



211 Will you blame me?

"What little tricks?" Catrin's voice faltered, uncertainty creeping into her tone.. "W-what do you mean, Mom?" 1

Brenda gave a dry chuckle at that, the sound devoid of any humor. "You actually know well I am referring to, Catrin." 5

A brief silence hung in the air, heavy and tense. Catrin's face grew pale and her heart thumped so loud that the sound felt to be echoing through the call. Dreading of something, she tried to explain. "Mom, I —"

But her words were sharply interrupted. "Catrin, it's time for you to understand that your little tricks are no longer capable of controlling Arwen anymore. If anything, believe that Arwen is your daughter. Nothing can bend her so easily. Not even you."

Before Catrin could say anything, the beep of disconnection came loud, letting her know that the call was hung up already, leaving her with no chance.

Brenda handed the phone back to Margaret. Her chest was heaved and taking the cue, her assistant quickly rushed to bring her the



medicines. "Madam, here. Please have this," she said as she put two tablets in her hand to swallow.

As if it was a habit, Brenda didn't even ask and swallowed it at once with water. And once it was down, her breathing eased and so did her complexion.

When Margaret saw her like that, she also heaved a sigh of relief. Taking away the glass of water from her, she said, "Madam, you need to calm down. Or else your illness will only get further triggered because of it."

Brenda shook her head, shrugging off the seriousness of the matter. "I am fine. The doctor has said as long as I take the medicines, I will be able to survive a few more months and that would be enough." 1

"Madam don't say it like that," Margaret frowned. Although she was just an assistant to the old woman, over the years, accompanying her around, she has started to treat her more like an elder. "You will recover soon and will be able to live not a few months but the years."

Brenda's lips curved in a sad smile as she shook her head. "I don't need to live the years. As long as I complete my responsibility, even dying



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be stuck in this mess —a mess of the responsibility that I no longer feel capable of fulfilling." 1

His fingers trembled slightly as he downed the rest of the whisky in one go, letting the sharp burn sting his throat. He poured himself another glass, setting it on the table for a moment as he leaned his head back against the sofa, eyes closed.

"This is too difficult, Zeke. How did I not see this before?" He paused and a tear, carrying a part of his guilt, slipped out the corner of his eyes trickling, down the side of his face. "Will you blame me if I break the last promise I have given to you?"

He asked but given how hard he had kept his eyes closed, it was clear that he was scared of the answer Zeke's eyes might give him.

Delyth was his precious sister, the only one for whom he cared for in this world. Even when he was dying, he wanted her to be protected and provided for. Then how could he allow him to break the only promise that would keep her secured for a lifetime?

No, Zeke wouldn't allow him to break the promise.



But could he carry forward with it?

Ryan had the answer clear in his head. He opened his eyes, his gaze falling back on Zeke's picture with a resolve clear in them. "Since that's all you asked me for, I won't step back. I will fulfill the promise I gave you Zeke. I will protect Delyth until she needs me. But in the process, I won't let her hurt the only person I have started to care about." 5

His gaze grew firm as he mentioned it as if in his heart he was accepting something he had never dared. "I wouldn't allow her to hurt Arwen anymore. She might be your sister, Zeke because of which I have ignored her little games. But she took my ignorance as permission to hurt Arwen again and again. How could I accept that?"

Ryan reached the glass again, his movements a little aggressive. He took a deep sip, before shaking his head. "No, Zeke. I would no longer allow her that. She has already done enough damage; she has made me almost lose her. I won't allow her to make things worse than it already is." 4

He swallowed the whole, before setting the glass on the table. "I will fulfil the promise I have given to you. But now, on my terms.



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Delyth will be under my protection, but far away from me." 4

As he said that, his gaze remained on Zeke's face as if looking for any hint of his disapproval. But all of it was just in his thoughts. Zeke still looked at him with all smiles, with the same trust with which he has one bestowed the responsibility on him.



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