

90 She was different.

"Don't tell me you weren't expecting this?" the manager scoffed as though Delyth's disbelief was unfathomable. "Come on, Delyth. When you planned that mob attack on Arwen, I warned you. I told you that it might get you into trouble. How can you act surprised now?" 1

"The company has to take action against you. After all, your scandal has tarnished its reputation and name," he continued as Delyth stared at him in utter disbelief.

"Are you kidding me, Michael?" She raised the paper to his face. "How can the company demand a penalty from me? I have been their star artist! My shows have brought in the profits no one else could. And now, after one scandal, they expect me to pay? Shouldn't they be helping me fix this? What is the company's PR team doing?"

Her voice rose in anger, but it might have lacked its usual authority because Michael didn't even flinch. Instead, a mocking smirk tugged at his lips at the corners. "The answer lies in your own



words, Delyth. Haven't you realized it yet?"

Delyth frowned. "What do you mean?"

Michael pulled the chair and sat down comfortably before responding. "You *'have been'* company's start artist," he paused, then shrugged his shoulders, adding, "Now, you are *'not.'*" 1

Delyth clenched her fists, but Michael didn't seem to care. Sensing her frustration, he continued, only adding fuel to the fire.

"Your shows *'did'* bring in huge profits for the company, but —" He glanced down at her legs, clicking his tongue in fake sympathy, "—now, you have become nothing but a liability? So, think, why would the company waste its resources on you? Wouldn't they save it instead?"

"Michael, you know well that I am not going to stay like this forever," Delyth tried to warn, but Michael only chuckled. "Once I am back on my feet, I will ..."

"Really, Delyth? Are you so sure you will be able to stand again?" he interrupted.



"I ...I" Delyth faltered, but then remembered Dr. Clark. With him, she would surely recover and return to the stage. "I will dance again, Michael. So, it would be wise for you and the company to reconsider before kicking me out. You know I have been your cash cow all this time."

Michael's smirk deepened. "See, Delyth, I don't want to demotivate you, but it's better if you face reality sooner than later. It will hurt less." 2

"Michael, you —"

Before she could finish, Michael stood up and cut her off. "I am here on company's business, and that's done. So, I will leave you to it. Five million is not a small sum, and given your spending habits, I doubt your account holds enough to cover it. You would better start thinking of a way to get the money because the company won't go liberal on you."

"Also, remember what we agreed earlier. Ask Mr. Foster to solve it as soon as possible. If not, I can always go to him myself and make a request,"
With that he threatened and left, leaving Delyth anxious and furious. She had always been a top-tier ballet dancer, but she had never

prepared for something like this. Saving up had not been her priority.

"Arghh!!!" Delyth screamed in frustration, knocking a fruit basket onto the floor. The sound of crashing glass brought a nurse into the room.

"Ms. Ember, are you alright?" the nurse asked, concerned.

But Delyth didn't want anyone's concern. It felt condescending, just like Michael's words. Her eyes sharpened as she yelled, making the nurse flinch. "Get out!"

"Ms. Ember, I —"

"I said get out! Now! Leave!" She hurled a pillow at the nurse, who had no choice but to retreat.

Delyth's fingers curled into fists as her eyes darkened. Glaring into the empty space, she gritted her teeth and whimpered venomously, "Arwen... this is all your fault. You are such an eyesore. Arghhhh!" 3

Meanwhile, at Foster Villa, Beca was on her way back to her room when she noticed the light in



the study was on. Pausing in confusion, she furrowed her brows and asked the maid who was around.

"Who is in the study?"

The maid briefly glanced at the study's door before answering, "Young Master has come. It's him in there."

"Ryan?" Beca's brows furrowed further. The maid nodded. "Fine, go and work," she said and the maid left.

Beca glanced towards the study before heading in that direction. Just as she was about to push the door open to check, she overheard Ryan mentioning Delyth to someone. Her mood, which had improved after a long time, soured once again. Shaking her head, she decided it was time to take matters into her own hands. She couldn't let Ryan continue like this any longer.

If it meant sending Delyth away, she would do it again. Without hesitation.

With that thought, she walked away.

While inside the study, Ryan was racking his



brain to find the best doctors for Delyth all over the world. While finding top specialists wasn't difficult, convincing them to take on her case was. He had already consulted a few, but they had all given him the same answer.

Delyth might be able to stand again, but she would never be able to dance ever again.

Hearing this repeatedly was not only discouraging but deeply frustrating. And upon all that, Arwen was constantly on his mind. There was something that he was simply not shrug off about her this time.

Her confidence.

Her indifference.

Maybe even her.

Something about her was different. The way she spoke to him just didn't sit right. Perhaps it was the detachment he sensed from her, as if she didn't care. She wasn't clingy, but then again, Arwen had never been clingy —not even when they were young. He had labelled her as such because no matter what he did, her feelings for him remained unchanged. She had never

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wavered from imagining the future they would have together. She never refused to marry him.

But this afternoon, it was different. She was different.

Ryan frowned as the memories unsettled him. He almost got up to find her and get some answers but then stopped, remembering why he had been sitting there in the first place.

It was Delyth. She needed him. She needed his help and support. He couldn't ignore her, not after making that promise to Zeke. 5

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