

89 Pretty useless to each other.

When Delyth didn't see the nurse respond to her, her brows furrowed in frustration. "What's wrong?" she asked. 1

"Our hospital policy doesn't allow us to share our patient's personal information like that. I am afraid I can't help you with this," the nurse replied, holding a firm face. However, her refusal only brought a disdainful smirk to Delyth's lips, as if she had seen this kind of play plenty of times.

"I know how strict your hospital policies are. But I am also quite sure that you could be quite helpful if presented with the right offer. Am I wrong?" Delyth said, watching the nurse's expression carefully.

The nurse frowned, and the second rejection of the offer was on the tip of her tongue. But before she could reject, Delyth strategically added, "Ten thousand doesn't sound bad, right?"

The frown between the nurse's brows didn't ease. Delyth noticed this carefully, and just when



the nurse opened her mouth to object, Delyth smoothly continued, "Or, considering the difficulty and risk, maybe fifteen thousand would be more appropriate. What say? Why don't you suggest a number yourself? Since you will be helping me, I will reward you with whatever amount you think is fair."

Delyth's lips curled into a victorious smile when she saw the nurse's resolve begin to waver.

It's true what they say —everything has a price.

As long as she was willing to pay, Delyth was confident she would get what she wanted. Dr. Clark would be no different. She didn't believe he would refuse to treat her if she offered him a substantial reward.

"So, what do you think?" Delyth pressed, seeing the nurse battling with her internal conflict. The nurse was fighting hard to resist temptation, but Delyth wouldn't allow her to back down. It was clear that this was the first time the nurse had been faced with such a dilemma. But then no innocence stays for long.

"You would be helping me. Helping someone in need isn't wrong, especially when it benefits



you," Delyth coaxed before adding thoughtfully, "I have heard the average salary of a nurse is around eighty thousand annually. If you could earn a quarter of that just by doing me a favor, wouldn't that be a great profit? I am sure your salary covers your basic needs, but an extra twenty thousand could help with something that you might not be thinking of getting with your salary."

The nurse's eyes widened as she repeated, "Twenty thousand?"

Delyth smiled and nodded. "Yes, twenty thousand. I can wire it to your account now if you like. And you can take your time gathering the information I need. Would two days be enough for you?"

The nurse hesitated again. "Our hospital is quite strict and ...," she said, and Delyth smiled knowingly, knowing what could come next.

"Indeed, it is. I know. And that's why I am offering you twenty thousand. You know that kind of money doesn't come easy," Delyth mused deliberately.

The nurse thought for a moment before finally



nodding. "I will see if I can access the information about Dr. Clark's patient."

"I knew you were capable," Delyth said with a tone that concealed cunningness. "I will wire the money to your account. Send me your details."

The nurse was quick to comply, and with a few taps, she sent her bank information. Soon after, Delyth transferred the promised sum.

When the nurse checked her account balance, her eyes widened in shock. It was clear that she hadn't seen such a lump sum in her account before. Delyth had pressed just the right nerve.

"You have two days. Get me the information. I can't bear stuck in this wheelchair much longer," Delyth said.

The nurse looked up, hesitating slightly. "Even though I have agreed to help you, please don't use the information that will get me into trouble. If I get caught, I will have to face serious consequences. And I might also lose my job."

"Don't worry, you are just helping me. You won't get into trouble. Besides, I am not going to tell anyone you took my money and did what I



asked," Delyth said, her words both reassuring and subtly threatening.

The nurse's hesitation deepened, but now that the money had been transferred and she had seen the figure in her account, greed began to weaken both her morality and her judgment. Nodding, she agreed.

"The patient was brought to our hospital after her accident, so she would have been registered here first. Her information must be in the database. I will try to find it at the right time," the nurse said, and Delyth felt a sense of triumph.

She thought everything was going as per her plan. But little did she know, only disappointment was awaiting her. This wasn't the end —rather it was only the beginning of her miseries.

"Great. The sooner you get me her information, the sooner I will be able to meet Dr. Clark," Delyth said, and the nurse left soon after.

But just as she left, another knock came at the door. Delyth turned to look with excitement, thinking Ryan might have come to visit her. But her excitement quickly faded away when she



saw her manager enter instead.

Her brows tugged in a frown. "What are you doing here?" she asked, displeased with his presence.

But her manager didn't seem to mind her attitude; he had clearly anticipated it. "Definitely not to entertain you, Delyth. After all, it's not like I can schedule your dance rehearsals or shows anymore. With you being ... crippled, we are both pretty useless to each other. So, if I am here, it must be for something that involves you."

Delyth gritted her teeth, knowing he was rubbing salt in her wounds. "Is it about the penalty? I told you to give me some time. I have spoken to Ryan, and he will take care of it."

The manager nodded before walking towards her. "That's a part of it, but not why I am here." He pulled an envelope from his jacket and handed it to her. "Here, take this. This is for you."

Delyth frowned as she eyed the envelope before taking it. "What's this?" she asked before opening it and retrieving the papers from it. As



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she read the details, her face paled.

"This ..."

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