

Bound love 571

Chapter 571:

“Let go of me!” Jayden bellowed, wrenching himself free from Brook’s desperate grasp.

In a heartbeat, a phalanx of bodyguards in black materialized, forming an impenetrable wall in front of Jayden.

The hospital floor was a fortress now, sealed tight. The only souls present were embroiled in this dire confrontation.

Brook, knocked to the floor by Jayden’s explosive escape, clung to the wall, struggling to stand.

Guilt and helplessness painted his face as he croaked, “I’m sorry, but until our mission is complete, we can’t let you go.”

Jayden’s veins bulged like rivers on a map, his hands trembling as he fought to cling to his last vestige of control. “I gave up our clan,” he snarled. “Grandpa should come after me. Why target Elyse?”

Brook’s silence hung heavy in the air before he finally spoke. “Because of your betrayal, he won’t allow your baby to live. Both of you are marked for elimination.”

Jayden’s brow furrowed, his eyes ablaze with wrath. His body coiled like a spring, every muscle taut with suppressed rage.

Fists clenched, knuckles white, he trembled with the force of his anger.

His breath came in ragged gasps. His bloodshot eyes surveyed the wall of bodyguards before him.

With the ferocity of a cornered lion, he lunged, fists swinging, crashing into the throng of bodyguards.

Pandemonium erupted. Jayden, like a hurricane in human form, fought desperately to carve a path through the sea of bodyguards.

He had to reach Elyse. She awaited his rescue, counting on him to whisk her away. He couldn't afford to fail her now.

Meanwhile, at the far end of the corridor, Elyse stood protectively in front of a trembling Fiona, facing Corrie with steely resolve.

Her eyes were cold, her voice unwavering as she demanded, "Corrie Bates, what are you trying to do?"

Corrie shrugged nonchalantly. "I'm here for you, Elyse."

Elyse's gaze flickered to the door, silently willing someone to burst through.

Corrie, noticing her glance, chuckled. "Don't bother waiting for Jayden. Even if he hears you, he won't make it in time."

She leaned in, her voice dripping with malice. "Who knows, Jayden might be getting the life beaten out of him as we speak."

These words stabbed deeper into Fiona than Elyse.

She screamed and bolted, desperate to find Jayden.

If Jayden died, her dreams of marrying him and living a life of luxury would be shattered!

But the door to the doctor's office was guarded, and Fiona was restrained before she could make it out.

Elyse, her focus razor-sharp on Corrie, ignored Fiona's outburst. "So, what do you plan to do to me today?"

Corrie's lips curled into a sinister smile. "I admire your sharpness, Elyse. Yes, I have plans for you."

Her gaze shifted to Elyse's belly as she added, "Marrying Jayden was your choice. You should have been ready for the consequences."

A cold dread washed over Elyse. She stepped back, struggling to maintain her composure. "What do you mean? I don't understand."

"What do I mean?" Corrie chuckled darkly. "I mean, don't blame me. You chose to marry Jayden. If not for that choice, you wouldn't be losing your first baby."

As Corrie's words hung in the air, she gave a subtle wave of her hand, signaling the bodyguards.

Two bodyguards caught the signal and instantly seized Elyse, dragging her toward the door.

At that moment, the reality of the Owens' intentions hit Elyse like a freight train. Terror and panic surged, but she clung to hope, fighting desperately.

She grabbed the door frame, fighting for every precious second, hoping against hope that Jayden would come to her rescue.

Each second she resisted was another moment of hope for saving her baby.

But her strength was no match for the bodyguards.

They seemed to take twisted delight in prying her fingers from the doorframe, one by one, stripping away her last shreds of hope.

Finally, Elyse was hoisted up entirely by the two guards, carried toward the door. Despair engulfed her.

In a final, desperate plea, Elyse locked eyes with the stunned Fiona.

“Fiona, please, help me!” she cried out, her voice breaking with desperation. “I don’t want to lose my baby!”

Chapter 572:

Fiona stared at Elyse in terror, fully aware that Elyse was in grave danger from the people who were after her unborn baby.

She knew the situation well but had no intention of helping Elyse.

Frozen in place, Fiona’s eyes locked with Elyse’s.

In them, Elyse saw a disturbing mix of fear, dread, and an unexpected hint of malicious satisfaction.

Fiona was gloating. Realizing this, Elyse’s expression turned even more desperate and confused.

Wasn’t Fiona her friend? Why wouldn’t she help her?

Elyse’s heart raced, her instincts urging her to plead once more, “Fiona, please help me. I can’t bear to lose my baby! This baby means everything to me!”

Fiona understood all too well the importance of this baby. It would be Jayden’s firstborn. If Elyse carried the baby to term, it could secure her future status.

But if something happened to Elyse or the baby, Fiona’s own aspirations could be bolstered.

This realization only hardened Fiona’s resolve. She feigned paralyzing fear, unwilling to lift a finger to assist. “Hurry, take her away! End her baby!” Fiona urged in her heart, her mind racing with selfish motives.

Realizing Fiona wasn't going to help her, Elyse's eyes filled with resignation. Jayden hadn't arrived, and she could already see her grim fate.

Corrie observed Elyse's futile struggle with folded arms, relishing the sense of power and control it brought her.

Following Enzo had been worth it.

"How truly pathetic, Elyse," she remarked with a hint of sadistic pleasure. "It seems your friend has no intention of saving you."

Fiona felt a pang of inexplicable shame. She lowered her head, feigning ignorance.

Elyse refused to give up hope. Tears streamed down her face as she pleaded with Fiona, "Fiona! Please, I beg you, help me just this once! I can't lose this baby. Please, Fiona!"

Fiona avoided Elyse's desperate gaze, unable to muster a response.

Corrie's satisfaction grew. She had assumed everyone around Elyse would act in her favor, but clearly, some would not.

After reveling in Elyse's distress and fear, Corrie gestured to her bodyguards. "Alright, proceed as instructed by Enzo. Ensure no one interferes with our plan."

Feeling utterly defeated, Elyse was escorted by the bodyguards toward the elevator.

When they reached the elevator, Elyse's tear-filled eyes caught sight of Jayden surrounded by a swarm of bodyguards. She couldn't hold back her emotions, and tears streamed down her face uncontrollably.

Jayden's worried gaze met hers briefly before the bodyguards swiftly closed in, launching a barrage of punches at him.

Elyse sobbed, witnessing how quickly Jayden's momentary distraction had turned against him. His attempts to defend himself were futile; he was pushed into a defensive stance, arms shielding his head from the blows.

Despite the onslaught, Jayden's eyes remained fixed on Elyse. He wanted to get to her, to rush to her side.

But his every attempt to move was met with strategic blocks from the bodyguards.

Watching Jayden struggle, Elyse seemed to grasp the gravity of their situation. She glanced up and spotted Brook at the edge of the scuffle, cigarette dangling from his lips, his expression one of annoyance. When their eyes met, Brook quickly averted his gaze, refusing to meet her stare.

In despair, Elyse closed her eyes, realizing her fate.

The elevator doors slid shut, sealing Elyse inside as Jayden's desperate cries echoed through the corridor.

Devastation washed over Jayden as he turned to face Brook, his voice cracking, "Where are you taking Elyse? What are you planning?"

Before Brook could respond, a series of brutal blows struck Jayden's still-healing wounds, causing him to cough up blood. Another blow to the back of his head sent him crashing to the floor, trembling with pain.

Brook, taken aback by the sudden violence, dropped his cigarette and pushed through the crowd to kneel beside Jayden, checking his injuries. He saw blood on Jayden's head and abdomen, causing his own panic to rise.

"Are you alright? You were holding up well. Why are you bleeding so profusely?" Brook asked urgently.

Ignoring the questions, Jayden grabbed Brook's collar with bloodshot eyes. "Tell me, what are they going to do to Elyse?"

Brook hesitated, then spoke softly, "I'm sorry. Elyse is still young. You two will have children someday."

Chapter 573:

Confusion flashed in Jayden's eyes. After a few seconds, he understood what Brook meant. He grabbed Brook by the collar, veins bulging on his arms, his entire body trembling. He looked terrifying.

Jayden then shouted angrily, his face red with rage, "I betrayed the Owens! It was me! Whatever problem you have should be with me! Why hurt Elyse?"

Brook's demeanor cracked at that moment, his eyes reddening.

He lowered his gaze, not daring to meet Jayden's eyes. He once thought that he had lost the ability to feel this way, that his conscience was long dead. In the Owen clan, where the strong preyed on the weak, one couldn't allow himself to feel.

Brook had done unimaginably shady things for Enzo in the past. He thought he would never feel accountable for the things he did. But now, his conscience condemned him for what was happening. He should never have endangered Elyse's unborn child. Both Elyse and the child were innocent.

Yet, he felt he had no choice. He was trapped in his position and had to obey.

He was tormented. Brook was silent for a long time before finally speaking in a defeated voice, "I'm sorry. If you want to blame someone, blame me."

Jayden, with red eyes, pushed away Brook, who was holding him up. His injury tore open, causing him to lose feeling in his lower body, and waves of pain radiated from the back of his head.

Unable to stand, he crawled on the floor, leaving a trail of blood on the white marble as he struggled towards the elevator.

But before he could reach it, he passed out completely.

Brook stared at the unconscious Jayden and shouted angrily, “What are you all standing around for? Call the doctor now! If anything happens to him, you’re all dead!”

“No! Please, don’t harm my baby. I can’t lose it. Please, show some mercy!” Elyse pleaded as she was forcibly taken into the operating room.

She continued struggling and begging, imploring the doctors and nurses to spare them, but they ignored her cries.

They secured Elyse to the operating table and gave her anesthesia. Hopelessness consumed her. She desperately prayed for a miracle, though deep down, she knew it was no use. Soon, the precious life in her belly would be taken from her.

The anesthesia took effect swiftly. She slowly closed her eyes, tears lingering on her cheeks.

In the darkness that enveloped her, Elyse stood motionless. Time seemed to slip away, leaving her disoriented, disconnected from her surroundings, and adrift in a void of emptiness.

After what felt like an eternity, a faint light emerged in front of her. She sensed a warmth emanating from the gentle glow and moved towards it.

As she drew closer, the light suddenly enveloped her, causing her to shut her eyes in fear. A few moments passed, and Elyse cautiously reopened her eyes.

Before her, a little girl sat on the floor, engrossed in playing with blocks. Seeing the girl filled Elyse’s heart with warmth. She knelt beside the girl, gathering the scattered blocks, her fingers trembling.

“Mommy.” The little girl’s innocent voice rang out. Elyse couldn’t discern the girl’s features clearly, but the sound of “Mommy” pierced her heart.

“Mommy, don’t be sad. Don’t be mad at Daddy. I know both of you love me very much, so I’m not sad.” The little girl gently cupped Elyse’s face, her small hands nuzzling against her cheek.

Elyse was speechless. She could only gaze at the girl with tears streaming down her face.

The little girl wiped away Elyse’s tears, softly adding, “Mommy, next time, bring my little brother to see you. Goodbye for now.”

As soon as the girl finished speaking, everything around them began to fade into darkness.

Elyse broke down completely when she heard those words.

She wanted more than anything else to hold her child and keep her safe.

Slowly, Elyse’s eyes opened, and she was greeted by a white ceiling and the scent of disinfectant. Her mind was foggy, and it took her a moment to recall where she was.

“Elyse! You’re finally awake!” Clive was the first to notice, rushing to her side. “How are you feeling? Any discomfort?”

Elyse gently touched her stomach and asked in a hushed voice, “Clive, is my baby gone?”

Chapter 574:

Clive’s joyful expression solidified on his face. He opened his mouth, searching for words to console Elyse, but found none.

Eventually, he explained dejectedly, “I’m sorry, Enzo’s men have been obstructing us. I was even involved in a car accident this morning. When I tried to reach the hospital to assist you and Jayden, they impeded me once again.”

He paused, then continued, "It's not just me. All of us, including your household staff, have been obstructed by Enzo's men. Everyone sensed that something was amiss, yet no one could intervene."

Elyse heard Clive's words, her gaze void of emotion. Once more, she inquired, "Is my baby no longer with me?"

Clive, taken aback, murmured, "I'm sorry."

Elyse placed a hand on her stomach. Though the baby was barely two months along and her belly wasn't yet rounded, she sensed the presence of her little one.

But now, that sensation was gone.

After resting her hand on her belly for a prolonged moment, she quietly said, "It was a girl—a little girl with two braids who adored playing with blocks. She was so good and understanding."

Clive, confused, asked, "How do you know it was a girl?"

"I had a dream about her. She came to bid me farewell," Elyse explained as tears started to fall unbidden.

Her voice trembled. "If I could have delivered her without trouble, my daughter would have been cherished by all."

Clive hesitated, unsure how to comfort Elyse. His eyes welled up with tears, and he continued to apologize repeatedly.

Elyse shut her eyes, biting her lower lip to suppress her sobs and hide her vulnerability.

After a considerable pause, she murmured, "What about Jayden? Where is he?"

“Jayden is still undergoing surgery.” Clive couldn’t bring himself to look at Elyse. He elaborated, “Enzo wanted not only your child gone but Jayden as well. It’s been four hours, and he’s still in surgery.”

Tears welled up in Elyse’s eyes. “How is he doing?”

“I am not entirely certain, but I overheard that Brook ultimately rescued Jayden. He was frantic to locate a doctor for the surgery; otherwise, Jayden may not have made it,” Clive hurriedly explained.

Elyse suddenly laughed, her expression filled with irony. “Brook rescued Jayden? Wasn’t he hoping for Jayden’s demise?”

Clive managed a forced smile. “I don’t know, but it was indeed Brook who rescued Jayden. Without him, Jayden would have been killed on Enzo’s command.”

Elyse gazed at the ceiling, whispering, “Enzo has wielded power all his life. Even in his old age, he maintains significant influence in the city.”

How could Enzo then tolerate Jayden’s disloyalty? This thought left Elyse feeling powerless.

Seeing Elyse in distress, Clive hastened to reassure her, “It’s okay. Things will improve. There’s talk that Enzo’s actions have started causing unrest among his clan.”

Elyse inquired, “What do you mean by that?”

Clive replied, “Some of them got wind of Enzo’s cruelty towards Jayden and you; they deemed it too severe, prompting a disturbance at Enzo’s residence now.”

He paused, then explained, “It appears some have realized the severity of Enzo’s power. They are apprehensive that any interference with the clan’s interests could make them Enzo’s next target. Hence, they are creating a stir.”

Elyse, upon hearing this, gently remarked, “When the blade isn’t aimed at them, they don’t feel the sting. Seeing Jayden as a warning has frightened them. That’s just human nature.”

Brook was seated by the operating room door, clutching a phone.

Debora received the news and hurried to the hospital. She approached Brook and slapped him across the face.

Brook silently absorbed the slap, remaining mute.

Amidst tears, Debora yelled, “Do you really desire to lead the Owen clan so desperately? How can you actually obey such commands from Grandpa? Are you out of your mind? That’s Jayden, your cousin! And there was a life inside Elyse!”

Debora, staring at Brook, was overwhelmed with rage. She exclaimed, “It was a life! How could you possibly bring yourself to do such a thing? Even if you rise to the head of the clan by such drastic means, who would ever respect you?”

Chapter 575:

When Debora ceased scolding Brook, she clutched her chest, a gasp slipping from her lips. She fixed her gaze on him, awaiting his reply.

Nevertheless, Brook remained silent. Instead, he retrieved a cigarette from his pocket, placed it in his mouth, and lit it, disregarding the prominent “No Smoking” sign nearby. He then took a deep drag.

“Answer me. Are you deaf or mute?” Debora’s volume rose again as she desperately waited for his acknowledgment.

“I’m talking to you! Say something!” Her words appeared to fall on deaf ears as Brook continued to disregard her, his silence reverberating in the cold, sterile hospital corridor.

Debora couldn’t control her annoyance any longer. She leaped forward, grabbed the cigarette from Brook’s mouth, and crushed it with her foot.

Finally, Brook's expressionless facade cracked. There was an undercurrent of irritation in his voice as he said, "Shouldn't you be at work? Why are you here?"

"Why on earth did you agree to execute such an evil thing?" Debora pressed.

"Even though you're wildly ambitious, you can't lose sight of your morals. Grandpa's intentions toward Jayden are clear! He aims to eliminate Jayden and ensure Jayden's bloodline doesn't persist.

And you, you are merely being used as a puppet and an executioner!"

Brook sneered and retorted, "I'm not an idiot, Debora. Do you think I don't know Grandpa's motives? Now, stop meddling in this matter and get back to work."

He paused, a chilling warning in his voice as he added, "Don't poke your nose in any discussions about Jayden at the company. Don't pick a side. Pretend as if you're clueless."

Debora scoffed, her voice thick with sarcasm as she replied, "Why are you doing this, Brook? For my good? Are you trying to pave the way for me? Don't you dare tell me what to do!" She glared at him defiantly.

"Or are you implying that if I don't fall in line with Enzo's wishes, you'll silence me as well?"

"Yes!" Brook snapped. He was at the end of his patience, "You've figured it all out.

So why don't you fuck off? Get out of here, or you'll end up joining Jayden in the operating room!"

Brook's bottled emotions burst through their dam, erupting toward Debora. Debora was nonplussed for a moment before her eyes flashed with disgust. "You're just Grandpa's puppet, aren't you? You're so obedient, instantly eliminating anyone he points a finger at. The word 'loyalty' should be tattooed on your forehead."

She shot a brief glance in the direction of the operating room, a flicker of concern in her eyes, but she quickly reined in her emotions and strode away.

Once Debora left, Brook sank wearily into a chair. He closed his eyes and fell into deep thought.

An hour later, Jayden's surgery was completed. He had barely escaped the jaws of death and was transferred to a hospital ward. Brook approached Jayden's bedside and studied his pale appearance, the expression in his eyes unfathomable.

Corrie had caught wind of the situation. She sashayed into the room, her heels clacking on the floor, and her hips swaying. Shooting a dismissive glance at the unconscious Jayden, she asked venomously, "Why did you let Jayden live instead of ending his life?"

She smirked as she added, "Unlike you, I completed my task perfectly. Elyse's child is gone."

"I wonder how I will be rewarded for successfully carrying out my mission, and how you will be eventually punished." Corrie purposely goaded Brook, her voice dripping with malicious pride.

Brook met Corrie's evil gaze coldly. He responded in a measured tone, "How dare you have the nerve to gloat about killing an innocent baby? How can any person be as heartlessly cruel as you?"

Corrie's cackle echoed through the room, no trace of fear audible. "Are you seriously accusing me of being heartless? What does that make you? You didn't hesitate before betraying your cousin, did you? Enzo ordered you to obstruct Jayden's staff and friends, and you instantly complied.

You're the most cruel one of the lot. Jayden was almost thrashed to death at the hands of your own men."

Corrie continued her vitriolic boasting, "That reminds me, Jayden's knife wound was my handiwork. I arranged for him to be stabbed. But when I saw him strolling around, appearing unscathed, I assumed the wound was superficial. Turns out, he was enduring the pain all along."

Brook's temper flared when he heard Corrie gloating. He inhaled deeply and shoved her out of the room, yelling, "Enough! Get out of my sight! I never want to see you. Get lost!"

Corrie shot back nastily, "Have you gone crazy? Come with me. We need to meet Enzo together. Your failure doesn't negate my success. We agreed to eliminate different targets, and I successfully completed my task."

Chapter 576:

"Seeking recognition, aren't you? You want my downfall to fuel your triumph, don't you?" Instantly discerning Corrie's intentions, Brook scoffed. "But I refuse to collaborate with you. Either proceed independently or follow my lead. I will never be your subordinate."

Having spoken, Brook shoved Corrie out and firmly shut the door.

Enraged, Corrie repeatedly kicked the door, but Brook remained indifferent.

Exhausted and frustrated, Corrie finally abandoned her efforts and left, seething angrily.

Brook sat quietly on the edge of Jayden's bed, arms folded behind his head.

After about ten minutes, Driscoll knocked on the ward door, prompting Brook to stand and open it.

Driscoll appeared with facial injuries and a swollen forehead. Despite his training and the etiquette expected of him, Driscoll's eyes were filled with disdain and hatred towards Brook.

Driscoll said, "Thank you for everything you've done for him. I'll handle the rest."

With lips tightly pressed together, Brook said in a rasping tone, "Jayden is out of danger. Elyse is in the ward upstairs."

Avoiding Driscoll's gaze, Brook quickly fled the hospital.

Driscoll approached the bedside, holding his breath. He gazed at Jayden's face for a prolonged moment before sighing deeply. "Did it really come to this between Jayden and Enzo?"

Jayden was raised by Enzo. Despite Jayden's covert establishment of the Bayzee Group, Enzo, upon discovering the truth, meticulously investigated every detail about Jayden.

On the surface, at least, Enzo knew everything about Jayden. Jayden understood Enzo profoundly, just as Enzo understood Jayden.

Driscoll, having faithfully served Jayden and knowing both men well, was acutely aware of Jayden's inherent kindness. Even though Jayden had absorbed all of Enzo's teachings, he never considered treating others cruelly.

This marked the fundamental difference between them.

Enzo lacked kindness. He could eliminate Jayden without a second thought to protect his interests and secure his legacy, even though Jayden was destined to inherit everything.

Reflecting on the situation, Driscoll sighed deeply at the unconscious Jayden. "Enzo exploited your generosity to orchestrate this trap. How will you confront this outcome upon waking?"

In the upstairs ward, Elyse was in poor health following the abortion. Though she slept, her rest was disturbed by persistent nightmares.

For the fourth time, Clive was roused by Elyse's anguished sobbing. He gently shook her from the torment and reassured her, "It's just a dream. Don't be afraid."

Upon waking, Elyse was momentarily disoriented, unable to distinguish dream from reality. After a few minutes, clarity returned. Her voice was laced with pain. "I lost my baby. Was that a nightmare too?"

Clive attempted to offer solace to Elyse, but he couldn't bring himself to falsely claim it was just a bad dream.

"I'm sorry. If only I had arrived sooner," Clive said, his voice heavy with regret.

Elyse's eyes filled with tears.

At that moment, the ward door opened. Both looked up to see Peyton in a wheelchair.

Peyton gazed at the frail Elyse lying in the hospital bed, guilt flickering in his eyes. Under their watchful stares, he grasped his crutches and slowly rose.

Peyton approached Elyse with the aid of his crutches. Meeting her gaze, he cast the crutches aside and knelt.

After a few moments of silence, Elyse asked, "What are you doing?"

Peyton's eyes were bloodshot, and upon closer inspection, one could notice faint slap marks still lingered on his face.

In a grave voice, he said, "I'm sorry."

Elyse lowered her eyes and replied softly, "You have difficulty moving. Even if you heard the news and wanted to help Jayden and me, you couldn't. You don't have to feel sorry."

"No. I'm truly sorry for everything."

With a pained expression, Peyton confessed, "I just discovered my father chose to collaborate with Enzo. He agreed to work for Enzo and arranged the abortion.

If it weren't for Brook's strong intervention, they would have also assisted Enzo in killing Jayden."

Peyton had just left the director's office, the memory of his father's words still fresh. His father, sitting at the desk, had expressed a mix of pity and indifference, "Who's more powerful, Jayden or Enzo? I know Jayden has strength, but Enzo dominates him.

If I don't cooperate with Enzo's plans, this hospital will cease to exist tomorrow."

The director, aware of his wrongdoing, had spoken to Peyton, "It's Jayden's fault. He fails to overpower Enzo. Otherwise, I would even help him eliminate Enzo. Enzo holds too much influence."

Chapter 577:

Peyton took a deep breath and confessed, "It's my dad who put you and Jayden in danger. I feel like I've betrayed you guys. I'm truly sorry."

Clive frowned and couldn't help but say, "What does this have to do with you? You can't control your dad's actions."

"But that's no reason to forgive myself," Peyton said angrily. "When I was locked up in that ward, I was frantic with worry, but being a cripple, I could do nothing. I was losing my mind with rage."

Wiping the tears from her face, Elyse slowly said, "Don't kneel on the floor. Get up first."

Peyton, desperate to make amends, refused to rise.

Elyse, unable to bear watching any longer, said angrily, "If you want to make amends, do something meaningful. Don't kneel here. Are you begging for my forgiveness to ease your own conscience? Or are you trying to punish yourself in a self-destructive way?"

Tears streamed down Elyse's face, but she still reached out to pull Peyton up.

“If you feel guilty and want to make it right, then seek justice for us. Don’t hurt yourself in such a pointless way,” she urged angrily.

Clive nodded in agreement. “Elyse is right. Even if you kneel here for a month, nothing will change. If you truly want redemption, take action.”

With Clive’s help, Peyton was lifted back into his wheelchair.

After a long pause, Peyton promised with emotion, “Okay, I’ll take my dad’s place as hospital director.”

Clive was stunned. “I thought you didn’t want to be a director. You even never really wanted to be a doctor.”

“Being a doctor is convenient for killing people,” Peyton said calmly.

Peyton’s words took Clive aback, but they made a twisted sort of sense. After all, it had been a doctor who ended the life of Elyse’s unborn child.

Looking at Peyton for a long time, Elyse finally asked, “Where is Jayden? How is he?”

“He’s out of surgery. His life was saved, but he’s not awake yet,” Peyton replied.

As he spoke, he looked directly at Elyse. “It’s clear Enzo was targeting Jayden and his bloodline. Enzo didn’t try to kill you because you’re an Owen.”

After a moment of silence, Elyse nodded. “I sensed that too.”

Peyton continued, “Although Brook saved Jayden this time, there will be another attempt from Enzo on his life. But the next time won’t be soon. Enzo’s intentions have been exposed, and the whole Owen clan is on high alert now. Enzo won’t act so openly again.”

Elyse’s voice was calm, “So next time, he will be even more devious and secretive.”

Peyton nodded. "That's true."

Clive, clenching his teeth, added, "The worst part is that Enzo has publicly declared Jayden's demise, claiming everything Jayden owns will belong to the Owen clan."

Elyse was puzzled. "This is all so bizarre. Didn't any of the media catch wind of this and report it?"

Clive shook his head. "Enzo has already bribed all the media. They're all praising the Owen clan, and no one is paying attention to Jayden."

At that moment, Elyse realized just how cunning and ruthless Enzo was.

After contemplating for a while, she said, "Enzo is fiercely protecting the Owen clan's legacy, refusing to let anyone tarnish its glory."

Peyton remained silent for a long time before sighing. "That's right. To Enzo, Jayden has become the enemy of the Owen clan's prestige."

Elyse stared out the window for a long time, looking at the bare, lifeless branches of the trees.

She felt a chill and pulled her covers tighter around herself. "But is it possible that no one wants to resist such tyranny? If Jayden was the first to rebel, wouldn't others follow?"

Clive shrugged. "Who knows? The Owens are all lunatics!"

Chapter 578:

"Fiona, what's on your mind? Are you even listening?" Irving was engrossed in his phone, typing furiously, but his eyes flicked up to Fiona now and then, tinged with curiosity and suspicion.

“You’ve been acting strange since you got back from the hospital,” he finally said, his voice laced with curiosity. “Did something happen?”

Fiona, still lost in her thoughts, jolted at Irving’s words and instinctively recoiled, like a cat suddenly startled.

Irving, catching Fiona’s jumpy reaction, raised an eyebrow. “Why are you dodging? I won’t bite.”

Fiona avoided his gaze, her voice shaky and unconvincing as she said, “I’m not dodging anything. You’re just imagining things.”

Just then, Gavin descended from the second floor, his violin in hand. Noticing Fiona on the couch, he casually asked, “Back from the hospital already? How did Elyse’s checkup go?”

Fiona, fiddling nervously with her hair, replied guiltily, “I... I don’t know. You should ask her yourself.”

Gavin, puzzled and now closer to the couch, pressed on, “Didn’t you take time off to accompany Elyse for her check-up? Didn’t you go with her?”

Fiona had indeed gone, but explaining what had transpired afterward was a different matter entirely.

Gavin, sensing her evasiveness, raised his eyebrows and pressed on, “You didn’t go? What were you doing then?”

Fiona turned her head, refusing to spill the beans.

Irving couldn’t shake the feeling that something was off with Fiona.

Since her return from the hospital a few hours ago, her mind seemed a million miles away, and it was clear to him that she was lost in her own world, preoccupied and distracted.

Deciding to get to the bottom of it, Irving pulled out his phone and tried calling Elyse. No luck. Several attempts all in vain.

Gavin checked his watch. It was too early for Elyse to be asleep.

He then dialed Jayden, only to find his phone turned off.

Alarm bells ringing, Gavin stared at Fiona. "What's going on? Why can't I reach either of them? Did something happen at the hospital?"

Fiona clammed up, shutting her eyes and feigning sleep to escape their grilling.

Irving's patience was wearing thin. He frowned and demanded, "Why are you acting like this? We're talking to you! Where is Elyse? Has something happened to her?"

Fiona, irked by their relentless probing, snapped, "Why are you asking me? If you want to know about Elyse, ask her directly! I'm not her spokesperson."

"Unbelievable," Irving snapped, grabbing his coat and storming out.

Gavin, equally perplexed, grabbed his jacket and followed suit, driven by worry for Elyse.

With the house finally quiet, Fiona exhaled a long sigh of relief, but the weight of dread quickly settled back on her shoulders.

The stark truth pierced Fiona's thoughts: Elyse's baby was gone, and her pregnancy had abruptly ended. The baby meant the world to Elyse and Jayden, but strangely, Fiona found a twisted relief in the turn of events.

She deeply regretted sticking with Elyse at the hospital now; her presence felt like a dark shadow in their tragedy.

The most agonizing part was her own inertia: she hadn't lifted a finger to aid Elyse. Fiona braced herself for the inevitable confrontation once Elyse regained consciousness.

While Elyse's loss seemed advantageous to Fiona in a perplexing way, she dreaded the accusation of heartlessness.

The weight of guilt seemed unbearable to Fiona as she wrestled with her conflicted emotions. As she sat on the couch, she racked her brain for ways to dodge this blame.

Outside, Irving and Gavin sat in the car, debating their next move. Should they head to Elyse's home or the hospital? They decided to head to the hospital and see if they could find anything there—

it turned out to be the right call.

In the hospital room, Elyse sat on the bed, looking hollow and broken. Physically, she was fine, but her spirit seemed crushed.

Unaware of the severity, Irving assumed it was just another scare with her pregnancy. "Need some bed rest again? Don't worry, just focus on your health. The competition can wait," he reassured her.

Gavin chimed in, "Once the baby is stable, you can get back to your practice. Right now, your priority is the baby."

Elyse gazed at them both, her lips parting as she gently inquired, "Didn't Fiona tell you what happened?"

Irving, puzzled, exchanged a glance with Gavin. "She said she didn't know. Did she really come to the hospital?"

"My baby is gone," Elyse choked out, tears streaming down her face.

Irving stood frozen in disbelief, his mouth agape, an unusual expression of bewilderment clouding his features.

It was as if Elyse's words had thrown him off balance, leaving him grasping for understanding as he stared at her with puzzled eyes.

Elyse, her voice cracking with grief, repeated, "My baby is gone. I don't have a baby anymore!"

Chapter 579:

Irving's mind suddenly went blank. He heard her very well but just couldn't comprehend how a pregnancy that was never threatened was suddenly gone.

Gavin accepted the recent reality faster than Irving did. With a somber expression, he held Elyse, who was very sad at the moment, to give her emotional support. "Elyse, put yourself together. Can you give me the details of how this happened? I may be able to help."

He remembered the prints of guilt and anxiety that were all over Fiona previously.

Should Fiona be involved, he would need to reevaluate her integrity.

Elyse narrated, as she recalled, how the afternoon had gone.

Irving and Gavin grew evidently furious when they learned that Fiona did nothing but stand by at the time.

At that point, Gavin's eyes were red with rage. Fiona should have done better than keep silent during and even after the whole operation. Though she wouldn't have been able to stop those people from taking Elyse away, the least she could have done was scream for help.

Fiona didn't handle the situation in a proper way.

In a bid to quell the rage that surged within him, Irving punched the white wall close to where he stood.

“Where’s Jayden now?” he asked, trying to dissipate the anger he felt.

“He hasn’t regained consciousness. He sustained more severe injuries than I did.” Elyse cupped her hands over her face. She looked pitiful as her shoulders trembled in so much pain.

The sight of her in so much pain was unbearable for Irving. He suddenly turned to leave.

Gavin took hold of his shirt to stop him and asked sternly, “Where are you going?”

Irving gritted his teeth. “To the studio, of course. I must find Fiona to ask her what exactly her intentions were for keeping silent.”

Pulling him back forcefully, Gavin was surprised by his action. “Really? And you think she’ll give you a reply? What makes you think that she would open up to you when she doesn’t even like you?”

Gavin heaved a sigh and continued, “Don’t worry, I’ll talk to her later.”

Irving paused for a while, then he proceeded to the door again.

With a frown, Gavin asked, “Where are you headed now?”

“To see if Jayden is awake,” Irving said without looking back and left the room.

Gavin noticed that Elyse was lost in thought judging by the way she gazed into the air. He waved his hand before her to bring her back to reality.

Her response to his wave was slow. She was overwhelmed with helplessness and the pain she felt.

Sitting by her bedside, he tried to hide his emotions. He said calmly, “Are you aware that Mr. Tucker would soon be back? His flight for Watscar is in two days.”

He paused for a while before he continued, “He said he misses you a lot. He got so many gifts for you and the baby when we were informed of your pregnancy. He would like to give you a special treat to celebrate your top score too.”

Elyse smiled sorrowfully. “The baby is gone. The gifts won’t be necessary now.”

Gavin gently patted her head and said, “Beyond the baby, he cares about and loves you so much. Irving and I too. We’ll be there for you anytime you need our support.”

Elyse’s stare made him a bit uncomfortable. Then she said, “I really appreciate you a lot. You are so kind and gentle.”

Gavin didn’t expect to be given such a compliment. He coughed lightly before he said, “We know this is a tough season for you, but we will get through it together.”

Elyse gave a taut smile, “Thank you, Gavin.”

Irving suddenly rushed in, gasping for breath. “Elyse, he’s awake! Jayden is awake! The doctors are examining him and running some tests!”

Surprised, Elyse couldn’t keep it together. She nervously asked, “Are you sure? Is he really awake?”

Irving nodded excitedly. “I am certain. His friends were gathered around his bed. Would you like to see him?”

She stared into the air for a few seconds, after which she yanked off the sheets and stepped out of the bed barefooted.

Gavin gently scolded, “Why the rush? At least put on your shoes. We already know that Jayden is fine now.”

“Rush? No, I’m not. I just can’t find my slippers.”

Gavin giggled. "Oh, I see. You are not in a hurry, we are. Put on something before you leave."

Chapter 580:

Elyse was worried sick, longing to get to Jayden's side. However, she felt too frail, requiring Gavin's help as they made their way to Jayden's hospital ward.

Upon awakening, Jayden appeared notably feeble and pallid.

Peyton and Clive sat at both ends of the bed. They watched over his bedside and took photos with their phones right before him.

Formerly, whenever Jayden fell ill or injured himself, he looked as if all was well. Even when he was stabbed with a dagger, he didn't stay in bed to recuperate. He only stayed two days in the wheelchair, then he was up and walked around.

But this time around, he couldn't move a muscle. He was severely impaired.

"Wipe those pictures off your phone, morons!" Jayden said in a frail but annoyed tone.

Peyton wasn't aware that Elyse was already in the room. He stared at the pictures on his phone and said in a satisfied and mocking voice, "You want me to take down these awful-looking pictures? Alright then. Just meet me when you've rejuvenated properly. But until then, I'll keep them for my own satisfaction."

Clive, concurring with Peyton, took more pictures.

Jayden made a scraping sound with his teeth and said, "Assholes!"

Just as Peyton was about to say something, it occurred to him that someone else was present in the room. Only then did he turn around and see a debilitated Elyse.

He immediately put his phone away and dragged Clive, saying, "Stop! Let's give them space and time."

As soon as Clive saw Elyse, a glint of worry flashed through his eyes.

Clive and Peyton contemplated if they should let Jayden know about the demise of his baby on Elyse's account. But when Jayden regained consciousness, they could not tell him.

Now that Elyse was present, they both deemed it fit to leave the room and give them privacy so that Elyse and Jayden could have a conversation.

Just as they were leaving, Peyton ran into Irving and Gavin, bowing to them in greeting.

Clive was so anxious as he stared at the door of the ward. He asked, "Do you think Jayden would go nuts if he knows the truth about the unborn baby?"

Peyton answered, "He may go nuts, but not to the extent of raving mad. Jayden is quick-witted to predict Enzo's goals."

The more he spoke about it, the less optimistic he felt.

Meanwhile, in the ward, Elyse walked slowly to the bedside. She took a chair and sat by Jayden's side.

Observing her slow but steady movements, his eyes turned red. He stretched out his hand and took hers.

"What happened? Why is your hand cold?" Jayden's tone was hoarse.

However, to Elyse, it sounded reassuring.

With tears welling up in her eyes, she looked down and answered calmly, "I was operated on. The doctor advised that I take a break for days. My body needs rest to recuperate."

Jayden went silent for a minute, after which he asked, "What sort of operation?"

“An abortion.” A tear ran down her cheek as Elyse replied.

Jayden cleaned the tears away from her eyes.

He asked again, seeming confused even after hearing her reply, “What kind of surgery?”

“A medical abortion,” Elyse answered again, her lips trembling, tears rolling down her cheeks and falling on the sheets, leaving obscure blotches.

She tried holding back the pain as she said, “Our baby is dead. I was compelled to go into the operating room by Corrie and her men. I couldn’t escape. It was torture to lose our baby.”

The more Elyse spoke, the more grief she felt, and the more tears heavily rolled down her cheeks.

Jayden wanted to console her and let her know that they would have another child and that everything would be alright.

However, he couldn’t bring himself to say it.

He was enveloped with sadness, one that rendered him bereft of speech.

All he could do at that point was embrace her tightly and let her tears roll down freely.

Elyse’s tears were like tiny droplets of hot coal that burned through him.

Jayden fought back the tears and refused to be enveloped by gloominess.

He stared at the ceiling until his eyes began to hurt.

He finally said, “I assure you, I won’t let them get away with this. Those who killed our baby won’t get away with this.”

Jayden wouldn't forgive anyone who had a hand in the death of his baby!