



108 Why her?

Silence ensued over the call. Just when anyone might have thought the call was disconnected, Arwen, who knew her grandmother better than anyone, braced herself. 1

As she had guessed, Brenda finally spoke after a moment. "You got married?" her voice was low and measured, giving the familiar feeling of calm before the storm.

Arwen took a deep breath, steadying herself and her heart for the reaction she knew was coming. "Yes, Granna."

Brenda let out a slow exhale of disbelief. "And you didn't tell me this before? To give me at least the hint of your plans?"

Arwen smiled faintly. She could almost picture her grandmother's expression—a mixture of pride and annoyance. "If I had, would you really have let me go through with it?"

A pause came, and Arwen's smile deepened. "Granna, I know you are different from Mom, but you both have a few things in common. Something as looking after me. And that alone is enough to tell me, you wouldn't have allowed.

You would have said something along the lines of like —there is not only one way to solve something, look for another way. And at that moment, I truly felt that this one was the best."

A huff came from the other end, followed by Brenda's begrudging chuckle. "Well, you are not wrong about that. But that still doesn't justify your move, girl."

"And what if I say that I can justify it all?"

"How?" Brenda asked and her tone held a challenge as if she wanted to check what the Arwen had got in her treasure.

"Pretty effortlessly," Arwen replied, a soft laugh escaping her. "With my husband. His mere presence and attitude would say it all."

Brenda went silent again, the gears clearly turning. When she finally spoke, there was a hint of intrigue in her voice. "Alright then notify your husband to be prepared because I am in no way going easy on him." 2

Arwen paused at her words. Her brows knitted slowly in both concern and confusion. "What do you mean, Granna?"

The old woman chuckled, but rather than



answering, the line went silent with the abrupt beep of disconnection.

Arwen removed the phone to check and like what she had thought the call was disconnected. She blankly stared at her phone for a moment. The concern between her brows grew almost palpable. *She must not be thinking of making a tour back to Cralens, could she?* She shook her head, denying the possibility that seemed the strongest at the time.

Although Arwen would have loved to have her grandmother back. But given the circumstances now, she heavily doubted. If she comes back now, it wouldn't be just a simple return—rather it would be a return with an intention. And if it's a return with intention, Brenda Davies wouldn't definitely be going easy on anyone—not even on her.

As Arwen thought it over, a pang of guilt crept in. She wasn't worried for herself, but Aiden ... wouldn't be getting dragged into it without any intention. She should have at least asked him about it before. Thinking that Arwen almost facepalmed herself. 1



Meanwhile, at East City Hospital, Delyth's eyes widened in shock as she read Arwen's name on the top of the paper. How was this possible? Arwen was the special patient that everyone was talking about?

Why her?

Her mind flashed back to the last time she had seen Arwen near Dr. Clark's cabin. Could she really have been there for that appointment? As Delyth scanned the details, her brows creased. She wasn't entirely familiar with the medical term, but even she could tell that Arwen's condition had been worse than hers.

And yet, the last time she saw Arwen, she looked perfectly fine. She hadn't even limped.

Didn't that only confirm that Dr. Clark's skills were as miraculous as everyone claimed? Her mind whirled with a thought. If Arwen could make a full recovery, then maybe — just maybe — she could too.

But again, why does it have to be Arwen? Why her?

Delyth clenched her jaw, shaking her head. "Arwen, why are you always so lucky? Why do you always get everything that I wish for,

everything that crave? Why?" she yelled, her voice trembling in frustration

A nurse passing by glanced over, startled. But Delyth didn't care. She had grown tired of seeing Arwen as the centre of attraction always, watching her effortlessly attain everything that Delyth worked so hard for. Was having a powerful family everything? Did her own hard work mean nothing?

She thought back on all the effort she had put in
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While she had to yearn to get into the top university, and study day and night, Arwen breezed through it as if it was as easy as blinking one's eye. 1

While she had to practice and win the merits to make a career in ballet, Arwen could do it effortlessly as if she were born for that stage. 1

While she had to dress up and appease everyone and be docile to everyone's tantrums, Arwen's arrogance and indifference were enough to make people swoon. 1

Why does always she have to work and get it all, and Arwen could simply walk in and take it all so easily? Why? 1



Taking in a deep breath, Delyth forced herself to calm down, gripping the edge of the paper until her knuckles turned white. "Fine," she muttered to herself. "If you want to take this till the end, Arwen, then well enough. I won't take a step back. If Dr. Clark can turn things for you, he can do the same for me. I deserve that, too. And I will make sure that I get them, too." 2

With renewed determination, Delyth straightened her back. A glint crossed her gaze and she soon reached out for her phone to make a call. Dialling a certain number, she said, "I need you to do something for me. I will pay you for it, so don't worry. Come to my room, now." 2

