

## Chapter 3 He Could Walk Fluidly

Looking at Jayden's legs, Elyse felt a wave of sympathy for him. Jayden had once been at the pinnacle of success, and now he seemed so vulnerable. Just because he was disabled, his bride had callously abandoned him at the altar, showing him no respect whatsoever. He must have felt even more devastated than she did during the wedding.

Approaching Jayden, Elyse took his hand and said earnestly, "Don't worry. We are husband and wife now. I will take care of you for the rest of our lives."

Jayden's expression turned rigid. Could she really mean it, promising to take care of him for a lifetime? He doubted her sincerity, thinking she was just putting on an act of compassion.

Without a word, Jayden maneuvered his wheelchair into the study on the first floor.

"I'm sorry," Driscoll said apologetically. "Since his accident, he's been a bit more temperamental."

"It's fine. I understand," Elyse replied, dismissing it with a wave of her hand. Anyone in his situation might change.

She then followed Driscoll upstairs to a room on the second floor.

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"Sir."

In the study stood a bald man named Vinny Bailey, clad in a tight black shirt that accentuated his prominent tendons.

Respectfully, Vinny ignited a lighter and lit a cigar for Jayden.

"Joanna has gone abroad. The Foster family is desperately trying to come up with a solution."

"They've taken thirty million and five major projects from me. Is this their way of repaying me?"

Jayden let out a puff of smoke and remarked casually, "If I don't teach them a lesson, others will see me as a pushover. The Fosters need to learn a few things."

"Do you want us to bring Joanna back?" Vinny inquired, nodding. "And as for your new wife, should we make some introductions with our men?"

"No need."

Jayden, cigar clenched between his teeth, lifted a document from the desk and strolled over to the window.

The wheelchair was tucked away in a corner of the room, ignored, as he moved fluidly across the floor.

This document detailed Elyse's entire life, from her childhood through to her college life, even including her romance with Theo.

He casually flipped through the pages and drawled, "An ordinary woman. She married me just for my money."

Back then, the Owens had declared their search for a wife for Jayden, aiming simply to secure an heir.

Upon the announcement, no wealthy family was eager to marry their daughter to him, except for the Fosters, who had enriched themselves through their daughters' marriage.

The Fosters' motive was straightforward—to exchange their daughter for resources and money.

Vinny saw no other reason for Elyse to marry Jayden but for financial gain.



Yet, there was another twist. "She was originally going to marry Theo Ward."

"Ward? The Ward family that's well-known?" Jayden lifted an eyebrow.

"Yes. But apparently, the groom ran off to reunite with his ex-girlfriend after receiving a phone call."

Vinny paused, then speculated, "Maybe she married you just to spite Theo Ward."

Jayden ceased perusing the documents and glanced up at Vinny with a hint of annoyance. "You're looking at it too simplistically. By marrying me, she stands to gain more. That's the real reason she married me, despite my disability."

In Jayden's eyes, Elyse hadn't yet revealed her true intentions. But he didn't mind her interest in his money.

He needed a wife to appease his family. If she married him for gain, it would make a future divorce simpler for him.

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Perched on the edge of the bed, Elysee scrolled through her phone and noticed the trending topics.

#BridegroomRanAwayForHisEx

#BrideMarriesStrangerToAngerHerRanawayGroom

She casually scrolled through the comments. The public deemed the entire situation unbelievable and both parties' actions as unreasonable. Nevertheless, discussions had thrust Elyse's name into circulation because of it.

Some even discovered she was a violinist in an orchestra and stumbled upon a video of her past performance.

Unable to resist, Elyse was watching these videos when Theo called. "Where are you, Elyse? Let's meet and talk."