

# **Breaking Free, Loving Again -The Flash Marriage with Mr. CEO Chapter 10 - Match made in heaven.**

## **Chapter 10: Match made in heaven.**

Arwen wasn't the type of woman to care about anyone's thoughts about her — unless that person meant something to her. Gianna knew this very well, which was why she was a little surprised when she heard Arwen's concern about him misunderstanding her.

Arwen was also taken aback by Gianna's question. But what surprised her more were the flashes of memories she recalled after Gianna's suggestion which seemed impossible. She remembered the warmth of his embrace, the desperation in his voice, and the fire in him that seemed willing to burn the world for her. Those gave her a rare assurance that she never had before.

"Arwen, have you fallen for that stranger?" Gianna asked again when she saw Arwen hesitating.

Her question made Arwen snap out of her thoughts. She looked at her and chided, "Anna, what are you even thinking? There is no such thing between us. He is a stranger, but he saved me. Of course, I don't want him to misunderstand me. The last thing I want is for him to perceive me as some ungrateful woman who doesn't even know a thing about gratitude."

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Arwen reasoned but Gianna was still not very convinced.

"Fine if you say so, I will believe it for now. But we will get you discharged," Gianna said, and Arwen was about to protest when Gianna raised her finger, shaking it at her. "Don't. If you are worried that your savior might appear after you leave, then let him come. We will leave your contact here, and when he comes, the nurse or any staff would relay your message to him."

"But ..."

"No buts, Arwen. Although the hospital is good, you need proper rest at home to recover better. The smell of disinfectant is not very pleasant, so there is no way I am letting you stay here any longer." Gianna's firm tone left Arwen unable to refuse. Besides, what she said was true. He hadn't shown up all this while perhaps he might not show up even after she leaves.

Nodding reluctantly, Arwen agreed, "Fine then I will follow you. My parents are still not back, so I will be staying with you at your place."

Gianna never had an issue with that. "Do you really think that I would let you slip away to stay alone when you are in such a condition? Girl, you really have to work on your imagination." She pressed her lips together and jutted her chin towards the breakfast tray. "Now, come on, finish your breakfast. I will go and talk to your doctor until then."

Arwen gave her a nod and Gianna left the room.

Almost two weeks had passed, so Gianna didn't think the doctors would disapprove of the discharge. And she was right; the doctor agreed, but asked her to give them a day so they could confirm it with Dr. Larson who was observing Arwen's case.

After completing her conversation with the doctor, Gianna was returning to the VIP floor when she paused, catching a glimpse of someone familiar. With furrowed brows, she turned to look towards that direction, and just a glance confirmed she hadn't seen wrong.

It was Ryan Foster and Delyth Embers together. Her expression turned cruel as she didn't take another moment to think before charging in their direction.

1

"Ryan Foster, you basta\*d!" She swore before throwing a hard punch at his face. "You f\*cking dared to show your face today."

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Ryan didn't have time to react. He had turned his face at the sound of his name, but before he could register what was happening, Gianna's punch had already landed on his face. His face hardened, and his fist clenched as he glared at her.

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"Gianna Griffin, what do you think you are doing?" he growled, but it only made Gianna jeer at him further.

"Exactly what you deserve," she scoffed, giving a disdainful look to the fragile woman standing behind him. "What? You didn't get it? Do you want to try again?" She taunted, making Ryan clench his jaws.

"Gianna, I am here for a purpose, and you are interrupting it. Leave before I forget that we were once friends," he said, but Gianna only gave a mocking chuckle.

"Purpose? What could that be?" she asked though her tone didn't seek an answer. "Let me guess. Is your purpose here to look after your mistress?"

"Gianna, you probably got it wrong. Ryan is just helping me out as a friend." As if offended, Delyth defended herself.

But Gianna had long seen her facade. "As a friend? Since when did Delyth Embers become Ryan Foster's friend? Don't fake delusions anymore, especially in front of me."

"Gianna, Delyth had an accident. She is alone and I am just looking after her. Can you not make it look illicit? She has done nothing wrong to deserve that," Ryan defended as he felt Delyth holding his arms, silently asking for help.

1

Gianna might not have sharp eyes, but she saw the small action very easily. She smiled before shaking her head as if realized something. "Of course. She hasn't done anything wrong. She never does. It's you who had been wrong always."

Nodding, she continued, "You said you are here to look after her as a friend. Well, guess what? I am here to look after my friend too. I am sure you know her —Arwen Quinn, your fiancée, the one whom you left behind in the same accident when you rushed to save your so-called friend."

Ryan's expression changed. His brows furrowed and he was about to ask her something when Delyth winced behind him.

"Ryan, ah —" She cried out, and Ryan immediately turned to look at her, holding her in his embrace.

2

"Delyth, are you fine?" he asked, his voice laced with worry, only to see her shaking her head.

"My stomach is in pain again. I can't take it anymore," she whimpered, and in the next second, Ryan scooped her up in his arms and strode away at once.

1

Gianna wasn't even surprised. "Bloody basta\*d," she cursed under her breath before stomping her feet and adding, "You deserve Delyth-the-bitch. Perfect match made in heaven. I hope Arwen realizes it and leaves you for good. She deserves someone hundred times better than you."

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