



210 Little tricks.

Delyth shook her head, refusing to believe it. "He can't leave me here? Did you not tell him that I will be waking up soon?" she asked as desperation crept into her voice. 1

"Well, I did tell him, but ..." the doctor started but her words were interrupted impatiently by Delyth.

"But what?"

"Ms. Ember, as I mentioned earlier, Mr. Foster wasn't feeling well. So, after taking the prescription, he left earlier," the doctor explained, only for Delyth to snap at her.

"No! He wouldn't have left me. Even if he were dying, he wouldn't have left me here alone. Not after seeing me in that condition."

The nurse exchanged a confused glance with the doctor. Even the doctor looked puzzled.

"Your condition?" the doctor repeated glancing down at her. "Ms. Ember, you are perfectly fine. I have already examined you. Aside from some external injuries and bruises, there is nothing critical in your situation."

And it was then Delyth realized something. Her



eyes darted to look around the room as she finally took in her surroundings. Panic gripped her heart as the the reality settled in. She was not in the East City Hospital. Rather this was ... 1

"Why am I here?" she asked, her voice shaky.

"This is not rhe East City Hospital?"

"No, this is the First People Hospital."

And with those words, realization dawned upon her. Her fingers clenched the sheets tightly, crumbling them under her force while the sweat beaded her forehead.

Noticing her distress like that, the doctor frowned a little and asked, "Ms. Ember, what happened? Are you feeling unwell?"

Delyth shook her head, forcing her volc to remain calm. "No, I ...I think I need some rest. And I am sorry for how I behaved just now. I think I am still in tauma. I am just a feeling a bit tired. Can you please leave me alone for a while."

The doctor hesitated, then nodded before gesturing the nurse. "Alright. If you need anything just press the call button. A nurse will come to assist you."

Delyth nodded absentmindedly, barely



registering the doctor's words. Her thoughts were spinning wildly, consumed by the mess she had unwittingly walked into.

Meanwhile, in the East side of the city, Brenda Davies was far from her usual composed self.

There was no trace of ease and elegance that typically defined her. Instead, her expression was marred by barely restrained fury—an anger known to shake even the most confident of her peers. 1

"Bring me my phone," she ordered. Her voice, though calm, carried the weight of a brewing storm.

The middle aged woman, Margaret, who had served as Brenda's assistant for years, acted immediately, fetching the phone and placing it in Brenda's outstretched hand.

Brenda scrolled through her contacts with practiced efficiency, her fingers briefly hovering before pressing the least used number on the list.

The phone rang once, twice, thrice—no answer.

Furious, her lips thinned into a hard line, but



she didn't waver. She redialled, only for the call to go unanswered once again.

Margaret hesitated, glancing at Brenda's stormy expression. "Madam—"

"Call her butler," Brenda commanded sharply. "Tell him to bring her the phone. Now."

Margaret nodded and quickly dialled. After a brief conversation, she handed the phone to Brenda.

"Mrs. Davies," came Mr. Carl's respectful voice from the other end. "Give me a moment, I will bring the phone to Madam."

Brenda didn't say anything and heard the quiet shuffling sounds. A few moments later, Catrin's voice came through, clipped and unapologetic, "Mom, if this is about Arwen, then I would suggest you to stay out of it. I don't need you — or anyone — to guide me on how to teach my daughter." 1

"Then you better grow the need, Catrin," Brenda retorted, her tone like steel, "because you desperately need to learn how to be a mother."

"And who is telling me this?" Catrin spoke disdainfully. "The one who herself was never



been able to become the mother herself?" Her words came like a jab that hit Brenda's gut. "Out of all, you don't have the right to lecture me about parenting mother. You were never exactly the shing example yourself."

"And yet I still managed to raised daughter who could make her own decisions." Though hurt, Brenda countered sharply. "You have spent your whol life trying to out do me, Catrin, but all you have done is repeat my mistakes on a grander scale."

"I am not you," Catrin hissed. But she was immediately turned silent.

"No, you are worse," Brenda said bluntly.

"Because even at my lowest, I never abandonedmy child, I never abandoned you. I never tried to erase the existence of you from my life —not because Brenda Davies was incapable doing it, but the mother in me was incapable of of doing it."

Catrin was silent for a long moment, the weight of Brenda's words hanging heavy in the air.

"I didn't abandon her," Catrin said, her voice quieter but still defensive. "She did. She chose to leave us."

"She didn't choose to leave you, Brenda. Don't



give yourself an illusion of her being selfish and you being righteous," Brenda corrected her. "Arwen just chose what was right. She chose to be happy." 1

Catrin was already struggling to accept her failures, and her mother's words made it harder to bear. "Don't pretend you care about her more than I do, Mom," she snapped, though the edge in her voice sounded softer now, more uncertain.

Brenda chuckled, but her small laugh didn't carry any humor. "You know well that pretension is the last thing I do, Catrin," she said, her tone unwavering. "As for Arwen, she is my granddaughter. Of course, she is more precious than anyone else in this world for me."

"I am her mother, Mom. You don't try to be one for her," Catrin retorted, though her words sounded more like a plea than a command..

"I don't have to be her mother, Catrin. I am perfectly content being her Granna," Brenda replied coldly. "But you would better kill your insecurities now, because you have pushed her far enough.. There is no bringing her back into your life this time."



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"If you believe that, Mom, then you haven't known your daughter at all," Catrin said sharply. Her tone laced with malicious intent.

"Really?" Brenda words came confident. "What did I not know? Is it your little tricks?" 1



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