woman."

"I wasn't ignoring you, Granna," Arwen explained with a sigh. "My phone wasn't with me. So I might have probably missed your calls."

"Probably missed my calls? Is it that easy to say?" Brenda huffed, her tone both teasing and accusing. "This old woman felt abandoned in



such a big city as Cralens."

"Cralens?" Arwen asked, surprised. "You are back?"

"Don't change the subject, little imp," Brenda snapped, though her playfulness was evident in her tone. "Yes, I am back. So what? You didn't even come to pick me up at the airport, let alone find a place for me to stay. Do you know how hard it was for me to find a place to spend a night?"

Couldn't find a place?

Arwen raised a brow at that, a small smile tugging at her lips. "Oh really, Granna? You, out of all people couldn't find a place? What happened you your luxury villa in the East then? As far as I remember you still have that in your asset list."

"You brat! Is that why I got you involved in my business? So that you track down my assets and properties?"

Arwen chuckled. "You know, everything has got its perks. I am just enjoying them."

"That doesn't sound that convincing though," Brenda said, her tone shifting ever so slightly. Her words sounded pretty simple yet there



seemed a hidden meaning behind them that she wasn't really concealing.

Arwen felt it too, but she decided to ignore it. "If it's not convincing, then it means I haven't exploited the perks enough. Give me some time, and I will make sure to impress you."

"Arwen, did you forget who I am?" Brenda's tone dropped a decibel carrying an edge that was hard to miss. "Or do you think since I was away I wouldn't know anything happening there?"

Arwen's smile faltered. Though Brenda hadn't said enough, she knew what she was pointing at. "Granna, I —"

"You impressed me, dear." Interrupting Arwen, Brenda spoke. "Otherwise I almost prepared myself to handle a crybaby, who is ready to complain her heart out."



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