



## 183 You killed my brother.

Panic surged through Delyth's nerves, but she forced herself to remain calm. Fixing her wide, teary eyes at Ryan, she whispered, "Do you think I am fooling you, Ryan? If I were fooling you, do you think I have ended up on the hospital bed like this? How can you even think of me like that?" 1

Ryan's jaws tightened, as his gaze darkened. "Don't play the victim card, Delyth," she snapped. "This isn't about your current state or your injuries. It's about the truth. And I know what you have done," he said as he stepped back, leaving her arms.

"Truth?" Delyth repeated, keeping her teary eyes still at him. "And what do you think is the truth, Ryan?"

The tears in her eyes were making Ryan feel guilty. He never knew why her tears held such effect on him —maybe because she was Zeke's sister and they looked very similar. But he can't let her emotions cloud his judgement now. Not again.

Holding his resolve firm, he said, "You shared an image with Arwen. An image meant to make her believe we are something we are not."

"Didn't you do that same, Ryan?" she asked back. "You publicly made a statement saying that you once had feelings for me. Did you think that would make her misinterpret us as well?"

Ryan's brows furrowed, taken aback. Yes, his action was also misinterpreting, but when deciding on it he never thought about it. He just wanted to help Delyth at that time. He owed Zeke a big time. How could he let his sister suffer like that?

"Delyth, you know that was to help you." His voice softened for a moment, but it turned sharp again. "You know very well that I have never harbored those kinds of feelings for you –not even when I went on my knees and proposed to you. That, too, was because you asked me to. You wanted to stop other guys in the university from pursuing you, and I helped you because you were Zeke's sister. I owed him, I can't refuse you, not when it was within my capabilities."

Every word cut into Delyth like shards of glass, but they were the truths that she had known all along. Her fingers clenched on the sheets, as she swallowed the sting of humiliation. "I know Ryan. I am not blaming you for that. Instead, I am grateful that you help. I am just saying ... one picture wouldn't make Arwen misunderstand us, why are you blaming me alone when you share the equal part of the blame."



"That's because it was only after seeing the picture, that she broke up with me," Ryan's voice rose, frustration spilling over. "You made her break up. I never knew you were so —"

Before he could finish, Delyth pushed him with all her strength, her voice shaking with rage. "I said I didn't do it, Ryan! I didn't!"

Ryan stumbled slightly, his gaze hardening further. But Delyth refused to falter under his intimidating presence. Taking a deep breath, she steadied herself and said, "How could you blame me for something, I didn't do, Ryan? Did you forget that day? I woke up after you. I was lying there unconscious, as confused as you were. I also didn't know how I ended up there on the bed with you. How could I have snapped our pictures and sent them to Arwen? I never knew such a picture even existed until today!"

She then moved and started looking around the bed as if looking for something. Once she found her phone, she thrust it into Ryan's hands. "Here," she said, her voice firm. "Check it yourself."

Ryan frowned, feeling the phone heavy in his hand.

But Delyth stayed confident. "Go ahead" she urged, her tone defiant. "Look through it. Tell me where this picture you are accusing me of taking

and sending to Arwen is. And also check through my chatting history, maybe you will be able to find something that I truly shared with Arwen." 2

Ryan hesitated for a moment, before unlocking the phone. His fingers swiped through her gallery and message history with deliberate precision, his eyes narrowing.

Delyth gritted her teeth. She never knew one day, for Arwen, Ryan will be distrusting her like this. Not when he has always claimed to hate her. "Ryan, I never knew you would ever treat me like this. Not when you have promised to Zeke to look after me. Now, do you have any other accusations left for me? Don't tell you even think that I plotted it all and made us end up in the room. I am not that nasty in your eyes, or am I?"

"Delyth, I —"

"Ryan, that evening, if you remember properly then you must know that I felt unconscious while you were still fine. In that sense, shouldn't I have blamed you for the things? How would you have felt if I had said that it was you planned it all to take advantage of me?"

Ryan's eyes widened in horror as if that thought itself was sinful. "Delyth, you know I would never —"

Delyth let out a dry laugh, nodding as her lips



twisted bitterly. "Of course, I know you wouldn't. And that's why when you said nothing happened between us, I believed you. I accepted that it was someone's cruel prank. I didn't blame you for anything —not even when you killed my brother, But you —" her voice broke slightly, but she continued, "You couldn't trust me. You thought I would do such a nasty thing just to break you from Arwen. How could you?"

As she mentioned Zeke, his thoughts spiralled back to the time, making him realize something he wouldn't dare to forget. Guilt washed over him when he realized how Zeke had lost his life because of him. 1

Sweat beaded his forehead as his chest tightened with guilt. His face started to pale and slowly under his breath he started to mutter. "No, I didn't kill Zeke. I didn't."

Delyth noticed his expression change and finally allowed herself a small, victorious smirk. *In this life, Ryan, I want you. I won't let Arwen snatch you, even if you want her to.* 5



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