



214 Aren't you too overconfident?

Delyth's expression turned a shade darker, reflecting the maliciousness she had carried in her heart. Her lips curled up in a poisonous smile as she spat, "Finally, you got it all right. I did it all, Ryan." 1

She then paused, chucking as if recounting her achievement. "Yes, I intentionally made you abandon Arwen in that accident. I knew she had taken a fatal blow and might need medical assistance, yet I told you that she was fine and had already made the arrangements for her well-being. You know why?" She asked, sitting up straighter as if excited to tell him all about it. "It was because I wanted her to suffer—not just from the physical pain but from the pain of abandonment—the pain of abandonment you served her all so coldly." she chuckled, adding maliciously. "You know, Ryan, her gaze was on us when you embraced me in your arms, leaving her there all alone. She must be crying bitterly, realizing how wrong she was to put her faith in you."

Ryan felt her words like a slap, hitting him straight on the proud face he had always



carried around. He had been blaming himself for it since the day he came to realize his mistake, but the guilt never struck him as hard as today.

His feet trembled as he staggered back, but he held himself from falling. When Delyth saw him like that, her smile grew wider. Scoffing, she continued, "Yes, I pushed Arwen off the stairs back there in the hospital too. She acted too smug. Even after being abandoned by you, I don't know why she was so confident. I wanted to rub that smug off her face, No knowing how to, I thought why not complete the deed that those dumba*sses failed to do."

Ryan frowned at that. His brows knitted as he stared at Delyth in complete confusion.

When Delyth saw him like that, she chuckled, almost hysterically. "You don't have to be so confused anymore, Ryan because now that you have seen through it I am not planning to hide it all. Today, I will finally unburden myself revealing it all to you. So that tomorrow, we can start afresh." She paused briefly before adding, "It was me behind that accident. I hired someone to scare Arwen and make her useless. Pity that I lost my money because those a*sholes couldn't even do a small job like that."



"She survived that accident like it never ever happened to her. How can I not be bothered with it, especially when she wasn't even ready to back down from the engagement you two have together? So, I thought to deal with her myself. But she again turned out to be lucky. Someone appeared to help her right on time."

"But I didn't mind it anyway because later I realized I hadn't been discreet enough. If something would have happened to her, it would have been an easy way to find me." She shrugged lightly, adding all smoothly. "And later when you appeared I made it look like Arwen was being hostile towards me and as always you believed me over her, much to my delight."

Ryan's fists clenched, as he recalled the day when all that happened. The look that Arwen had on her face when instead of believing her, he chose to believe Delyth even knowing that in a condition like hers, she wouldn't have supposedly tried to harm anymore.

Maybe it began on that day.

Delyth didn't stop, she continued instead, listing down everything, one at a time, and then shifting to another. The more Ryan listened to her, the more he felt guilty, to a point, dumbly stupid to not see it all before. It wasn't that



difficult to notice, yet he was so lost in his ego game against Arwen that he never cared to see it at all, making her suffer every time.

"And this wasn't just a one-time thing, Ryan. Never," Delyth said, not a bit feeling a bit of shame. "I have always done that and you have stupidly believed, making Arwen embarrassed again and again. Back in the university, at every event and every situation that I fabricated around."

Ryan's jaws clenched tight. Shame and regret felt drowning him, suffocating him inside. He might not be the one who was directly involved in it, but he no longer brings himself to shrug off to say that it wasn't because of him. For each of Delyth's cruelty, he felt responsible. For everything Arwen suffered, he felt responsible. 1

"Ryan," Delyth began again. "Don't you think I did a lot?" She laughed softly as if the realization of it all struck her just now. "Ghosh, I never realized it truly, but yes, I did so much —so damn much for you Ryan. Only for you. Aren't you impressed?"

"Impressed?" Ryan could no longer hold the calm. "Delyth, what you did was not just cruel but a criminal offence. You hired someone to kill Arwen and made deliberate attempts to



harm her again and again. Do you think you can escape from it that easily?"

Delyth brows knitted a little when he mentioned that and just when Ryan would have thought that the realization of guilt would dawn upon her, her stance changed. She shifted a little to sit in a better posture, straighter and more confident.

"Yes, I think so," she said, her eyes brimming with conviction. "Do you think I am thinking it wrong?"

"Delyth!"

"Ryan, I am confident. Nothing will happen to me as long as I have you around. I know I will escape it all. You won't let anything happen to me ever."

She said and for the first time, Ryan chuckled loudly, the sound soft yet commanding enough to send a shiver down Delyth's spine. Her expression faltered and Ryan stepped a step forward leaning down, just the right height to look straight into her eyes. "Aren't you too overconfident, Delyth? Do you really think I will let you escape for harming Arwen, my fiancée again and again?" 4

