

## Bound love 521

Chapter 521:

Dorothy gazed at Jayden with a look that could pierce the heart. With her bony finger extended, she first pointed at Jayden's legs and then at his chest. "You look able-bodied, but inside, you're not well," she said.

Jayden met her gaze without flinching. After a moment of tense silence, he said, "Get some rest. I'll leave you to it."

Dorothy watched him for a while without a word. Then, she lay back down on the bed.

"Rest well," Jayden said, holding Elyse's hand, and then walked out of the ward.

Elyse turned her head and studied Jayden's expression, concerned that he might be upset with Dorothy. In reality, he wasn't all that angry; he simply felt that Dorothy was in need of a CT scan on her head.

Upon their arrival at Morgan's ward, Elyse approached Morgan's bed.

Jayden approached her. Seeing the worry etched on Elyse's face, he took her hand and said, "Don't fret. She just fainted from mood swings."

Elyse nodded quietly. "I never imagined Morgan was Janet, the one we've been searching for. But she has amnesia and doesn't remember anything from before."

"Just because she forgot everything doesn't mean she won't remember later. I'll find someone to help her recover her memories." Jayden believed that once Morgan's memories returned, the hidden truths of the past would come to light.

Elyse nodded once more and remarked, "I need to have a conversation with Dorothy later. There are many questions swirling in my mind."

"She might be asleep again."

Elyse sighed. "I'll have to wait for another chance then."

It was rare for Dorothy to be coherent, and Elyse had so many questions about her parents, Jazmine and Rickey.

Jayden's phone rang, breaking the moment. He answered it, and Driscoll's voice came through urgently. "The security guard called, Mabel tried to break into the villa with a kitchen knife, ranting about getting her mother back."

"Interesting. Did Lanny come?" Jayden asked, amused.

"No, he didn't," Driscoll replied.

"Tell Mabel that if Lanny doesn't show up, she won't see Glenda," Jayden said calmly.

Driscoll agreed, "Got it! I'll handle it now."

"Wait, I'll come with you," Jayden said, hanging up. He turned to Elyse. "Do you want to come with me? We're making progress with Glenda."

Elyse hesitated, touching her belly. "The doctor advised me to rest. I shouldn't be moving around much."

"I'll arrange for a doctor and nurse to accompany us. Don't worry," Jayden assured her, quickly making the arrangements.

Seeing Jayden's efforts, Elyse felt her anxiety ease. They soon got into the car and headed home.

When they arrived, they saw Mabel wildly swinging the kitchen knife. She was screaming Elyse's name and cursing Jayden.

The villa gate, reinforced after Shaun's attack, stood firm against her assault. Her knife broke, but the gate remained unscathed.

“What a lunatic!” Jayden muttered, shaking his head. He then turned to Driscoll. “Keep an eye on her and don’t let her get near Elyse!”

“Understood,” Driscoll replied respectfully.

Elyse, seated in the car, observed Mabel quietly. Sensing Elyse’s gaze, Mabel abruptly turned, fixing her eyes on the back seat of the car.

Noticing her gaze, Jayden protectively held Elyse, his eyes hardening.

But Mabel couldn’t see inside the car, thanks to the tinted windows.

As the car drove past, Mabel gasped, clutching the broken knife.

“Jayden Owen! Give my mother back, or I’ll kill you!” she screamed, slashing at the car.

The driver sped up, and Mabel missed, falling awkwardly. The knife slipped from her hand, spinning away.

Before she could get up, two bodyguards approached. One kicked the knife while the other grabbed Mabel, dragging her toward the villa.

Mabel could go mad with a kitchen knife in her hand and no one intervened.

After being restrained by the bodyguards and forcibly taken into the villa, panic set in. She struggled fiercely. “What are you doing? Let go of me! I want my mother!”

Chapter 522:

The two bodyguards hauled Mabel into the villa and flung her to the floor. When she looked up, her gaze fell upon Elyse, who was seated behind Jayden.

Elyse was draped in a white silk dress and a beige coat, her hair sleek and glossy like strands of fine silk. She epitomized the image of a well-kept, affluent wife.

Mabel's face contorted with undisguised jealousy. Her eyes red with fury, she barked, "Elyse Lloyd, how dare you imprison my mom! You ungrateful wretch! Have you forgotten she raised you?"

Elyse, her expression unmoved, stared deeply at Mabel and drawled, "You want to see your mom? Fine. Go ahead."

In the next moment, two bodyguards escorted Glenda into the room.

Although she had been confined for two days, Glenda had received regular meals. Aside from appearing slightly thinner, she bore no signs of mistreatment.

Tears welled up in Mabel's eyes at the sight of her mother. "Mom! Are you okay? Did Elyse harm you? Tell me, and I'll make her pay."

Glenda, startled to see Mabel, asked, "Why are you here? Where is your dad? Is he here too?"

Annoyance flickered across Mabel's face at the mention of Lanny. "Dad is a coward! He didn't dare to come. He tried to stop me but failed. And he just ran away. I have no idea where he is now," she snarled.

Glenda looked disheartened upon hearing about Lanny's actions. She had expected as much. If he intended to rescue her, he would have been there already.

"You have nothing to do with this. Leave. Don't come back for me!" Glenda said after a moment of silence.

Mabel, bewildered, replied in shock, "Mom, do you know what you're saying? I came to take you home."

She pointed an accusatory finger at Elyse and said bitterly, “Elyse Lloyd’s an ungrateful snake! Her parents died when she was little, and you took her in and raised her. And now she mistreats you?”

“Enough! Stop it!” Glenda snapped sharply.

“Mom, I’m doing this for you. How can you scold me?” Mabel couldn’t believe her mother would be so harsh.

Ignoring her daughter, Glenda turned her gaze to Elyse, who had been silent.

Feeling the weight of Glenda’s stare, Elyse arched an eyebrow and asked, “Do you need me to tell your daughter why we’ve locked you up?”

Glenda, defeated, lowered her head. Gone was her previous arrogance and pride. She muttered humbly, “Please don’t tell her. She can’t be in the loop.”

Seeing her mother’s submission, Mabel gaped in disbelief. She screamed, “Mom, why are you begging her? What did you do that she’s holding over you? Tell me. I won’t judge you.”

Glenda continued to speak to Elyse, ignoring Mabel. “Please let Mabel go. I was the one who did wrong. She’s innocent. She’s just a spoiled daughter.”

Surprise flashed in Elyse’s eyes. “What do you mean?”

Glenda grew anxious at Elyse’s lack of agreement. Fearing her refusal, Glenda knelt before her.

Elyse was taken aback. “Why are you kneeling?”

“Mom! Stop it! We don’t need Elyse’s sympathy!” Mabel cried out. She shoved the bodyguards aside, rushed to Glenda, and tried to pull her up.

With reddened eyes, Mabel snapped, “I don’t need you to beg Elyse. Come home with me!”

Tears streamed down Glenda’s face. She sobbed, saying, “I’m doomed. I can’t go home! You’re the one I love most. How can I live without you?”

Mabel, not understanding, held her mother anxiously. “Why are you crying? What did you do? Tell me!”

Jayden, observing the scene, thoughtfully remembered Glenda’s arrogance when she was first detained. But she had since surrendered and become humble.

She ate three meals and did not inquire as to whether Lanny had stopped by to pick her up.

After a moment of contemplation, Jayden said, “You want to know what she did? It’s quite simple. She followed your dad’s orders and attempted murder!”

Mabel recoiled. “What did you say?”

Jayden repeated patiently, “Your dad instigated your mom to commit murder!”

Chapter 523:

Mabel stood there, stunned for several moments, slowly processing what she’d just heard. Then, turning stiffly to face Glenda, who was continuously crying, Mabel’s voice quivered as she asked, “Did Dad really tell you to kill someone? Why did you listen to him? He didn’t want to do it himself, so he sent you? How could he?”

Glenda, her hand over her mouth, shook her head in agony and managed to sob out her words, “No, I didn’t... I didn’t kill anyone. All I did was remove that old woman’s oxygen mask. She’s still alive.”

Mabel was caught off guard. It appeared that her mom really had attempted murder, and the instigator was her own dad. She struggled to come to terms with this revelation. After a long pause, she pressed further, “Mom, why would you do that? Does Dad have

something against that woman? Have you both lost your minds? Why would you do such a thing? Please, tell me!"

Jayden let out a laugh and commented, "Your mom won't disclose her reasons for her actions, nor your dad's reasons for wanting that woman dead. So, she ended up staying with us for a few days."

Desperately, Mabel implored, "Mom, please stop crying. Do you want to be trapped here forever? Don't you want to go back home? Don't you want to live with us again?"

But no matter how fervently Mabel pleaded, Glenda continued to weep, offering no words in response.

Jayden watched the unfolding scene and remarked, "Your mom's love for your dad is palpable. She probably wants to protect him from criminal involvement. What a touching love story! Sadly, it means you might lose her."

His words heightened Mabel's anxiety. In her view, Lanny was nowhere near as important as Glenda. She would rather see Lanny behind bars than lose her mother.

As Mabel pressed Glenda for answers, Elyse sensed there was a hidden secret involving both Glenda and Lanny. She tilted her head, whispering to Jayden, "They were desperate to eliminate Dorothy. There must be other motives. Look, Mabel has been questioning her for minutes, yet Glenda refuses to reveal anything."

Jayden leaned in, his gaze narrowing as he listened to Elyse. He responded to each of her statements with a noncommittal grunt.

Elyse continued, "Glenda knelt before me just now. I felt like she was trying to entrust her daughter to my care."

Jayden nodded in agreement. "It seems she's ready to take the fall for Lanny. But it might not be just about her attempt to kill Dorothy. I guess Dorothy was aware of their secret, prompting them to want her dead."

Elyse scratched her head, puzzled. "What is this secret they're hiding?"

“They committed a murder. Dorothy knew about it, which is why they wanted her gone too,” Jayden explained calmly.

Elyse, driven by curiosity, probed further, “Who did they kill? Dorothy never mentioned.”

Jayden shook his head. “No, she never did.”

Elyse’s curiosity deepened as she pondered what secret the Lloyd couple might be concealing—a secret they seemed determined not to reveal.

At the same time, Glenda’s patience with Mabel’s incessant questions was wearing thin. Exasperated, she burst out, “I don’t know. Really, I don’t. Why don’t you ask your dad? He’s the one with all the answers. He’s the real schemer here, not me. I’m just the fall guy. Got it?”

Mabel, frustrated and anxious, stamped her foot. “Mom, please! Just tell them what you know. I don’t want them locking you up. I want you to go back home with me.”

Then, an idea struck her, and she turned to Elyse. “If I bring my dad here, will you let my mom go?”

Jayden nodded affirmatively. “Sure. Bring your dad here to explain why he orchestrated that crime. I’m willing to help keep your mom out of prison, despite her involvement. After all, she’s still complicit and could face charges.”

Mabel was unsure of Lanny’s whereabouts but was convinced Glenda knew. Holding her mother’s hands tightly, she pleaded, “Mom, you have to know where Dad could be hiding, right? Help us find him, confess what you’ve done, and you won’t have to go to jail.”

Glenda, biting her lower lip, remained silent.



Observing her mother's reaction, Mabel felt a wave of desperation. "Why are you so determined to cover for him? Are you really ready to throw away your life? To give up on me?"

Glenda, growing weary of hearing the same arguments, felt her irritation rise. With a firm push that left Mabel stunned, she said wearily, "I need to think about it."

Chapter 524:

Hours bled into one another as Glenda stewed in stony silence. Mabel's pleas washed over her like waves, ignored.

Elyse, in stark contrast, radiated an unexpected calmness. Curled up on the sofa, she gently placed a hand on her stomach, a silent attempt to connect with the tiny life growing within.

Jayden, perched beside her, peered at her belly with a hint of wonder. "Boy or girl?" he inquired softly.

Elyse's lips curved into a smile. "Don't know yet. Does it matter?"

He pondered for a moment. "Not really. It's yours, and that's all that matters. I'll love it no matter what."

Elyse's eyes widened in surprise. "Such sweet words," she breathed, a tremor in her voice. "Where did that come from?"

Jayden arched an eyebrow. "Why the surprise?"

Elyse pressed her lips together, unsure how to respond. Jayden's uncharacteristic tenderness was flustering.

The tranquility shattered with Glenda's sudden outburst. "Enough!" she roared, yanking at her hair. "Can't you see you're getting nowhere? Why don't you pester your dad instead? Leave me alone!"

Mabel, pushed to her limit, fired back, “I’m here for you! How long are you going to let them confine you? This isn’t a life sentence! Besides, Dad’s the one who wronged everyone. Why haven’t you exposed him after all this time?”

Her voice wavered, her eyes reddening. “Don’t tell me it’s because of love!”

Glenda’s jaw clenched. She knew all too well the truth about Lanny’s indifference. He barely acknowledged her these days, likely wishing her to remain a convenient scapegoat. Love? There was precious little of that left between them.

“I can lose him,” Mabel pleaded, tears welling in her eyes, “but I can’t lose you! Just put all the blame on him, Mom. Don’t throw your life away for that man!”

“You don’t understand!” Glenda cried, pushing Mabel away in a desperate attempt to create distance. “I did it for you.”

With that, she retreated to the confines of her room, slamming the door shut behind her.

Mabel stood rooted in shock, then scrambled after her mother. But the door remained resolutely locked, no matter how ardently Mabel pounded on it.

“Mom! What do you mean, for me? Just stop this madness!” Mabel’s voice echoed through the hallway.

Silence answered her.

Alone in the room, Glenda slumped against the wall, her legs giving way beneath her. The weight of her secret pressed down on her.

Lanny, the man she’d sacrificed for, was a murderer, a thief who’d built his wealth on the blood of innocents. Their lives of luxury were a grotesque monument to a monstrous crime.

Silence was her shield, her way of protecting Mabel's comfortable existence. She envisioned her daughter marrying into wealth and living a carefree life. The truth, however, threatened to shatter that illusion.

Mabel, blissfully unaware of her mother's sacrifices for her, misinterpreted Glenda's silence as the result of Lanny's brainwashing. She found it hard to believe that her mother would take a life for him.

Just then, Driscoll entered the scene. "Ms. Lloyd," he said sternly, placing a restraining hand on Mabel's heaving form, "wrecking the door won't bring your mother out."

Mabel shot him a withering glance before shaking him off. She stormed back to the living room, her gaze fixing on Elyse.

Seeing Mabel's hostile eyes, Elyse asked warily, "What do you want?"

"Help me find Lanny," Mabel demanded, her gaze cold, unaware that Elyse was pregnant. "He deserves to pay. My mother won't be a part of this."

Elyse raised an eyebrow. "Glenda is your mother, but Lanny isn't your father?"

Mabel sneered. "One of them has to go to jail, and it won't be my mother."

A beat of silence. Mabel studied Elyse. "But then again," she drawled, "an orphan like you wouldn't understand the lengths a daughter would go to."

Elyse's gaze remained steady. "My parents weren't murderers," she said gently. "Perhaps that's the difference between us."

Mabel flinched, a raw nerve exposed. "They're my parents!" she spat. "If they didn't take you in back then, you might've ended up growing up in an orphanage!"

Chapter 525:

Mabel attempted to provoke Elyse, but Elyse remained stoically unbothered. “If I were an orphan, you would have had to take the blame for every mistake you made from childhood to adulthood,” she said to Mabel.

Mabel’s expression hardened. “It’s your duty. You’re like a sponge in my family, so isn’t it fair that you take all the blame for me?” she snapped.

“I’ve been away from your family for a long time now, and I can no longer assist you,” Elyse responded with a smile, her composure unshaken.

She then narrowed her eyes and added with a cold sneer, “If you expect my help, you need to adjust your attitude. You want to save Glenda, but that’s not my concern. I’d rather leave her fate to the police.”

Mabel clenched her fists and gritted her teeth. “So what do you expect me to do?” she asked, frustration evident in her tone.

Elyse met her gaze with chilling indifference. Memories of past grievances and injuries inflicted by Mabel surged in her mind. She vividly remembered the injustices from their childhood and adolescence, particularly when Mabel stole her sheet music and claimed credit for her work, basking in the acclaim.

It was clear to Elyse that she and Mabel would never reconcile—not in this lifetime.

When Elyse fell silent, Mabel’s patience snapped, and she raised her hand to slap her. Just as the slap was about to land, Jayden intervened. He caught Mabel’s hand swiftly and delivered a quick kick to her stomach.

Mabel was propelled several meters back. She clutched her stomach and doubled over like a bent shrimp, struggling to stand.

Elyse was stunned by the rapid escalation of events. “Is this how you ask for help?” Elyse confronted Mabel, visibly angry.

Despite the pain overwhelming her, Mabel forced a smile. “You’ve been my maid your whole life. Do you really think that will change once you’re married? Elyse, you’ll always be my maid!” she shouted, her lips quivering.

Elyse was infuriated by Mabel's attitude. To calm her down, Jayden said, "Don't let it get to you. It's just like a crazy dog barking."

At that moment, Jayden's phone rang. He answered and listened intently to the hospital staff on the other end. His shock was evident as he exclaimed, "What? Lanny ran over someone?"

Elyse was shocked, with Mabel appearing even more distressed. "What happened? Who was hit by my dad's car?" Mabel asked, staggering to her feet.

Elyse felt a wave of anxiety as she watched Jayden end the call. She had a feeling something was very wrong.

"We need to get to the hospital now," Jayden said with a grave expression.

"Who did Lanny hit?" Elyse asked, her voice low.

After a pause heavy with tension, Jayden responded slowly, "Dorothy. She's in the emergency room now."

All of a sudden, Elyse felt dizzy. "What happened? How did things come to this?" she murmured.

A few hours ago, when Mabel dashed out of her home in a frenzied state, Lanny was close on her heels. After a short pursuit, he lost sight of her and was unable to catch up. But Lanny remained undisturbed by this setback. He was confident that Elyse, who inherited her parents' kind-hearted nature, would not harm Mabel. Ironically, Lanny deemed this quality insignificant and had no desire to nurture it in himself.

He quickly turned back and made his way to the hospital.

For the past several days, he had been visiting the hospital daily, cleverly disguised with a fake beard and a peaked cap to blend in with the visitors in the inpatient department. On several occasions, as he approached Dorothy's ward to sneak in, he noticed it was guarded by bodyguards. Lanny found it strange that Jayden would arrange a well-

equipped ward and costly bodyguards for an elderly woman nearing death. Despite his confusion, his goal was clear. He wanted to kill Dorothy and bury the secrets of the past.

That day, Lanny went to the hospital as usual to find an opportunity to kill Dorothy. He parked outside and waited patiently for two hours before deciding to make his move. He knew the bodyguards would occasionally leave their post for brief bathroom breaks. He would take advantage of one such moment to attack Dorothy.

With a clear plan in mind, Lanny rushed toward the inpatient department.

A strangely familiar voice caught his attention as he passed the registration office on the first floor. He paused and turned, drawn by curiosity. A woman was arguing with a nurse, removing her hospital gown.

“Ma’am, you must remain hospitalized for a few more days. You have a blood clot in your brain according to the latest test results,” the nurse said to the woman.

Chapter 526:

The nurse handed over the document, saying, “This is your examination report. Please take a look.”

Morgan removed her hospital gown and glanced at the report with displeasure. Her voice raspy, she said, “I understand, but I really don’t want to stay here. I just want to go home.”

The nurse explained, “The doctor mentioned that the blood clot in your brain likely resulted from an old injury. It’s still pressing on your brain and hasn’t dissolved. Now is an ideal time for treatment; otherwise, it might affect your vision in the future.”

Morgan pressed a hand to her head, feeling a buzzing in her ears. She sensed something was off with her health, but the thought of staying in the hospital was unbearable. It felt as though the hospital held some fears she wasn’t ready to confront.

Morgan thought she had to stay away from here. Then the things in her heart that made her afraid would not hurt her. The more distressed she felt, the stronger her urge to leave

grew. She had barely walked a few steps when she nearly collapsed, but fortunately, she caught herself in time and kept moving.

After a few more steps, Morgan realized she was heading the wrong way. She turned and walked toward the hospital's main entrance.

Blending into the crowd, Lanny finally got a clear view of Morgan's face. His eyes widened as he stared. Lanny clenched his fists, attempting to steady his nerves. So many years had passed! He had finally located Janet!

He had been desperate to find her, haunted by dreams of her at night. Yet, she had vanished over 20 years ago without a single trace. Despite keeping a close watch on her mother, Dorothy, there had been no sign of her. Thankfully, his persistence was rewarded. He had finally located her.

Unaware of being watched, Morgan walked a few more steps before her vision blurred again. The nurse quickly called for assistance and escorted Morgan back to her previous ward.

Lanny followed them discreetly and stopped at the ward's entrance. There, he noticed Jayden's bodyguards, seemingly involved in managing Morgan's matters.

"Damn it! Why does it have something to do with Jayden? Is he really that kind and generous? Why would he help just anyone?" Lanny muttered angrily. He paced back and forth outside the ward a few times and found that Janet's name was now Morgan. Before he could dwell on it, he was spotted and chased off by Jayden's bodyguards.

Dejected, Lanny returned to his car to contemplate his next move.

With Janet back, Dorothy would be useless. Only Janet held the evidence of his crime from over two decades ago, while Dorothy only knew of the murder.

After a brief consideration, Lanny resolved that Janet must be eliminated. Dorothy, now frail and old, posed no threat to him. Reflecting on Janet's condition, he speculated that she must have amnesia; otherwise, why would she change her name?

Since Janet didn't want to stay in the hospital, he concluded that she would definitely leave when she woke up. When she came out of the hospital, he would seize the opportunity to run her over.

He was determined to kill her. And he would not give her any chance to survive, Lanny thought viciously.

Two hours later, as the sun began to set, Lanny waited patiently. Finally, the person he had fixated on emerged from the hospital.

Morgan came out of the hospital, unaware of the looming threat. She rubbed her throbbing head, sensing a flicker of recovery. She was flooded with a surge of memories.

Chapter 527:

Lanny gripped the steering wheel tightly, his teeth clenched as he drove towards Morgan without any hesitation. After more than twenty years, his obsession was finally coming to an end today.

Beside him, Morgan felt a buzzing in her head. She glanced sideways to the driver's seat and saw Lanny's twisted expression. His face resembled that of a demon, a figure escaped from hell to the mortal realm. Prominent blue veins pulsed on his forehead, a bead of sweat trailing down. His eyes, fiery red with age, were laced with a maniacal and cruel grin.

This was the face that slowly merged with the one in Morgan's memory. For a moment, Morgan stood frozen as her past memories overlapped with the present. She couldn't distinguish between reality and her nightmares.

Around her, the crowd's shouts escalated, yet Morgan was oblivious, her focus entirely on recognizing the man before her. He was the one she despised most, the man she had longed to kill. His name was...

Her lips trembled as she instinctively murmured his name. "Lanny Lloyd."



Suddenly, there was a loud boom, followed by the screeching of tires. The crowd's screams halted for a brief moment before a voice exclaimed, "Call 911!" Panic ensued, and people rushed towards the site of the accident.

Outside the hospital, a crowd had formed. Morgan was jostled roughly, stumbling forward until her forehead struck the ground, her thoughts scattering into oblivion. A few seconds later, several kind strangers helped her to her feet. In those brief moments, her sealed memories surged forward, overwhelming her senses.

As she regained her composure, Morgan sensed something profound. She pushed through the crowd, her steps unsteady. Upon reaching the scene and seeing Dorothy lying in a pool of blood, she gasped, "Mom?"

Dorothy lay contorted, her eyes opening slowly to show a dim, fading light. Immediately, doctors and nurses converged on the scene, confirming Dorothy still had a faint heartbeat. After administering five minutes of CPR, they rushed her to the emergency room, clearing the way for urgent care.

"Mom? Mom? Mom?" Morgan cried out as she followed the medical team, ignoring the blood that marked her own face. She continued to call to her mother, but Dorothy gave no response.

"Mom..." Morgan's voice broke with tears streaming down her face as she grappled with the unfolding tragedy.

Dorothy was swiftly taken into the emergency room by the medical staff, and the door shut behind her, leaving Morgan outside. She banged on the operating room door, her voice breaking as she called out, "Mom, it's me, Janet. I've returned, and I remember everything now. Mom, please don't leave me. I can't bear to lose you."

Morgan could never have envisioned such a reunion with her mother after more than two decades. She sank to her knees, resting her forehead against the cold door, supporting herself with her hands. It looked as though she was praying or confessing.

Tears streamed down her face as she sobbed. "Mom, I'm so sorry. My return was delayed, and it caused you so much pain."

Half an hour later, Elyse and Jayden arrived at the hospital in haste. They encountered Morgan, whose face was streaked with blood. Slumped over, Morgan supported herself on her knees with her head bowed. When she heard Elyse's voice, she slowly lifted her head with a dull expression.

Upon noticing Morgan's injuries, Elyse rushed towards her and expressed her concern. "You're hurt. Why haven't you taken care of your wounds?"

Morgan reached out to touch Elyse's cheek, her gaze lingering as she spoke with a rough voice. "You have Rickey's eyes and nose, and your mother Jazmine's lips and ears."

A wistful look crossed her face as she continued, "It's no wonder I thought you looked familiar when we first met, as if I had known you from somewhere."

Startled by Morgan's recognition, Elyse instinctively looked at Jayden, who was visibly shocked. He asked cautiously, "Have you truly regained your memory, Janet?"

Barely able to contain her surprise, Elyse exclaimed, "Really? Your memory is back?"

Morgan smiled faintly and admitted, "Yes, my memory has returned, but it's far too late. Over twenty years have passed, and you've grown up."

As Morgan spoke those words, her eyes gradually reddened. Tears began to choke her voice as she said, "You've grown up without ever seeing your real parents, yet you've been mistaking those who murdered your dad as your family for many years."

There was a prolonged silence before Elyse responded with uncertainty, "My father was murdered? Are you saying Lanny killed my father?"

This made her wonder if she had misheard Morgan.

Morgan nodded her head firmly. "Yes, he is the one who killed your father. Lanny is your enemy!"

Chapter 528:

After processing the information for a long while, Elyse suddenly felt dizzy. She raised a hand to her forehead, and her legs weakened as if she might collapse.

Just in time, Jayden supported her waist, steadying her against himself. His voice was filled with concern as he advised, “Don’t get too worked up. Remember, you’re pregnant. Try to stay calm for our baby’s sake.”

Nodding, Elyse requested, “Help me sit down. I feel a bit dizzy.”

Jayden nodded and assisted her to the nearest chair.

Morgan, who had been observing quietly, bit her lip. She had momentarily forgotten about Elyse’s pregnancy.

The harsh realities of the past weighed heavily on her. She pondered for a moment and decided to withhold further details, for now.

Simultaneously, the operating room door swung open, and a doctor approached with a grave expression. Looking at the trio, he inquired, “Who here is related to Dorothy?”

Stepping forward anxiously, Morgan responded, “I am her daughter. Is there a chance that my mother can get through this at all?”

As she spoke, she intertwined her fingers and looked at the doctor with apprehensive eyes.

The doctor met Morgan’s gaze, and after a deep sigh, he delivered the somber news. “At 7:21 this evening, despite our efforts, Dorothy passed away due to unsuccessful resuscitation attempts. I am very sorry.”

Morgan swayed from the shock, but the doctor caught her in time, supporting her.

He explained with a sense of defeat, “Dorothy’s health was already deteriorating significantly. The car accident caused severe internal injuries. Even though there was a faint heartbeat upon arrival, we couldn’t sustain it.”

Elyse interjected anxiously, “But this morning, she was up and about. She was clear-minded and conversed with us extensively!”

The doctor frowned and clarified, “We informed you the day before yesterday. Dorothy’s condition was precarious; her heartbeat was unstable, and her health could fail at any moment. Her physical condition has been well below normal thresholds.”

Shocked, Elyse turned to Jayden and asked, “Is that true, what the doctor mentioned?”

Jayden nodded before saying, “The doctor said Dorothy was clinging to life, possibly due to an unfulfilled wish. This might have sustained her despite everything.”

After a brief sigh, he continued, “So, when Dorothy was clear-minded and speaking today, I doubted the initial prognosis, but it appears I was mistaken.”

His gaze then shifted to Morgan.

Realizing the implications, Morgan wore a bitter smile. “It seems my mother was holding on all these years, waiting. It was only my return that allowed her to finally find peace.”

After being reminded, Elyse recalled Dorothy’s words in the hospital room. Dorothy had mentioned that seeing Janet fulfilled her mission. Dorothy was relieved to know that she no longer needed to carry the burden of her responsibilities and mission. She had expressed her relief with a sigh.

Having heard the statement, the doctor explained, “Based on what you’ve described, it seems Dorothy was resuscitated from near death and briefly regained strength. Last night, she required two cardiopulmonary resuscitations. While we were able to revive her temporarily, her time had indeed come.”

As he spoke, the operating room doors opened. Nurses slowly emerged, pushing a gurney that carried Dorothy. Her face was covered with a white cloth.

One of the nurses softly said, “Dorothy’s family should confirm her identity.”

With trembling hands, Morgan lifted the cloth from Dorothy’s face.

Dorothy’s face was pale, but her smile was contented and relaxed. In her final moments, she had the joy of seeing her long-lost daughter again and had used her remaining strength to shield her daughter from harm. As Janet’s mother and once a nanny to Rickey, Dorothy had fulfilled her life’s duties. Now, she could rest peacefully, perhaps finding solace in the thought of reuniting with Rickey and Jazmine in heaven.

Morgan tenderly brushed the wrinkles on Dorothy’s face and said, “These lines shouldn’t be here. Her eyes and forehead should have remained smooth.”

Tears blurred Morgan’s vision as she gazed at her mother’s face.

Overwhelmed with grief, she knelt down and wept loudly. “Mom, after more than two decades, we’ve finally met. It breaks my heart that God had to tear you away from me forever, Mom.”

It no longer mattered how much Morgan cried and sobbed, for Dorothy wouldn’t be able to respond anymore.

Elyse could not contain her sorrow as she sought comfort in Jayden’s embrace. Quietly, she hid her tears from view.

Chapter 529:

Holding Elyse close, Jayden looked over at Dorothy and sighed internally. Now that her mission was over, she deserved some peace.

Morgan was inconsolable. She clung to Dorothy’s hand, unwilling to let go.

Caught in a tough spot, the nurse said, "I'm afraid we can't remain here indefinitely according to the regulations. We need to move her to the morgue. My deepest condolences."

Morgan sobbed. "I'll accompany her."

Jayden gently stopped Elyse and said, "I'll send a message to Peyton. He's expecting you in the ward. You should head back there first. It's not suitable for you to go to the morgue."

Elyse nodded, dried her eyes, and headed for the elevator.

Turning to Morgan, Jayden said, "Dorothy helped Elyse discover that Lanny and Glenda aren't her real parents. I'm truly thankful for that. Please let me help take care of Dorothy's funeral arrangements."

Morgan looked at Jayden, exhausted, and said weakly, "Thank you, Mr. Owen."

Jayden accompanied Morgan to the morgue and called the funeral service to arrange for Dorothy's prompt collection. In the chilly morgue, surrounded by several other bodies, Morgan stood firm despite the cold that could have made anyone shiver.

But she seemed unaffected. Standing by Dorothy, she pleaded, "Thank you for everything. Could I please have some time alone with her before the funeral home staff arrives? It's been over twenty years since we've been together like this."

Jayden replied in a heavy tone, "Okay, I'll head upstairs."

Morgan simply nodded, continued holding Dorothy's hand, and remained silent.

As Jayden left the morgue, the echo of Morgan's cries filled the hallway, a reminder of his helplessness in this situation.

Instead of heading straight out, Jayden went to the security room. The bodyguard assigned to Dorothy was already there waiting for him.

He reviewed the security footage of Dorothy in the ward before the car accident. The bodyguard said with a hint of unease, "At the time, I was looking after Dorothy when she suddenly woke up craving a sandwich. She said she felt uneasy without eating it and insisted I go buy one for her."

He took a brief pause before continuing. "So, I left the ward to get the sandwich. It was then that the accident occurred."

Jayden kept his eyes fixed on the monitor. True to the bodyguard's words, Dorothy had woken up expressing a desire for a sandwich. Despite the bodyguard's efforts to keep her in the ward, he eventually left to fulfill her request.

At that moment, Dorothy was seen sitting up in bed, staring blankly. Jayden noticed that Dorothy was nearly falling asleep several times, yet she kept snapping back to consciousness.

Ten minutes later, Dorothy seemed to sense something urgent and rushed out of the ward as if nothing were amiss.

The surveillance footage confirmed that Dorothy had hurried to the hospital's entrance. Upon seeing this, the bodyguard couldn't help but sigh deeply.

"Mr. Owen, how could Dorothy have known? How did she sense that her daughter was in danger?"

"Perhaps it's just destiny," Jayden responded calmly.

The bodyguard's face showed remorse. "I apologize, Mr. Owen. I failed to complete the assignment you entrusted to me. I am ready to face any consequences."

"There's no need for that. She couldn't make it partly because her mission had been completed and her driving force was gone. You are not at fault," Jayden instructed while pointing to the screen. "Please secure this footage and the video from the accident scene. Now, we need to deal with that murder."

“Yes, Mr. Owen,” the bodyguard replied with respect.

Jayden then left the surveillance room and headed back to the ward.

Inside the ward, Peyton was attentively listening to Elyse’s account and eventually let out a resigned sigh. “Life is full of surprises. I just hope Ms. Welch doesn’t take it too hard.”

Just as Elyse finished her story, she looked up to see Jayden approaching slowly. She asked with a note of worry, “Where’s Morgan?”

“She’s still with Dorothy in the morgue. She said she wanted to stay by her side,” Jayden replied, feeling inexplicably tired. He rubbed between his eyebrows and said in a weary tone, “Elyse, the funeral home will arrive for Dorothy in about thirty minutes. It’s up to Morgan how she wants to arrange the funeral.”

Elyse nodded in agreement. “I’ll support whatever decision she makes about the funeral.”

At this, Peyton interjected with concern, “Do you think there’s a chance Morgan might do something rash?”

Chapter 530:

“Don’t talk nonsense. Morgan won’t hurt herself,” said Elyse, clutching the phone tight.

Peyton, looking puzzled, scratched his head. “This is just my assumption. Her mother died right in front of her, sacrificing herself to protect her. Most people couldn’t endure such trauma.”

Elyse pursed her lips, mulling it over for a moment. “I don’t think Morgan is that fragile, but if she truly feels overwhelmed and can’t cope with sadness...”

Turning to Jayden, Peyton suggested, “Maybe you should arrange a bodyguard for Morgan, just to keep an eye on her?”



Jayden shook his head. "Don't bother. Morgan won't kill herself. Have you forgotten Lanny?"

At the mention of Lanny, Elyse's expression blanked. The problem with Lanny was still unresolved. How could Morgan simply leave everything behind?

Firmly, Elyse announced, "I need to see Lanny."

Jayden pulled out his phone and quickly sent a message. "The police have taken Lanny in. They need a few days to investigate that car accident. Meanwhile, we can hold Dorothy's funeral."

Elyse, clenching her fists, pressed him further. "Do you think he'll just slip away from responsibility again?"

Jayden raised an eyebrow. "With so many witnesses, he won't escape that easily."

Mabel hurried to the police station upon hearing the news and unexpectedly ran into Lanny. Despite being shackled, Lanny sat next to the police officers, his demeanor unnaturally calm. His face showed neither guilt nor fear for his life-taking actions. Instead, he radiated a chilling tranquility.

The officer handling the paperwork cast several stern looks at Lanny before finishing. With a frosty expression and palpable displeasure, he delivered the stern verdict. "You are definitely being sent to jail."

Lanny stood up calmly and accepted the statement. "Certainly, because I took a life."

"Dad!" Mabel's voice was filled with confusion and anger as she watched the unfolding scene. She rushed forward and shoved Lanny hard, her anger spilling over. "Why did you kill her? Are you insane? How could you just run someone over?"

She snapped further, "Don't you think about Mom and me anymore? All you care about is yourself! You're selfish and heartless!"

Lanny remained composed. Though he hadn't killed Janet, Dorothy was indeed dead. After all, Dorothy had been a persistent problem for him. He would benefit if either of them were out of the picture. As for Janet, Lanny figured he'd find a way to deal with her once he was out of prison. Thus, he wasn't perturbed by Mabel's harsh words.

Observing Lanny's calm demeanor only fueled Mabel's anger further. In a frenzy, she charged at him, unleashing a barrage of punches and kicks.

"You're utterly irresponsible! You stood by while Mom was confined! You've ignored her for days on end! What the hell were you thinking?" she shouted, her voice thick with anger.

Without a word, Lanny endured Mabel's assault. A policeman intervened, pulling Mabel away from him. Mabel shot a glare at Lanny as if he were an enemy.

"Take the document from my bedroom's bedside table and give it to the lawyer. Don't worry about the rest," Lanny said calmly.

"Who do you think you are to ask for my help?" Mabel demanded furiously.

"Just because you are my daughter! Is this reason enough?" Lanny shouted, startling Mabel.

Seeing Mabel's frightened expression, Lanny sneered contemptuously. "You're as worthless as your mother. How could someone like you be my daughter?"

Then, the police took Lanny away.

Left behind, Mabel signed a lot of documents at the police station due to Lanny's request. Now she needed to hire a lawyer.

Finding herself in a tough spot, Mabel realized she had no money on hand; her funds were frozen, and Lanny controlled the family's finances. With no friends to turn to, she felt increasingly isolated.

Who could she ask for help? The thought of turning to Elyse briefly crossed her mind, but she quickly dismissed it. It seemed unrealistic to expect help from Elyse. After all, Elyse refused to release Glenda, so why would she help Lanny?

“What a selfish, ungrateful woman! She’s been living off our family for years, yet she has no intention of repaying us,” Mabel muttered angrily.

Sprawled on the sofa at home, desperate for assistance, her gaze finally settled on Kaelyn. Staring at Kaelyn’s profile picture, Mabel wondered whether Kaelyn would be willing to help her hire a lawyer for the lawsuit.