



82 Of course, she is special.

Ryan was about to stop Arwen from walking away like that, his hand already reaching out instinctively, but Delyth's grip tightened on his arm, grounding him in place. "Ryan, the doctor ..." Her voice trembled with barely concealed desperation, and her eyes glistened as if clinging to the last thread of hope she had left. 1

Ryan glanced down at her, and felt his resolve wavering. He hesitated, feeling caught between Delyth's need and the cold finality of Arwen's retreating figure. He remembered the promise he had given to Zeke — to always look after Delyth and be there whenever she needed him. And right now, she needs him the most.

"Please," Delyth whispered, her voice softer now and her vulnerability very clear in her tone. "I can't do this alone. I can't live without dance. Zeke has gone, and now I only have you. I need you by my side ." 1

Arwen slowed her pace briefly, hearing Delyth's last words. Her lips lifted in a small, almost mocking smile as she shook her head at the

ongoing drama. Without turning around, her words drifted back, calm and unwavering. "You two are truly a pair made in heaven. I should have realized this sooner. Pity it almost cost me my life and an eternity to understand it. But now that I have learned my lesson, I won't repeat the mistakes of the past."

Ryan watched as Arwen disappeared down the hallway. He shouldn't feel anything, but for some reason, an emptiness settled in his chest, making him fear something he couldn't quite understand.

But then Delyth's grip anchored him in the present. He looked down at her, and she looked up at him with a sympathetic expression tinged with guilt.

"I am sorry, Ryan. I made Arwen misunderstand. I will explain it to her later. I am sure she will understand once she calms down," Delyth said, snapping Ryan back to reality.

His face hardened as he gazed back in the direction Arwen had disappeared. "No need. There is nothing to explain to her. She is simply creating stories based on her own assumptions.

Let her assume whatever she wants. It doesn't make anything real, and sooner or later, she will understand that."

Delyth gritted. If Arwen's assumptions couldn't make anything real, then she would. *Ryan, you will be mine sooner or later. I will make you realize we belong together, just as I made Arwen realize it.*

Ryan looked away from Delyth before moving behind her. "Let's go," he said, steering Delyth's wheelchair toward Dr. Clark's office, trying to ignore the hollow feeling that grew with every step.

"Who are you looking for?" a nurse suddenly asked when she saw them walking towards Dr. Clark's cabin.

Delyth quickly responded, "We are looking for the doctor who sits in this room."

"Oh, but he already left. I saw him leaving earlier," the nurse said pausing on her way.

Delyth's expression changed. "How can that be? I just got here after the nurse said that he would be coming today. I didn't see him leaving?"



"Then you must have been late. He did come earlier, but he left," the nurse explained.

But it only agitated Delyth. When she first heard about this highly skilled doctor, she had seen the end of her miseries. But now, with him gone, it felt like she was being pushed back into the abyss of helplessness she had grown to hate.

"Why did he leave? Shouldn't he have stayed to treat patients? What kind of doctor behaves this irresponsibly?" Delyth openly condemned, and the nurse frowned. Dr. Clark was renowned for his skills, and in the few days he had been at the hospital, he had charmed many hearts — not just with his face but with the warmth and the ingenuity he carried.

Ryan knew that Delyth was desperate, but he didn't like how she was losing herself. Placing a hand on her shoulder, he interrupted, "Delyth, it's fine. Doctors are human too. He must have had an emergency. We will meet him another time. He is not running away."

"But Ryan, —"

Ryan patted her shoulder in reassurance before turning to the nurse. "When will he be back? Can



you help us book an appointment?"

The nurse shook her head. "I am sorry, but we can't help you with that."

"Why not?" Ryan frowned.

"Dr. Clark isn't an attending doctor at East City Hospital. He is only here for one patient he treated. He comes just for her appointments, and he left after meeting her today," the nurse explained.

"Just for one patient?" Ryan asked, confused as to why one person was receiving such special treatment. "Who is she?"

"Oh, she was just here a moment ago. I believe she must have left after meeting Dr. Clark," the nurse said, glancing around briefly as if checking if Arwen was still nearby.

Ryan paused, as a thought crossed his mind. Arwen was also here just now. Could she be that patient? He quickly shook off the idea. How could it be her? The patient had a near-death experience. But hasn't Arwen been all fine?

Delyth on the other hand, felt irritated. Once

again someone else was having the privilege that she was craving for? For how long does she have to crave for things? Can't for once, she could get what she wants? 2

"Why is that patient getting specially treated? Aren't all patients supposed to be the same? As a doctor, he should treat me too without getting biased towards one," she complained, as if expecting the nurse to agree.

The nurse furrowed her brows, unimpressed by Delyth's attitude. Ryan noticed her expression and asked, "Is there any way to contact him?"

"Even if there was, I don't think I could help you. You could check with the hospital, but Dr. Clark isn't someone everyone can afford. He does treat people, but getting an appointment with him is rare. The woman he treated had the connections to call him," the nurse paused, flicking a meaningful glance at Delyth before adding, "He came here specifically for her. Of course, she is special."

Delyth gritted her teeth. She knew the nurse was deliberately rubbing it in, but she could deal with her later. Right now, the doctor was her

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only hope. She couldn't afford to lose him.

Turning to Ryan, she quickly said, "Ryan, what should we do now? Will I never have the chance to dance again?" 2

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