



101 Face of Foster Ventures.

Once Delyth hung up the call, she couldn't keep up her composure any longer. "Argh!!" she screamed, venting her frustration before shoving the tray with the jug and glass from the side table onto the floor. 1

The nurse nearly jumped in response when the glass shattered near her feet, but she remained silent, careful not to worsen Delyth's mood. The woman looked volatile and the nurse feared triggering her might be a dangerous mistake.

"Ryan, Arwen is not your fiancée, not anymore. Why don't you accept it already?" Delyth muttered bitterly. She had done so much to remove Arwen from Ryan's life, certainly not to see him getting drunk and crying over her like this. 2

Her eyes drifted to look down at her legs that are now useless. If not for them how would Arwen get a chance to seduce Ryan like this? Clenching her fists tight, she growled to ask, "Did you find what I had asked you to find, Lily? Why have I still not gotten the information about



Dr. Clark's special patient?"

The nurse frowned. "I still have a day for that. Did you forget that you gave me two days?"

Delyth shot her a glare but the nurse stood firm. "Ms. Ember, you will get the information tomorrow. After that, we won't discuss it. And then I believe you will treat me as the nurse of the hospital, not your lackey."

"You —"

"Now, if you take the medicines, I will be able to leave and work on getting the information you have asked me for. Please don't delay me if you truly want the details in time." Not letting Delyth finish, the nurse cut her off before handing her the glass of water and tablets she had been holding all this while.

Delyth had no other choice but to take the meds and swallow it. "You better get me all the details tomorrow then. I won't wait any longer."

The nurse didn't respond. Just giving her one last look, she said, "You can rest now, Ms. Ember. I will return when it will be time for you to take the medicines again." With that, she turned and



left.

Delyth glared after her but then remembered something she was forgetting. Ryan. He was drunk. She couldn't leave him there like that. What if the waiter told him about the call they had?

With that thought, she reluctantly dialled Arwen's number, but soon she was notified of being blocked. Her brows furrowed, but then a smile curled her lips. "Oh Arwen, you are so sweet today. Now there will be nothing needed for me to explain. You helped me out." She dialed back Arwen's number a few more times, shaking her head in disappointment. "Arwen, aren't you cruel? How can you leave Ryan in such a situation, all alone? Too bad. He is your fiancée, and yet you have no care for him."

She muttered as if truly despising Arwen, but the smirk playing on her lips revealed the scheme she was weaving behind her false sincerity.

Delyth took a moment and then dialled Daniel's number after that. But the call was rejected after a few rings. Her jaws clenched but then she had no other choice but to rely on him. If she were



well, she would have taken the chance herself, but the current situation and time were not favourable for her.

She dialled again and this time after a few rings the call was finally answered.

"Daniel."

"How may I help you, Ms. Delyth Ember?" Daniel asked with a voice laced with clear irritation.

Delyth's eyes narrowed, sensing his annoyance all well. But she wasn't willing to address it. Ignoring it, she said as if it were an order, "I need you to pick Ryan up."

A brief silence ensued over the call before Daniel responded. His voice was colder than before.

"And why is this my responsibility? Last, when I checked, he was playing your nursemaid, wasn't he?"

Delyth's grip tightened on her phone, hearing the clear taunt in his tone. "He is at the bar, completely drunk, Daniel. Make sure he gets back home safely." She then paused before adding in a tone of superiority. "I am asking for a favour, Daniel. Ryan needs help, and you are the



only one I can count on for this."

"A favor? That's rich." Daniel replied with a humorless chuckle. "If you have forgotten, Delyth, I am working as Foster Ventures Secretary-in-Cheif, not as Ryan Foster's babysitter. I can't go around looking for him, leaving my job. Why don't you go yourself if you are so concerned?"

Her voice hardened, losing the patience and sweetness she had began with. "You know I can't go, Daniel. If I could, I wouldn't be asking you. Besides, you are his friend, aren't you? Help him out for the sake of your friendship."

"Oh, are you referring to the same friendship that you ruined?"

"Daniel —"

"I have work to attend to, Delyth. Ryan is a grown man. He can figure out things like this on his own. So, don't call to bother me about it again." Daniel was about to hang up when Delyth stopped him.

"Daniel, I know you are upset with Ryan, but will you be able to forgive yourself if something



happens to him because of your anger? Get him out before he gets into trouble. If he stays drunk and alone, who knows what kind of trouble he will get into?"

There was a long pause on the other end, and Delyth knew that Daniel was considering. He might be upset, but given the friendship they share, there was no way he would leave him to die or be alone in any trouble.

"Fine," Daniel finally relented, though his tone was begrudging. "I will go and help him, but only because he is the face of Foster Ventures," he said before disconnecting the call at once.

Delyth, on the other side, didn't mind his tone. As long as it was not Arwen picking Ryan, she was satisfied. As for Daniel, she would deal with him later.

But before all that, she has to make sure that she doesn't lose Ryan — not to Arwen, not to anyone.

