



217 Not fate, but him.

"Ryan!!" 1

Delyth screamed out his name, her voice shrill and desperate. But Ryan ignored her completely, his footsteps resolute as he exited the room. The sound of the door shutting behind him reverberated in a tense silence.

Unable to bear his clear indifference, Delyth grabbed a pillow and hurled it towards the door with all her might. But it didn't even reach the doorway, instead, it fell to the floor with a dull thud.

"Ryan, you can't do that to me! You can't!" she hissed, her chest heaving with anger. Her eyes gleamed with dark malicious intensity.

Her fingers clenched tight around the edge of the blaster as she muttered through gritted teeth, "Arwen, it's all because of you. Why did you not die in that accident? Why?"

Her voice cracked and her words carried a venomous bitterness. She stared into the distance, her face contorted with anguish and rage. Her lips slowly twisted in the curve of a smile which was devoid of any warmth.

"Arwen," she scoffed, her tone dripping with



pure jealousy. "I won't let you win. Ryan is mine. I will make him see it sooner or later. He will come back to me. I will make him. Just wait and see."

Outside, Ryan leaned against the wall in the corridor, his hands balled into fists at his sides. He squeezed his eyes shut, trying to block it out, but her words lingered in his mind, feeling the frustration bubbling inside him. 1

It was not just her words —it was everything — everything he did to hurt Arwen again and again over the years. Those all have turned into guilt and regret but even so, he couldn't bring himself to act upon it. The promise he had given to Zeke seemed to have ruled over it all. Even though he knew Zeke didn't want him to stay tied up to it forever, he couldn't bring himself to put his sister in a situation where he wouldn't like to see her, no matter what.

Zeke, this was all that I could do. I hope you won't blame me anymore because from hereafter I won't be able to cater to any of Delyth's wishes. He muttered to his soul, promising himself more than promising to Zeke.



Ryan exhaled sharply, pushing himself off the wall, ready to resume his walk. But his phone buzzed in his pocket. Pulling out when he checked it was the same officer from before.

Not hesitating for another second, he answered the call, "Officer Samuel!"

"Mr. Foster, I received your call earlier but couldn't hear you. So, I was just checking if everything was fine," the officer asked, his voice calm, yet vigilant.

Ryan forced a smile, though it didn't reach his eyes. "Oh, I am really sorry if I disturbed you, Officer Samuel. That call was a mistake on my part. Everything is fine on my end. But thank you for checking."

Silence lingered for a brief second, and Ryan could sense a hint of doubt in the officer's tone. Before Samuel could press further, Ryan added, "Oh yes, there's something I have been meaning to ask you."

"Yes, Mr. Foster, tell me."

"Actually, approximately a month back, my fiancée, Arwen Quinn, met with an accident. I just wanted you to trace who all were involved in it," he said. Even though Delyth accepted it was her, he wanted whom she hired to harm



Arwen. He would make sure those men knew well who they messed up with.

"Your fiancée?" As if confused, Officer Samuel asked quickly. "I thought you guys broke up."

That stung, but Ryan took it calmly. "We are still family friends. So, it's only better if I check it for her," he said.

Humming to which, Samuel said, "Oh, sure. That won't be tough to find out. But it would have been better if it had been reported immediately after the accident. I don't know why Ms. Quinn hasn't reported it."

Ryan paused at that. Arwen hasn't reported it because she wasn't in the position. No one was there with her when that happened. Being her fiancé, he should have been there, taking care of all these, but incompetently, he chose not to. And now, he had nothing left but regrets.

"It's fine, Mr. Foster, don't worry," Samuel said when he didn't hear Ryan speaking for a long time. "I will try to look into it. Could you please tell me where the accident had occurred and which hospital she was taken to?"

"At the Palace Road and she was supposedly transferred to East City Hospital after the accident," Ryan replied.



"Understood, Mr. Foster. Don't worry," Officer Samuel replied. "We have got this. We will soon find out the reason and the people involved in this. Just give us some time."

"Thank you, Officer Samuel. That would be really helpful of you." Ryan said and after exchanging a few more pleasantries, he hung up the call. His expression which had been soft just now changed back to how it was when he left Delyth's room.

His expression, which had softened during the conversation hardened again as he pocketed his phone. Glancing back towards Delyth's room, he shook his head and turned away, resuming his walk.

As he walked away, his thoughts drifted to Arwen. He owed her an apology —no, something more than that. He owed her a truth, his efforts, and a chance to rebuild what he had thoughtlessly destroyed.

But all that won't come all at once. For all of it, he would have to take one step at a time. Maybe an apology and clarification would help him start at least.

Just when a faint flicker of hope arose, the harsh truth of reality resurfaced. He had no



way to reach Arwen —not anymore. She had decisively shut him out leaving no room for reconciliation.

Did she really not think that we might want to get together again someday? 1

Ryan's steps faltered slightly as doubt crept into his mind. But soon he shook it off. No matter what it takes, he would accept losing Arwen at any moment —his eyes shone with determination. But little did he know all his efforts would turn futile. No matter how hard he would try, he would not be able to change anything. Because it was not fate that brought him the regrets, it was his own actions that caused him the despair.



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