



95 Trapped in devil's deal.

Meanwhile, at East City Hospital, 1

Ryan walked down the hospital corridors in hurried steps. His brows were furrowed deeply in concern, and a trace of fear was evident in his expression.

"How is she doing?" he asked the nurse, entering Delyth's ward straight.

The nurse's expression was serene. Glancing briefly at Delyth, she reported carefully, "It was lucky that we found it in time and called the doctors for her. It hadn't gotten serious. Her wounds have been bandaged well. She is under the effect of the medication, but will wake up once it wears off."

Ryan's expression turned serious. His jaws flexed slightly as he asked, restraining the anger he felt inside. His eyes fell on Delyth's bandaged wrist as he asked, "Why did this happen?"

The nurse hesitated at first but then began, "Last evening, Ms Embers's manager was here. After he left, she didn't look well. When we came in



with her medicines, we tried to ask her if she wanted us to call you, but she refused, saying that you were busy with work and couldn't stay with her all the time. She, then, asked us to leave. In the morning, her mood was still the same; she seemed worried about something. But then ..."

Her words trailed off as if she didn't know whether she should speak further or not. Her hesitation only deepened Ryan's frown.

"Then, what happened?" he pressed.

"Mr. Foster, then ...then earlier in the morning someone came to visit her. And..."

"Who came?" he asked, cutting her off. He could sense that the nurse was deliberately hiding the details.

The nurse swallowed down before replying again, "It ...It was your mother, Mrs. Beca Foster. She came earlier to meet Ms. Ember, and after she left, all this happened."

Ryan's expression froze. He had an inkling when he heard the maid mention his mother had gone out early in the morning. He had suspected it



was about Delyth, but he didn't expect it to be so serious. What did his mother say to make Delyth take such a drastic step as suicide?

He was still delving in his thoughts when he saw the nurse reaching for the drawer beside Delyth's bed. She pulled it open and retrieved an envelope.

"This was given by her manager. I think this was one of the reasons behind Ms. Ember's situation. You should take a look at it, Mr. Foster," she said, handing him the letter.

Ryan took it, opened the envelope, and removed the papers inside. His brows furrowed as he realized it was another penalty notice in Delyth's name, one that her company had imposed on her. Suddenly, thoughts of Arwen filled his mind, making his chest tight. Ignoring the discomfort he was feeling, he instead chose to press the blame on her. It was happening all because of her, and yet she had the nerve to act arrogant. 1

His jaws tightened as he folded the paper and asked the nurse, "When will she regain her consciousness?"

"It hasn't been long enough since she took the



medicines. It will take a while to wear off," the nurse replied, and Ryan nodded to her in understanding.

"Then take care of her. I will return later. Make sure she is not alone here," he said before turning on his heels and leaving at once.

Once he was gone, the nurse turned to Delyth to say, Ms. Ember, you can now open your eyes. Mr. Foster has left." Her voice came as slow as a whisper as if still scared of getting caught.

And with that said, Delyth opened her eyes and looked at the nurse with a satisfied grin.

"You did a great job, Lily. Don't worry, You will be rewarded."

The nurse hesitated but then said, "But it was quite a risk, Miss. You shouldn't have injured yourself. It was a close call."

Delyth gave a wicked smirk and shook her head. "It was worth it. After all, the higher the risk, the greater the reward. Besides, I checked the hospital's blood bank, and my blood type is in abundance With you here, even if I had really cut my veins, I wouldn't have died. So, it wasn't luck



—I was just well prepared." 1

Lily swallowed nervously. She had truly been scared when Delyth slashed her wrist. If she hadn't known it was her plan, she would have believed it was a real suicide attempt. But now, she realized something for certain: this woman was truly vicious. 3

"Miss, when will I be receiving the money you promised me?" the nurse asked after a moment's contemplation.

Delyth's brows furrowed, but then she said, "Very soon. But first, you need to complete the job I already paid you for. Did you even try finding what I asked you for? Dear, you know that information is important to me and I need then urgently."

The nurse hesitated, before shaking her head. "I didn't get the chance yesterday, but I will try it soon."

Delyth's lips pursed, but she nodded, "I believe you will find it soon. After all, you wouldn't want me complaining that you made promises you didn't fulfil."



The nurse's eyes widened. She opened her mouth to speak, but before she could, Delyth asked, "Or will you?"

"No, don't complain to anyone. I will bring the information you want. Just give me a little more time."

Delyth smiled, nodding, "Why not? You have until tomorrow, as we agreed. I am sure that's enough time."

"I will try," the nurse said, feeling trapped in a devil's deal.

Delyth smiled, "Of course, I know you will. Now, you can leave. I have lost a lot of blood and need the rest to recover. I will be fine on my own. Just come when you see Ryan returning."

The nurse nodded and then left.

On the other side, Ryan arrived back to Foster Villa. Seeing the butler in the hall, he asked, "Where are Mom and Arwen?"

Mr James turned and gestured towards the garden. "Madam sitting in the garden, Young Master. Do you need anything?"



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Ryan didn't respond. Instead, he turned and walked towards the garden. However, upon reaching there, he saw that Arwen was nowhere in sight. His mother was sitting there alone, lost in her thoughts.

Walking over to her, he asked, "Mom, where is Arwen? Did she leave?"

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