



81 Have you two always been this compatible?

Delyth frowned when she saw Arwen there, standing all tall and fine while she sat confined to a wheelchair. Shouldn't it have been Arwen feeling helpless like this? Why did her plan backfire?

"What are you doing here, Arwen? Are you here to laugh at me?" Delyth said, clearly displeased.

Arwen took a step back, her gaze sweeping over Delyth from head to toe. The scrutiny made Delyth shift uncomfortably, feeling self-conscious.

"What do you think you are? A clown?" Arwen asked, sounding bored.

Delyth was taken aback. "You —" She had never expected Arwen to mock her like this. Not that Arwen fawned over her, but she had always maintained a certain elegance, refraining from such biting, deprecating remarks. What had changed now?



"Since you don't consider yourself a clown, then don't worry. You definitely can't make me laugh. Especially like this," Arwen gestured dismissively at Delyth's form, from head to toe.

She never meant to mock her but for some reason, it felt oddly satisfying. Plus, Aiden's words from before urged her to act devilish once.

"Arwen, you are cruel."

"I told you last time, don't mistake me for someone kind," Arwen smirked. "Also, I am sure my recent actions have made that clear. Haven't you received the court notice yet?"

Gripping the armrest tightly, Delyth suggested, "Arwen, let's talk about it. We should discuss and —"

But Arwen clicked her tongue dismissively, "I told you there is nothing to discuss."

"You are doing this on purpose, don't you?"

Delyth gritted her teeth, unable to bear Arwen's smug tone. She wanted to wipe the arrogance off her face. But at the moment, she was helpless in the situation.



"Did I?" Arwen furrowed her brows, feigning confusion. But then, shaking her head, she replied coolly, "I don't think so, Delyth. Pulling out tricks to your advantage is more your style, not mine. I simply did what I promised. Didn't I warn you?"

"Arwen, you —" Delyth began, but Ryan's voice came from behind, interrupting her.

"Arwen, what are you doing here?"

While Delyth held herself back, Arwen turned her gaze up to Ryan, regarding him with the same disinterest she had shown to Delyth moments before.

Ryan noticed the cold look and frowned. Walking closer, he repeated, "I asked, what are you doing here?"

"And it seems I ignored you, which only means that I don't want to answer. How hard is that to understand, Ryan?" Arwen replied nonchalantly. Her gaze shifted to Delyth as she added, "In the morning, she didn't understand the meaning of rejected calls and now you don't understand the meaning of being ignored. Have you two always been this compatible?"



Ryan's expression flickered with surprise. Arwen's words struck him harder than he had expected. For a moment, he was at a loss.

But Delyth quickly intervened. "Arwen, why bring up the call now? I only called you this morning to clear up the misunderstanding between us. Since you have come here, shouldn't we sit down and talk?"

Arwen was amused. Though not the first time, she was once again curious to see just how far Delyth could stretch her pretentiousness. Every time Arwen thought she had seen the limit, Delyth surprised her by pushing another inch further.

"Did we agree to talk?" Arwen asked, her tone sharp and dismissive. She had seen her trick, but too bad if she thought this way she would be able to force her. There was no way Arwen would give Delyth any chance to compel her into anything.

Delyth's expression faltered, confuming Arwen's suspicions of her tricks. "Or, did you inform me that you had been transferred from Cralens Care Hospital to East City Hospital?"



"I —"

"Since you didn't, Delyth, what made you think that I came here all the way just to talk to you? Unlike Ryan, this world doesn't revolve around you. Especially I don't. Haven't I made it clear that I have nothing to say to you?" Arwen's eyes flashed with hostility. "Don't make me repeat the same thing again and again. I don't like being a broken recorder."

Delyth fingers clenched. Bi*ch! She cursed internally, casting a quick glance at Ryan. Seeing him gaze at Arwen as if she held the world in her hands, her jaws tightened. Desperate to have his attention on herself, she reached out to hold his hand, subtly sobbing for sympathy.

"Arwen, can't you pity me for once? I am like this because of y—"

"Watch it Delyth!" Arwen interrupted sharply as if saving her from continuing an unforgivable mistake. "Don't dig yourself deeper into a hole you have made. Think before you speak. I have already unleashed my cruelty; I won't hesitate to go further. Blame me one more time for something I didn't do, and the consequence will



be harsher than before."

Delyth was left speechless. This time, it wasn't Ryan's presence but Arwen's threat that silenced her.

"Enough!" Ryan spoke, cutting through the tension. He wanted to speak to Arwen, but at that moment, he couldn't bring himself to. So, instead, he turned to Delyth and said, "Weren't you here to see some doctor?"

Delyth, equally overwhelmed, nodded and gestured towards the cabin from which Arwen had just exited. "It's here. The nurse said the legendary doctor sits in this cabin."

Arwen glanced back and realized that Delyth was pointing at Dr. Clark's office,

"The nurse told me he specialized in cases like mine. About a month ago, he operated on a woman who had been in an accident and damaged her limbs. But after her surgery, she was completely fine. They say it was almost a miracle, and she will even be able to dance again in future." Delyth's voice brimmed with hope.

Arwen instantly understood — Delyth was



unknowingly talking about her, and Dr. Clark was the doctor she was referring to.

"Ryan, I want to dance again. Let's go and talk to him, okay?" Delyth's eyes gleamed with expectation, and Ryan nodded, turning to Arwen.

"We will talk about this later, Arwen. Right now, Delyth needs to see the doctor. Let's not create a scene here."

"There is nothing left to talk about," Arwen said coolly. "But you are right —let's not create any more acne. I have had enough." With that, she turned on her heels, and left.