

57 Useless for the stage.

Arwen watched as Aiden got dressed for the day and asked, "Your wound isn't hurting you anymore, right?" 1

Aiden met her gaze through the mirror and shook his head. "It's better. As you asked, I have made sure it hasn't gotten wet," he said, then turned towards her, asking, "Is there something else you want to ask?"

Arwen's eyes flashed. How did he do that—read her so easily every time? Yes, she had something to ask him. Although she was becoming more comfortable around him, it still felt too sudden to request things from him freely. Yet, with no other choice, she nodded. "Yes, there is something I need your help with."

Aiden didn't press further but she could tell he was waiting for her to continue.

"I want to ask if I could borrow your lawyer. I need a small help regarding something," she said, adding, "I would have reached out to my family's lawyers, but my parents are out on a business



trip, I don't want them to worry, so I think that option is off the table. If it's not too much of trouble for you ..."

"Emyr will come to pick you up for it this afternoon. Be ready," he said simply. And Arwen nodded, feeling a sense of relief in her heart. He suddenly seemed like the answer to her all prayers suddenly, the perfect example of the man she had always hoped to end with.

Could it be that her stars had granted her Aiden as compensation for all she had suffered? That thought seemed to fantastical to be real. Arwen laughed at herself, and right then, Aiden's voice interrupted her thoughts. "If there is nothing else, shall we head down for breakfast?" 1

Meanwhile, back in the Cralens Care Hospital, Delyth's eyelashes fluttered as anaesthesia began to wear off. But the moment her eyes opened, terror-filled them, and she screamed, "No! no! let me go! Don't hurt me!"

Ryan, who had dozed off in the chair beside her bed, jolted awake at her cries. He rushed to her side and took her hands. "Del, it's okay. You are



safe. Take a deep breath. Everything is going to be fine."

When Delyth saw Ryan, she calmed down a little, but clutched his hands tightly, shaking her head. "Ryan, they are after me. They said they wanted to hurt me. Please believe me. They said that they wanted to hurt me and make everything real. I don't know who are they—please ... please save me."

"Who are you talking about, Del?" Ryan frowned, concern written all over his face. "Did someone come to you? Did you seen them?"

Delyth shook her head as tears streamed down her face. "No, I couldn't see them. They had put off the lights, covered my face, and had dragged me out. I didn't know them. They were so cruel, Ryan. They pushed me down the stairs, saying I deserved it for offending someone I shouldn't have. I — It must be Arwen. It must have been Arwen. She must have sent people after me. She must be looking for revenge."

"Del, Arwen wouldn't do anything like that" Ryan frowned, trying to calm her down.

But Delyth shook her head, convinced. "It's her,



Ryan! I am telling you. She must have sent them. She wanted to hurt me, just like I wanted to hurt her by instigating the crowd of my fans against her. She must have found out, and that's why —" 3

Ryan interrupted her, his voice firm. "You wanted to harm her? You instigated your fans against her?" There was an edge to his voice that made Delyth's face pale. "Del, did you do that on purpose? Tell me, did you deliberately try to hurt Arwen?"

Realizing she had said too much in her panicked state, Delyth swallowed nervously and shook her head, desperate to backtrack. "O-Of course not, Ryan! I would never do that. You know me better than that. But Arwen wouldn't see it that way. She would blame me for everything. She must think I did it on purpose to harm her. That's why she would have sent those men after me." 2

Ryan looked skeptical but shook his head. "Arwen wouldn't do that, Del. She is not like that. You have suffered, but it has nothing to do with her. So, stop blaming her." 1

Delyth felt a surge of hurt and betrayal flash in her eyes. She tried to move but suddenly noticed



something odd. Panic seized her, and she cried out in horror, "Ryan, what's happening? Why can't I move my legs? I can't feel them! Ryan, help me! Call the doctor! Please call the doctor!"

Frantic, she tried to move again, but no matter how much she willed her body, it remained numb from the waist down.

Ryan had been expecting this reaction. He gently took hold of Delyth's shoulders, trying to calm her down. "You will be okay, Del. It's just going to take some time. The doctors had to perform the surgery last night—it was a difficult one. They said you were brave to survive it. But now, you need time to heal."

"Will I?" Delyth's voice trembled. Ryan's reassurance calmed her slightly, but something deep in her gut told her something was terribly wrong. Ryan nodded in response. But then she asked, fear creeping back into her voice, "Did the doctors say I will be able to dance again? After I recover?"

Ryan's expression changed, and that shift sent chill through Delyth's entire body. This was her worst nightmare, and just the possibility of it



being confirmed felt like a plunge to hell. Still, she asked, bracing herself for the answer she didn't want to hear. "R-Ryan, will I be able dance?"

Ryan closed his eyes, searching for the right words, trying to soften the harsh reality. But no matter how hard he tried, he knew there was no way to make this easier. "Del, we will find better doctors. You will recover. You will dance again someday. I will be with you through it all. Don't lose hope." 1

"What does that mean, Ryan?" Delyth's voice broke. She couldn't bring herself to accept it. "Are you saying I can't dance anymore? That I have become useless for the stage?" 3

