

Bound love 501

Chapter 501:

Clive's brow furrowed deeply. "Your morning sickness seems really severe. I think I should have a word with your doctor. Would it be okay if I ask her for some medication for you?"

Shaking her head, Elyse stopped him. "I shouldn't be taking too much medication. The doctor already mentioned it's a normal symptom of pregnancy, though mine seems to be more intense than usual. I just have to endure it," she replied, her voice weary.

Clive crouched down, his eyes fixed on her pale complexion. "Is there really no other option?" he asked, his concern evident.

Elyse could only shake her head in despair.

With a sigh, Clive said, "I'll ask the chef to make you some light food. You need to eat something."

Elyse managed a weak smile. "Don't worry about it. It's already too late. Let's not bother the chef. Driscoll already made some food for me. Right now, I feel like I might vomit and I've lost my appetite."

"What's your plan now?" Clive inquired.

"I'm going to lie down," Elyse responded. She removed her slippers, pulled up the blanket, and nestled into bed. As she closed her eyes, feeling the urge to vomit subside, she murmured, "I don't feel like vomiting anymore. I think I'll take a nap."

Clive grunted softly, watching her with a tender gaze that lingered on her bare knees. He stared for a moment before he leaned down and carefully draped the blanket over her legs. His Adam's apple moved noticeably.

“You should be more careful. Your knees were showing,” he chided gently, his voice a bit rough.

With her eyes still closed, Elyse was unaware of Clive’s odd expression. She curled her lips into a faint smile and said, “Thanks for looking after me, Clive. You’ve been by my side for so long. What about your work? Peyton mentioned you’ve got a lot to handle.”

Clive’s voice softened. “The work can wait. Right now, the most important thing is to take care of you. If anything were to happen to you under my watch, I’d never forgive myself.”

Elyse was nearly asleep. “Is that so? I’m sorry to be such a bother,” she whispered. With those words, she breathed evenly and fell asleep.

Clive didn’t leave. Instead, he stood silently, rooted to the spot, gazing at her sleeping form. He had never before seen her face in such a peaceful state. This was how she looked while asleep, he realized.

Countless thoughts raced through his mind, but he dismissed each one. Elyse was Jayden’s wife, and Clive was resolved to protect her on Jayden’s behalf, ensuring she never came to harm again.

When Irving arrived at the hospital and located the ward, he found Clive standing by the bed, looking at Elyse with affection.

Without a moment’s hesitation, Irving threw a punch at him. Clive dodged just in time.

Irving, seething with anger, confronted him. “You son of a bitch! Why did you get Elyse pregnant? Don’t you know her career is on the rise? How can she compete abroad now that she’s pregnant?”

Taken aback, Clive soon realized this hostile man was Elyse’s senior, who had mistaken him for her husband. Struggling for words and still regaining his balance, Clive clarified, “You’ve misunderstood. I’m not Elyse’s husband. I’m just a friend of hers.”

Irving sneered back, “A friend? You dare do such a thing and then lack the courage to admit it? Shame on you!”

Clive attempted to explain once more, “No, Mister. You’ve got it wrong. I’m not her husband. If you don’t believe me, ask Elyse yourself.”

Chapter 502:

Hearing the voice, Elyse slowly opened her eyes and asked in a soft voice, “Irving, why are you here?”

Now that Elyse was awake, Irving hurried over to her side and, with a concerned touch to her belly, he stammered, “Are—are you pregnant? Is it true? How far along are you? Could you actually have the baby next month?”

His barrage of questions brought a smile to Elyse’s face. She gently patted the back of Irving’s hand and responded, “Irving, pregnancy lasts about 40 weeks. How could I possibly give birth next month?”

Irving scratched his hair, embarrassed. “Oops, I’m just too excited.”

He then turned, pointing to Clive who stood behind him, and asked with a hint of annoyance, “Is this your husband? Did he get you pregnant?”

Clive, looking rather helpless, reiterated, “I’m really not her husband. You’ve got it all wrong.”

With a sullen turn, Irving asked, “He isn’t?”

Elyse shook her head. “No, he’s a friend of my husband.”

Irving shot Elyse a piercing look, slumped into the chair, and demanded, “Where’s your husband? Tell him to come here. I need to speak with him.”

“He’s in the next room over,” Elyse responded, her eyes wide with sincerity.

Upon hearing this, Irving leapt to his feet and strode toward the next ward.

Clive scurried after him, worried Irving might harm Jayden, especially since Jayden was defenseless.

As they entered the adjacent ward, Irving caught sight of Elyse's husband. Realizing Jayden was in a coma, his anger subsided somewhat. Approaching the bedside, he inquired, "What happened to him?"

Clive, anticipating Irving's impulsive nature, quickly interjected, "He was injured."

Irving frowned, puzzled. "How?"

"It's complicated, but he took a risk to save Elyse," Clive added after a brief pause, implying there was some good in Jayden. "He's not all bad."

Irving nodded slowly, digesting the information, then asked, "When is he expected to wake up?"

"It could be any moment now." Clive glanced at the clock on the wall, noting that it had been about five hours since the surgery. Jayden could indeed regain consciousness soon.

Irving fell silent, his gaze fixed on Jayden for an uncomfortably long stretch. Abruptly, he struck Jayden across the face while Clive was momentarily distracted.

A chill of fear ran down Clive's spine, drenching him in cold sweat. He blurted out, "What are you doing? You hit him!"

Irving's eyes burned with indignation as he retorted, "Elyse is climbing the ladder of her career, but now she's pregnant. Doesn't he deserve that slap?"

Clive opened his mouth to argue, but he paused when he saw Jayden's eyelids flutter. "He's waking up! I'll get the doctor!" he exclaimed, darting out of the room.

Left alone with Jayden, Irving smirked and whistled. “A slap woke you up? Maybe what you need is a good beating.”

Jayden, his mind a fog, took a moment before asking uncertainly, “Who are you?”

“I’m your worst nightmare,” Irving snapped back, rudely.

This left Jayden stunned. After a brief pause, his expression turned lethal. “Say that again.”

Irving was already seething, and he was about to escalate the situation when Clive burst back into the room with a team of doctors and nurses, effectively halting the brewing storm between him and Jayden.

The exam confirmed Jayden was unharmed. After the medical team departed, his thoughts immediately turned to Elyse. With a palpable sense of urgency, he inquired, “Where’s Elyse? Is she all right?”

Upon hearing her name, Clive and Irving exchanged looks, their expressions laden with complexity.

Jayden, puzzled by their silence, sensed their reactions spelled trouble, perhaps more serious than he feared. Striving to maintain his composure, Jayden probed further, “Where is Elyse? I saved her, didn’t I? Why hasn’t she come to see me?”

Irving bristled at the question. The idea that Jayden expected a pregnant Elyse to visit was preposterous to him.

Annoyed, he retorted, “Elyse is in the next ward over. If you want to see her, you’ll have to go there yourself.”

Ignoring the doctor’s earlier cautions, Jayden, unable to contain his emotions any longer, wheeled himself to Elyse’s ward.

He quietly opened the door to find her sleeping peacefully on the hospital bed, her eyes gently closed.

He approached her bedside and took her hand, yearning to speak. Yet, his voice failed him.

Just then, Elyse sensed his presence. Her eyes fluttered open, landing on an anxious Jayden.

Noticing him still in his wheelchair, she asked nonchalantly, “You can walk, can’t you? Why are you still in the wheelchair?”

Chapter 503:

Elyse’s question jolted Jayden, her gaze locking onto his calm eyes.

Sensing his distress, Elyse fluttered her eyelids shut, a sad smile gracing her lips. “It must be hard for you to keep it a secret, am I right?”

Panic clawed at him.

He’d envisioned a grand reveal, standing tall after vanquishing all the hidden dangers.

But here she was, his biggest secret laid bare in her downcast eyes.

How did she find out? Jayden’s mind raced back to that fateful instant when a car had barreled toward Elyse.

In that split second, he lost all reason and strategy. Only one thought consumed him: protect Elyse.

His body had moved on instinct, betraying his carefully crafted facade.

Elyse sighed, a heavy weight settling in her voice. “Even now, I don’t understand. Why the secrecy, Jayden? Why shut me out?” Her gaze held a tremor of doubt. “Is it because you don’t love me enough?”

Jayden fumbled for words. “No, Elyse, that’s not it! I love you, deeply.”

A sardonic smile played on her lips as she reopened her eyes, turning to face him. “There are moments when I believe it, when I feel like the luckiest woman alive. But then, the doubt creeps in. You seem to have built a fortress around your heart. You stay inside, not willing to come out, and I can’t find a way in. I’ve tried knocking, tried to communicate, but you just ignore it, sealing yourself away. Only when I’m exhausted, ready to give up, do you emerge for a fleeting embrace. It feels like your love for me is as fleeting as your embrace.”

A tense silence stretched between them. Finally, Jayden spoke, his voice thick with emotion. “My love is constant, unwavering. It’s never faltered.”

Elyse offered a strained smile. “Then why does it feel so distant? All I sense is your avoidance, a lack of sincerity.”

Tears welled in Jayden’s eyes, a prickling unease settling in his gut. It was the shift in her gaze, the tremor in her voice, the subtle withdrawal of her hand. Was she contemplating leaving?

Taking a deep breath, Elyse gently touched her stomach. Peyton and the others knew about the baby. There was no hiding it anymore.

After a moment’s contemplation, she met his gaze. “What if I told you I’m pregnant with your child?”

The question hung in the air. Jayden, surprised by the sudden shift, responded with unwavering conviction. “We’ll have the baby. However many we have, we’ll raise them together.”

Relief washed over Elyse. She grasped his hand, placing it on her belly.

Confused, Jayden looked at her.

“I’m two months along,” she said seriously. “Too early to tell if it’s a boy or a girl.”

Jayden stared at her, processing the news.

Finally, the words tumbled out, laced with disbelief. “You’re pregnant?”

She nodded. “I found out a few days ago.”

A frown creased his forehead. “Why not tell me then?”

Elyse’s eyes narrowed. “Because, frankly, Jayden, you haven’t exactly been forthcoming. And when I mentioned children before, you weren’t exactly enthusiastic.”

Jayden was speechless. He’d been in a foul mood from seeing Forrest, his response colored by anger.

“But you forgot one crucial question,” he said.

Elyse raised an eyebrow. “What’s that?”

He pulled her close. “You never asked how I’d feel if the baby was ours.”

The weight of his words hung heavy in the air. Elyse’s eyes widened. “So, what do you think?” she asked, a flicker of hope igniting in her gaze.

Chapter 504:

Jayden hugged Elyse tightly. “If the child is yours, I’ll give it the best of everything.”

Elyse felt a strange discomfort as she listened. Her heart remained unmoved. Once, such words would have filled her with joy, spurring dreams of motherhood.

With these thoughts, Elyse gently pushed Jayden away, creating space between them.

She chose not to share her current thoughts. Curling under the blanket, she murmured, "I'm tired. I need to sleep."

Jayden tucked the blanket around her. "Why are you also in the hospital?" he inquired.

"My baby's not doing well," Elyse explained softly. "The doctor advised I stay here to stabilize the pregnancy."

Jayden nodded and smoothed her disheveled bangs. After sitting with her a while, she drifted into sleep.

Jayden, planning to leave, suddenly had a realization. He stood up, abandoning his wheelchair, and wheeled it out.

At the door, Clive was waiting. Surprised at the sight, he blurted out, "Aren't you supposed to keep pretending to be disabled?"

Jayden, scratching his head in frustration, replied, "Why bother? She knows the truth now."

He glanced around and asked, "Where's that guy?"

Clive responded, "You're asking about that Irving? He left. Claimed he was too worn out and needed some time to process things."

He then cast several worried looks at Jayden's injured abdomen and asked, "That wound reopened when you saved Elyse, didn't it? Can you please listen to your doctor and stay in bed to heal?"

Jayden settled back into his wheelchair. "Where's that driver? Push me over to him," he demanded.

Raising an eyebrow, Clive replied, "He's at the usual spot. Shaun caught him trying to flee the scene. The fool tried to end his own life after missing Elyse. Thankfully, Shaun stopped him."

“That might just be the key to unraveling my suspicions.” Jayden massaged his temples. A suspect was forming in his mind, but he hesitated to act without concrete proof.

Before heading out with Jayden, Clive instructed the guards to keep a close eye on Elyse.

Upon seeing the driver, who had been harshly interrogated, Jayden felt it wasn’t enough. The driver had targeted Elyse instead of him, and for that, Jayden thought he deserved damnation.

The next morning, Elyse awoke feeling her stomach churn with hunger.

Just then, Driscoll walked into her room carrying breakfast.

Noticing her awake, he inquired, “How was your sleep? Everything okay?”

Elyse nodded, her eyes fixed on the lunchbox. She confessed, “I’m famished. Feels like I could devour everything in sight right now.”

Driscoll laughed and set the lunchbox down promptly. “Upon hearing about your pregnancy, the chef woke early to prepare this breakfast especially for you.”

Elyse beamed. “I’m really looking forward to it. His cooking never disappoints.”

Driscoll, wearing a warm smile, placed the dishes on the table before stepping out to fetch some drinking water.

As he passed by Jayden’s ward, he noticed it was empty. Shaking his head, he muttered, “Mr. Owen really doesn’t look after himself.”

At that moment, Jayden was seated in a car, Clive beside him. They were heading to Jayden’s grandpa’s place.

Clive had been up all night and, battling fatigue, yawned heavily. “You’re heading there just like this? Aren’t you worried about what your grandpa might do?”

Jayden, leaning back with his eyes closed for a brief rest, responded with calm assurance, “He has been trying to take me out for years. He won’t stop whether I visit him or not. So why not just show up at his doorstep?”

Clive, reminded of another urgent matter, added, “By the way, Elyse is really suffering from severe morning sickness. She’s probably finished with breakfast by now. Shouldn’t you give her a call since you’re not there?”

“Severe morning sickness?” Jayden seemed puzzled by the term, prompting him to look it up online. After understanding, he exclaimed in frustration, “That darn baby! Always causing trouble ever since she got pregnant. How dare it make Elyse go through so much!”

Clive, at a loss for words and folding his arms, questioned, “So, what are you suggesting? That she should terminate the pregnancy because the baby is ‘evil’? You know Elyse adores it. I doubt she’d agree to that.”

After a moment’s reflection, Jayden conceded, “If she wants to keep it, then we’ll keep it.”

Chapter 505:

Jayden and Clive engaged in light conversation as they approached Enzo’s house.

Clive, pushing Jayden who remained seated in his wheelchair, found they were early. Enzo was not yet ready. They decided to wait in the living room.

About fifteen minutes later, the butler approached with a formal air. “Please join Mr. Owen in the dining room for breakfast,” he announced respectfully.

Clive, ever the joker, raised an eyebrow. “My first breakfast here. What are the odds I’ll be drugged and held captive?”

The butler offered a polite laugh, playing along. “Oh, Mr. Yates, surely you jest. Mr. Owen has no reason to drug you. Please, feel at ease. All is well.”

Clive smirked, eyeing the butler skeptically, his look suggesting he found something sinister in the man’s demeanor.

Jayden, less prone to suspicion, remained calm. He was confident that despite his grandpa’s ill will toward him, a public scandal was the last thing the old man would risk.

The two men followed the butler into the dining room. Clad in gray sportswear, Enzo greeted them with a bright smile from his seat at the table. “What a pleasant surprise! I usually dine alone. It’s truly a joy to have your company this morning.”

Clive didn’t quite believe the sincerity of Enzo’s greeting. Having been up all night, he was famished. The sight of the lavish spread on the table nearly made him salivate.

Without a second thought about whether the food might be tampered with, he started devouring the meal.

Meanwhile, Jayden hadn’t touched his food at all.

Observing this, Enzo expressed his concern, “Jayden, why aren’t you eating? Is there something wrong with the food?”

Jayden glanced up nonchalantly. “Grandpa, do you really care about me?”

Enzo nodded earnestly. “Of course, I do. I raised you. You’ve always been my favorite grandchild.”

Jayden weighed his grandfather’s words before replying with a hint of sarcasm, “If I’m truly your favorite, why doesn’t it seem like you wish me well? Isn’t it true that you just want to control me and see me as nothing more than a younger version of yourself?”

With a peculiar sparkle in his eyes, Enzo responded, “Jayden, you are your own person. There is no one else like you in this world. I simply want you to be my successor; you don’t have to be my clone.”

Jayden let out a laugh. “But I’ve faced danger several times. Why is it that you always seem to be involved in each of these incidents, Grandpa? Are they tests, like the ones from my childhood? If I failed those, I’d end up hungry or locked away in a pitch-black room, right?”

Enzo’s reply was earnest. “You’re an adult now. The consequences are different. I wouldn’t starve you or confine you in darkness for failing a test. The rules have changed for grownups. Do you understand that everything I’ve done was for your benefit?”

Shaking his head, Jayden said, “I’m sorry, Grandpa, but I can’t grasp your intentions. To be honest, I’ve never really understood the principles of our family. It seems like you might be the only one who does.”

As he spoke, Jayden gave Clive a tap on the shoulder, signaling that it was time to go.

Clive, still feeling peckish, reluctantly set his utensils down, stood up, and prepared to leave.

Adding one last remark, Jayden declared, “Grandpa, I will become my own man, someone very different from you. You don’t get me. I’ve seen how you treat me. Next time we meet, I might not be so courteous.”

With that, Jayden pushed himself up from his wheelchair, bowed to Enzo, and then sat back down. Clive wheeled him out.

Chapter 506:

Enzo looked at Jayden sternly. After taking a bite of his food, he commanded the butler, “Don’t just stand there. Show them out.”

“Got it.” The butler nodded slightly and turned to escort Jayden and Clive out.

As Jayden and Clive reached the yard, the butler couldn't resist saying, "Jayden, you were raised personally by your grandpa. Don't you value the family bond you share with him?"

These words infuriated Clive, who retorted sharply, "Who's the one neglecting family ties? Surely you're not clueless."

With a wry smile, the butler replied, "He has no choice. He gave Jayden opportunities, but Jayden dismissed his kindness as worthless."

Jayden raised his hand to stop Clive from cursing again. Looking at the butler calmly, Jayden replied, "You've served my Grandpa your whole life. You know him well and understand his concerns. But that's none of my business. I still don't grasp why he's so stubborn. So, it's only natural that we would part ways."

The butler said coldly, "Do you realize what your fate will be after confronting your grandpa today?"

Clive frowned, recognizing that the butler was trying to intimidate Jayden using Enzo's influence. True enough, a lackey would flaunt the strength of its master.

Jayden gave the butler a look full of irony and disdain. "I shape my own destiny. My grandpa can't control that."

The conversation ended there. The butler couldn't maintain his composure. After serving Enzo for decades, he lost sight of his own identity, thinking he was just an extension of Enzo.

All young members of the Owen family respected him as they did Enzo, but Jayden was the exception. Jayden didn't even respect Enzo.

He had always been the outlier in the Owen family.

Enzo admired Jayden's talent but despised his attitude. The butler, on the other hand, disliked Jayden altogether.

Thus, the butler made no pretense. Irritated, he stopped and snapped, "I must return now. Be 'careful' on your way."

His tone was tense as he spoke the word "careful."

Jayden had no interest in arguing with a servant and left directly.

Clive settled into the car seat, his anger fading. He turned to Jayden with a serious look and voiced his concern, saying, "The negotiation didn't go well with him, did it? I bet your grandpa can't wait to eliminate you. In his eyes, you're the black sheep of the Owen family."

Jayden wasn't shocked. Having been close to Enzo since he was young, he understood his grandfather's mindset.

Jayden shrugged and responded casually, "I didn't follow his orders, so he labels me defiant. He wants someone to take over his company and power, yet he fears someone forcing him out."

Taking out a bottle of whisky from the car, Clive poured a drink. "He was too successful in his youth. If he'd ever encountered a setback, he wouldn't have become this paranoid. Don't you agree?"

"Who knows? He's just an old man trying to stay young now." Jayden observed Clive sip the whisky and felt a desire for some as well.

He extended his hand toward the bottle, but Clive intervened.

Clive's eyes widened as he exclaimed, "You're injured and want a drink? Not on my watch!"

Jayden responded calmly, "I need to face Elyse when I return to the hospital soon. I need the alcohol to give me courage."

Clive scoffed, “Elyse isn’t a monster. Why do you need a drink just to face her?”

He secured the whisky bottle with a serious expression, firmly denying Jayden. “Not a drop while I’m around.”

Jayden frowned and said, “You don’t get it. Elyse always seems mad at me. I’m really dreading her scowls and the trouble that follows.”

Clive knew Jayden all too well. “Maybe if you hadn’t irritated her so much, she wouldn’t be so angry, right? We all think Elyse is really nice and kind. You can’t just blame her.”

Jayden reached his limit. “You call her nice and kind? So, what, that makes me rude and hotheaded, right? Aren’t you guys supposed to be my friends? Shouldn’t you be supporting me?”

Clive crossed his legs, sipped his whisky, and smiled knowingly. “If all your friends just take your side, you might end up losing your wife. Do you want to be single?”

Muttering under his breath, Jayden managed a resigned smile. “You’re harsh, man. Okay, fine. I can’t imagine life without Elyse.”

Chapter 507:

Corrie emerged from one of the guest rooms of Enzo’s estate, unsurprised to find Jayden present. Enzo’s failed assassination attempt from the previous day was too significant to conceal.

Dressed in a sharp shirt and suit pants, Corrie stepped out and coincidentally crossed paths with Enzo’s butler, who was heading back to meet Enzo. She greeted him, “Good morning.”

Returning the greeting, the butler, who had been scolded by Jayden earlier, softened slightly upon seeing Corrie’s respectful demeanor, feeling a hint of satisfaction. “Good morning, Miss Bates. Have you had breakfast yet? I’ll have the chef prepare something for you.”

Corrie was pleasantly surprised by his gesture. "Thank you."

With a nod, the butler headed towards the kitchen, leaving Corrie feeling touched by his thoughtfulness.

Corrie made her way to the dining room where Enzo was quietly having breakfast.

Upon noticing her, he gave her a cold glance and instructed, "Have a seat."

Taking her place with a mixture of nervousness, Corrie settled into the chair. Enzo continued to eat in silence, his demeanor unreadable.

Finally, he broke the quietude with a casual inquiry. "I heard you were eager to see me last night. What's on your mind?"

Corrie nodded, her expression serious. "Mr. Owen, I need to discuss something crucial with you."

Enzo's eyebrows lifted in silent encouragement for her to proceed.

Gathering her resolve, Corrie said, "Yesterday's operation took an unexpected turn. I diverted the target to Elyse, needing to confirm a suspicion."

Enzo's demeanor remained composed as he prompted, "And what suspicion is that?"

Leaning forward slightly, Corrie whispered, "I suspect Elyse might be expecting."

Enzo's gaze sharpened with surprise and intrigue.

Corrie was certain that the knowledge of Elyse's pregnancy could be a valuable bargaining chip.

After a tense moment of contemplation, Enzo finally spoke in a hushed tone, his expression laden with complexity. “Is Elyse truly pregnant?”

“Without a doubt. You can verify it by checking Elyse’s hospital records.”

As if on cue, the butler entered the dining room with breakfast and placed the plate in front of Corrie. “Please enjoy your breakfast, Miss Bates.”

Enzo ate quietly, his thoughts evidently preoccupied.

Corrie, sensing the gravity of the situation, dared not speculate on his intentions.

Once breakfast concluded, Corrie prepared to depart.

However, Enzo stopped her with an unexpected invitation, “There will be a small gathering at my place tomorrow evening. You and Brook are welcome to join.”

Corrie’s excitement was tempered by a facade of composure as she graciously accepted his offer. “Thank you for the invitation, Mr. Owen. We’ll be there.”

With a nod of acknowledgment, Enzo dismissed Corrie, who was escorted out by the old butler.

With a cheerful smile, the butler extended his congratulations to Corrie. “Congratulations, Miss Bates. Your recognition by Mr. Owen is truly remarkable. Among the younger generation, only Jayden has had the honor of attending this gathering. It’s a first-time invitation from him for you, and Brook should feel glad to have a girlfriend like you.”

Corrie’s happiness was palpable as she expressed her gratitude, “I’m deeply grateful for Mr. Owen’s acknowledgment. In the future, I’ll strive to be his capable help, sharing his burdens.”

The butler lightened the mood with a jest. “I suppose you’ll have to start calling him Grandpa soon.”

Corrie blushed at the playful remark, feeling a tad embarrassed to respond.

After bidding farewell, she entered her car, brimming with excitement.

In the car, her excitement bubbled over, and she couldn't contain her joy. She let out a happy shout, her enthusiasm filling the confined space. Startled, the driver in front turned to her, a look of fear in his eyes as he pleaded, "Miss, you scared me. Could you please be quieter?"

Realizing her lapse, Corrie responded, "I'm sorry, I got carried away; I'll keep it down." Despite the reprimand, her excitement remained unabated. She eagerly reached for her phone, intending to share the news with Brook.

However, she hesitated, recalling his lackluster response to messages. Aware of the dinner's significance, she resolved to ensure his attendance, regardless of his reluctance.

Dialing his number, she caught Brook in a sour mood as he navigated his way to the office.

Brook picked up the phone with an impatient tone, his voice reflecting his irritation. "Why did you call me in the early morning? I don't have time to go shopping with you!"

Corrie couldn't help but roll her eyes at Brook's response. "Your grandpa extended a gracious invitation to me for the gathering tomorrow at his place. Naturally, as my boyfriend, your presence is non-negotiable," she replied firmly, emphasizing the importance of his presence.

Brook's brow furrowed in confusion. "Why would my grandpa invite you? It's usually reserved for his close associates. What makes you worthy of such an invitation?" he questioned, his tone tinged with skepticism and curiosity.

Corrie's voice took on a steely edge. "That's not for you to question. You need to be there, and you better behave. If you embarrass me, you'll regret it."

Chapter 508:

Jayden calculated his return to the hospital, only to find Elyse had demolished two breakfasts.

Driscoll, spotting Jayden in his wheelchair, furrowed his brow. “Sir, we underestimated Mrs. Owen’s appetite. A maid is on her way with another breakfast.”

Clive, pointing at himself with a rumble in his stomach, piped up, “What about mine? Don’t tell me I’m next on the starvation list.”

Driscoll chuckled. “Of course not, Mr. Yates. Your breakfast waits next door. This way, please.”

Clive followed with a grateful sigh, his night spent assisting Jayden leaving him famished.

With Driscoll and Clive gone, the room’s atmosphere shifted as Jayden and Elyse found themselves alone.

Jayden cleared his throat, trying to mask his awkwardness. Maneuvering his wheelchair closer to the bed, he reached out to touch Elyse’s hand, but she withdrew it swiftly as if anticipating his move.

“Your eyes are still shut, aren’t they? How do you know what I’m doing?” he questioned, blinking in surprise.

Elyse remained silent, eyes tightly shut, her disappointment in Jayden palpable.

Jayden sensed her resistance and felt utterly lost. All he could do was watch her motionless form.

The silence stretched until Jayden, unable to bear it any longer, spoke in a monotone. “Last night, I interrogated that driver. Turns out my grandpa was the mastermind behind everything, just like I suspected.”

Elyse's voice, laced with ice, cut through his explanation. "Why tell me about this? It's not like I have a say in your affairs, do I?"

Jayden, his voice barely above a whisper, confessed, "I visited him this morning, and things went south. I'm cutting ties with the Owens."

Elyse's eyes snapped open, her voice sharp. "So what? You sever ties with your family, and that's not my concern. Deal with it yourself, Jayden. This doesn't involve me."

The anger in her voice was unmistakable. Confusion gnawed at Jayden. Why was she still furious after his honesty?

After a thoughtful pause, he added, "My grandpa sees me as his enemy. It'd be best if you distanced yourself from the Owens. They're a volatile bunch."

Elyse lashed out with a hit on his shoulder. "Can't you hear me? You constantly treat me like an outsider. Don't assume I need updates just because I'm upset. We have no stake in this. Like I said, keep me out of it, and I'll stay out."

Elyse's tone was commanding, her aura overpowering Jayden's.

The fierceness in her voice and demeanor left Jayden speechless. He'd never witnessed this side of her anger, and it sent a shiver down his spine.

Her outburst was followed by a wave of discomfort. Elyse clutched her stomach, her face contorted in pain.

Worry etched on his face, Jayden asked, "Are you feeling all right? Should I call the doctor?"

Elyse could only manage a weak nod.

Jayden fumbled for the call button, and soon the room was flooded with medical personnel.

Clive and Driscoll, drawn by the commotion, hurried in from the next ward.

Upon learning the cause of Elyse's distress—her anger at Jayden—Driscoll spoke with uncharacteristic seriousness. "Sir, Mrs. Owen's pregnancy is still fragile due to yesterday's events. She needs rest and calmness. Please choose your discussions more carefully. Her emotional well-being is paramount."

Jayden, overwhelmed with guilt, couldn't offer a defense. He tried to appease Elyse with gentle words, but her anger simmered, and her condition deteriorated.

Clive, munching on his croissant, his eyes blazing with disapproval, interjected, "Jayden, as your friend, I have to say this—you need to be more generous and understanding with Elyse. Upsetting her like this? What do you gain from it?"

Feeling cornered by Clive and Driscoll's sharp tongues, Jayden finally managed a response. "I understand. I'll be mindful of her mood and avoid upsetting her."

Driscoll nodded curtly. "Happy wife, happy life. Do you want your life to be unhappy? Besides, if Elyse is unhappy, she'll leave you. You don't want to be single, do you?"

Jayden felt a knot tighten in his stomach. Driscoll's words echoed Clive's earlier warning.

Defeated, he surrendered. "Alright. I get it."

Chapter 509:

With Jayden's commitment, Clive and Driscoll held back any lectures.

Jayden himself was troubled and guilty. He had nearly caused her to lose the baby. It was clear to him that Elyse was more concerned about the baby than him.

Half an hour later, the doctor, after completing the checkup and ensuring the baby was stable, addressed Jayden, "The patient needs to be careful with the baby. Please avoid

upsetting her again, or it might endanger the pregnancy. You wouldn't want to lose your child, right?"

Jayden's face showed a mix of emotions, but he nodded and promised, "I will take good care of her."

Then the doctor and nurses left.

Jayden signaled to Clive and Driscoll with a wink, then approached Elyse. Observing her pale complexion, he whispered, "I know you're awake. You're upset with me, but can we address it after the baby is born? I don't want to lose this child or you."

Elyse remained silent for a while before responding softly, "I'll think about it."

Relieved by her response, Jayden continued, "Don't worry. Even if I cut ties with the Owens, I'm not short on funds. You don't have to worry about me going broke."

Elyse wasn't concerned about Jayden's financial stability. In her mind, if Jayden faced financial ruin, she would simply take their child and reunite with her real family.

Jayden held Elyse's hand, doing his best to cheer her up.

He wasn't skilled at sweet talk and realized he might need to learn.

Later, Elyse felt hungry, sat up, and said unhappily, "I'm hungry."

Jayden was encouraged by her willingness to speak and asked patiently, "What would you like to eat?"

"I need something that won't make me nauseous." Elyse noted that her pregnancy had made her taste sensitive. Eating anything disagreeable could make her sick all day.

Jayden was at a loss again. How was he supposed to know what wouldn't make her nauseous?

After thinking it over, he said, "I'll check with Driscoll."

Elyse raised an eyebrow and asked, "Don't you know what I like to eat? Why do you need to ask someone else? Are you my husband or not?"

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Jayden kept his face straight, but inside, he was panicking. Why hadn't anyone warned him that Elyse could be so demanding during pregnancy?

He knew better than to lose his patience with her; he needed to soothe her.

Jayden massaged his forehead and casually listed a few dishes. Elyse shook her head repeatedly, her eyes filled with disappointment.

Jayden didn't want to let her down. Without a moment's delay, he gently pressed her head and kissed her passionately.

He kissed her with such intensity that she melted into his embrace.

Looking into Elyse's bewildered and annoyed eyes, Jayden asserted confidently, "You won't get morning sickness from kissing me."

With a scoff, Elyse calmly wiped her mouth and retorted, "Sure, I don't throw up, but I'm still hungry, right? Do you really think a kiss can fill me up?"

Jayden stared at her belly for a while then asked, "What would you like to eat? I'll have the chef whip it up for you."

Elyse frowned and said, "Can't you guess what I'm craving? You just said you didn't want to lose me. Were you just saying that?"

Jayden felt a headache coming on. How was he supposed to reason with her in her current state?

Chapter 510:

Jayden set up a desk in Elyse's ward and settled into his wheelchair to work, determined to provide the best care for his pregnant wife.

Peyton, with a bag of potato chips in hand, wheeled himself into Elyse's room. Spotting Jayden engrossed in his work despite his severe illness, Peyton teased, "Earning money for your baby, huh?"

Jayden looked up from his laptop, noticed the chips, and turned to Elyse. "Do you want some chips?" he asked, thinking aloud.

Engrossed in violin videos, Elyse shook her head without hesitation. "No."

Nodding, Jayden returned to his work without another word.

Peyton, bemused, felt like he was seeing things. Jayden's arrogance seemed to have vanished, replaced by a meek tone.

Munching on his chips, Peyton approached Elyse. "What have you done to Jayden? Why is he so scared of you?" he asked.

Elyse glanced at Jayden, diligently working away. "He has to earn money, just like you said. How else will he support me and my baby?"

Peyton chuckled mischievously. He was convinced there was more to it. Perhaps Elyse had discovered Jayden's lies, and now Jayden was terrified.

Without looking up, Jayden retorted, "What's so funny? Is it a crime to work hard for my family?" His tone was laced with anger.

Peyton, feeling a bit chastised, touched his nose. "No, no. As a friend, I admire your dedication. You deserve happiness," he said, though his tone remained playful.

After finishing his chips, Peyton felt drowsy and decided to head back to his room for a nap.

But as he exited, he nearly collided with Irving, who was arriving to visit Elyse.

Irving, laden with a bouquet, a fruit basket, and baby products, almost bumped into Peyton. "Sorry, I was in such a rush I almost didn't see you," Irving apologized.

Peyton's eyes lingered on the gifts in Irving's hands before he looked away. "It's fine. I was just leaving."

Irving stepped aside, allowing Peyton to pass, and then entered the room. He glanced at Jayden, who was still working but didn't acknowledge him.

Irving disliked Jayden, seeing him as a man with a foul temper. While Irving himself wasn't exactly good-tempered, Jayden's temper seemed worse.

He couldn't help but think that Elyse was unlucky to have married such a man. With her gentle nature, she was bound to be hurt by her husband.

Irving placed his gifts on the table beside Elyse.

Elyse, setting down her phone, greeted him softly. "Irving, what brings you here?"

"Gavin and Fiona are on their way, but I arrived a bit earlier," Irving explained, glancing at her phone and noticing that she had been watching videos of previous Swan Cup competitions.

Pulling up a chair, he sat beside her bed. "The Swan Cup is still a while away. No need to stress now."

Elyse frowned. "Even if it's far off, I can't help but worry. The competitors are top-tier from all over the globe. I doubt my abilities."

Tapping the tip of his nose, Irving replied honestly, “I think you should be more worried about yourself than the Swan Cup competition.”

Elyse looked puzzled. “What do you mean?”

Staring at her belly, Irving’s tone grew serious. “By the time the Swan Cup arrives, you’ll be about five or six months along. Are you planning to compete while pregnant?”

Elyse, stunned, looked down at her belly and then slowly turned her gaze to Jayden.

Jayden, visibly anxious, felt a pang of guilt. Irving’s words had clearly struck a nerve.

Meeting Elyse’s eyes accidentally, Jayden fell silent.

Elyse, seeing Jayden’s guilt-ridden expression, rolled her eyes. Now he felt regret and couldn’t face her. Why hadn’t he thought of this earlier?

After a brief silence, Irving remembered something. “Oh, Mr. Tucker found out you’re pregnant today. He said he’d fly home and come to see you as soon as he’s done with his work.”

Shocked, Elyse asked, “He knows I’m pregnant?”

Irving nodded. He didn’t mention that Cody had nearly crashed into a guardrail upon hearing the news that morning.