

## Bound love 321

Chapter 321:

The moment Mabel yelled out, she felt a sharp kick in her back. She tumbled from her wheelchair and lay still on the ground. Tobin withdrew his leg slowly and moved Jayden in front of the frightened Glenda and Lanny, who both bowed their heads and shivered, unable to look up.

“Does my presence upset you? What explains your expressions? Have I done something terrible enough to frighten you?” Jayden inquired with a deceptive smile.

Immediately, Lanny mustered a feeble smile and replied, “No, we are not upset. It’s just that your actions are baffling.”

Jayden’s voice grew stern. “Isn’t losing Elyse akin to losing a member of the family?” Fear gripped Lanny and Glenda so tightly that they barely dared to breathe too loudly.

Jayden eyed the excavators as they dismantled the house. “With Elyse gone, can this place still be called home? There is no reason to keep it standing. Why not tear it down?”

At this, Lanny’s fear escalated to a cry. Jayden seemed utterly deranged. While Glenda was anxious to see how Mabel was, Jayden blocked her way, preventing her from moving.

Jayden fixed his gaze on Glenda, who attempted a strained smile. “Do you believe maternal love is the strongest form of love?” he asked. “Perhaps it is,” Glenda replied cautiously.

With a clap of his hands, Jayden summoned three bodyguards from the shadows. Two of them supported an unconscious Mabel. “So, can you demonstrate just how far a mother will go for her daughter?” At his signal, the third bodyguard struck Mabel forcefully. She awoke in agony, realizing she was in a dire situation. Crying out, she pleaded, “Dad, Mom, help me! It hurts! It’s killing me!”

Pain racked her legs and body as the bodyguard delivered the blow with full force. Soon she was spitting blood that stained the ground. Lanny and Glenda stood in shock.

“A devil, Jayden was a horrible devil.” Lanny could no longer contain himself. He dropped to his knees and cried out, “Mr. Owen, stop this! I’ll confess everything! Please, just stop! You’re killing my daughter!”

“Go ahead,” Jayden said coldly, his face devoid of any emotion. Lanny, stuttering, disclosed everything. Jayden’s fury escalated upon learning that Elyse was still captive with the kidnappers. A few seconds later, he took a deep breath and issued a command to the bodyguards. “Teach her a lesson.” With that, he left with Tobin. The bodyguard, understanding Jayden’s intent, immediately delivered a final punch to Mabel. She felt her ribs crack, and before she could scream, blood spewed from her mouth, and she passed out.

When the bodyguards released her, Mabel fell to the ground listlessly, her breathing faint. Once they had gone, Glenda could no longer contain herself, crying, “My poor girl, Jayden is a monster! I won’t let him get away with this!” Lanny also drained, slumped to the ground, gasping for air.

“Jayden was horrible. Only a man with blood on his hands could emit such a sinister presence. He was no kindhearted soul. He was like a murderous devil returned from hell, filled with deadly intent.” Lanny sat hunched on the ground for a long time. When he finally gathered himself, he noticed he was drenched in cold sweat. Looking up, he saw the excavators still at work, realizing Jayden was unleashing his fury because he and Glenda had failed to rescue Elyse.

After receiving the latest updates, Jayden rose from his wheelchair and ascended to the top floor of the Bayzee Group building, preparing to board a helicopter to attempt a rescue of Elyse. Upon reaching Templefail Harbor, they discovered it deserted, with only litter indicating someone had been there. Tobin approached and said, “I’ve dispatched someone to review the highway surveillance footage. We should hear something soon.”

Jayden gazed at the restless water of the dock and mused, “They might not have taken the highway. They could have left by ship.” “By ship?” Tobin echoed, surprised. “Marsey Island lies in the open sea. It’s only accessible by ship.” After a moment’s thought, Jayden instructed, “Check the cruise records from the past few days. Make sure no internal cruises slip by.” Tobin nodded and promptly set off to follow the order.

Two days later, Elyse was in a cruise cabin, clutching a trash can and vomiting repeatedly. A man sat nearby, idly spinning a glass of whiskey in his hand, his expression icy. “I came here to have a drink with you, but you keep vomiting. How am I supposed to enjoy my drink?”

Elyse, weakened from the relentless nausea, realized from her first time at sea that she had seasickness. She wiped her mouth with a tissue and replied weakly, "I didn't ask you to come here. If you want to drink, go back to your room."

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With a shrug, the man lifted his glass for a sip of whiskey. Then, a thought struck him, and he remarked, "I'm Baxter Cutter. Just call me Cutter, like everyone else does."

Elyse couldn't stop herself from throwing up once more. "You really know how to kill the mood," Baxter commented, his distaste evident. He took another sip of wine and asked, "Isn't it sad? You were almost free, yet here you are stuck with me on this boat. Don't you worry you might never see home again?"

Patting her chest, Elyse scoffed, "Almost free? You've had your eye on kidnapping me right from the start. Even during the so-called rescue, you knew I wouldn't be ransomed, didn't you? This was all part of your plan."

A spark of amusement lit Baxter's eyes as he looked at her playfully and inquired, "Oh, so you figured out early on that we had no intention of letting you go?"

Sarcasm twinkled in Elyse's gaze as she countered, "While I'm still puzzled why you also had to abduct Mabel, it's clear you all came out ahead. Didn't you also con five million dollars from her?"

Baxter wagged his finger and corrected her, "You've got it wrong. That five million wasn't conned; it was a commission for a job she hired us to do."

"Commission?" Elyse's demeanor shifted to one of seriousness, her voice tinged with a growing tension. "Who exactly are you guys?"

Observing Elyse's facade of calm crumble, Baxter chuckled joyously and lifted his glass for another sip. "You don't need to know who we are just yet. When we reach our destination, you'll find out exactly where your new home will be."

Baxter refilled his glass and raised it in a mock toast to Elyse. "Welcome to hell, Ms. Lloyd."

Elyse's eyes widened in fear, and she bit her lip so hard she didn't even notice when it started bleeding. Perhaps it was the sheer terror that made her unaware of the pain.

Baxter still intended to converse with Elyse, but a commotion at the door interrupted him. His face tensed slightly. Setting his glass down, he walked towards the door.

Elyse recoiled, too frightened to even glance towards the disturbance.

When Baxter opened the door, he was greeted by the sight of his own men sprawled across the floor while several stern-looking bodyguards glared at him.

His eyelids twitched. It was a clear sign of alarm. Baxter, accustomed to constant threats, immediately understood that these newcomers were here for him as well as for Elyse.

"Hey guys, why don't we sit down and talk this out? There's no problem that can't be resolved, right?" Baxter suggested.

"Oh? What exactly do you want to discuss? Are you going to tell me about how you kidnapped my wife? How you plan to take her to the infamous Marsey Island to auction her off to your pervert clients?" Jayden had a smile on his face, an unsettling mix of gentleness and menace.

Baxter was familiar with Jayden, having investigated him prior to their meeting. Jayden, now disabled, had lost the use of his legs. "How did a disabled man manage to find him?" Baxter wondered, his expression turning grim. They had been so discreet that even the police had failed to locate them. How had Jayden succeeded?

Lost in his thoughts, Baxter underestimated Jayden, unaware of the danger Jayden currently posed. "Looking for your wife? I know where she is. Let me show you."

Outnumbered, Baxter was forced on the defensive. He opened the door, gently lifted Elyse, and carried her outside. "Mr. Owen, here is your wife. She's unharmed. I've treated her well," Baxter declared, while a sinister smile crept across his face as he pressed a dagger to Elyse's chin.

Chapter 323:

When Elyse opened her eyes and saw the anxious look on Jayden's face, she paused in surprise, and then her expression brightened. "Jayden," she said softly.

After that, she bit her lip, trying to smile at Jayden, but tears welled in her eyes. Jayden had kept many secrets from her, yet she instinctively felt there was nothing he couldn't handle. She was certain if she could just keep it together and not let fear overwhelm her, she'd surely make it out okay. Maybe it was because she'd been suppressed for too long, dreading potential torture from the kidnappers if they saw through her. Right now, a flood of negative emotions overwhelmed her heart.

"You're finally here. Do you know that I..." She was sobbing uncontrollably by then.

Jayden's throat felt dry. Struggling to control his surging emotions, he said slowly, "Sorry I'm late."

Elyse alternated between crying and laughing, tears rolling down her cheeks. "It's so touching. I can hardly bear to tear you two apart," Baxter spoke, stepping back but still holding Elyse hostage.

Baxter hadn't noticed Jayden's arrival previously and wondered if his men on the cruise ship were now under Jayden's control. If he were the only one left, he wouldn't release Elyse. Even in death, he'd take her with him.

Elyse had to go with Baxter, but she kept her eyes locked on Jayden. She couldn't get enough of looking at him. She genuinely cared for him and wanted to be by his side. She felt she had overreacted during their last encounters, losing her temper and not spending quality time with him. She wished she had been more honest and had talked to Jayden earlier. Jayden once told her she was spoiled by himself and was defiant. She now believed he was right. In her eyes, Jayden was the best thing in her life. He had given her a home. But now she was stuck here, unable to go home.

Elyse could tell what Baxter was thinking. He clung to her as if holding on for dear life. Who could willingly let go of their last lifeline?

Baxter continued to retreat until he reached the end of the corridor. He then opened a door and took Elyse into the elevator. Baxter intended to rally his subordinates, but he found the ship eerily deserted. Just an hour earlier, as the cruise began, it had been bustling with people. But now it was terribly quiet. Eventually, he switched to another elevator and descended to the bottom of the cruise ship.

Elyse was weak and hadn't eaten properly in days, which had drained her energy and strength to critical levels. As they exited the elevator, Elyse collapsed to the floor.

“Useless woman!” Baxter exclaimed.

Now alone and desperate, Baxter couldn’t afford to leave Elyse behind, so he dragged her along. He aimed to unlock the gate below. Even if his mission flopped, he wouldn’t allow this group to escape unscathed. Even if it cost him his life, he wished for everyone to perish together.

Suddenly, a man quickly approached from behind and reached out to grab the unconscious Elyse. Baxter spun around, his face registering shock.

“Jayden? You’re not disabled,” Baxter remarked.

Jayden shrugged off his coat, revealing a white shirt stretched over tight muscles. He flexed his wrists and flashed a menacing smile. “What? Can’t I use stealth and disguise?”

Baxter was surprised. With his attention diverted, Jayden grabbed Elyse and made a quick getaway.

Jayden quickly checked her breathing, relieved to find her still alive. He then addressed Baxter, “Do you really think you can escape?”

Baxter smirked and replied, “I won’t know unless I try.”

The two men looked at each other before lunging into a simultaneous attack.

When Elyse heard Jayden’s voice, her eyebrows twitched. She struggled to open her eyes and glimpse a man resembling Jayden fighting. She tried to open her eyes wide, hoping to confirm if the man was Jayden, but then she passed out again due to a lack of strength. If it turned out to be Jayden, that would be fantastic. This was the last thought before she fainted.

Chapter 324:

Jayden and Baxter were locked in a standoff, exchanging blows and eyeing each other with killing intent, each determined to overpower the other. After several minutes of this tense fight, Baxter grew impatient. As he moved close to Jayden, he swiftly took out a sharp knife from his sleeve. Gripping it with both hands, he lunged at Jayden fiercely.

“Jayden, go to hell!” Baxter yelled.

With his senses heightened, Jayden felt the dangerous shift in the atmosphere behind him. He quickly ducked and countered with a powerful punch to Baxter’s abdomen. The force sent Baxter reeling backward into the air, and he landed with a loud groan as he spit out blood. Jayden then tackled Baxter to the ground. The knife Baxter held clattered onto the floor with a sharp echo.

“You... you’re supposed to be disabled! How dare you hit me!” Baxter exclaimed, his eyes reflecting his regret for underestimating Jayden.

Baxter hadn’t taken Jayden seriously at all, so he didn’t bring many people with him. He never believed that Jayden could actually rescue Elyse from him. Jayden picked up the fallen knife, toyed with it, and asked nonchalantly, “So being a cripple means I can’t hit you?”

Attempting to get up, Baxter was quickly subdued by Jayden’s foot, sending him crashing back down. Jayden pressed down harder, and Baxter cried out in agony, coughing up more blood. With bloodshot eyes, Baxter seemed to resign himself to his fate. He had lost to Jayden, and he knew his life would be over. Baxter burst into laughter, with blood all over his face. He laughed enough and then said loudly, “You win! I concede. The mission has failed. But do you really think you can get your wife out of here safely?”

With a smirk, Baxter took out a small remote control from his pocket and flaunted it before pressing a button, all under Jayden’s shocked gaze. Laughing crazily, Baxter taunted, “It all depends on how fast you are. Let’s see if you can escape with your wife.”

Listening intently, Jayden heard the faint sound of water. They were at the bottom of the cruise ship, near a gate. Baxter had blown the gate open.

Jayden’s expression turned cold. He stopped playing with the knife, swiftly sliced Baxter’s throat, and left him lifeless on the floor. Dropping the knife, Jayden hurried to where Elyse was. He scooped her up in his arms and went straight to the elevator. The power failed, rendering the elevator unusable. Jayden frowned. The seawater was flooding in faster than he expected. He glanced down at the unconscious Elyse, saying in a resolute yet gentle voice, “I will get us out of here.” After planting a soft kiss on her forehead, he hastened towards the escape route. The sound of water grew louder. Jayden knew he couldn’t afford to slow down; any delay could mean death for both him and Elyse.

Meanwhile, on the deck, the people on the cruise ship sensed trouble. Tobin was urgently called to the control room by the crew. The ship's captain approached Tobin with a grave expression and said, "The ship's hull has been compromised, and seawater is flooding in at an unimaginable speed. For everyone's safety, I must seal off the fifth sublevel deck to contain the water." Tobin reacted with dismay, saying, "We can't seal them off yet. My boss and his wife are still below; they'll be trapped." The captain shook his head and responded, "I understand your concern, but I can't jeopardize the lives of everyone on board." Desperate, Tobin pleaded, "Can't you wait just a little longer?" The captain paused before replying, "I can hold off for thirty seconds. After that, I must activate the blockades, or all of us will die here at sea." Tobin was at a loss for words. He pulled out his phone to check the time. Each second ticked by slowly. If Jayden didn't return in the next thirty seconds, could it mean that... Tobin couldn't bear to complete the thought. He instructed everyone to wait at the deck entrance, ready to assist Jayden the moment he appeared.

But when the thirty seconds passed without a sign of Jayden, Tobin collapsed to the floor in despair. Jayden died just like that. After ensuring the ship's safety, the captain let out a sigh of relief. He then approached Tobin, placing a comforting hand on his shoulder. "Don't be sad. Sometimes fate is inescapable." Tobin, still in shock, muttered, "Mr. Owen is dead. Who will lead the Bayzee Group now?" "What? Now you're wondering who will take over my company? That's quite bold of you," Tobin turned around at the sound of Jayden's voice, only to see Jayden, bloodied and battered, stepping towards him with Elyse cradled in his arms.

## Chapter 325:

Tobin nearly burst into tears of joy. "You're alive!" But his relief quickly turned into worry when he saw that Jayden was still bleeding profusely. Without a moment to lose, he immediately called the medical staff over.

"Sir, what on earth happened? How'd you get all these injuries?" Tobin asked in confusion.

Jayden didn't calm down until he had safely handed Elyse over to two nurses. Then his adrenaline died down, and he slumped to the floor in exhaustion. Too tired to explain everything, he spoke in broken sentences, saying, "They were killing people. Our men died. I had to fight them. Then I ran to another exit."

"I see," Tobin bit his lip, trying to suppress the panic welling up in his chest. "This ship is about to turn back, but its bottom is damaged, so the journey will take longer than expected."

Jayden waited until the medical staff was done bandaging his wounds before responding. "Prepare a helicopter," he ordered decisively. "I have to take Elyse back as soon as possible."



Tobin nodded. "I'll get the chopper ready now."

As soon as Tobin left, Jayden hurried inside, anxious to see how Elyse was doing. In the room, a nurse was standing guard by Elyse's bed.

"Is she okay?" he asked worriedly.

"Her blood sugar level is low, and she's extremely weak," the nurse reported. "And it's clear that she's about to have a fever. Although we've given her antipyretics to prevent the fever, it'd be best for her to be taken to a hospital."

"I see," Jayden mulled over what she said and then asked the nurse for some privacy. The nurse wisely left the room, leaving space for Jayden and Elyse.

Jayden walked over to the bedside and took a seat, gently holding Elyse's hand against his chin. Elyse seemed to have felt his touch as her eyelids fluttered slightly. When she opened her eyes, she met Jayden's concerned gaze.

She managed to squeeze out a smile and say, "Looks like I'm safe, at least for now."

Jayden pursed his lips in dissatisfaction. "I'm here, aren't I? What makes you think you aren't safe?"

Elyse chuckled and didn't say anything for a while. Then in a low voice, she whispered, "I had a dream that you came to my rescue and that you and Baxter fought. Who won?"

Jayden fell silent for a few seconds before asking gruffly, "Didn't your dream show you who won?"

"I don't remember," Elyse shook her head. "But since I'm safe now, I suppose you're the one who won the fight."

After saying that, she paused, a smile in her eyes. "Speaking of which, you looked so handsome in my dream. You scooped me into your arms like a knight in shining armor and ran so fast that I could feel the wind blowing against my face."

Elyse looked at Jayden dotingly, her eyes filled with affection. “How wonderful it would be if it wasn’t just a dream. You’d finally be able to stand up.”

Jayden’s heart tightened in his chest. He had thought that Elyse was unconscious, but it turned out that she had witnessed everything. However, she thought that what she saw was just a dream. In the end, Jayden decided to change the subject.

“Do you look down on me because I’m a cripple?” Jayden asked.

Elyse’s eyes widened anxiously. “No, that’s not what I meant.” She was so emotionally worked up that she started to cough violently.

Jayden gently patted her back and said in a soothing tone, “I know, I know. Get some sleep. We’ll be home in no time.”

Elyse struggled to keep her droopy eyes open and swatted Jayden’s hand away. “No, I don’t want to sleep. I’m afraid that if I sleep, you’ll disappear, and I’ll be all alone again.”

“That’s not going to happen,” Jayden promised. “You can rest easy now. I took care of everything.”

No matter how hard she tried to stay awake, the exhausted Elyse soon fell into a deep slumber. Not long after she drifted off, Tobin came over and said, “The chopper’s ready.”

Jayden carefully scooped Elyse into his arms and carried her to the helipad. The helicopter swiftly flew over the seas, returning them to the city. Peyton, having received their message, had been waiting for them anxiously. Upon Elyse’s arrival, he promptly organized the staff to prepare for a comprehensive medical checkup for her.

An hour later, Elyse was taken to a VIP ward. Peyton took off his medical mask and explained to Jayden, “Don’t worry, I’ve given her some meds. Her fever will be brought down soon, likely by tomorrow. She’ll need some time to recuperate, though.”

Jayden nodded silently, deep in thought. Peyton couldn’t help but ask, “What’s on your mind? I just told you that your wife’s going to be fine.”

Jayden shot Peyton an ice-cold glance, which was enough to shut the latter up. Eyes filled with disgust, Jayden muttered unhappily, “I’m just surprised that someone as ordinary as Kaelyn has something to do with the people of Marsey Island.”

Peyton shrugged and said, “It’s not that strange. I mean, you’re a perfectly healthy guy who’s pretending to be a cripple, right? I’m just saying everyone has their secrets.”

Jayden was speechless. A thought suddenly occurred to Peyton, and he grinned at Jayden knowingly. “Speaking of which, where’s your wheelchair? Aren’t you worried you’ll run into someone you know?”

“I’ve already asked Driscoll to send it here. He should be here soon.”

## Chapter 326:

Peyton was keen to continue the conversation, but he received a notification that Elyse’s report was ready. He excused himself to go read it.

Meanwhile, Jayden stood on the staircase of the inpatient wing, finishing a cigarette. Driscoll called to inform him that he had arrived at the hospital and would soon deliver the wheelchair. Jayden nodded, preparing to head back to the ward to meet him. As he walked through the corridor, he suddenly felt an eerie sensation. He glanced back but saw no one there. Frowning, he wondered if it was just his imagination making him feel like someone was watching him. He quickly made his way to the ward, not wanting to linger.

Unbeknownst to him, Corrie emerged from an empty ward after he had passed. She stood there visibly shaken. The sight of Jayden walking puzzled her—wasn’t he supposed to be disabled? She questioned whether the man she saw was even him. Just as she was about to investigate further, Driscoll appeared, maneuvering a wheelchair past the ward where she stood and into Jayden’s. His actions seemed intentional, heightening her suspicion that Jayden might have been feigning his disability.

Stunned, she was slow to regain her composure, realizing she had stumbled upon a shocking secret that, if revealed, could put her life at risk. She paced back and forth in the ward before finally calming herself. She picked up the bouquet and fruit she had prepared and headed to the end of the corridor.

Entering the room, she greeted Brook softly. “How are you doing? Feeling better?”

With a bandage wrapped around his forehead, Brook looked visibly annoyed. He eyed the gifts and remarked with dissatisfaction, “Is this all you brought for your visit? Do you think I’m a beggar?”

Corrie kept her smile. “You’re a patient, so I brought what seemed appropriate. What would you like to eat? We can head to a restaurant once you’re feeling up to it.”

She placed the bouquet and fruit on the bedside table, pulled up a chair, and sat beside his bed. Curiously, she inquired, “How did you end up falling down the stairs? What happened?”

Her question triggered Brook’s anger again. He had been overwhelmed with work, staying late for several nights and relying on coffee to stay alert.

That afternoon, carrying files to a meeting, he encountered Debora. They had clashed at work recently, leading to an argument. Debora, quick to anger, had tried to strike him. In the midst of defending himself, Brook, who was also suffering from hypoglycemia at the time, lost his balance when Debora pushed him, sending him tumbling down the stairs.

Brook slammed his hand on the bed, his voice resolute. “I won’t let her off easily when I get back to the company.”

Corrie waited, hoping he would continue, but Brook seemed reluctant to divulge more details. She chose not to press further, her mind still partially occupied with doubts about whether Jayden had been pretending to be disabled.

“By the way, come watch over me tonight. I’ll be here for two more days, and no one’s here to take care of me,” Brook stated, assuming her compliance.

Corrie’s smile faltered. “I can’t stay overnight. I have work obligations.”

“What is so important that you need to do?” Brook frowned. “Still busy with your jewelry design? You know, after we’re married, you won’t need money. You don’t have to run your own studio; it’s too exhausting. Just take care of me, and you’ll have everything.”

Corrie felt a wave of annoyance. Brook was not only incompetent and bad-tempered but also arrogant. He seemed to think that being born into the Owen family made him royalty. Despite her irritation, she kept her expression neutral. Marrying Brook would indeed bring many benefits to her family, and she would share in those, so she continued to play her part.

Pretending to be engrossed in her phone, she sent out a few messages. After a short while, she stood up. "I have something urgent to attend to. Take care of yourself," she said briskly.

Brook's frown deepened. "Did I give you permission to leave? Come back here, now!"

Corrie rolled her eyes, her patience wearing thin. If Brook wanted someone to take care of him, he should call for a caregiver or a maid. She was not going to fill that role. As she left the ward and was about to exit the inpatient wing, a thought struck her, and she turned towards Jayden's ward instead. Curiosity piqued, she wondered how Jayden would react if she confronted him about seeing him walk.

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Peyton cut Corrie short before she could act on her idea. Surprise flickered across Peyton's face as he straightened. "Corrie, what are you doing here? You sick too?"

Corrie met his gaze, recognizing Jayden's best friend. Did Peyton know about Jayden's little charade?

"I'm here to see Brook," Corrie explained cautiously. "He's in for a mild concussion. Just a friendly visit."

Surprise morphed into confusion on Peyton's face. "Brook Owen? Here? I had no idea."

"Yeah, just arrived this afternoon. No wonder you missed it," Corrie replied.

Peyton's eyes narrowed. "Where are you headed now?"

"Home," Corrie's courage to sound Jayden out waned, and she decided to talk to him another day.

Peyton nodded curtly. "Alright. Take care."

With a grateful smile, Corrie hurried towards the elevator, feeling Peyton's watchful gaze on her back.

Satisfied that Corrie had left, Peyton slipped back into Elyse's ward. "Jayden, be cautious. Brook Owen is also hospitalized, even on the same floor. I just saw Corrie Bates visiting him," Peyton promptly shared the information upon entering the room.

Jayden's eyebrows shot up. "Brook? What happened?"

"No clue," Peyton admitted. "Corrie filled me in."

He pulled out the report. "Good news though. Elyse's fine. Once her fever breaks, she's free to go. But rest is crucial. No work for a while; she's too fragile."

Jayden took the report, scanning it quickly. "Work isn't an option anyway," he stated.

Peyton raised an eyebrow. "What do you mean?"

Jayden remained silent, his gaze fixed on Elyse's peaceful sleeping face.

Driscoll grinned, popping open a lunchbox. "Dr. Ellis, care to join me? I brought a variety of delicious dishes. Dig in."

Peyton cleared his throat. "Actually, it's my break. Doing some overtime for Elyse. So yeah, definitely count me in."

Peyton suspected Jayden planned to hoard the food for Elyse only, so he subtly hinted at sharing.

Jayden rolled his eyes at his words. Elyse wouldn't be awake for a while anyway; he'd make her a proper meal then.

The first light of dawn peeked through the window, rousing Elyse from sleep. She rubbed her blurry eyes and sat up, a jolt of fear shooting through her as she took in the sterile surroundings. Disoriented, she realized she was in a hospital ward.

Remembering the accident, relief washed over her. Safe and sound and back with Jayden. Her eyes searched frantically for him.

“Jayden? Are you there?” she called out hesitantly.

“Morning,” Jayden’s voice came from the balcony. Striding towards her, he inquired with concern, “Feeling okay?”

“Fine,” she replied, a small smile gracing her lips. “Just want a shower.”

Jayden leaned in close, his face breaking into a mischievous grin. “Uh oh, someone smells a bit fishy. Like salted fish actually.”

Elyse’s cheeks burned crimson as she self-consciously sniffed herself. “Salted fish? Really?”

Jayden chuckled. “Definitely. So, shower time it is. Come here, I’ll carry you.”

Elyse, still flustered, found herself swept into his arms. They reached the bathroom door.

“Wait a minute,” she protested, a spark of resistance flickering to life. “There’s no need for you to —”

Elyse finally shook off the haze and realized Jayden’s intentions. Determined, she pushed against his chest. “I can do it. Thank you, but I don’t need help.”

Chapter 328:

Jayden would not let Elyse off the hook so easily. He wrapped his arm around her slender waist and caressed her right breast. Elyse exclaimed under his touch, her voice turning Jayden on. He turned her face towards him and began kissing her deeply, tasting her sweetness.

Elyse felt discomfort as Jayden's hands explored her body. She struggled to breathe and felt dizzy. It seemed she was under Jayden's control once again.

"Stop! I can't breathe," Elyse complained.

After kissing for a long while, Jayden finally eased his hold. Looking at a panting Elyse, a wicked thought crossed his mind.

"Let's go. I'll take you for a bath," Jayden maneuvered the wheelchair and guided her into the bathroom. There, fresh clothes were laid out. Anticipating that Elyse might want to take a shower after waking up, Driscoll had thoughtfully placed clean clothes in the bathroom.

Feeling a bit embarrassed, Elyse protested, "I'm not a child. I don't need help showering."

Hearing her protest, Jayden chuckled and teased, "Do you really think we're just going to take a shower? Open your legs, honey. I'll help you clean up afterward."

Elyse's expression hardened. She pinched Jayden's thigh sharply and accused, "You're such a beast. I'm still recovering, and you're already thinking about sex." Jayden hadn't expected her strong reaction. He clenched his teeth, hiding his pain. Her resistance also fueled his insistence. He couldn't hold back any longer.

Elyse tried to escape, but Jayden quickly pulled her back onto his lap. The moment she sat down, she felt his arousal. Desperately, she struggled, exclaiming, "You pig! Who does this first thing in the morning?"

Despite her efforts to resist, Jayden smoothly removed her pants and tore her delicate panties. Startled, Elyse involuntarily glanced down and noticed Jayden's muscular arms radiating a strong masculine presence.

"You— you," she stuttered, her voice tinged with fear.

Jayden flashed a smile, softly caressed her cheek, and said, "I intended to be gentle with you, to make you comfortable before we start. But given your defiant words now, I've changed my mind."



Elyse was nervous and stiff all over. Ignoring her discomfort, Jayden forcefully spread her legs and pressed her down. But he failed to get in for a moment.

“Stop! It hurts,” Elyse protested, still trying to escape.

Jayden didn’t expect it to be so difficult to get in directly. But he refused to let go of her. He then focused on her most sensitive area, rubbing and pinching it until she let out a scream.

Jayden noticed she was wet and thrust his penis in slowly. “It’s too big! Get it out! I don’t want this,” Elyse pleaded, sounding upset.

Jayden’s frustration peaked at her plea, and he pushed harder, his thing fully inside her, reaching deeply. She had never endured such an encounter, and her scream of pain echoed around them, her body shaking violently.

She thought she would die of pain. But somehow, she gradually felt inexplicably satisfied.

“Please be quicker, this is so uncomfortable,” she said, her face red, and voice filled with anguish.

Chapter 329:

Elyse looked at Jayden shyly. Under his meaningful gaze, her cheeks gradually turned a bright shade of pink. Jayden chuckled gently, touching her head. “If you want it badly, you can get it yourself.”

Elyse’s face reddened like a ripe apple. She clenched her teeth and said, “You’re going too far.”

Leaning against the wall for support, Elyse attempted to rise, only to be pushed back by Jayden’s firm grip. Pressure mounted in her core, eliciting involuntary shudders of pleasure and a rush of fluid.

Consumed by desire, Jayden held her close, continuing his relentless advance. Each thrust left her reeling, teetering on the edge of ecstasy. Tears welled in her eyes as she pleaded, “Stop! I can’t take it anymore. Let me go.”

A glint of fury flashed in Jayden's eyes. Clutching Elyse tighter, he uttered a chilling ultimatum. "You still haven't learned. Disappear on me again, and I'll ensure you never leave my sight."

With one hand free, he silenced her protests by pressing his fingers into her vagina. Helpless, Elyse could only muster a whimper.

An hour later, Elyse, wrapped in a towel, found solace in Jayden's embrace as they emerged from the bathroom. Ultimately, it was Jayden who tended to her, recognizing her weakened state.

"Elyse thirsted for water, but her fingers trembled with weakness. "Water," she murmured, her voice a mere whisper of its usual strength.

Jayden, wiping droplets from her skin, noticed her discomfort. Handing her a glass, he chided gently, "Easy there, no need to scream. We're making love, not brawling."

As she took a sip, Elyse recoiled, fury flashing in her eyes. "This is because you were too rough. You... you came inside me. What if I'm pregnant?"

The reality of his actions hit her hard as she felt him thrust deep within her, his release flooding her womb. In the past, Jayden had been spontaneous in his desires, but today felt different, more intense.

After a drink, Elyse handed him the glass, wrapping herself tightly in a blanket. "What if I'm pregnant?" she asked, her voice tinged with anxiety.

Jayden's silence unsettled her, prompting her to press for an answer. "Why won't you speak?"

His expression darkened as he gazed at her belly, finally placing his hand upon it. "It's not the right time for a child. If you're pregnant, abortion might be the best option," he declared, his words chilling her to the core.

Shocked, Elyse had hoped for his joy at the prospect of fatherhood, but instead, he suggested termination. Feeling a coldness seep into her bones, she longed for warmth, aching for reassurance.

Observing her trembling form, Jayden quickly felt her temperature, dressed her, and summoned Peyton, urgency in his actions.

As they awaited the nurse with medication, Peyton slapped Jayden right on the shoulder. His voice crackled with anger. "Is this how you care for your wife? I entrusted her to you, and yet her fever's returned."

Jayden remained stoic, allowing Peyton's complaints to rain down upon him without protest.

As Peyton neared the ward's exit, a mischievous thought crossed his mind. "Did you use protection? Am I on track to become an uncle?"

Jayden shot up, his threat clear. "Do you want me to teach you a lesson right now?"

Relaxing back into his wheelchair, Jayden approached the slumbering Elyse, her brow furrowed with fever. His gaze drifted to her abdomen. Gently prodding her belly, he pondered aloud, "Is there really going to be a baby?"

If she was, what would his next move be? His two car accidents lingered in his thoughts, his investigation ongoing. Only when that mastermind surfaced fully would Jayden lower his guard and shed his disguise.

Chapter 330:

That afternoon, Elyse had recovered from her fever and returned home with Jayden. Driscoll came out to welcome them, but he noticed Elyse seemed distant and possibly upset. He shot a questioning glance at Jayden. Had Jayden done something to annoy Elyse so quickly? Feeling somewhat responsible, Jayden realized he might have been too vigorous earlier, which could have contributed to her fever.

Driscoll cleared his throat and approached, saying, "Mrs. Owen, you must be hungry. We've prepared some soup for you. I'll bring it up to your room." Elyse nodded and requested, "Please take it to the small balcony on the second floor. I want some fresh air."

Jayden frowned in disapproval. "Don't go outside. You've just gotten over your fever. What if you fall ill again?" Elyse shot Jayden a stern look, then crossed her arms and headed upstairs. Observing this, Driscoll couldn't resist asking, "Sir, what did you do to upset her this time?" Embarrassed to admit the cause, Jayden said, "When you deliver the soup, could you also bring her a shawl?" Driscoll nodded and headed towards the kitchen.

Jayden assumed Elyse was upset because of his earlier actions that might have led to her illness, but he was unaware of the actual reason for her anger. Back in her room, Elyse lay on the bed overwhelmed by the recent events, struggling to process everything. After some time, she remembered her missing phone. She suspected Baxter had disposed of it.

Elyse suddenly recalled that the second day of her abduction was the same day she was supposed to return to the orchestra. She sat up quickly, her expression stern. She hurried downstairs to Jayden and asked anxiously, "Has anyone from the Celestial Sounds Symphony called?" Jayden, surprised, turned to Driscoll. "Just arriving with the soup," Driscoll responded earnestly. "There haven't been any calls from the Celestial Sounds Symphony in the last few days. I even went there to explain your absence and tried to ask for a leave for you."

Elyse asked urgently, "Did they accept my leave?" Driscoll was uncertain. "I'm not sure." Elyse requested Jayden's phone. He handed it over, and she quickly dialed Darren's number. As soon as Darren answered, Elyse said, "This is Elyse. I wasn't able to return to the orchestra on time. How do the higher-ups view me now?" Feeling embarrassed and anxious, Elyse waited for Darren's reply.

After a tense pause, Darren replied reluctantly, "I'm sorry. I did everything Abram and several leaders insisted on your expulsion and won't allow you back in the orchestra." Elyse was staggered. How could this happen? Darren elaborated, "You failed to return to the orchestra on time, which upset Abram. He pushed for your expulsion. I persuaded other leaders to hold off for a few days, but when you still hadn't shown up yesterday, they grew impatient and decided to expel you." Elyse was speechless. Darren added, "Abram's never been fond of you. Now he's got an opportunity to push you out, and he won't quit until he succeeds. I've packed your belongings. You can pick them up when you're ready." Trembling, Elyse said, "My butler told me that they hadn't called, and he even went to explain my absence." Darren sounded surprised. "Are you sure?" But then he realized and said knowingly, "Abram claimed he called your landline, but your family never answered, and he received no explanations. He was adamant about expelling you." Elyse felt as if her world was crumbling. She thanked Darren and ended the call.

Seeing Elyse's distressed state, Jayden understood the gravity of the situation. "Here's your phone." After handing her phone back to Jayden, Elyse hung her head and retreated to her room. Observing this, Driscoll asked worriedly, "Did I do something wrong?" Jayden shook his head. "It's not your fault. You didn't know about her situation in the orchestra." "What about the soup?" Driscoll didn't know what to do. "Give it to me." Jayden took the tray and went upstairs.

Inside her room, he heard her suppressed sobbing. He walked over and joked, "Why hold back your sadness? Isn't it better to just cry it out?" Elyse was a bit unwilling to let him in. "Get out," she said. Jayden said, "I'm not leaving. I need to know why my wife is crying." Elyse said, sobbing, "I've

been expelled. Darren said the assistant director, Abram, did it on purpose. Obviously, he hates me and did not want me there.”