

Chapter 41 My Love Is A Precious Treasure

"Jayden!" At the sight of him, Elyse's face lit up with joy, and she called out his name with excitement.

Theo turned and noticed the trust and reliance she showed for another man, which gripped his heart painfully, making it difficult to breathe.

Taking advantage of his distraction, Elyse wrenched free from his grasp and hurried to Jayden.

Noticing the flush on her cheeks and the faint scent of alcohol, Jayden asked with concern, "Have you been drinking? How much did you have?"

"I think five or seven glasses of wine. I'm not quite sure, we were talking and I lost track," Elyse admitted after a moment of thought.

Jayden gave a wry smile. "And you think that wasn't much?"

"Just a few drinks," Elyse replied, grinning sheepishly.

Seeing them interact so comfortably, Theo's frustration boiled over. "Elyse, we were together for three years, and you've moved on so quickly?"

Elyse stared at him in astonishment, her body trembling slightly. Could he really be so bold as to criticize her for moving on too soon? She had never wronged him during their three years together! How could he accuse her now?

"In those three years, were you ever truly committed to me? Kaelyn was always there between us, you knew it and didn't care. I've tolerated enough. Can't I leave you?"

For the first time, Theo looked into her eyes and felt a pang of guilt. It wasn't that he was unaware of Elyse's discomfort with Kaelyn always looming in their relationship. He also realized that his continued proximity to Kaelyn hurt Elyse.

However, he had never considered changing his ways. Perhaps deep down, he relished the attention from two women, forgetting that not everyone thrived in such a convoluted setup. After enduring profound disappointment, Elyse had chosen to walk away.

Jayden, holding her hand, faced Theo with a cool expression. "She's made the most logical decision by leaving you and choosing me. I offer her something you never could."

Unconvinced, Theo demanded, "And what's that?"

"Security," Jayden replied smoothly, stroking Elyse's arm.

"When we first met, her eyes reflected a deep-seated sense of inadequacy. Now, she's with me, brimming with confidence in love. You should see that I am the most suitable partner for her."

Theo scoffed, "I don't see any change in her. She's as foolish as ever! Choosing to be with you is the dumbest decision she's made."

"Enough!" Elyse reached her limit. "I will always be a fool in your eyes. If that's the case, please stay away from me!" With that, she pushed Jayden's wheelchair away, taking a different path.

Theo watched Elyse's determined departure, a bitter taste in his mouth. In the brief moments they had interacted, he had experienced a gamut of unfamiliar emotions.

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Meanwhile, Jayden, seated in his wheelchair, appeared in high spirits, casually tapping the armrest with his fingers.

Yet, Elyse was far from relaxed. Ever since encountering Theo, a gloom seemed to shadow her.

"Why do you look like it's the end of the world?" he asked.

"I just don't understand. The past three years mean nothing to Theo. How could he accuse me now?" Elyse responded, troubled by the thought.

"Does it really matter? Isn't it clear now that you spent three years on someone who doesn't deserve it?" Jayden posed the question lightly.

Elyse opened her mouth to reply but found herself at a loss for words.

Jayden responded with a hint of detachment, "I see. You're afraid to admit it because then the love and sincerity you once offered would seem foolish."

"No, my love is a precious treasure. I can take it back and give it to someone else whenever I choose," Elyse countered, shaking her head.

Jayden was curious about who she might give her love to next, but he sensed it was not the right moment to ask, so he remained silent.

"Elyse? Planning to run away?"

Lizzie stood at the doorway, hands on her hips, and called out forcefully, "Since you can't bring your husband here, just admit you've lost and drink the five bottles of wine on the table!"

Jayden looked over at Elyse and asked indifferently, "You're making a bet now?"

"I was pushed into it," Elyse replied, a hint of guilt in her voice.

Lizzie, upon seeing Jayden, was struck speechless by his good looks; she had never seen such a handsome man before.

But then her thoughts soured. Despite his looks, he was disabled.

"So, you're helping a disabled man. But you'll still have to drink," Lizzie declared.

With Jayden now by her side, Elyse spoke with newfound confidence. "Actually, you'll be the one drinking. Meet my husband, Jayden Owen!"