



109 Make a call.

Lily, the nurse, felt as though she was trapped in the Devil's cage. "I already told you earlier —I won't follow your orders anymore. I already did the job you paid for. Now this should end. Why are you again asking me to do something that's difficult for me?" she spoke with irritation laced in her voice. 1

Delyth wasn't in the mood to entertain someone's tantrums right now, but she still smiled to make the nurse agree. "It's not as difficult as you think. You just have to make a phone call. It's definitely not difficult, or is it?"

"It is," Lily replied, feeling her patience thinning. "It's against the hospital rules. I can't do it."

Delyth stared at her with the same smile which not for once faltered. Looking at it felt like she was confident that she would make the nurse agree, no matter what. "How does that matter?" she asked as if she was genuinely perplexed, not understanding what was stopping the nurse. "It may be against your hospital rules, but why should that matter to you?"

"What do you mean?" Lily asked, frowning.



And Delyth shrugged. "What I mean is simple. Breaking a rule once isn't much different from breaking it a second time. After all, you would face the same punishment whether you do it once or a hundred times."

The nurse's face paled at her words. "Are you threatening me?" she asked, deciphering the meaning behind her words.

"Threatening you? How so?" Delyth asked, feigning innocence, before breaking into a sinister smile. "But yes, if threatening will make you agree, I don't mind doing that. After all, I have nothing to lose in the whole deal. I have gained what I paid you for. But if you refuse to cooperate, you will certainly lose your job, not me." 1

"Why are you doing this to me?" Lily's voice trembled, near tears, as she realized just how deeply she was trapped. She feared that even if she did this favor, it wouldn't be the last. Delyth might ask her for more, and each time, she would be pulled further into a web that could eventually cost her hard earned job.

Delyth, however, was unfazed by the nurse's distress. She only wanted her demands met, no matter the consequences. "I am doing nothing to



you. At least, I am not killing you." Delyth snorted with arrogant indifference. "I am just asking you to help me make a call. You have nothing to lose because no one will ever know, and in return, you will also be paid for it. It's a win-win deal. Why are you making it sound like I am asking you to either die or kill? I am not that evil, believe me."

"You are even worse," Lily muttered. "I regret falling for your tricks. If only I hadn't given in to my greed, I—"

"You can save all those regrets and laments for later. I have zero interest in them," Delyth interrupted, cutting her off coldly. "Right now, I have interest in only one thing. So tell me —will you do it or not?"

"What if I don't want to?" the nurse sobbed and asked, praying that the woman before her had at least a silver of merc. But the look in Delyth's eyes reminded her of an old saying: one should never judge a woman by her looks, just as one shouldn't judge a book by its cover.

Delyth's smile widened, and she shook her head. "Don't drag this out, dear. You know what can happen if you choose to refuse." Her gaze held something like pity, but there was no sympathy



in her attitude. "So, will you do it or not?" she asked, as if giving Lily a final chance to decide.

Covering her face with her hands, Lily wept quietly, realizing she had no way out.. If she had to save her hard-earned job, she had to agree to sell her soul once again. "What do you want me to do?"

"I knew you wouldn't refuse" Delyth gave a victorious smile, then added, "See? Like I said before, you don't have to do anything difficult. All you have to do is make a call from the hospital and ask someone to come here urgently."

"Who do I have to call?" Lily asked, defeated.

Delyth held up the paper in her hand. "The same special patient that all of you have been talking about. Call her and ask her to come here."

Lily's face turned complicated as if she was thinking something. When Delyth saw like that, she asked with a frown, "What are you thinking now?"

"Do you mean Dr. Clark's patient?" she asked, hesitant.

Delyth shrugged. "Did you bring me someone else's information? Of course, it's her."

"But she seems to be someone important. We should not dare to pull tricks against her." The nurse might not have known Arwen, but she has heard a lot from other nurses. How just for her, someone mysterious has lined up the entire team of doctors yet hasn't allowed them to touch a hair of her. "She is —"

"She is no one important. No big shot." Delyth's smile vanished, replaced with a look of disdain. "She is just a rich heiress that has got everything served in a gold platter."

"Do you know her?" Lily asked, sensing the hostility in Delyth's eyes.

Delyth nodded, her eyes narrowing. "I know her very well. So, don't worry—offending her is no big thing." 1

"If you know her already, why don't you call her and ask her to visit you? Wouldn't that be easy? Why are you making me do it? Please let me go. Please," the nurse begged but that only made Delyth scowl.

"If I could do it, I wouldn't be asking you. Don't make a drama. I already assured you that nothing would go wrong. So now, get on the job and make a call. Stop wasting my time." 1



100 Make a call.



Lily felt miserable. She had no other choice but to reach out for her phone to make the call.

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