

100 She is not my girlfriend ... she is my fiancée.

Back at East City Hospital, Delyth tried to calm herself, but no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't hold back the rising panic. It was already late afternoon the next day, and Ryan had still not returned. Hadn't he said that he would be back before she woke up? 1

The previous day, she had deliberately pretended to sleep longer than necessary, thinking Ryan would come and worry about her. But even as the evening passed, he didn't show up. Where was he?

"Did you call him?" Delyth asked when she saw Lily enter the room. Her tone was laced with both worry and desperation.

The nurse's brows furrowed. "I tried calling Mr. Foster again, but his phone is still coming switched off," she replied.

But the moment she finished, Delyth let out a frustrated growl, making her flinch. "Then call him again and see! He must have turned it on by

now!" she snapped, her tone holding a mixture of impatience and unease.

"Ms. Ember, I tried just before coming here. It's still the same," the nurse responded, her irritation barely hidden beneath the mask of professionalism. If it weren't for the money she had taken from Delyth, she would have no patience for her tantrums. 1

Delyth's chest tightened, her frustration boiling over. "What do you mean, it's still the same?" she hissed, her hands gripping the bedsheets tightly. "How can his phone be off for this long? Keep trying! He can't just leave me here like this!"

Her voice grew more shrill with every word, and her panic was now palpable. "Ryan wouldn't disappear like this. Something is wrong ... something has to be wrong!"

The nurse didn't know what to say. She wasn't her friend to know how to comfort her in the moments like this. So, she could only depend upon her professional learning. "I will call him again, Ms. Ember, but before that, please take your medicines. It's almost time and you shouldn't ignore your recovery."

Delyth shook her head in her own thoughts. "No, call him and tell him that I am not taking my meds. I am sure he would come running to see what's wrong." 2

The nurse sharply exhaled, trying to hold her composure. "How can we call him when his phone is turned off? Let's save that trick for the time when he turns it back on. For now, have your medicines, please." the nurse said, using the best of her patience already. She had tried to hide the taunt beneath her words, but somehow her remarks could barely conceal it.

Delyth shot her a venomous glare. "Bring me my phone! Now!"

The nurse held back a sigh of exasperation and handed her the phone.

Delyth snatched it from her and furiously began dialling. But after a moment, hearing the same result, her hand trembled. She dialed again, but the response didn't change. Gritting her teeth, she spat with venom dripping her words, "No, Ryan you can't do this to me. You can't shut me you when I need you the most. You can't forget the promise you made to Zeke. You can't." 2



Right at that moment, as if her prayers were answered, the call went through. Her eyes sparkled and her expression eased a little. "Ryan, where are you? You know how worried I was when the nurse said she couldn't reach you," she began, ready with the reasons that would explain her desperation.

But her brows knitted when, instead of Ryan's familiar voice, she heard someone else.

"Hello, Ma'am, are you by any chance Ms. Arwen?" the unfamiliar person asked with hesitation clear in his tone.

At the mention of Arwen's name, Delyth's expression soured. "Who are you?" she asked. "And why do you have Ryan's phone?"

"My apologies, Ma'am. I am a server at Zero Bar, and I was serving Mr. Foster. He was a bit drunk, so I took his phone to call someone to pick him up. Driving in this state could be dangerous."

"Ryan is drunk?" Delyth's brows furrowed in a frown. "Why is he drunk there? Is he alone or has he got someone there with him?" As far as she has known him, he never drank to the point of not being able to return on his own. Then



what happened to him today?

The server hesitated before responding, and Delyth almost lost her patience before he said, "Ma'am, he is alone here and as for why is he here, I am sorry, but I don't hold the position to know such personal details of our customers. Mr. Foster was drunk and kept calling for Ms. Arwen repeatedly, so I checked out for his phone to see if I could reach her and ask her for help in the situation."

Delyth's fingers clenched the sheets and her jaws tightened. She didn't need to ask to know that Ryan was drinking because of Arwen. He had left her in such a situation because of Arwen.

"Arwen, w-where are you?" she heard Ryan's melancholic voice over the call. He sounded even more drunk than she had imagined, as if he were trying to forget something.

Was he trying to forget her? Delyth thought to herself and once again, felt that it was all because of Arwen.

"Ma'am, Mr. Foster doesn't seem well. Since his phone is locked, I don't have access to Ms



100 She is not my girlfriend ... she is my...



Arwen's number, Could you please contact his girlfriend to come to pick him up?" the server asked, but Delyth cut him off sharply.

"Arwen is not his girlfriend. She —" Her voice came as a roar. The server, likely thinking he had offended her, began to stammer an apology, but Ryan's drunken voice interrupted.

"A-Arwen is not my girlfriend ... she is my fiancée —my fiancée," Ryan spoke with a slur but it was coherent enough to be clear to both the server and the Delyth on the other side of the call to understand. 2

Delyth gritted her teeth, her fury simmering. She heard the server start apologizing again but feeling insulted, she hung up the call without another word.

