

Bound love 441

Chapter 441:

Elyse struggled to hold the flowers. As she caught Darren's playful gaze, she couldn't help but feel a bit self-conscious.

Tracy happily wrapped her arm around Elyse's and exclaimed, "Since your husband had to go to the Owen Group, I'll be your companion for the day. Let's head out and have a wonderful time celebrating!"

Darren eagerly gestured toward himself and exclaimed, "I finished in third place. Would it be possible for me to join you all in the festivities?"

Tracy warmly offered, "Absolutely! Elyse's husband passed me his card. Let me know what gifts you need, and I'll take care of getting them for you on his behalf."

Elyse, unable to bear it any longer, blushed as she quickly gave Tracy a push on the shoulder and whispered, "Hey! Keep a low profile!"

Tracy, with an even more self-satisfied expression on her face, found herself unable to resist the urge to flaunt the multi-million-dollar card in her hand.

Just as they were engaged in a lively conversation about their dining options, a luxurious white Rolls-Royce Ghost gracefully arrived and parked in front of them. Elyse and Darren stood in complete disbelief, their jaws dropping in shock. Tracy's face turned to stone as her eyes locked onto the car in front of her.

Shaun stepped out of the sleek, white car, clutching a delicate bouquet of flowers. With purposeful strides, he made his way over to Elyse. "Congratulations, Ms. Lloyd, on your outstanding achievement of securing first place in the semi-final," he said with a smile.

Elyse stole a glance at Shaun and then turned her gaze to Tracy, who remained silent. Uncertain, she deliberated over whether to accept the flowers or not.

“I’ll take the flowers for Elyse since she isn’t available.” Darren swiftly reached out to grab the beautiful bouquet of flowers from Shaun’s outstretched hand, a warm smile spreading across his face.

Shaun stole a quick glance at the quiet Tracy, and a small smile tugged at the corners of his lips. “I would be delighted to extend an invitation to all three of you to join me for dinner and celebrate.”

After saying that, he graciously opened the car door and gestured for them to enter.

Elyse and Darren were at a loss for words. They both looked at Tracy with dropped jaws.

The next second, Tracy looked up at him and yelled, “Not a chance! All you want to do is take me away! Why the hell should I come with you? Give me a break!”

Shaun, with a quizzical expression on his face, gently took hold of Tracy’s arm and guided her toward the car. With a sense of urgency, he carefully ensured she was settled in before swiftly joining her inside and closing the door behind him. He lowered the window, holding onto the struggling Tracy, and offered a kind smile to Elyse. “Ms. Lloyd, if you’d care to join us, please open the door yourself.”

Elyse and Darren exchanged hesitant glances with each other before finally agreeing, “We’ll go too.”

Given that Tracy was essentially in Shaun’s control, they felt it was necessary to comply.

Tracy firmly pushed away the hand that covered her mouth and declared, “I refuse to go with you, jerk! Let me out right now, or I will have to involve the authorities!”

However, her words fell on deaf ears as Shaun covered her mouth again.

Elyse, feeling concerned about Tracy’s well-being, hopped into the car and settled into the back seat as Darren took the passenger seat.

Shaun led them to a villa complex. Elyse immediately realized that this wasn't the familiar neighborhood where she and Jayden resided.

Just then, a call from Gavin came in. She answered the call and greeted, "Hey, what's up?"

He said, "Sorry I didn't come to you after the competition; I was busy looking for Fiona. Are you at home already?"

Elyse cast a quick glance at the imposing villa, her expression filled with a sense of unease. "No, not yet. I'm currently out enjoying a meal with some friends," she replied, her voice tinged with helplessness.

"That's great! Enjoy yourself. After dinner, make sure to head home and keep practicing. It's important to keep up this momentum for the final and strive for that first-place finish."

With a nod, she asked, "And Fiona? How's she doing now?"

"Take care of yourself first," Gavin said as he turned to look at Fiona, who was quietly sobbing beside him. "She is still ahead of you in terms of average performance, so keep pushing yourself."

"I see. Got it!" Elyse hung up the phone after that.

Gavin put his phone away and looked at Fiona, who was still upset. "I understand that you're feeling disappointed, but this is the situation, and you have the opportunity to learn from this and improve. Keep a positive mindset and focus on doing your best in the final."

However, Fiona didn't respond to his words. Her eyes only welled up more. She felt ashamed of the fact that Elyse was in first place while she was in the last. She couldn't wrap her head around how Elyse, her junior, outperformed her. If Elyse was able to perform at such a high level, what did that imply for Fiona? What happened to her sense of dignity as Elyse's senior?

As Gavin observed Fiona's relentless tears, a throbbing headache began to take hold of him. He couldn't understand why she was so distraught. If she didn't succeed this time, she could always put in more effort next time. Nonetheless, he was completely oblivious to the fact that she only cried out of embarrassment. Despite her distress, he continued to offer words of comfort, and both he and Irving showed no signs of anger whatsoever toward her.

Chapter 442:

After Elyse ended the call, Shaun's car pulled up in front of a villa.

"Sorry, I need to step out first," Shaun told Darren and Elyse. As he said this, he took Tracy's wrist and pulled her out of the car.

Tracy put up a fierce fight, but eventually, she simply ran out of energy.

Elyse stepped out of the car and looked around. She saw that the villa's garden was brimming with roses. They were Tracy's favorite. Elyse felt a twinge of surprise. She turned to Shaun with a puzzled expression, wondering about his feelings for Tracy. Despite his previous indifference to her feelings, Shaun appeared to care for Tracy now. Elyse remained quiet beside Darren.

As they entered, Shaun kept a firm grip on Tracy as he gave the others a smile, "Excuse me. The servants have prepared some food. Please, feel free to sit down and enjoy the meal," he said.

Inside, a table laden with seafood dishes awaited them. Darren's eyes locked onto the lobsters and abalones, and his mouth began to water. "This looks delicious. Can I eat as much as I want?"

Shaun responded with a nod, "They are all special dishes from Liverton. Help yourself to as much as you want."

Elyse glanced over the spread on the table, and a wave of nausea hit her. She held her chest, puzzled by her sudden discomfort.

Shaun pushed Tracy into a chair, and as she attempted to stand, he firmly pushed her shoulder back down and held a piece of lobster toward her. Locking eyes with Tracy, Shaun stated, "Lobster is one of your favorite things to eat. If you don't eat it, I'll break your legs."

Tracy trembled and, with great reluctance, opened her mouth to accept the lobster Shaun was offering.

Elyse watched Tracy's forced attempts to eat, then turned her gaze to Darren, who was devouring his meal with enthusiasm. Elyse picked up her fork but felt the wave of nausea crash over her again. She fought hard to keep the nausea at bay.

Meanwhile, Tracy, who was being coerced into eating several mouthfuls, noticed that Elyse hadn't touched her food and had only sipped water. Tracy's concern was evident as she asked, "What's the matter? Don't you like the food? Why aren't you eating?"

Noticing Elyse's untouched plate, Shaun chimed in, "Ms. Lloyd, what would you prefer to eat? I can have the chef make something else for you."

Elyse quickly dismissed the offer with a wave of her hand. "No, thank you. I'm really not hungry. Water is enough for me."

Tracy grew angry at the situation and glared at Shaun, "Elyse is my best friend, and you're just letting her sit here without eating anything. Are you trying to mistreat her intentionally?"

Tracy's accusation seemed to come from nowhere and didn't quite add up. But Shaun responded earnestly to Tracy's outburst. "Ms. Lloyd, please, just tell me what you would prefer to eat. We can prepare anything you like. Don't be shy."

Elyse held her stomach. Although she was hungry, the sight of the seafood just seemed to upset her stomach. After a moment's thought, Elyse requested, "Could I have some fresh fruit, perhaps some cherries?"

Shaun hesitated, then replied, "It's not cherry season at the moment."

Tracy seized the chance to express her displeasure. “What do you mean? If my friend wants cherries, you should find

Chapter 443:

Shaun hesitated, then replied, “It’s not cherry season at the moment.”

Tracy seized the chance to express her displeasure. “What do you mean? If my friend wants cherries, you should find some. You can’t just brush her off with ‘it’s not the season.’”

Elyse gave Tracy a helpless look. She felt the fuss over cherries was unwarranted since she wasn’t really insistent on having them.

Shaun turned to his butler and issued a firm command, “Get some cherries here, now. Frozen or canned, it doesn’t matter. I want them within thirty minutes.”

The butler nodded and hurried off to fulfill the order.

Meanwhile, Elyse raised her hand to interject. “Really, it’s okay. An apple would be fine.”

Tracy shook her head dismissively. “No, apples are too ordinary. You deserve cherries.”

She then fixed Shaun with a defiant stare, as if challenging him.

Shaun maintained his composure and met Tracy’s gaze without any change in his expression.

Elyse, however, thought she detected a trace of indulgence in Shaun’s eyes. Could she be imagining it?

Thirty minutes later, the butler returned with a can of cherries. He opened it, emptied the contents into a small bowl, and set it before Elyse.

Just as Elyse took a spoon to try the cherries, she was overwhelmed by another wave of nausea. The nausea hit harder this time around. She couldn't hold it back and gagged in front of everyone.

Tracy looked on, shocked and concerned, and quickly asked, "Elyse, are you alright?"

Elyse turned around, retched, and eventually said, "I'm fine. Maybe it's just because I've been hungry all day and have an upset stomach."

Darren looked at her skeptically and gestured to his plate. "That doesn't sound right. If you were hungry, you'd be devouring food like me," he observed, pointing at the shrimp shells scattered across his plate.

Perplexed, Elyse scratched her head, unsure how to respond.

Tracy, who was standing next to her, breathed a sigh of relief and chuckled, "Glad it's just an upset stomach. For a moment there, I thought you might be pregnant—you had that look."

The remark altered Elyse's expression momentarily before she masked her surprise, pretending indifference.

Shaun, who had been observing quietly, noted the fleeting change in her demeanor and paused to think.

Impatiently, Tracy turned to the butler standing by Shaun and snapped, "Go get some medicine for her."

The butler nodded and began to move away, but Shaun raised his hand to stop him.

"Wait," he interjected calmly. "There's no need for medicine. Just have the cook prepare some light food instead."

Relieved, Elyse let out a soft sigh.

Tracy heard Shaun's decision and murmured under her breath, "So stingy."

Shaun remained silent, offering no explanation.

Feeling a bit unsettled, Elyse forced a smile and asked, "I'm sorry, could you tell me where the bathroom is? I need to rinse my mouth."

This time, Shaun stood and offered politely, "Let me show you the way."

Surprised by his sudden gallantry, Elyse nodded and followed him quietly.

At the bathroom door, Shaun lowered his voice and asked, "Do you need me to call the family doctor to check on you?"

Elyse frowned and replied awkwardly, "Check on me? I'm fine. I don't need a doctor."

Shaun glanced at her abdomen and smiled slightly. "Maybe you should let a doctor confirm whether you're pregnant."

"I'm not pregnant. Stop saying that," Elyse retorted, her face draining of color.

"It really does seem like you might be pregnant, especially since you and Jayden have been married for almost a year. I thought you'd be thrilled about having Jayden's baby, given how much you love him."

"I'm not pregnant," Elyse insisted firmly.

Shaun waved dismissively and said, "Fine, if you insist. Pregnant women can be so touchy. I'll have the cook prepare something suitable for pregnancy anyway."

Elyse bit her lip and watched as Shaun walked away. She then turned on the tap and rinsed her mouth, feeling a numbness that made her uncomfortable.

After managing to swallow her discomfort, she returned to the dining room.

The cook had indeed prepared lighter fare.

Tracy noticed Elyse's pallor and said with concern, "Elyse, you need to eat something. You were probably just too nervous from today's competition. Try some food."

Nodding, Elyse managed to take a few bites.

Shaun touched his chin, pondering whether to inform Jayden of the supposed pregnancy. However, remembering how Jayden had kept Tracy hidden from him, he decided against it. Anyway, Elyse was not his wife. Why should he worry?

After a few more bites, Elyse felt too full to continue. Just then, her phone rang. It was Jayden. She answered immediately.

Chapter 444:

"Honey? What's up?" asked Elyse as she answered the phone.

"Where are you? Why didn't you make it back for dinner?"

Glancing at Shaun, who was watching her, Elyse said quietly, "I'm at Shaun Kennedy's place for dinner, and Tracy is here too."

Jayden quickly grasped the situation. Speaking softly, he replied, "Understood. I'll come get you."

"Okay. And quickly." Once Elyse ended the call, she straightened up and looked at Shaun proudly.

Shaun crossed his arms, raised an eyebrow, and teased, "Did Jayden just call you?"

Lifting her chin, Elyse gestured towards Tracy and declared proudly, “Tracy and I will head home together later. Thank you for your hospitality tonight.”

Seeing Tracy’s excitement, Shaun smirked wickedly and said, “Did I say you could take my woman away?”

Tracy’s expression suddenly changed. “Since when did I become yours? We aren’t married!”

Suddenly, Shaun seized Tracy’s wrist and tightened his grip. He said, “You are mine. And you always will be. I’ve been patient enough.”

Tracy’s eyes widened in shock, then filled with despair. “Why can’t you let me go? Everyone knows we shouldn’t be together.”

Shaun clenched his teeth and retorted, “I’m well aware, but what does that matter to me? You’re stuck with me for life.”

With that, Shaun led her forcefully upstairs.

Elyse and Darren tried to intervene, but the butler blocked them.

The butler looked at them sternly and stated, “This is a family matter. Please stay out of it.”

As Tracy struggled valiantly, Elyse commented angrily, “Tracy isn’t married to Shaun. He shouldn’t treat her this way!”

Shaun ignored Elyse, covered Tracy’s mouth, and dragged her away.

“Tracy! Shaun, you’ve lost your mind!”

Elyse was furious and tried to follow, but the butler spread his arms, blocked the way, and said, “The upstairs is off-limits.”

Darren gazed at the butler and sighed. “Let’s leave it. This is their territory. There’s nothing we can do.”

Tracy tightened her fists, looking distraught.

She understood now. Shaun had brought them here to keep her confined. Before this, she was at Jayden’s house, a place Shaun couldn’t reach her. Yet, this was Shaun’s territory. And it would be difficult for them to take Tracy away.

Elyse took a deep breath and scolded herself for not having the courage to help Tracy escape.

Half an hour later, Jayden pulled up to the villa. But Shaun was upstairs, and only the butler descended to greet the guests.

Jayden didn’t catch sight of Tracy or Shaun. He realized Shaun had managed his plan.

He frowned and said to Elyse, “Shaun got rid of the bodyguards I had watching over Tracy.”

Elyse responded angrily, “Your bodyguards are useless!”

Jayden simply shrugged and said, “Who would’ve guessed Shaun would stoop so low?”

Elyse’s anger lingered. She glared at Jayden, then her gaze shifted to the second floor of the house. Uncertainty clouded her thoughts as she wondered about Tracy’s condition and whether Shaun had been mistreating her.

Understanding the bond between Elyse and Tracy, Jayden sighed and said, “Shaun might be odd, but he wouldn’t harm Tracy. Don’t worry.”

“You don’t get it. Coercion is also a form of harm,” Elyse said, shaking her head.

Darren whispered, “Yet if Shaun refuses to release her, we can’t get her out.”

As they spoke, Elyse's phone rang. It was Tracy, who was very calm. "Elyse, go ahead and head home. Don't stress about me. Shaun won't hurt me."

Chapter 445:

On the other end of the call, Tracy said, "Don't fret about me. Even though Shaun has caught me, he won't harm me. You can head back now."

"Has he mentioned when he'll release you?" Elyse asked, her voice filled with concern.

After a pause, Tracy replied softly, her voice barely trembling, "He'll free me once he realizes we're not meant to be together."

The answer was not unexpected. Only after that did Elyse end the call and join Jayden in the car.

Elyse's somber mood in the car brought Darren down. He offered some comfort, saying, "Don't worry. Tracy will be okay."

"I know. It just pains me to see her lose her freedom." Elyse was well aware of Tracy's deep feelings for Shaun.

Tracy had once loved Shaun deeply for six years—that was the best time of her life. Later, Tracy hoped for a fairytale ending with Shaun, but their differences were too vast to overcome, and there was another woman in the middle. Having given up, Tracy had fled the wedding.

Elyse remembered how Tracy pursued every role in an attempt to forget him. But forgetting was never that simple.

Elyse's throat tightened, her eyes brimming with tears.

Seeing her about to cry, Jayden couldn't hide his frustration. "Hey, don't be so sad. Tracy isn't even as upset as you are."

“Why are you shouting at me?” Elyse retorted, wiping away her tears.

Jayden’s temper flared too. “I just hate seeing you cry.”

Darren found their dynamics peculiar. Sometimes they seemed close; other times, they bickered.

He touched his nose and suggested, “Why argue over Tracy? I think she’ll be okay. Shaun may seem odd, but he loves her.”

Jayden raised an eyebrow. “You think you know Shaun that well?”

Darren grinned and said, “That’s my guess.”

“I don’t buy it,” Elyse snorted.

The car fell silent once more.

Upon reaching downtown, Darren exited the car, saying, “I’ve ordered a new violin, I’m off to see if it’s arrived. Catch you in three days.”

“Sure, see you at the final,” Elyse responded, waving Darren off.

In the car, Jayden pondered for a moment before deciding to inform Elyse that Glenda had attempted to kill Dorothy.

Elyse was stunned by the news and asked anxiously, “Is Dorothy okay now?”

Jayden nodded and said, “She is. She wakes up from time to time. If you like, you can see her now.”

Relieved, Elyse exhaled deeply.

They turned the car around and went to the hospital.

Upon reaching the hospital, Elyse entered Dorothy's room and approached her bed. She bowed her head, looking at Dorothy's pale face with compassion.

"Why... Why would she want to harm Dorothy? They've never met."

Jayden responded, "Are you sure they don't know each other? Remember, Dorothy looked like she had just escaped from somewhere when we first met her. I guess that Glenda and Lanny had been holding her captive."

"Why would they do that?" Elyse was puzzled.

"There's only one reason I can think of. Dorothy must know something that threatens them," Jayden replied.

"What could scare them so much that they felt they needed to kill her?" Elyse was even more perplexed.

After a pause, Jayden speculated, "Maybe they're involved in a murder, or it could be some secret business dealings."

Elyse was silent for a moment, contemplating whether Lanny and Glenda, despite being selfish, could actually be murderers.

"Elyse?" Dorothy's voice broke the silence as she momentarily woke from her coma.

Upon seeing Elyse, Dorothy's eyes welled up with tears, and she reached out for Elyse's hand.

Caught off guard, Elyse quickly took her hand and said, "Yes, I'm right here. How are you feeling?"

Tears streamed down Dorothy's face as she tried to speak, but Elyse couldn't make out her words.

Chapter 446:

Elyse held Dorothy's hand tightly, her voice filled with concern as she said, "Take your time. I won't leave."

Dorothy's eyes filled with tears, and she struggled to speak. "Find Janet... She has the evidence."

After speaking, Dorothy seemed to lose all her strength. She gasped for breath, looking as if she might faint at any moment.

Jayden leaned in closer and asked urgently, "What kind of evidence? What is it about?"

Dorothy's entire body trembled, and her tongue seemed heavy. She managed to whisper, "Evidence of Lanny murdering..."

Elyse was stunned. Could Lanny really have killed someone? It made sense now why they wanted Dorothy dead. She knew too much.

Dorothy appeared to want to say more, but she was too weak. She lay back on the bed with her eyes closed, panting heavily.

"Relax, you need to rest. The information you gave us is crucial. We'll find it," Elyse said quickly, hoping Dorothy could hear her.

She couldn't tell if Dorothy heard her, but her breathing gradually steadied. Her eyes remained closed as she seemed to fall asleep.

"They really killed someone. What should we do now? Should we find out who the victim is?" Elyse asked Jayden as they left the ward.

She looked at him, her eyes full of confusion and worry.

Jayden stared back at her and asked seriously, "If Lanny and Glenda really committed murder, even if we uncover the truth, would you turn them in?"

"What?" Elyse was taken aback, unable to comprehend the question.

Jayden repeated calmly, "Even if Lanny and Glenda were murderers, they are also your uncle and aunt. Would you really call the police on them?"

Elyse suddenly realized she couldn't answer.

Anticipating her hesitation, Jayden didn't press for an answer. He had no personal ties to Lanny and Glenda, unlike Elyse. He could investigate who they had killed and why they were so desperate to silence Dorothy.

Seeing Elyse's dilemma, Jayden said gently, "Let's go home first. We have time. Even if you decide to involve the police, I need time to gather evidence."

Elyse nodded and left with Jayden, her mind racing with thoughts.

On the way back, she noticed a pharmacy and remembered her recent nausea. She began to worry she might be pregnant. Looking at Jayden, she wanted to ask him what he would do if she were pregnant.

After much thought, she hesitantly said, "By the way, you haven't always used condoms. What if I'm pregnant?"

Jayden stared at her seriously and asked, "Do you want a child?"

Elyse was taken aback, unable to process the question. "Huh?"

Jayden looked at her thoughtfully and said, "You've finished the competition today. We can make up for lost time."

Blushing, Elyse replied shyly, "No, I'm tired today. I don't feel like having sex."

Jayden raised an eyebrow and said, "Tired? But you didn't have to do much work."

Feeling embarrassed, Elyse glanced at the silent driver. She closed her eyes, avoiding Jayden's gaze. All he ever thought about was sex!

Seeing that she was ignoring him, Jayden sighed and stopped teasing her.

Earlier today, he had visited the Owen Group. They were upset about his founding of his own company and even demanded that he hand over the Bayzee Group to them. It was a rather ridiculous request.

Jayden had been very busy recently since the exposure of his involvement with Bayzee Group. Even though he wanted to be intimate with Elyse, he was too exhausted.

When they returned home, Elyse sat down on the sofa while Jayden went to the study to work.

Driscoll was busy in the kitchen.

Suddenly, Elyse thought about buying a pregnancy test.

Living in the villa district meant that the pharmacy was quite far away. If she went out now, Driscoll would notice, and she couldn't let anyone know until she was certain.

After thinking it over for a while, she decided that she would sneak out to buy a pregnancy test tomorrow.

With her mind made up, she headed upstairs.

Chapter 447:

Jayden went back to the bedroom from the study at midnight, just for sleep. Elyse had already fallen asleep by that time.

At this moment, Jayden was unmistakably able to detect the cold blood odor in the air.

He got out of bed, dressed, and went straight to the living room, where Driscoll, the maids, and the bodyguards all stood in silence, gazing at him.

Driscoll promptly reported, “The security system has been disabled, and the power has been cut off. I believe that the killers have breached the gate. Sir, please stay vigilant.”

Looking at the maids holding knives in their hands, Jayden ordered, “Go upstairs and protect Elyse. She mustn’t be harmed, no matter what.”

With a nod, they hurried upstairs.

Reaching toward the window, Jayden placed his hands on the sill. In the garden, he noticed many dark silhouettes. Were these the people who had come to murder him?

Driscoll approached and said in a whisper, “Sir, we still don’t know who sent them.”

Indifferently, Jayden said, “We won’t know until we catch them.”

But one common thread connected tonight’s assassination and the previous two accidents—they were all acquainted with him.

The mastermind was privy to his schedule and orchestrated the last two car accidents. This time, they incapacitated the security system and cut off power in his house. Only individuals intimately familiar with him could have executed all of that.

Jayden had a few guesses, but he wasn’t sure who it was.

Driscoll couldn’t stop worrying. “These folks arrived forcefully. I’m worried they intend to murder you.”

“The more they do, the better. I can figure out who is behind them.”

Driscoll nodded at that.

Jayden's eyes were ice-cold. "We will clean them up tonight. But remember to leave some alive for questions," he declared with murderous purpose and haughtiness.

Driscoll and the men behind him nodded.

When Elyse got out of bed in the morning, she smelled a strong scent.

She sniffled and sneezed, after which she stood up gently.

When she went by the window, she gave it a cursory glance before snapping back to reality. She opened the window with a start. Everything in the garden had disappeared!

Together, maids and gardeners worked in the garden. It seemed they were about to plant new greenery.

Elyse, perplexed, hurried downstairs without changing her clothes. Driscoll was busy giving the maids instructions to lay fresh rugs and arrange fresh flowers.

"What happened last night?" Elyse asked with a confused look on her face.

Driscoll grinned and answered, "Last night, Mr. Owen said that he wanted everything in the house replaced."

"Where is he then?" Elyse was aghast.

"He left for the company not long ago," he answered sincerely.

Elyse scowled. She was clueless about Jayden's problems, but she was unable to stop him from doing whatever he pleased with his house.

"But why would they use such an overpowering perfume at home?"

She said inquisitively, covering her nose with her palm, “What is that smell? Did you clean with perfume? It has a powerful scent.”

Driscoll seemed a bit shocked. “Can you smell it?”

“Didn’t you use perfume?” she asked with a slight nod.

Of course they did, but it was just a little. How could she have smelled it?

Driscoll paused for a while, fearful that what occurred last night might be discovered, so he nodded in accord with her. “I guess the servant made a mistake in the proportion.”

Chapter 448:

Elyse nodded and went upstairs to change her clothes before heading to the studio with her violin case.

Upon arriving, she began to practice, but by noon she realized she was still alone. Confused, she messaged Gavin and others, only to learn they wouldn’t be coming to the studio today due to other commitments.

Would she be the only one here today? With a roll of her eyes, she put down her violin and headed to the nearest pharmacy to buy a pregnancy test.

Dressed in a black down jacket and her face half-hidden by a mask, she entered the pharmacy cautiously, drawing a sharp glance from the shop assistant who mistook her for a potential thief.

Elyse navigated through the aisles and casually picked up a pregnancy test. Uncertain of its reliability, she ended up choosing five different brands to ensure accuracy.

The shop assistant’s demeanor changed upon seeing her selections, and she offered help in a friendly tone, “Miss, do you need me to explain how to use these?”

Elyse quickly declined, “No, thanks. I know how to use them.”

After paying, she returned to the studio and locked herself in the bathroom to use the test.

Her attempt to confirm she wasn't pregnant was unsuccessful.

Sitting in a chair, she covered her face with her hands and stared at the five pregnancy tests laid out on the table. Each displayed two red bars, stirring a mix of emotions within her.

She was both overjoyed and saddened by the reality of becoming a mother-to-be. Most importantly, she was unsure of Jayden's reaction. Would he be happy to learn that he was going to be a father and look forward to their future together?

She sat in the chair, lost in thought, and neglected her violin practice for two hours.

Suddenly the studio door opened, and someone entered.

Startled, Elyse broke into a cold sweat. She quickly stashed the five pregnancy tests inside her violin case.

Forrest noticed her hurried actions and asked in a childish voice, "What were you hiding?"

Elyse was surprised to see him, "Why are you here? Shouldn't you be at school?"

Forrest replied earnestly, "I'm on holiday. I came here to do homework and practice the violin."

Nodding, Elyse reached into her purse and pulled out a chocolate biscuit. "I brought some snacks. Would you like to share them with me?"

Forrest's eyes sparkled at the sight of the chocolate, and he nodded eagerly. "Yes! I would love some."

Elyse smiled and handed him a packet of biscuits.

Watching Forrest enjoy the chocolate biscuits softened Elyse's heart. She wondered if this was what it felt like to raise a child.

Forrest, however, was taken aback by her expression. To him, her smile seemed eerily similar to that of a human trafficker.

After sharing the biscuits with Forrest for a while, Elyse stood up and resumed her violin practice. Forrest quietly did his homework at the desk, occasionally glancing up at her.

Soon, he felt uneasy and rushed to the bathroom. There, he noticed several medicine boxes in the trash can and recognized the words on them.

"Pregnancy test?" Forrest stared at the trash can, bewildered. "Is she pregnant? And with five babies?" he wondered aloud.

He mistakenly thought that one pregnancy test could only test for one baby. With five medicine boxes in the trash, he concluded that Elyse must be expecting quintuplets.

Shocked by his own conclusion, Forrest couldn't believe Elyse might be pregnant with five babies.

Meanwhile, Elyse, unaware that her secret was discovered, continued to focus intensely on her violin practice.

Forrest stepped out of the bathroom looking more serious than ever. He tugged at the hem of her clothes and said firmly, "You've been playing the violin for more than an hour. Stop practicing. It's time to rest."

Elyse, taken aback, replied in confusion, "I'm not tired. I don't need to rest."

Forrest, who often acted mature, was particularly stubborn and insistent at that moment. "You can't continue to practice. Come and sit here!" he demanded.

Bewildered, Elyse sat down as instructed.

Forrest exhaled loudly. “You are really a troublemaker,” he blurted out suddenly.

Elyse grew even more confused. Why was she a troublemaker? Did the boy truly see himself as her senior?

Chapter 449:

Ina Maybach, Jayden sat with a cigarette between his fingers, the smoke rising upwards. Tobin sat beside him with a black laptop resting on his lap. He typed quickly as he reported, “Sir, the assassin who broke into your house last night was part of a foreign mercenary team. Their mission was to kill every living being in your household, including the dogs.”

He couldn’t help but comment, “They are incredibly ruthless.”

Jayden flicked the ash from his cigarette and replied coolly, “Have you identified who hired them?”

Looking somewhat embarrassed, Tobin admitted, “No, the killers said they only accepted the job but have no information about the client.”

Jayden took a long drag on his cigarette before extinguishing it in the ashtray. He then said with an indifferent tone, “Inform their boss that I want to make a deal.”

Tobin, understanding Jayden’s plan, asked in surprise, “You intend to hire them yourself?”

Jayden nodded and said, “Yes. If the mastermind hides so well and doesn’t want to be found, I won’t waste time looking. I’ll have those killers eliminate them.”

“Understood, I’ll arrange it immediately,” Tobin nodded, pulling out his phone to make the necessary contacts.

Jayden sat in his wheelchair again and got out of the car. He had been summoned to the Owen Group once again. He was puzzled, considering the previous day's meeting had ended in conflict. They had tried every strong-arm tactic without success. What new approach could they possibly take?

As Jayden entered the building, Enzo's assistant greeted him promptly. Jayden frowned and asked, "Did my grandpa arrive?"

"Yes, he's been waiting for you for quite some time. Please follow me upstairs."

Jayden took the elevator to the chairman's office on the top floor. He found Enzo, dressed in a black suit, casually sipping coffee on the sofa. He glanced at Jayden and asked bluntly, "What's this about?"

Enzo looked at Jayden with a mix of emotions in his eyes. Jayden sensed something unusual, but as he tried to gauge it, Enzo quickly masked his feelings.

"Come here, Jayden," he said, pointing to the spot beside him. "I want to talk."

Jayden approached without hesitation and said, "Just get to the point."

Enzo studied him for a moment before asking, "Did you sleep well last night?"

Jayden suddenly became alert. The events of last night had been tightly controlled and should not have been leaked. Did his grandpa somehow know?

Jayden answered cautiously, "I had a good sleep."

Suddenly, Enzo slammed the table, shouting, "But how can you sleep! The shareholders were all pissed off in yesterday's meeting because of you. Tell me, are you trying to destroy the Owen Group?"

Jayden's eyes showed a hint of doubt. His grandpa seemed furious about the shareholders' meeting. Did the assassination last night have nothing to do with him?

Because he was uncertain, he made sure to be more cautious. Not wanting to reveal too much, Jayden said, "The general shareholders' meeting is not my responsibility. You cannot blame that on me."

Enzo continued to pound the desk and then got straight to the point. He wanted the Bayzee Group to be a key player in opening up the Owen Group's overseas market, but Jayden refused, unwilling to comply.

Enzo pressed, "Are you absolutely refusing to agree?"

Jayden responded firmly, "I've invested all my efforts into the Bayzee Group. I've already left the Owen Group. You can take everything."

He then knocked on the desk and asked, "Do you plan to forcibly annex my business?"

Enzo, maintaining a stern expression, stood up and said coldly, "That's enough. Since your car accident, you've been useless to the Owen Group. Go back and don't show up in front of me again."

"Fine," Jayden replied. He then turned and left the office without another word. He took the elevator down to the lobby on the first floor.

As soon as he entered the hall, Jayden saw Corrie grabbing a woman's collar and yelling, "Shame on you! Brook is my man! Who do you think you are to come looking for him here? Believe me, I'll have my father kick you out of our country."

Lennie Walsh, the woman being scolded by Corrie, responded weakly, "Brook asked me to come. He said he missed me."

Chapter 450:

Corrie flew into a rage, exclaiming, "You rush over just because he says he misses you? What are you? A call girl? Do you have no self-respect?"

Visibly hurt, Lennie bit her lower lip, tears glistening in her eyes. In her red high heels, she appeared fragile and pitiful next to the imposing Corrie.

Just then, Brook emerged from another elevator, looking flustered and uneasy. Jayden, observing the scene, thought it typical for Brook to be nervous given the circumstances. It was an ill-timed day for a confrontation at the office.

Ever since Enzo's arrival at the company, the entire team had been on edge, cautious to avoid any missteps. Yet, these two women had sparked a significant conflict. It was understandable why Brook appeared so distressed.

"Enough! Let her go!" Brook intervened, swiftly stepping between them and shielding Lennie behind him.

"Brook, who is she? She seems so aggressive, unlike me," Lennie said provocatively, clinging to Brook's back.

This infuriated Corrie even more. Pointing at Lennie, she shouted, "You wretch! He's my man. If you dare come near him again, I swear I'll kill you."

As she lunged at Lennie, the latter feigned vulnerability. Grasping Brook's hand, Lennie pleaded, "Brook, protect me! She's threatening my life. What a cruel woman!"

"Enough! Aren't you embarrassed by this display?" Brook was at his limit. With his grandpa just upstairs, the last thing he needed was a scandal. If Enzo found out about his secret lover and the ensuing drama, it could ruin him.

Brook was already vying for crucial resources within the company against Debora, and he couldn't afford any slip-ups. Firmly grasping Lennie's hand, he headed for the elevator. However, as he turned, he caught sight of Jayden, an observer to the unfolding drama.

A flicker of embarrassment crossed Brook's face as he inquired, "What brings you here?"

Jayden responded nonchalantly, "Grandpa's taking an interest in my company and has invited me for a discussion."

A look of envy briefly crossed Brook's eyes—Jayden was clearly held in high regard by Enzo. Pointing at Lennie, Jayden remarked, "I thought you were bringing Corrie to your office, not your secret love."

Lennie laughed lightly and said, "You don't understand, Jayden. Brook and I are soulmates. He can't live without me."

"Jayden, please help me. I don't know what to do anymore. He's cheated on me," Corrie, feeling betrayed and desperate, turned to Jayden for support.

Jayden, however, appeared indifferent. He studied Corrie for a moment before speaking bluntly, "If you can't handle his secret lover, how do you expect to marry into the Owen family?"

Stunned by his coldness, Corrie faltered, "I was your girlfriend once. Don't you feel any obligation to help me?"

Raising an eyebrow, Jayden replied coolly, "Why should I help you, a former girlfriend who means nothing now? Or did you think you were more to me?"

Furious, Corrie exclaimed, "Even you won't help me, Jayden!"

Meanwhile, Lennie, resting a hand on her stomach, scoffed at Corrie's plight, "You're so pitiful. No career, no man, just low self-esteem. At least I'm the one Brook chooses to be with."

Leaning into Brook, Lennie seemed to find support in his embrace. Pleased, Brook led Lennie into the elevator. As Corrie tried to follow, Brook blocked her way.

"What are you doing here? Lennie is here for me. Are you here just trying to cause trouble?" With a taunt, Lennie added, "You know, women who can't keep their men are useless. Maybe you should hit the beauty salon instead. You're nowhere near as attractive as me."

Biting back her anger, Corrie watched helplessly as the elevator doors closed on them. Seeing the drama dissipate, Jayden prepared to leave.

But Corrie, desperate, grabbed his wheelchair. “Why didn’t you help me?”

Jayden looked at her, genuinely perplexed. “Why should I? He’s your man, not mine.”

“But I know your secret,” Corrie blurted out.