



64 I was wrong.

The next day, the two nurses, who had been attending to Delyth stood outside her room. Exchanging worried glances, they were discussing something when they paused seeing Ryan finally arrive. 1

"What's wrong?" Ryan asked with a frown. He had been in the middle of an important meeting when he received the call from the hospital, asking him to come urgently.

One of the nurse sighed in relief and said, "Mr. Foster, finally, you are here. We are sorry to call you like that, but it was important, and we didn't know who else to call for Ms. Ember. It's time for her to take her meds, but she is refusing all our requests."

Pinching the space between his brows, Ryan flexed his jaws tensing in frustration. The nurse sensed his irritation. She added in a low voice, a little scared, "Mr. Foster, Ms. Ember needs to take the medicines on time. She has just undergone critical surgery, and her condition could deteriorate if she's not proper cared for."

"Isn't that your job?" Ryan snapped, feeling a headache building. The nurse was about to explain how difficult Delyth was being, but Ryan cut her off, not in the mood to listen. He already knew how difficult Delyth could be. "Step aside," he ordered, pushing past the nurse to enter Delyth's room.

"Del, what's wrong? Why aren't you taking your meds?" His voice was gentle, but the underlying edge was unmistakable.

Delyth lay with her back to him, so Ryan couldn't see her face. When she finally turned to look at him, her eyes were swollen from crying. "Ryan!" she whimpered, her voice laced with pain.

"What happened, Del? Are you in pain? Why are you crying?" he asked, already moving to check her legs, assuming the worst.

Delyth felt the warmth from his concern, but she quickly remembered her plan and got back into her performance. "Ryan, I am in pain, but that pain is not physical. Rather it's more like a trauma, the ones that I am failing to fight with. Every single second, I am collapsing —mentally. What should I do?"

Ryan frowned. She had seemed fine when he had left her earlier — what had happened to make her so distressed? "What kind of pain, Del?" he asked, confused by her words. Without saying anything, Delyth simply handed her phone to him. Ryan hesitated for a moment, unsure of what he was looking for, but he began scrolling through the articles and posts.

"Ryan, I know Arwen was wronged yesterday by my fans, but does she really have to do this to them? They had been only supporting me through my difficult time, and now, all of them are suffering. It's because of me. Why is Arwen doing this to me? Why is she making me feel like this? What have I done wrong? Why is she so hell-bent on making everyone hate me?" Delyth said, her voice was full of resentment, sounding as if she had been wronged by the world.

Ryan's eyes skimmed through the comments and threads going online. He felt the surge of disbelief. Could Arwen really have taken such strict measures against Delyth's fans? It didn't seem like her — she had always been the gentle, kind one, always forgiving. When had she changed? Was it to get his attention?



"Ryan, I know I might sound biased towards my fans, but I don't care. Maybe I am biased. They have supported me through everything. They have been there for me when no one else was. How can I let them suffer now? I can't. I simply can't," her voice cracked as she feebly reached for his hand. "I feel terrible, Ryan. I am so helpless; I want to help them but with this disability—I have become so useless."

"Del, don't talk like that," Ryan said as he tried to comfort her, but Delyth shook her head, denying to accept his words.

"No, Ryan. I need to face the truth. My fans are suffering because of me, and now I have become a burden to you as well. I don't know what to do anymore." She then paused. Wiping her tears dramatically, she added, "Can you take me to Arwen?" she asked.

Ryan frowned, perplexed by her request. "What are you planning, Del?"

"How can you not see it, Ryan," Delyth asked, her voice tinged with disbelief. "Arwen is doing all this on purpose. She wants to corner me, to leave me with no options. But it's fine—I am



done complaining. Just take me to her. If I have to beg her to let go of my fans, I will. I don't care anymore." 1

She began pulling the sheet off her body, struggling to get up. All alarmed, Ryan caught her before she could fall off the bed.

"Del, you need to rest. What are you doing?" He chastised, his voice was sharp with worry. "Do you think your injuries are a joke? You just went through a major surgery, your legs are barely healing, and you are still acting careless. What do you think you are doing, Del?"

Delyth flinched at his scolding, but that quickly dissolved into tears. She leapt to hug him tightly. "What else can I do, Ryan? I don't know what to do. People are cursing me online. And Arwen is not ready to give me any escape. She has forced me into this. My fans were only supporting me, but now they are all blaming me because of her. Am I not suffering enough? Why isn't she still satisfied?" she sobbed. "Sometimes I wonder if things would have been different if Zeke were here. Would it have been this easy for her to bully me?"



Ryan's expression hardened. He held Delyth tightly as he gestured the nurse to come in and give her the medication. "Del, even if Zeke is not here, I am. I won't let anyone bully you. Don't worry, I will take care of it."

At his cue the nurse approached, handing Delyth her medicine. This time, she didn't resist, obediently swallowing the pills. Afterwards, she looked up at Ryan with tearful eyes and whispered, "Ryan, I don't want to burden you anymore. Especially when you don't think Arwen is responsible for any of this. But I can't help feeling that if Zeke had been here, things would have been different."

"I regret it, Del. It's my wrong, I shouldn't have been so certain about Arwen. I was mistaken," Ryan whispered. His voice was tinged with regret and disappointment. 3

As they were lost in their own plans and remorse, a knock at the door interrupted. Ryan frowned, looking at the door. "Who is it?" he asked.

The door was pushed open, and next appeared a man dressed in a formal black suit. He stepped

< 64 I was wrong.

forward and introduced himself, "Hello, Sir. I am here for Ms. Delyth Ember."

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Scarlet_Shine

Creator's Thoughts

