

Bound by love: Marrying my Disabled Husband

Chapter 1781:

Brook's jaw tightened. "It's not going to be easy. We have to keep the truth about Corrie and Uncle Jordy under wraps—for now."

Jayden nodded. "Exactly. You should go talk to her."

Brook's eyes widened. "Me again?"

Elyse instinctively stepped closer to Jayden, silently making it clear she wasn't volunteering.

Brook sighed, running a hand through his hair before reluctantly heading inside.

Elyse and Jayden remained in the hallway. She glanced up at him, curiosity flickering in her eyes. "Where do you think Corrie could be hiding? She hasn't gone home, she's not with anyone we know, and she doesn't have a car. Where could she possibly be?"

Jayden stroked his chin thoughtfully. "That's the real question, isn't it? Where would she go?"

"She's completely alone," Elyse pointed out. "No car and no friends willing to take her in. Do you think she's sleeping on the streets? Maybe hiding out in the woods somewhere?"

Jayden hesitated. "There is one place she might have gone."

Elyse's eyes lit up with urgency. "Where?"

Jayden shook his head. "It's a long shot—practically wishful thinking. I doubt she'd actually go there."

"Then let's check it out anyway," Elyse insisted.

After a brief pause, Jayden exhaled and nodded. "Alright. Let's go."

Corrie stepped off the bus, empty-handed. Every cent she had was spent on the ticket.

After a long, restless journey, Corrie finally returned to Watscar. The morning sun cast a golden glow through the trees, but its warmth did nothing to ease the cold hollowness inside her.

Pale and exhausted, she set off up the winding road. The tram fare had drained her last coin, so she had walked for hours. At last, she reached her destination—a quiet cemetery. Tears stung her eyes; she brushed them away with trembling fingers and let memory guide her between the gravestones until she stopped before one in particular.

The photograph on the headstone remained untouched by time. A young man's face stared back—handsome, with boyish features that still held the promise of youth. Corrie crouched down and traced the engraved lines of his face with her fingertips.

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“Louis, I came to see you,” she whispered, her voice breaking. Slowly, she sank onto the grass and stared blankly at the sky.

“Louis, I killed someone. An old man. He promised he'd help me secure my engagement to Brook. But yesterday he reneged—and then he called me a whore.” Her voice cracked as the word fell from her lips. “Maybe he wasn't wrong. I let myself be used. I slept with him just to win a marriage. And when I realized how filthy I'd become, I... killed him.”

Corrie pressed her back against the cold stone, as if she could lean on Louis himself. The confession tumbled out in a flood. “Why was I so blind, Louis? You chased after me. You were good to me—you even said you wanted to marry me. And I...” She swallowed hard. “I turned my back on you. I looked down on you. I was such a fool.”

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Chapter 1782:

Her gaze lingered on the photograph as though memorizing every detail. “When you died, I didn't even come. I was with someone else—someone my family needed me to be with. And when Jayden asked why I missed your funeral, I lied and said I had other things to do.”

A choked sob escaped her. “Louis, I regret it. I regret everything.” The dam broke. First silent tears, then trembling sobs, and finally raw, gutwrenching cries.

Clutching her chest as if to hold herself together, she cried out, “Why did you have to die so young? Why didn’t you wait for me? My life is a disaster... so much pain.”

At that moment, Jayden and Elyse passed through the cemetery gates. Elyse’s breath caught. “Is that Corrie?” she whispered. Jayden’s eyes widened. “She’s actually here—at Louis’s grave?” They approached slowly, their hearts heavy with unspoken concern. Corrie, lost in her grief, didn’t notice them. She sat beside the headstone, arms wrapped around it as if it were her only anchor in the world.

By the time the police arrived at the cemetery, Corrie had pulled herself together. Her arrogance was gone, replaced by utter exhaustion.

As the officers led her toward their car, she paused beside Jayden and Elyse. Turning to Jayden, she murmured, “You were right.”

Jayden frowned. “About what?”

Corrie’s voice was hollow. “After Louis’s funeral, we argued. You told me that with him gone, the only person who ever truly loved me was gone as well.”

She hesitated, tears welling in her eyes. “You were right. Louis was the only one who cared, and I realized it too late.”

Jayden remained silent at the mention of Louis’s name.

Corrie exhaled shakily. “But you broke your promise to him. You vowed to look after me for his sake—and you didn’t.”

Jayden’s expression hardened. “You killed my child. How dare you still expect my care?”

Corrie let out a bitter laugh. After a moment, she admitted, “Louis told me that if I ever felt lost, I should come find him. He said he’d always be waiting.”

Her gaze drifted back to the tombstone. “At least he’s still here. That’s enough for me.”

Jayden studied her. “I never expected to see you here. It seems you haven’t forgotten him.”

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Corrie said nothing. She lingered for a moment, then turned away. As she passed Elyse, she whispered, “I’m sorry, Elyse.”

Elyse stiffened, surprised, but didn’t meet her gaze—her emotions were too tangled to express.

When the police car pulled away with Corrie inside, Elyse spoke softly to Jayden. “If possible, find a photo of Louis for her.”

Jayden glanced at her, surprise flickering across his face, then nodded. “I’ll see what I can do.”

Elyse hesitated before asking, “Do you think Louis would be heartbroken to see her like this?”

Jayden exhaled slowly. “I don’t know. But he loved her deeply. If he could see what she’s become, it would devastate him.”

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Chapter 1783:

Elyse said nothing more. She had intended to leave the cemetery, but something stopped her. Her eyes fell on another headstone.

“Here lies the child of Elyse Lloyd and Jayden Owen...” A chill ran down her spine. “Is this...?”

Jayden stood beside her, equally shaken. His voice trembled. “Brook told me he arranged everything. Did he... put up a tombstone for our baby?”

Elyse reached out and traced the inscription with trembling fingers. Tears blurred her vision. “So this is where you rest... I’m sorry I didn’t come sooner. Did you wait for me?”

Jayden’s heart clenched. Neither lingered any longer. They left the cemetery at once and booked the first flight back to Cambape.

As soon as they arrived, they went straight to Brook’s villa.

Brook looked up in surprise. “You here for Corrie? Why are you back so soon? Did you find her?”

Jayden nodded. “We did—but we also discovered something else.”

Brook's brows knitted. "What did you find?"

Jayden's voice was heavy. "Our child's grave."

Brook stiffened, his face paling. "You went to Watscar?"

Elyse stared at him, emotion tangled in her eyes. "Did you arrange that tombstone?"

Brook was silent for a moment, then nodded. "Yes. Grandpa intended for both of you and the baby to die that night. I could only save you—with Corrie taking charge of the child."

Jayden's expression hardened. "Back then, you were completely useless."

Brook didn't argue. He simply bowed his head. "I was. I couldn't protect anyone I cared about."

Elyse wiped her tears. "I understand now. Thank you for finding a resting place for our child."

Brook's lips curved into a faint, bitter smile. "No thanks needed. I failed both of you."

Then, as if shaking off the weight of the conversation, he asked, "Has Corrie been caught? I need to let Aunt Zoe know. I'm heading out now." Without waiting for a response, he turned and left.

Elyse stared at the closed door long after he was gone. "I let that child down."

Jayden's arms closed around her from behind. His voice was gentle. "Don't dwell on the past. We can have more children. Maybe, if fate allows, that child will return to us in another way."

Elyse looked up at him, puzzled. "What are you implying?"

With a rare, playful smile, Jayden swept her into his arms. "We'll never know unless we try. Let's go home and make a baby."

Tracy burst through the door, cradling a bouquet of fresh blooms and flashing a triumphant grin. "Jayden, did you order these?" she chirped.

Jayden arched an eyebrow and shot Elyse a sideways glance. "When would I have squeezed that into my day?"

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Chapter 1784:

Elyse, wide-eyed and equally bewildered, threw her hands up. “More flowers? Seriously? Who is this mysterious sender?”

Tracy’s brow furrowed in confusion. “I was betting on Jayden turning into Mr. Romance, but nope—it’s that mystery admirer pulling the strings again.”

Shaun tugged Tracy aside, muttering, “Zip it, will you? Didn’t you notice the storm brewing on Jayden’s face?”

Tracy peeked back at Jayden, unconvinced. “Nah, he’s not that petty.”

Shaun smirked and rolled his eyes. “You’re clueless about guys, huh?” With a dramatic flourish, he flung the flowers aside and dragged Tracy out to the yard.

Elyse let out an exasperated groan. “Don’t give me that stinkeye. I’m just as lost as you are—I’ve been glued to your side all day. This flower fiasco has me scratching my head too.”

Jayden beckoned Driscoll over, his voice sharp. “Any luck tracking down our phantom florist?”

Driscoll’s expression darkened. “Nope. No name, no note—just a fat stack of cash to cover three months of deliveries, all addressed to Elyse.”

Jayden’s brow shot up. “Three months? So this lovesick nut is planning to keep the flowers coming? Who is this diehard fan—some swooning admirer of yours, Elyse?”

Elyse caught the jealous edge in his voice and sighed, feeling cornered. “I swear, I’m in the dark here. Don’t turn this into a soap opera—I’m not enjoying the drama either.”

Jayden let out a sharp huff and narrowed his eyes at the flowers strewn across the floor as if they’d personally offended him. Irritation simmering, he stormed upstairs, each step echoing his sour mood.

Driscoll offered Elyse a nervous smile. “Maybe he needs some comfort right now?”

Elyse clenched her teeth. “Then quit bringing in these flowers! They’re like gasoline on his mood swings.”

Driscoll jumped on board without missing a beat. “You got it. I’ll make sure those flowers don’t even sniff the doorstep from now on.”

Elyse squared her shoulders. “Fine, I’ll go smooth things over with Mr. Grumpy Pants upstairs.”

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As Elyse climbed the stairs, Tracy peeked from the doorway, curiosity buzzing. “Do you think they’ll actually duke it out?”

Shaun chuckled. “Nah, those two are tighter than a drum. Remember last night? You barged in and almost crashed their lovey-dovey moment.”

Tracy pulled a goofy face, sticking out her tongue. “Yeah, that was totally me dropping the ball—oops!”

Gazing at her adorable face, Shaun stopped in his tracks, a sudden pause hanging in the air before he spoke. “Tracy, do you think there’s still a shot for us?”

Tracy tilted her head, her eyes meeting his earnest stare. “Honestly, I’m not sure where I stand with you anymore. I was head over heels for you once, but after all that went down, I was drowning in anger and bitterness—sometimes I even imagined throttling you. Lately, though, I’ve started letting go.”

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Chapter 1785:

He nodded, his voice steady but soft. “I know I messed up big time. I hurt you, and I own every rotten thing I did. But the truth is, I care about you—more than anything—and I would love for us to try again.”

She gazed at him, her face calm and unreadable. “My heart’s a tangled mess right now. I don’t have any clear answers for you.”

He reached for her hand, shaking his head with quiet desperation. “Don’t brush me off like that. I’m begging you for a chance. I would grovel if I had to—I can’t picture my life without you. No one else could ever take your place.”

A faint, rare smile flickered across her lips. “Oh, come on, don’t kid yourself,” she teased gently. “You’ll fall for someone else someday—just not right this second.”

Shaun frowned, pushing back. “Why would you even want me to move on to someone new?”

Her voice softened. “Because that is how you’ll find real peace. We’ve both got scars from what we went through together. Even if we patched things up, I don’t think we would have the energy left to love each other properly.”

Shaun shook his head again, a tender stubbornness in his eyes. “We could figure it out, you know—take it slow, rebuild what we had, heal side by side.”

Tracy’s smile turned warm, almost wistful. “Shaun, I did love you once, and that is exactly why I want you to be happy. In my mind, you’ll always be that bright...”

“In my mind, you’ll always be that bright, carefree guy from our school days. I just hope you find your own way to something joyful.”

Shaun’s voice grew firm, almost pleading. “You’re my joy. I don’t want anyone else; it’s you or nothing.”

Tracy sighed, her eyes a blend of sadness and gentle frustration. “Why are you so stuck on me? We don’t click like we used to. We’re both wiped out from this emotional rollercoaster.”

Shaun shook his head once more, unwavering. “I’m not wiped out when it comes to you. Being with you is what lights me up inside. I feel that truth deeper than anyone else ever could.”

Tracy had grown weary of the exchange and wished to end it. “Please, Shaun, let’s leave it be,” she murmured, exhaustion edging her voice. “I need to step out for a walk.”

Shaun trailed after her. “I’ll join you.”

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She shook her head gently. “No, I’d prefer some solitude.”

His brow furrowed with concern. “It’s not safe out there. I’ll walk alongside you.”

Tracy’s tone turned crisp with irritation. “I’m staying within the neighborhood, just strolling along the path. I’ll be back shortly.”

Though unease still gnawed at him, Shaun sensed her resolve. She slipped out the door before he could protest further.

Driscoll sidled up to Shaun. “Love’s a merrygoround, isn’t it? You hurt her once, and now the tables have turned. What goes around comes around, I suppose.”

Shaun offered a bittersweet smile. “I brought this on myself. But with her carrying a child, I’m desperate to look after her.”

Driscoll gave Shaun’s shoulder a reassuring pat. “Your moment will come.”

Shaun’s voice wavered. “But what can I do? She won’t even let me near her.”

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