

Bound by love: Marrying my Disabled Husband

Chapter 1776:

“Flowers? From you? This isn’t like you. What’s the occasion?”

“I didn’t order any flowers,” Jayden remarked.

Elyse’s grin faltered. Driscoll’s expression tightened with unease.

“If not you, then who?” she questioned.

Moving swiftly, Driscoll snatched up the unwelcome bouquet. “I’ll find out, sir.”

Jayden’s gaze lingered on Elyse, amusement flickering in his eyes. “Someone surprises you with a gift, and your first instinct is to ask me about it?”

Elyse tensed up. “Are you seriously questioning my loyalty?”

Jayden scoffed, brushing off her words. “Get rid of them. They’re irritating,” he instructed Driscoll coldly.

Without hesitation, Driscoll carried them away.

Jayden strode upstairs, irritation rolling off him in waves. Elyse followed closely behind.

Once inside, she could feel his frustration filling the space. Desperate to ease the tension, she blurted, “Don’t be upset! I had no idea who sent them. I just assumed they were from you.”

Jayden’s lips curved into a sarcastic smirk. “Seems like whoever it was knows you better than I do. They even picked your favorites.”

Elyse recognized his jealousy, irrational as it was. He was brooding, and she knew how difficult it was to calm him in this mood.

Planting her hands on her hips, she challenged him. “Can you speak to me properly?”

“What’s that supposed to mean? I’m not shouting, am I?” he retorted.

Elyse let out an exasperated chuckle. He was being so childish. Rather than argue, she climbed onto his lap, cradled his face, and bit his lip—teasing yet firm.

Jayden inhaled sharply, lips parting slightly, just enough for her tongue to slip through.

His eyes widened in shock. She was unusually daring tonight. Normally, she shied away when he tried to prolong a kiss.

Since she rarely took the lead, he decided to enjoy it, but then he sensed that something felt off.

He pulled back, noticing her lips slick with moisture. “We’ve done this countless times. You still haven’t mastered it?” he asked, discreetly swiping his lips.

Elyse lifted her chin, defiance gleaming in her eyes. “Excuse me? I happen to be excellent at kissing.”

Jayden chuckled. “You made it feel like you were gnawing on a bone. This is my mouth, not a chew toy.” He ruffled her hair. “Let me demonstrate how it’s really done.” He drew her in, capturing her lips in a deep, lingering kiss.

Elyse melted into it, but she wasn’t about to let him win. Tonight, she was taking control. He’d been insufferable, and she planned to put him in his place. Shoving him back, she pinned him to the mattress.

Jayden blinked up at her before bursting into laughter. “Did you sneak a drink or something? You’re feisty tonight.”

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“Shut up and listen to me!” she demanded, straddling his torso. Meeting his gaze, she declared, “I have no idea who sent those flowers, and you have no right to accuse me. You’re the only one I care about.”

His smirk softened. “That’s all? Anything else you’d like to confess?”

“Anything else?” She lifted a brow. “Instead of blaming me, maybe focus on finding out who actually sent them.” She poked his chest for emphasis. “Got it?”

“Crystal clear. Now tell me, what do you plan to do?”

“What do you mean?” she scoffed.

His hands slid down to grip her waist, fingers teasing. “You’re on top of me now. Shouldn’t you keep going?”

Elyse felt his hands wandering lower, warmth creeping up her neck. “Quit that! I... I don’t want to.”

She tried to pull away, but he wouldn’t let her slip free. With a swift move, he flipped her beneath him and began peeling away her clothes.

Now bare, she buried her face against his chest, heat flooding her cheeks.

“Good girl. I’ll make sure you enjoy every second,” he murmured, voice thick with promise.

His fingers roamed over her skin just as a knock echoed from the door. Elyse tensed, clutching him.

Annoyed at the interruption, Jayden had no intention of stopping. If he ignored it, the visitor would eventually go away.

Elyse, however, was acutely aware of their predicament. Overwhelmed by his touch, she mumbled, “Careful... Someone’s out there. Not so rough!”

Jayden pressed a soft kiss to her jaw. “Relax. These walls are soundproof. No one will hear a thing.”

She slapped a hand over her mouth. “No! Be gentle, or I’ll get mad.”

“Don’t be mad. See? They’ve stopped knocking. They’ve gone,” he whispered, his breath warm against her skin.

Elyse was about to argue that she still sensed someone lingering outside, but Jayden silenced her protests with another deep, possessive kiss.

The next morning, Elyse woke up after eight. She dressed quickly and made her way to the dining room for breakfast. As she entered, she noticed Tracy staring at her with a mischievous glint in her eye. Elyse sobered, suspicion piqued. “Why are you looking at me like that?”

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Tracy's grin widened, her voice dripping with insinuation. "Did you and Jayden have some fun last night?"

Elyse felt her face flush hot as a tomato. "No, no, it's not like that," she stammered. "He and I—we just..."

Tracy laughed and reached out to comfort her. "Alright. Don't be so shy. It's perfectly normal to have sex. I was out of line yesterday, though. Driscoll told me you two had a quarrel, and I was worried sick. Turns out I was fretting over nothing."

"Turns out you were the one knocking on the door," Elyse said weakly. "Good thing it was me! I put two and two together and figured you lovebirds couldn't be in too deep a spat. You scurried off right after."

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Chapter 1778:

Tracy sighed wistfully. "You're lucky, you know, to have found your Mr. Right. When will mine come knocking?"

As if on cue, Shaun appeared in the doorway, clearing his throat to announce his presence.

Tracy shot him a withering look. "If you're not feeling well, go see a doctor. Don't spread it to us!"

Shaun's expression faltered, wounded. "I just wanted to say you could marry me, and I'd make you just as happy."

Tracy retorted fiercely, "Jayden is in a league of his own. You can't hold a candle to him."

Shaun's face contorted with disbelief. "Is Jayden really that great?"

"Yeah," Tracy stated matterofactly. "You're nothing compared to him."

Shaun's expression darkened completely. Him—not as good as Jayden? It was the most ludicrous thing he'd ever heard.

“You can’t just ignore reality because you’re angry with me,” Shaun said seriously.

Tracy arched an eyebrow. “Reality? Do tell.”

Shaun replied, “The fact is that I’m the catch here, not Jayden.” Tracy just scoffed and fell silent, refusing to dignify his words with a response.

Elyse calmly accepted the milk from Driscoll and began her breakfast, reflecting that in some ways Tracy and Shaun made quite the pair. After finishing her meal, she wandered into the living room and found Jayden locked in a tense phone conversation.

“Uncle Jordy is dead? Where’s the body? I’ll head there immediately.” Jayden hung up abruptly, snatched his coat, and stormed for the door.

Elyse hurried after him, concern etched on her face. “Jordy passed away? Where is he? I want to come with you,” she implored.

Jayden’s brow furrowed. “It’s best if you stay here. His death was quite shocking, and I don’t want to expose you to that.”

“What about his wife?” Elyse pressed. “Let me go and offer her some comfort in this difficult time.”

Jayden hesitated, his expression conflicted. “She...”

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“Her husband died,” Elyse interrupted gently. “Hiding it from her won’t change the situation.”

After a moment’s consideration, Jayden relented with a sigh. “All right. But please stay in the car.”

When they arrived at the scene, the area was cordoned off by police tape and officers milled about, conducting their investigation. Brook, looking haggard and worn, was deep in conversation with the authorities. Upon noticing Jayden’s arrival, he excused himself and made his way over.

Jayden’s jaw clenched, his expression grim. “Where is Uncle Jordy?”

Brook gestured toward a dilapidated building in the distance. “Over in that abandoned factory. It’s not the primary crime scene—just where they dumped him. We had people scouring the area for hours yesterday with no luck. A homeless man finally made the grim discovery.”

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Chapter 1779:

He covered his face with trembling hands, his voice raw with emotion. “His death was so sudden, so unexpected. How do I even begin to break the news to Aunt Zoe? She’s been messaging me nonstop, desperate for updates.”

Jayden’s eyes widened. “You haven’t told her yet?”

Brook shook his head miserably. “I can’t find the words. It’s all too much—not only will she have to cope with her husband’s death, but she’ll also have to learn of his infidelity. I fear it will shatter her completely.”

Jayden fell silent, at a loss for how to proceed in such a delicate situation.

They fell silent for a while.

Finally, Elyse spoke up tentatively. “How do you know Corrie is responsible for his death?”

Brook said, “Her car was found at the abandoned factory. The trunk was stained with blood. She must have fled there from the primary crime scene after the murder. The police are investigating that location as we speak.”

Elyse was puzzled. “Wasn’t she in the car?”

Brook shook his head grimly. “No. After disposing of the body, she ditched the car and vanished into thin air.” Then he sighed and added, “To make matters worse, there are no surveillance cameras in the vicinity. We have no way of knowing if she had an accomplice.”

Jayden’s eyes flashed with determination. “In that case, we need to notify her family immediately. If anyone aided and abetted her, it would most likely be her family.”

When the police and Jayden’s group pulled up at the Bates family residence, Bertha and Nicholas were taken aback.

Bertha's face paled with alarm. "Why have you brought officers to our home? What is this about? We haven't done anything wrong!"

Elyse's eyes blazed with fury. "Nothing wrong? Your daughter Corrie is a murderer. Tell us everything you know—now!"

Bertha and Nicholas exchanged stunned, disbelieving looks.

"Corrie killed someone?" Nicholas choked out. "Who?"

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"A member of the Owen family," Elyse answered coldly.

Bertha collapsed into sobs. "What have I done to deserve this? She's ruined us!"

Nicholas, his face dark with fury, clenched his fists. "Where is she? I'll break her legs myself!"

Watching their raw devastation, Elyse hesitated. This wasn't an act. She turned to Jayden, voice low. "Could they really not know where she is?"

"Let the police handle it from here. We're done," Jayden replied.

Back in the car, an uneasy silence stretched between them.

Brook finally spoke. "We've bought ourselves a little time, but we can't dodge what comes next. How do we tell Aunt Zoe without giving her a heart attack?"

Jayden pulled out a cigarette, rolling it between his fingers before placing it between his lips. "Don't overcomplicate it. Just tell her. The longer you wait, the worse it gets."

Brook exhaled sharply. "Easy for you to say. Why don't you do it, then?"

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Chapter 1780:

Jayden shook his head. “Not happening. You know my history with her family isn’t exactly friendly.”

Brook scowled. “So this is my problem?”

Elyse gave his hand a reassuring squeeze. “She asked you to find her husband, which means she trusts you. She deserves to hear the truth from you.”

Sighing, Brook reached for Jayden’s cigarette pack and lit one of his own. After a deep inhale, he squared his shoulders. “Alright. I’ll just go tell her.”

With their course decided, the three of them drove to Zoe’s home.

Zoe, thrilled at Brook’s visit, practically ran out to greet him. But her excitement faded the moment she saw his grim expression. A chill of apprehension settled over her.

“Don’t just stand there. Come in,” she said quickly.

Glancing at Elyse and Jayden, she added, “You’re Jayden’s wife, right? We haven’t had the chance to meet properly. It’s wonderful to finally put a face to the name. You’re stunning. Jayden’s a lucky man.” She linked arms with Elyse, guiding them inside.

The housekeeper soon served drinks and refreshments.

Brook barely touched his drink before setting his glass down. His voice grew heavy. “Aunt Zoe, I found Uncle Jordy. He... he was murdered.”

The words came out hushed, but their weight hit like a hammer.

Zoe’s glass slipped from her hands, shattering on the floor.

Jayden, Elyse, and Brook tensed, their own pulses hammering in the silence.

For a moment, Zoe’s panic was overridden by sheer disbelief. “Murdered? That can’t be. He left just yesterday. He only went to see a friend...”

Her voice faltered, her hand clutching her forehead as her body swayed. Elyse reacted in an instant, catching her before she collapsed. “She’s out cold! Someone get a doctor!”

Jayden and Brook carried Zoe to her bedroom. Her face was ghostly pale, her body limp against the sheets.

Brook sank into a chair beside her, rubbing a hand down his face. “I knew this would break her. She and Uncle Jordy... They were crazy about each other, back when they were younger.”

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Jayden exhaled. “You’d think people would get wiser with time. Instead, they just make some stupid mistakes.”

Brook had no response. The mess with Jordy and Corrie was beyond words.

Not long after, a doctor arrived, and the three of them quietly left the room.

An hour later, the doctor stepped out of the room, his expression serious.

“Don’t put her under any more stress,” he warned in a hushed tone. “She’s in no condition to handle it right now. I’ve given her medication to lower her blood pressure.”

Elyse stiffened. “Does that mean we can’t tell her about Corrie?” she asked, her voice barely above a whisper.

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Message from Noah: Hi dear readers, I hope you enjoyed the chapters! From now on, new chapters will be released every Tuesday and Friday. Also, four new novels will be launched each week. God loves you and Noah wishes you all the best. (̀ ̀ ̀ - ̀ ̀) ✧

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