



110 No one waits and breaks for a stranger.

Arwen was on a call, instructing someone when she heard another beep. Pulling the phone away, she noticed a call-waiting notification. "That's all you have to do. Proceed with the plan suggested and let me know if you run into any issues," she said to the person on the line before hanging up. 1

She was about to call the waiting number back, but the call came through again. Her brows raised, sensing the caller's urgency, usually, people didn't bother calling again after seeing someone busy.

"Hello, may I know who is this?" Arwen asked as she accepted the call.

A brief silence lingered before a hesitant voice spoke. "Hello, ma'am. Am I speaking to Ms. Arwen Quinn?"

"Yes, that's me. Please go ahead." Arwen replied, sensing something was amiss but unable to put a finger on it.

"Ms. Quinn, I am calling from East City Hospital.



We still have a few of your belongings here. If possible, come by to collect them?"

Arwen frowned. She remembered Gianna had packed everything when she was getting her discharged from the hospital. "My belongings?" she asked doubtfully. "Could you specify what exactly it is?"

There was a pause before the person stammered. "A-Actually, it's a phone," came the reply, and before Arwen could doubt a thing, she heard her adding again. "One of our staff mentioned that you had looking for your old phone, so, we thought it might be yours. Could you please come to confirm it once?"

"But didn't you guys say that my phone was taken back by the gentleman who brought me in that night?" Arwen asked, doubting something. Her brows knitted in suspicion as her hesitation became slightly evident over the call.

"Yes, it was taken back, but someone recently returned it here. I-It might be the same gentleman from before, and—"

Before the person could finish her words, Arwen asked, almost urgently. "Did you say that he came to return back the phone?" She



remembered the phone was broken; maybe he had taken it for repairs and left her with a temporary replacement.

"Yes, it was him," the person replied, and that alone made Arwen's heart race. She had waited for him to appear all this while, but he never did. Today, maybe ... *Arwen, he might have been busy. You can't blame him. After all, no one waits and breaks for a stranger — she thought to herself.* 2

Calming her heart, she took in a deep breath and then said in a composed tone. "Then, it must be mine. Did you not confirm it with him?"

"We can always confirm. But before we reach him, we want you to confirm since you have asked us once. So, if it's fine with you, could you please visit the hospital today?"

Arwen glanced down at her watch. It was already afternoon, and if she left now, she would only reach somewhere close to evening. But then this might be her chance to identify the man who saved her. She thought it was Alden, but he never confirmed it. Perhaps it was someone else. After all, she still couldn't make sense of why he wouldn't tell her that it was him that night. 3

"Umm, it might take me until evening to reach the hospital. Will that be alright?" Arwen asked while having a lot of thoughts running in her mind.

"It wouldn't be an issue as long as you come here by today."

"Sorry?" Arwen asked, catching the odd urgency.

"Oh —I mean, it will be easy for us to find the right person if it's not yours," the person replied hastily, and not thinking much of it, Arwen nodded.

"Alright then, I will be there by evening. Thank you." With that, Arwen ended the call. The moment it disconnected, her thoughts drifted back to that night. She could still recall the faint voice urging her to wake up, telling her not to leave, a voice she had almost thought was a dream but knew was real.

Meanwhile, at East City Hospital, Lily looked up at Delyth and reported, "She said she will be coming here by evening."

Delyth started at her and nodded. But her eyes squinted just in time to ask, "What was that about the phone? Do you actually have it?" She had overheard the entire conversation since the



call was kept on speaker. And the excitement in Arwen's voice was so evident, so strong that she simply couldn't shrug it off.

What was she so excited for? An old phone? That couldn't be. Then, was it the man she had mentioned?

Lily frowned. "I don't have her phone. I lied," she said, making Delyth raise her brows in suspicion. "You only asked me to call her here, but you never told me what should I ask her for. After all, her appointments in the hospital have been always scheduled by Dr. Clark. We have no part to play in it. So, I can only opt for this."

When she didn't see the suspicion on Delyth's expression ease, Lily further continued. "I never served her directly, but I heard another nurse mention that the phone she received after waking up wasn't the one she was looking for. I just remembered it at the right time and used it as an excuse to ask her here."

"But she mentioned someone —a man. Who is he?" Delyth pressed.

Lily shrugged. "I have no idea. I just went along with it to keep up the act. But it may be the man who brought her here. Apparently, she has been



looking for him."

Delyth paused, before nodding. "Fine, you can go for now. But remember, I will need you again when the time comes, and you know what to do then."

Though reluctant, Lily still nodded before leaving Delyth alone in the room.

Once she was gone, Delyth reached out for her phone, muttering under her breath, "Now, it's time to work on the next part of the plan." Her lips curled into a vicious grin. 

