

Chapter 36 Freddy Sugden

The following day, Elyse roused herself with bleary eyes, rubbing away sleep as she rose from bed. After a quick wash, she descended to the first floor for breakfast.

"Good morning. Please join us for breakfast," Driscoll greeted upon seeing her.

Elyse trotted over and took her seat, noticing Jayden's absence. "Where's Jayden?" she inquired curiously.

"He's in the study. I'll bring breakfast to him later," Driscoll replied.

Knowing Jayden's preference for the study, Elyse suggested, "Let me take breakfast to him there. I'll give him a massage afterward."

"Alright. I'll prepare it in the kitchen," Driscoll agreed with a smile.

With bread and butter for breakfast, Elyse planned to check on the orchestra later, now that the internet rumors about her had subsided and her clarification had been released.

After breakfast, she accepted a tray from Driscoll and made her way to the study.

Inside, Jayden was engaged in a phone call. Hearing her approach, he promptly ended the call and settled into his wheelchair, feigning nonchalance.

"Breakfast is served," Elyse announced cheerfully as she placed the tray before him.

Jayden glanced at the food and queried, "Why bring it here?"

"Huh?" She was taken aback.

Then Jayden remarked, "It's the servants' responsibility. You shouldn't bother."

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With a steaming glass of milk in hand, Elyse interjected, trying to ease the tension, "You know, bringing you breakfast is a gesture of care."

Jayden glanced up, catching Elyse's disappointed expression, and relented, "Well, I'll reluctantly accept it then."

Her face lit up with joy upon hearing this. "Now, eat up. Afterward, I'll continue the massage," she insisted.

"Save your energy," Jayden urged.

Elyse pursed her lips. "Why? You promised to cooperate with me. Can't you keep your word?"

Jayden, feeling a bit sheepish under her gaze, averted his eyes. "Do as you please."

Driscoll observed them with a gentle smile. He could tell Jayden clearly doted on Elyse, though he stubbornly refused to acknowledge it.

After completing the massage, Elyse headed to the orchestra's studio with her bag. Upon arrival, she sought out Wanda, only to find she was in a meeting. She resolved to wait until the meeting adjourned.

Retrieving activated charcoal from her bag, she addressed the lingering paint odor in her locker. While she couldn't rid the paint, she could

eliminate the smell.

"Elyse," a voice called out.

She turned to see a young man approaching. Recognizing him, she greeted him warmly, "Hi, Freddy! Welcome back!"

"I heard about what happened. Are you alright?" Freddy Sugden, her high school and college classmate, shared her passion for music. He specialized in piano while she pursued violin.

"I'm fine. Everything's resolved," she assured him.

Relieved, Freddy sighed and patted his chest. "I was worried you'd take it hard. Weddings are such a big deal."

His gaze fell upon the activated charcoal in her hand and the red paint in the locker behind her. Concern etched his features as he asked, "Who vandalized your locker with paint? How bad is it?"

Spotting Rebekah entering, Elyse subtly nodded in her direction. "Who else could it be but her?" she indicated.

Turning, Freddy locked eyes with Rebekah.

"You're back from your tour, Freddy! Congratulations! I heard it was a smashing success!" Rebekah's face brightened as she rushed over to him.

Freddy had always been a talented pianist and quite the heartthrob. Many girls harbored crushes on him, Rebekah included. During their college days, she'd confessed her feelings, only to be rebuffed. Despite graduation, Rebekah persisted in her pursuit.

Freddy's tone hinted at annoyance. "What's your issue with Elyse? Why did you vandalize her locker with red paint?"

Rebekah struggled to maintain a smile, masking her inner turmoil. "It was a misunderstanding. I've already apologized to her. Please don't be upset with me, alright?"

Elyse interjected firmly, "Whether you apologize or not, transfer the money to me right away."

Freddy's expression soured. "You damaged her belongings. What were you thinking? Don't you consider her a fellow classmate?"

Rebekah couldn't meet his gaze, feeling ashamed. Swiftly, she transferred the money to Elyse and murmured, "I'm sorry, Elyse. I didn't mean to do that. I apologize. Can you forgive me?"

Elyse sensed Rebekah's insincerity. She knew Rebekah was merely

putting on a show for Freddy, who valued justice.

"It's fine. I'll accept the payment. Just refrain from doing it again," Elyse responded calmly, waving her phone.



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