



182 Do you think I am a fool?

"What's happening here?" Ryan's voice sounded calm, but the underlying edge beneath it was unmistakable. His sharp gaze swept the room, taking in the shards of glass and scattered medicines on the floor before finally settling on Delyth. **1**

Delyth hadn't expected him there, so when she saw him standing at the door, for a brief moment, relief flickered across her face. Her eyes sparkled with joy as she whispered, "Ryan, you have come? Where have you been all this while. I even tried calling you but you never picked up. Were you busy?" she asked as if she still couldn't believe it.

But her joy faltered the moment it met Ryan's gaze. The hostility in his eyes was palpable, like a physical jab. "I asked what's happening here?"

Delyth's breath hitched, and she scrambled for an answer. "R-Ryan, this nurse was disrespecting me. She had always been rude to me and," she stammered, pointing a finger straight at the nurse, who was still sitting on the floor, holding her bleeding hand. "She called me your mistress." Her voice cracked, tears welling up in her eyes as though she were the victim of a grave injustice.



Ryan's brows furrowed, and his gaze shifted to the nurse. She was standing, holding her bleeding hand.

When the nurse felt Ryan's scrutinizing gaze on herself, her irritation only doubled. She might have always been scared of rich personalities like this, but at that moment she knew if she didn't stand up for herself, she might not save herself. Hence, mustering all her courage, she looked up at him to match his gaze. "Mr. Foster," she began, "I have tolerated enough of your girlfriend's tantrums. It might be my duty to care for her, but I am not anyone's slave to endure the mistreatments repeatedly."

She then gestured to the glass and medicines on the floor. "I came here to help her take her medicine, but instead she wasted it all, pushed, me and caused this injury. I might be poor, but I won't stand by while someone humiliates me and harms me like this." Her voice gained strength as she continued. "If you think this matter needs to be pursued further, I am prepared to contact the police."

Delyth froze. She hadn't expected the nurse to speak so boldly, let alone reveal everything like that. Her face flushed in embarrassment and panic. "You —" she started at the nurse, but then she realized, at the moment Ryan was more important. Turning to him, she hastily said,

"Ryan, don't listen to her. She is lying. I mean, yes, I pushed her, but that was when she called me mistress and a homewrecker! I was just upset and asked her to leave me alone. But instead, she acted rude and humiliated me."

The nurse was taken aback. If she hadn't been the victim herself, she might have also believed the story that Delyth had woven. But more than anyone, she knew it better.

This woman deserves an Oscar, the nurse thought bitterly, preparing herself to take the blame, thinking that Ryan would side with Delyth. But what Ryan said next stunned both the women in the room.

"Please go and get your wounds treated first," he said to the nurse, his voice unexpectedly soft. "They look severe."

The nurse blinked, unsure if she had heard him correctly. "Mr. Foster, I —"

Ryan raised a hand to stop her. "I will compensate you for your injuries and ensure this doesn't happen again." His words came deliberate and carried an air of finality.

The nurse furrowed her brows slightly but then nodded. "Thank you," she said curtly before walking out of the room.

Once the door closed behind her, Delyth's voice



came as if deeply hurt. "Ryan, what do you mean by that?"

When Ryan's gaze met with her, she continued, "Does that mean you trusted her over me? How could you? I —"

Before she could say more, Ryan's voice cut her in the middle. "Delyth, there is no need to pretend anymore. I heard it all."

Delyth's eyes widened, panic flashing across her face. He heard it all. "Ryan, I —"

"Enough, Delyth!" he interrupted. "How long are you going to lie to me? And for what all are you going to lie to me?"

It stuck her then, He wasn't calling her 'Del' anymore. He was addressing her by her full name, putting distance between them.

"Ryan, I didn't lie to you. I didn't. That nurse really provoked me. I know I was wrong. I shouldn't have pushed her like that and gotten her injured but —"

"That's not the only lie you ever told me, Delyth." Ryan snapped. He was fuming mad. He had come to confront her today. And there was no way he was going to let her fool him anymore.

Delyth didn't understand. Her brows knitted in confusion. "Ryan, I didn't lie to you. Why are

saying that? I could never lie to you."

"Really?" he asked sharply. "Then let me ask you another way.." He stepped closer to her, each step radiating an intimidating aura.

Delyth's pulse quickened. She had always known he carried such a presence, but around her he was always gentle, masking his real self. She never knew one day, it would be directed at her.

"Ryan, I don't —"

"Did you send any pictures to Arwen to make her misinterpret the relationship we share?"

Delyth's face turned pale. She remembered it immediately but couldn't let Ryan know. So, shaking her head, she quickly denied, "I don't know what you are talking about, Ryan. What picture? I haven't shared anything with Arwen. She had blocked me. How can I share anything with her?"

"You haven't?" Ryan's voice turned brutal as he grabbed her arms, his grip tight enough to make her wince.

"Ryan, you are hurting me," she gasped, her face contorting in pain.

But it was as if Ryan didn't hear her His grip only tightened as he leaned in, his eyes piercing hers.

"Stop lying, Delyth! I saw the picture myself. It



182 Do you think I am a fool?



was from the night we ended up in the hotel. If not you, who else will do it? Do you think I am a fool?" 4



NEW BOOK ALERT!!



Comment 5

View All >



Post your first comment!



Vote



Fandom



Send Gift

Swipe left to continue >