



215 Take the consequences.

Ryan felt the fury rising from his gut. For each and everything that Arwen suffered, he wanted to avenge her. He wanted to make Delyth suffer —make her realize all the wrongs she has done to Arwen. 1

His jaws clenched as he glowered at Delyth, taking his steps intimidatingly forward. "Do you think I would let you go for harming her? She is my fiancée Delyth."

"No, she is not," Delyth retorted almost immediately as if those words repulsed her gut in the worst way. "Arwen is no longer your fiancée, Ryan. You need to accept that now. Arwen has given up on you and has long moved on. She married someone else the same day you two were supposed to get married. Did you forget the highlight post she has made online?"

Ryan's fingers which were already clenched, tightened more. His expression darkened. When Delyth saw his expression shifting like that, she chuckled. "Ryan, it's too late to understand your feelings for her. Haven't you heard a late realization is cheaper than grass? Arwen has walked away and now has someone else."



"Do you think so?" Ryan asked squinting his eyes at her.

That gaze of his made Delyth falter a bit. She was staying at the hospital for far too long and wasn't very aware of what was going around. Did something happen that she didn't see coming? Did Arwen and Ryan get back together?

The possibility of making Delyth's stomach churn. Viciousness became evident on her face as she countered, her tone laced with uncertainty now. "Ryan, don't fool yourself. Everyone knows Arwen has married someone else now. Even if you want you can't bring her back in your life. Her husband wouldn't allow it?"

"Do you think an old man could stop me?" Ryan raised an amused brow at her, making her brows furrow in confusion. "Or do you think Arwen would choose an old man over me?"

"What do you mean?" Confusion became more and more palpable on her face.

Ryan felt satisfied for some reason. Maybe because Delyth's dubiety gave him the confidence to believe something he was dying to believe —that no sane woman would choose



an old man —especially over him. Arwen wouldn't choose anyone else but him —and only him.

"What I mean is that you were right, Delyth? Right to think that Arwen has married someone just to get back at me. She did marry an old man, just to get revenge on me. But don't worry, I will make amends. And this time, not in the way you suggested, but rather in the way she truly deserves. And once that happens, you know she won't have any reason other than to come back to me," Ryan said, his voice gaining the confidence that Delyth has lost.

Delyth shook her head, not ready to believe that yet. "No, Ryan. That won't happen. Arwen is married. Do you hear me? She is married. She won't come back to you, not today, not ever." She has tried hard to make the two break up. There could be no way her success will be such short-lived.

Ryan nodded, feeling the urge to make sure that not just Delyth but everyone else knew that Arwen would return back to him. "Married to an old man. Do you think it's something permanent?"

"Old man?" Delyth paused at that. That news hit her like a rock. Her mind racing with the



possibilities. If Arwen truly married an old man then Ryan was right. She wouldn't care to stay with her husband as long as Ryan wants her back. After all, Ryan was not just rich, but also young and handsome.

If Arwen returns to Ryan, wouldn't that mean that she would lose it all? As she realized that, her expression grew a shade paler. Glancing up at Ryan, she quickly reached to hold his hand, refusing to take the loss. "No, Ryan. You can't ask her to come back. She is married already. Why do you even care for her? Why not just let her go? Didn't you say you hate her?"

"I can't hate her, Delyth because I love her," Ryan confessed, this time without letting anything hold him back. "I love her and that's why I won't let her go. Not when I have a chance to win her back." 1

"No, Ryan, you don't love her. You can't love her. You love me," Delyth said, revisiting the same old narration she had weaved in her thoughts. "Yes, Ryan, you love me. I am prettier than Arwen. You said I am gentler and more understanding than her, always. I suit you better than her. You should choose me."

As she said her, she tried to pull him to her, but Ryan stood rigid in his stance, not moving even



a step. When she couldn't move him, she tried to move herself. Having enough of it, Ryan shook her hold off him, rudely.

"Enough Delyth!" His voice raised a tone sharper. "You knew it since day one that I never had any such feelings for you. I might not have confessed my feelings for Arwen to you, but I made sure that you know that you are nothing more than a sister to me —Zeke's sister to me."

"But I loved you, Ryan," Delyth accepted, tearing up with emotions. "From day one, I loved you as a man. I treated you nothing less than mine."

At this time, Ryan felt nothing but pure indifference towards Delyth. None of her words stuck the chords of his feelings, not even the emotions that he usually carried for her. He was only thinking of the harm she brought to Arwen.

"Delyth, you crossed all the limits in your viciousness. You tried to harm Arwen again and again. I might not have done anything in the past but now that I know I won't let it slip away. You will have to take the consequences of the actions," he said, already taking out his phone, and dialling the number without any hesitation. 1

