

## **Bound love 591**

Chapter 591:

With a menacing grin, Lanny declared, “You want a divorce? Alright! But you’ll have to leave all the property behind. Don’t think about taking a single cent from me.”

Glenda was seething with anger. She was astounded by how petty Lanny had become. After so many years of marriage, he refused to give her anything!

Unable to hold back, Mabel intervened, “Mom has been with you for all these years. Now that she wants a divorce, can’t you show some kindness?”

Lifting his head to face her, Lanny questioned in a dark tone, “You encouraged her to divorce me, right?”

Mabel was taken aback by his accusation. She faltered briefly but quickly regained her composure.

“You’ve treated her horribly, never showing care. She’s shattered because of you. Why shouldn’t she divorce you?”

“You believe that too?” Lanny asked, fixing his eyes on Glenda.

Glenda felt a chill as his gaze fell on her. She opened her mouth but was too terrified to speak, fearing he might strike her if she uttered a word.

Seeing her mother intimidated, Mabel exclaimed furiously, “Hey, are you threatening her? Why must you be so unreasonable? It’s clear that you are a terrible husband! You’re not acting like a man!”

“Not a man? I’m your father! If I’m not a man, then how were you born?” With that, he slapped Mabel across the face.

The force of the slap sent Mabel tumbling to the floor, her head striking the tile. She lay there, unable to rise.

“Oh, my! You’ve killed my daughter!” Glenda screamed, terror-stricken. She grabbed her phone and called Elyse.

While dialing, she shouted at him, “You’ve killed my daughter. I’m telling Elyse to call the police and have you thrown in jail!”

Lanny was infuriated by Glenda’s actions. He hadn’t anticipated that Glenda would actually call Elyse. It was clear to him that she was trying to rat him out.

She was determined to get rid of him, but he refused to be dismissed.

Enraged, he shattered the beer bottle against Glenda’s forehead. The bottle broke into countless pieces, scattering glass shards and spilling beer across the floor.

Glenda trembled and went silent, then collapsed.

Blood streamed from her forehead, quickly staining the couch red.

At that moment, Mabel regained consciousness. She felt a sharp pain and managed to get up from the floor. Then she saw Glenda lying in a blood-soaked mess.

Terrified, she screamed and lunged toward the couch. Ignoring the glass on the floor, she reached out to check Glenda’s breathing. Finding that she was still breathing, she urgently said to Lanny, “What are you doing just standing there? Call an ambulance! Do you want to watch her die?”

Lanny’s chest heaved with heavy breaths. After a few seconds, his rage subsided. Witnessing the blood on Glenda’s face, he slowly grasped the severity of his actions.

“You two want to cut ties with me, don’t you? If you’re both dead, you don’t have to see me again,” Lanny said icily.

He then turned to leave.

Mabel stared at him, shock widening her eyes. She clutched the hem of his clothes and demanded, “How could you say that? You caused this, yet you just left her to die? Are you even a man?”

“If you’re unhappy, call 911 yourself and take her to the hospital. You pushed her to divorce me, now you can try to save her,” Lanny retorted with a sneer.

Mabel was left speechless.

Suddenly she noticed his wallet in his pocket. Acting on impulse, she reached for it.

Lanny quickly caught her hand, shielding his wallet, and slapped her.

He shouted, “How dare you try to steal my money! I will kill you!”

The force of the slap caused Mabel to lose her balance, and she fell onto the shattered glass, her head spinning.

After Lanny stormed out, Mabel remained seated on the floor among the broken glass for minutes before regaining her senses. But seeing the chaos around her and Glenda still unconscious, she was overwhelmed by despair.

With no other options, she pulled out her phone and dialed Kaelyn’s number.

At that moment, only Kaelyn seemed capable of helping them.

She anxiously waited for Kaelyn to answer the phone. As soon as she heard Kaelyn’s voice, Mabel burst into tears and cried, “Kaelyn, help me!”

Chapter 592:

Consumed by sadness, Elyse sought solace under the covers, weeping quietly for a while. But afraid to reveal her emotions, she wiped away her tears and composed herself, sitting up on the bed as if she hadn't shed a single tear.

An hour later, Morgan opened the door.

Upon seeing Morgan, Elyse's eyes widened in surprise. "Why are you here? I thought you were on some kind of trip."

Morgan smiled as she approached her.

"There was a change of plans, so I came to see you."

"What happened?" Elyse inquired.

Morgan wrapped her arms around Elyse, offering comfort in a gentle tone. "It's nothing serious. Don't worry. I will make sure Lanny is sent to prison and avenge your parents."

Resting against Morgan's shoulder, Elyse craved the warmth Morgan offered. In Morgan's embrace, she found comfort akin to her mother's embrace.

After a prolonged silence, she voiced the question that weighed heavily on her heart, "Do you love my dad?"

Morgan tensed momentarily but soon relaxed. She laughed softly and asked, "How did you figure it out?"

"Because when you speak of him, the love in your eyes is too evident," Elyse explained.

Resting her chin on Elyse's shoulder, Morgan closed her eyes and replied with a smile, "You're right. I do love him, even though I've often wondered why I'd fall for someone so unreliable."

After a brief pause, Morgan continued, “But your mom overlooked his unreliability. She thought he was flawless. I even spoke with her, advising her to be cautious regarding your dad.”

“What did she say then?” Elyse inquired, her curiosity piqued.

Morgan exhaled deeply and responded with a sense of resignation, “She was blindly in love at that time. She always talked about his virtues, ignoring his faults. It really frustrated me.”

Elyse gave a sheepish smile, unsure of how to respond.

Morgan said with a touch of sadness, “Even though your mom was naive in love, I respected her. She was so open about her love, never hiding her true feelings. That’s a quality I lack.”

“I never knew that,” Elyse admitted.

Morgan nodded. “I believe that’s what made your dad fall for her.”

This prompted Elyse to ask, “Didn’t you feel jealous of my mom back then? Weren’t you resentful that she won my dad over so easily?”

Morgan explained, “Your father and I grew up together. I had feelings for him before he met your mom, but I never confessed them. I kept denying my feelings. There were many chances when I could have told him. But I never valued those moments. Then your mom appeared, and they fell in love.”

Morgan’s voice carried a tone of wistfulness, “I’ve never been jealous of her, only regretful towards myself. I regret not confessing my feelings to him. Now, there’s no opportunity left.”

Taken aback by Morgan’s revelation, Elyse replied, “You’re truly open-minded and generous...”

Morgan smiled and inquired, "What about you? Have you ever openly acknowledged your feelings for someone? Did you act like your mom when you met that special someone?"

Caught off guard, a rush of thoughts swirled through Elyse's mind. After a moment, she nodded and admitted, "Yes, I did."

"But why do I sense that you're not happy?" Morgan released her, lifted her face gently, and asked with concern, "You don't seem joyful. Is it because you lost your baby? Or is there something else troubling you?"

Chapter 593:

"I'm not upset about anything else," Elyse quickly denied.

Morgan studied her face intently, saying, "You look just like your dad when you lie. Neither of you is any good at it."

Elyse touched her face, wondering if it was that obvious.

Morgan's voice softened with concern. "So, what are you sad about? Would you like to talk about it?"

Elyse hesitated, unsure how to put her feelings into words.

Sensing her hesitation, Morgan gently reassured her, "It's okay. Take your time. I'm your listener whenever you're ready."

Elyse took a deep breath before starting to speak, her voice tinged with vulnerability. "I've always yearned for someone to hold me close, be proud of me, and love me. In return, I would give that same love. I hoped Lanny and Glenda could fulfill that role, but they couldn't. Then I met Theo and loved him for three years, only to realize he couldn't offer me the affection I craved."

She paused, gathering her thoughts before continuing, “Later, I met Jayden. He showered me with love and affection. I thought I had finally found the one, but he never truly opened up to me. I grew weary and disappointed.”

Elyse glanced out the window, the barren winter landscape mirroring her mood.

After another brief silence, she went on, “I was ready to give up.

Exhausted from the relationship, I contemplated letting go until I discovered I was pregnant with Jayden’s baby. I thought maybe it was fate, that we were meant to be together. Filled with hope, I cared for the unborn baby. But then I lost it.”

Morgan, puzzled, asked softly, “Don’t you love Jayden anymore?”

After a long pause, Elyse finally spoke up. “My mind’s all over the place. I don’t know how I feel about him anymore.”

She leaned back against the pillow and closed her eyes, weariness etched across her face. “After losing the baby, I feel detached from everyone. I used to envision a home with my baby, but now that it is gone, that dream has also disappeared.”

Sensing Elyse’s vulnerability, Morgan gently touched her head and offered comfort. “There’s no rush to find all the answers now. They’ll come to you when the time is right. If you can’t figure it out now, it just means that moment hasn’t arrived yet.”

Elyse murmured, “Really? Will I figure it out one day? And what will I do once the answers come?”

Morgan smiled warmly. “That’s the beauty of life. You’ll be surprised and find yourself taking actions you never thought you would.”

She held Elyse’s hand tightly and pressed it to her chin. “So promise me you won’t let confusion and helplessness get the better of you. You’ll find your answers eventually.”

Elyse calmed down, gazing out the window, and felt a renewed sense of brightness in the world outside.

After chatting for a while longer, Morgan grabbed her bag and left, as Tobin had advised her to head back in case of any issues.

After Morgan left, Elyse lay on the bed, her face blank as she stared at the ceiling in a daze. Restlessness soon set in, and feeling uncomfortable, she got up, wrapped herself in a thick down jacket, and opened the door of her ward.

The doctor had advised against her going to the garden after the miscarriage, so she could only take a walk in the corridors.

When Elyse reached the 17th floor, she bumped into an acquaintance—Mabel.

Taking in Mabel's appearance from top to bottom, Elyse noticed that she was a complete wreck.

Mabel's body was stained with blood, her hair was a tangled mess, and red, swollen slap marks marred her face.

Mabel hadn't expected to run into Elyse here. Seeing her in a hospital gown, she immediately sneered, "Are you dying from an incurable disease or something?"

"You're as mean as always," Elyse replied, giving Mabel a cold glance.

As she talked, Elyse couldn't ignore Mabel's mismatched shoes and disheveled look. Reflectively, she commented, "It seems like someone else in your family is heading towards their demise."

Hearing this, Mabel became furious. "Fuck you! How dare you curse my mother?"

"Oh! Glenda's in the hospital? Judging by your appearance, I assume it's a serious situation. Is she the one who's dying?" retorted Elyse.

Chapter 594:



Mabel's eyes widened in disbelief. "How dare you curse my mom! She made immense efforts to raise you, and this is how you repay her?"

"Immense efforts? Funny!" Elyse could barely hold back her laughter.

Mabel's voice shook with anger. "Didn't she? I can't believe you're this ungrateful.

My parents spent a fortune on raising you, and not only do you fail to show any gratitude, but you also curse my mom!"

Elyse felt nothing in response to Mabel's accusations, thinking they had it coming.

Enraged, Mabel moved to strike Elyse.

But Elyse was quick, grabbing Mabel's wrist with an icy gaze. The memory of her own parents' tragic deaths fueled her anger and animosity towards Lanny and his family. Despite her fragile appearance, she now displayed remarkable strength, holding Mabel's wrist tightly.

Looking straight at Mabel, Elyse spoke slowly, each word chilling in its clarity. "It's great your mom and dad are doomed! They deserve it!"

Mabel was nearly driven mad by these words. "You are inhuman! We spent a fortune on you, and you dare to speak of my parents that way!"

Elyse wanted to laugh even harder. She slowly increased the pressure on Mabel's wrist, as if she were about to snap it. Fear crept onto Mabel's face.

"How much did your parents actually spend on me? Aren't you the one living in luxury? Is your parents' money even rightfully theirs? It originally belonged to my parents! The company was my dad's. Even the money used for the car Lanny got me on my 18th birthday was mine. You and your parents are just leeches!" Elyse stared coldly at Mabel's contorted face and declared, "You are nothing. You have no right to be arrogant before me!"

Mabel couldn't grasp her words. She only perceived that Elyse was insulting her parents. She shouted back, "Who do you think you are? A mere snob. If I were my parents, I wouldn't have adopted you. I'd rather strangle you so you could go to hell with your foolish parents!"

The sharp sound of a slap echoed clearly.

Elyse, rubbing her stinging hand and smiling coldly, looked at Mabel's shocked expression and remarked, "Bringing up my parents was a mistake. You're not even deserving of mentioning them."

Mabel was utterly speechless. How could Elyse shamelessly play the victim? Why did Elyse malign her parents as if they were evil? How could she?

Fury reddened Mabel's eyes. She lunged at Elyse without hesitation, but Elyse sidestepped her attack.

As Mabel continued to pursue her, a hidden bodyguard intervened. He seized Mabel by the collar and tossed her meters away.

Elyse tilted her head and smiled. "When your mother passes, be sure to let me know. I'll make sure to attend the funeral."

Mabel yelled in frustration, "You're insane, Elyse. This is who you really are—a cold-blooded, ruthless woman! I will expose you. I'll tell everyone of your cruelty so they see the monster you truly are!"

"I doubt that," Elyse retorted, her eyes filled with disdain. "I've been too kind. I've let you off too many times. But not this time. Because you don't deserve my mercy."

"Damn it! I'm going to kill you! Go to hell!" Mabel screamed, thrashing about in the hospital corridor like an unreasonable child.

Her outburst attracted the attention of other patients, who kept their distance, wary that she might have lost her sanity and could potentially harm them.

In Elyse's eyes, Mabel was foolish and utterly worthless. She knew that without Lanny and Glenda, Mabel couldn't make waves.

A cold smile crept onto Elyse's face as she pondered this. She was determined to seek revenge for her parents and had no intention of sparing any of Lanny's family.

Chapter 595:

Elyse made her way back to her ward, her thoughts swirling as she tried to make sense of the conversation she just had with Mabel. After a brief rest, she found herself drawn to Jayden's room, as if seeking solace in his presence.

A flicker of warmth danced in Jayden's eyes as he saw her approach. He closed his laptop, extending his hand toward her with a welcoming gesture. Elyse's face lit up with a smile, her eyes reflecting her delight at seeing him.

Jayden wrapped her in his arms, his voice filled with concern. "Are you feeling cold? Did you wear enough warm clothes?"

"I'm okay," Elyse replied softly, though the chill in her fingers suggested otherwise.

Jayden, however, wasn't convinced. He took her hands in his, feeling the coldness in them.

"Peyton mentioned you're not in the best of health right now. You need to take good care of yourself for a while."

Elyse pouted, countering, "I've bundled up as much as I can, but it doesn't seem to help. What else can I do?", Jayden pulled her closer, gently pinching her cheek. "Have you been eating properly? You've lost weight."

Elyse gazed at Jayden, seeing the genuine concern etched on his face. His affection for her was unmistakable, and their time together had brought them closer, but she still couldn't gauge the depth of his feelings for her. Despite her uncertainties, Elyse was wholeheartedly devoted to him.

Perhaps it was her intense love that made her unable to overlook any imperfections in their relationship. It pained her that he couldn't fully open up to her.

As she looked at Jayden, she couldn't resist touching his face, pondering how much love was appropriate in a relationship. Was it a blessing or a curse to love someone so deeply?

After what seemed like an eternity, Elyse asked softly, "Can you share your past with me? Tell me something about it."

Jayden blinked, holding her hand that gently caressed his face, trying to warm her cold fingers. "Why do you want to delve into my past? Those things have already happened, and I couldn't alter any of it. Do you really need to remember them?" he replied.

Elyse nodded earnestly, replying, "I believe it's crucial.

I wasn't part of your past, so I don't understand how your views on certain things were shaped. If you tell me about your past, I can understand you better."

Jayden embraced her tightly and said, "It doesn't matter. Just let bygones be bygones."

"Why do you think it doesn't matter?" Elyse asked curiously, her brow furrowing.

Jayden, unsure of how to respond, said, "Because I faced those things alone. There's no need to share it with anyone else. Besides, you wouldn't understand even if I tell you."

Elyse fell silent. She realized Jayden wouldn't open up because he believed she couldn't comprehend his experiences. Could she really not understand Jayden's experiences and pains?

In the stillness, Jayden hoped she wouldn't pursue the matter further, just as she had retreated many times before when he rebuffed her inquiries.

Elyse seemed to give up, and he breathed a sigh of relief.

Jayden looked up to see Elyse still watching him. He hugged her tighter and teased, “Am I so mesmerizing? How long will you keep staring at me?”

But his flirtation was met with silence. Elyse said slowly, “I’m wondering if we’re truly in love.”

“Of course. We share an unparalleled love,” Jayden declared confidently. Although they had lost their child, it didn’t mean they wouldn’t have children in the future.

He envisioned having another child with her.

In his thoughts of the future, he promised himself he would protect her and their child better, ensuring no harm would come to them.

While Jayden was lost in dreams of the future, Elyse counted down time, with different thoughts taking root.

Now, she finally found her answers.

Chapter 596:

Elyse sat quietly with Jayden for a while before deciding to return to her room.

Despite her reluctance to leave, Jayden grabbed her hand, his voice tinged with a plea, “Please, stay with me a little longer.”

Elyse gently removed his hand with a calm smile. “I’m not feeling well. I’d love to head back to my ward and lie down.”

Jayden frowned, his concern deepening as he tried to stand up. “You’re not feeling well? I’ll get a doctor to come and check on you.”

Elyse shuddered, shoving him back onto the bed. “Just stay in bed and recuperate properly. You sustained way more injuries than I did. If you don’t listen to me, I won’t talk to you anymore.”

Jayden glared at her, feigning annoyance. “You won’t talk to me anymore? The nerve of you.”

Elyse snorted playfully. “You could give it a try.”

Jayden obediently lay back down, smiling softly. “Okay, your wish is my command. I’ll remain here. I’m so scared of my wife ignoring me.”

Elyse couldn’t help but feel a twinge of sadness. Despite his words, she knew Jayden wasn’t truly afraid of anything.

Between the two of them, she was always the one who made the compromises.

As Elyse was about to leave, she suddenly remembered her encounter with Mabel on the 17th floor. She paused and turned back to Jayden. “Glenda is in the ER, and Mabel is waiting outside. I heard Morgan saying that Lanny headed home earlier. I guess he must have gone back to meet Glenda.”

Jayden was a bit astonished but nodded. “Okay, got it!”

With that, Elyse left the room and headed back to her hospital ward. She lay down to rest, but her phone rang, showing Tracy’s name on the screen. Concerned, Elyse quickly answered.

“Tracy, is Shaun giving you trouble again?”

“No, not at all,” Tracy replied. “I’ve recovered quite well and can be discharged now. I want to visit you.”

Elyse sighed in relief, her tone calm. “Tracy, I’ll be out of the hospital in a couple of days.

There’s no need to drop by. Besides, isn’t Shaun’s crew always hanging around your villa? Don’t leave the house. I don’t want you to be taken away by his men again.”

Tracy's voice quivered with sorrow. "To think something so terrible happened to you, and I wasn't there to support you. I feel utterly helpless, unable to aid or protect you."

"Cheer up, girl. Knowing that you're safe at home is all I need," Elyse said, her voice filled with warmth. She murmured softly, "Out of everyone in Watscar, you're the only one I can't imagine parting with."

"Wait, what? I'm not sure I heard that right," Tracy responded, holding the phone closer to her ear, trying to pay close attention.

Elyse brushed it off. "It's nothing important. Just focus on recuperating at home. I hope you'll be completely recovered by the time I'm discharged from the hospital."

Tracy nodded. "Alright, then. I'll wait for you at home."

After ending the call, Elyse placed her phone under her pillow and tried to calm herself. The conversation with Tracy had brought her to the brink of tears, making her want to pour out all the unfair treatment she had endured.

But she held back, knowing that Tracy had her own struggles and didn't need more burdens.

Elyse reminded herself that adults should learn to deal with their emotions independently.

Elyse had a restless night. When she finally woke up the next day, it was already late morning.

She hadn't slept well since losing the baby, her nights plagued by tossing and turning until exhaustion took over.

She got up and sat by the window, stroking her shoulders as she basked in the rare winter sunlight. Today's sun felt like a warm embrace, something she had longed for.

Just as she settled into her thoughts, Gavin entered the room with a radiant smile. “Elyse, guess who came to visit you.”

Elyse turned around and saw Cody walking in, holding a bouquet of flowers. He wore a brown coat and a hat, and behind him was Irving, carrying a bag full of gifts.

Seeing Elyse’s pale, sickly face, Cody felt a pang of sadness. He quickly walked over to her, handed her the flowers, and crouched down beside her. “Congratulations on winning first place in the Champions Cup! I’ve never been so proud of you.”

As Elyse held the flowers, tears welled up in her eyes. Her lips trembled as she asked, “Am I truly your pride?”

“Yes, you’re my pride and joy,” Cody said calmly, gently stroking her head with his hand.

Gavin and Irving exchanged a look, and Irving stepped forward with the gifts. “Elyse, look. Mr. Tucker got all of these gifts for you.”

Chapter 597:

Irving had carefully arranged the gifts, each one thoughtfully selected and neatly wrapped. The variety in size and shape demonstrated the care Cody had put into choosing them.

Elyse surveyed the collection, her eyes flitting back and forth, unable to decide which to open first. Eventually, her attention was drawn to a long, rectangular package that seemed to promise something special. Its size and shape suggested it might be a violin.

Turning to Cody, excitement mixed with curiosity in her voice, Elyse asked, “Can I open this one first?”

Cody’s eyes gleamed with fatherly warmth as he nodded and said, “Of course. They are all at your disposal.”



He looked at Elyse, the daughter of his close friend Rickey, with a fondness that mirrored what he might feel for his own child. It brought him joy to spoil her a little.

As Elyse unwrapped the package, her anticipation was palpable. When she saw that it indeed contained a violin, her eyes lit up.

“I had this crafted just for you,” Cody explained, his smile wide with pride. “I hope it becomes a loyal companion on your musical journey and that the music you create with it captures the essence of your spirit.”

Elyse touched the violin gently, a mix of reverence and thrill passing through her. Overcoming a brief hesitation, she lifted the instrument and began to play “The Call of Silence.”

The music flowed sweetly and softly, imbued with a sense of yearning and a hint of fear.

Winter’s icy grip loomed harshly, teetering between giving way to the lush rebirth of spring or sinking into deeper desolation. Amid these shifting tides, the relentless quest for answers continued—a journey veiled in enigma yet irresistibly compelling. Each step on this challenging path revealed unique discoveries.

As the last echoes of the music filled the space, Elyse looked at her violin, her eyes alight with a new sense of purpose.

Playing the violin transported her to a world where her previous doubts and sorrows melted away. The tangled threads of love and past hardships dissolved, overtaken by the captivating melodies that poured from her violin.

She longed to immerse herself in the music, to redefine herself with each note, and to surrender to the pure joy that only her violin could offer.

Her heart raced with renewed vigor, igniting her desire to perform on a big stage. However, as inspiration surged, her frailty became apparent. Dizziness overwhelmed her, causing her to falter and nearly fall from her chair.

Quick to react, Irving caught her, steadying her with his quick reflexes.

“You don’t look well. Try not to overexert yourself,” Irving noted, his voice tinged with worry. “Go back to bed and rest.”

Elyse paused, letting the dizziness pass. With a playful nudge, she pushed Irving away and uttered in a childish tone, “I haven’t even finished unpacking my gifts yet. I’ll rest once I’m done.”

Irving was initially tempted to pull her back to bed, but he hesitated when he noticed that neither Cody nor Gavin seemed inclined to stop her. He paused, his lips parting as if to speak, then closing silently.

They were absolutely doting on her! Irving grumbled to himself, his worry for her evident despite his annoyance. He went to fetch a glass of water and set it on the windowsill within Elyse’s reach.

As Elyse uncovered her array of gifts, she was captivated by the eclectic mix, each gift reflecting Cody’s thoughtful consideration. She cherished them deeply, carefully storing them as precious mementos.

Seeing Elyse’s joy, Cody felt his spirits lift. Any initial worries about her reaction vanished.

The conversation shifted as Cody noticed Fiona’s absence. “Didn’t you inform Fiona of my visit?” he asked, trailing off as he caught the uneasy looks exchanged by Irving and Gavin.

A tense silence filled the room before Gavin stood up, his expression unreadable. “I’ll fill you in on Fiona later, just us,” he said, his voice marked by a hesitancy that left Cody puzzled.

“Why do you both look so troubled whenever Fiona’s name comes up?”

Elyse’s eyes fell, the room growing heavy with silence. Days had turned into nights, and still, Fiona had not appeared at the hospital.

At first, Elyse had held onto the hope that perhaps fear had overwhelmed Fiona on that critical day, leaving Fiona numb to her plight. In her desperation, she had crafted excuses to clear Fiona's name, yet each passing day without a visit from Fiona shattered her hopes anew.

In contrast, Irving and Gavin had been steadfast in their support, visiting whenever they could, worried that Elyse might harm herself in her distress.

As Elyse mulled over these thoughts, a shadow seemed to pass over her eyes. Perhaps it was time to accept that Fiona might not be the good person she had imagined. It was time to stop making excuses for her.

Cody, noticing the shift in the atmosphere, quietly planned to ask Gavin about it later.

"This year's competitors are tough," Cody shared with Elyse, trying to shift the mood. "Some of my old teammates have been rigorously training their students for the Swan Cup."

Elyse felt the gravity of his statement. "Really, that tough?" she asked.

Cody nodded gravely. "They're incredibly talented. I've seen them perform myself. If you and Fiona end up facing them, it'll be quite the challenge."

Chapter 598:

Seeing Elyse's expression turn serious, Irving couldn't hold back from defending her. "Mr. Tucker, there's still three months until the competition. Why put pressure on Elyse so early?"

Cody looked up in surprise. "You're quite protective of Elyse. Back when Gavin was in the competition, you pushed him for a year, telling him to quit the music business if he lost. Seems you've learned to be more considerate now, eh?"

Gavin shot Irving a disgusted look, remembering the past.

Irving felt awkward at Cody's words. He scratched his nose guiltily. "Well, Elyse isn't Gavin. You can be gentle with her, but sometimes you gotta be tough with Gavin if he's gonna improve."

Gavin glared at Irving fiercely, silently vowing revenge.

After chatting with Elyse for a bit, Cody stood up abruptly. "You've been married a while now, but I've yet to meet your husband. You know where Jayden is, right? Take me to see him."

Irving nodded. "Of course, Mr. Tucker, this way."

Irving led Cody out of the ward.

Gavin lingered, turning to Elyse. "Take care of yourself, and don't forget your beloved violin. It'll give you strength."

Elyse nodded, then asked anxiously, "Did Mr. Tucker bring gifts just for me? What about you guys?"

Gavin paused briefly, then chuckled. "Of course, we've got gifts too. They're in the car. Don't worry."

Elyse breathed a sigh of relief, and then curiously asked, "And Fiona?"

"Fiona has gifts waiting as well. Mr. Tucker didn't forget anyone," Gavin assured her with a smile.

Relieved, Elyse settled back onto the bed. The intense conversation with Cody had drained her. She was exhausted at this point.

Gavin knew Elyse tended to overthink, so he reassured her, "Hey, no need to fret over the competition. We've got a solid three months ahead. Even if your base isn't rock-solid, with some serious practice during this stretch, your natural talent will bridge any gaps with the others."

Elyse blinked, uncertain, “Gavin, you seem so sure about me. Aren’t you worried I might not measure up?”

Gavin shot back gently, “We’ve known each other for so long. Why wouldn’t I trust you? And whether you win or lose doesn’t hinge on my faith in you. Do you think you must win just because I believe in you?”

Elyse looked puzzled. “But if you trust me, I feel like I have to deliver. Otherwise, what’s the point of your trust?”

Gavin pondered a moment. “So, if I didn’t trust you, would you slack off and settle for less? Or would you fight for that best result?”

Elyse hesitated, caught off guard. Even without support or belief, she’d still pick up her violin and play.

Her love for it was unshakable!

When Gavin noticed her staying quiet, he could tell she was figuring something out.

Gavin smiled, “Trust is just trust. If you need my support, I’ll do what I can to help you chase your dream. The outcome, though; that’s not on me.”

With a reassuring smile, Gavin bent closer. “Even if things go sideways in the competition, you’re still my friend. I’ll always have faith in you.”

Elyse blushed at his belief in her.

Gavin had a way of empowering others, giving them confidence when they needed it most.

Elyse hoped she could someday exude that same kind of unwavering determination and strength.

Seeing calm in her eyes, Gavin nodded. “Get some rest now. I’ll check on Jayden’s ward. Irving’s got a problem with Jayden. He might try to stir up trouble between Mr. Tucker and Jayden.”

Curious, Elyse asked, “Gavin, do you have any problem with Jayden?”

Gavin scratched his chin, mulling it over. “I do have reservations. He’s a tough nut to crack, distant. His role isn’t easy, though. He was just doing what he had to, I suppose.”

Chapter 599:

Elyse pondered Gavin’s last words carefully. Noticing Elyse lost in thought once again, Gavin sighed softly. She excelled in every way but tended to overthink things.

He reached out, gently touching her head. “I’m heading out now. Take care and get some rest.”

Leaving the ward, Gavin made his way to Jayden’s ward. Irving was waiting at the door. Instead of rushing in, Gavin sat down on a chair, patiently waiting for the conversation inside to conclude.

An hour later, Cody emerged from the room. Showing no particular expression, he turned to Gavin and said, “Let’s head back to the studio. On the way, fill me in on Fiona.”

Irving intended to join them, but Cody frowned and remarked, “Elyse is alone in the ward. Stay here with her a little longer. She needs someone after everything she’s been through.”

Acknowledging Cody’s suggestion, Irving nodded and stayed behind.

Gavin accompanied Cody to the parking lot, discussing Fiona’s recent performance and their conversation earlier.

Cody frowned deeply upon hearing this. After a lengthy silence, he sighed and said, “Thanks, Gavin. It must be quite challenging these days, but you managed everything quite well.”

Gavin was caught off guard by the praise and chuckled modestly. “It’s a bit challenging. Elyse, Irving, and Fiona have their own personalities, so conflicts are inevitable, but I manage to keep things going.”

Cody nodded understandingly. “You’ve put in a lot of effort.”

They soon arrived at Blue Sea Music Studio.

As they got out of the car, Gavin moved to follow Cody inside but was gently turned away.

“You had a spat with Fiona. She probably doesn’t want to see you just yet. I’ll go talk to her,” Cody explained.

Gavin paused for a moment, then nodded in agreement.

After entering the studio, Cody found Fiona lounging on the sofa, engrossed in painting her nails instead of practicing the violin.

She was so absorbed that she didn’t even notice Cody coming in. Only when Cody sat down next to her did she suddenly lift her head, startled. Upon seeing Cody, she quickly set down the nail brush in a flustered manner.

Cody watched as Fiona hurriedly tried to clean up the nail polish on the table. In her rush, she accidentally knocked over two bottles, causing their contents to spill out.

As Fiona tried to clean up, the table only became messier. Her face flushed with embarrassment, she lowered her gaze and avoided meeting Cody’s eyes altogether.

After a few moments, Fiona managed to finish tidying up, her cheeks still flushed. She nervously tucked her hands behind her back and stammered, “M-Mr. Tucker.”

Observing Fiona's expression, Cody noticed her apprehension.

Glancing at the discarded nail polish bottles, he asked, "So, you enjoy painting your nails?"

Fiona hesitated briefly before softly replying, "No, I just wanted to see how it looked. I usually remove it when I play the violin."

Although Cody wasn't well-versed in manicure matters, he understood that many girls enjoyed such beautifying rituals. However, he couldn't shake the feeling that something was amiss.

He studied Fiona for a while, sensing her discomfort, before gently asking, "I remember you used to focus solely on the violin and weren't into nail polish or hair styling. What sparked your interest in manicures all of a sudden?"

Fiona felt extremely nervous as Cody's question hit her. She feared he might uncover something she desperately wanted to keep hidden. But fate had other plans for her.

Looking directly at her, Cody asked, "Got a crush, huh? When I saw you today, you seemed more beautiful than usual. You're all dolled up."

Fiona felt her palms grow clammy with nerves. She dreaded the idea of someone suspecting her feelings for Jayden, who happened to be Elyse's husband.

She managed an awkward smile. "Mr. Tucker, why do you say that? I've never really considered relationships. I'm quite content on my own."

Cody nodded knowingly. "Alright, I get it. You don't have to spill the beans. It's a good thing to have someone you fancy. Love can lift your spirits and bring happiness. I hope you find that."

Fiona remained silent, too afraid to respond, and listened as Cody continued.



“I don’t mind you dating or even wearing nail polish,” Cody added casually, “as long as you keep up with your violin practice.”

Fiona was taken aback by his unexpected remarks, feeling touched by his words.

Cody continued, “But you’ve been harsh with other fellows lately. They genuinely care about you. Maybe it’s time to have a chat with them and apologize.”

“Alright, I will,” Fiona replied reluctantly, though inwardly she felt disdainful. She believed they didn’t deserve her apology.

Chapter 600:

Two agonizing hours crawled by as Mabel waited outside the ER. Finally, a nurse emerged, pushing Glenda’s gurney. Relief washed over Mabel as she realized her mother wasn’t in immediate danger.

Following the medical staff to the ward, Mabel’s heart ached at the sight of Glenda’s pale face. Her phone buzzed, snapping her out of her worry. It was Kaelyn.

Feigning concern, Kaelyn’s voice dripped with forced sympathy. “How’s your mom? I’m worried sick, but I’ve been out of town and couldn’t rush back.”

Mabel, deeply touched, tears welling in her eyes, choked out, “Kaelyn, you’re a true friend. Without your loan for the surgery, my mom wouldn’t be saved.”

Kaelyn asked, “Are you handling everything alone? Where’s Elyse? Isn’t she supposed to be your sister?”

“Don’t even say her name,” Mabel spat, her voice laced with undisguised hatred. “She doesn’t deserve the title. I could kill her!” A satisfied smile crept across Kaelyn’s face as she heard Mabel’s venomous words.

Picking up a glass of red wine, she gazed out at the nearby racetrack. On the table before her lay photographs of Mabel, Freda, and Vicky.

Her crimson-painted nails hovered over the photos. With a flick of her wrist, she sent Freda's photo flying. Only Mabel's and Vicky's remained.

Kaelyn's admiring gaze lingered on Mabel's photo before she casually nudged Vicky's picture aside with her finger.

"Elyse is indeed heartless," Kaelyn said into the phone, "but violence isn't the answer. Want Elyse to suffer? We'll find a different way."

Mabel gritted her teeth. "I want her gone. Eradicated from this world, no matter what."

Kaelyn's voice turned sly. "I have an idea. Need help in the future? Come to me. But for now, focus on your mom."

Mabel's eyes shone with gratitude. "Really, Kaelyn? You'd do something like that for me?"

Kaelyn smirked. "Of course. My time in the circle hasn't been in vain, has it?"

Mabel's eyes flickered with envy. "I should've built connections like yours. I'm alone, with no one to turn to. You're the only one who cares."

Kaelyn's gaze danced across the racetrack. "We're like sisters, that's why. Stop thanking me, it distances us."

Mabel replied, "Okay, I won't forget your kindness. Need help, I'll be there."

"Likewise. You're family to me. We need to help each other."

Mabel's mood lifted after hanging up. Turning to Glenda, she resolved to help her mother escape Lanny's abusive clutches. That madman wouldn't get away with hurting them.

Furious, Mabel dialed Lanny's number. It went straight to voicemail, each unanswered ring fueling her anger.

"What a jerk! Where'd he go after assaulting us? Can't believe I'm stuck with him as a father!" she muttered under her breath.

Meanwhile, Lanny, having retreated to a familiar restaurant near Morgan's apartment complex, drowned his sorrows in beer and a heavy meal.

Morgan, tipped off by Tobin, hurried home. She collapsed onto the sofa, drying her hair. Glancing at her phone, she saw a message from Tobin.

It detailed Lanny's suspicious purchases: rope and gag tape—all bought from different stores to avoid raising suspicion.

A chill ran down Morgan's spine as she called Tobin. "He's ready to make a move, right?"

"Yes," Tobin confirmed, his voice grim. "He even wants to get on with his life after he kills you."

Morgan raised an eyebrow, a cold snort escaping her lips. "On with his life? Scum like him should be rotting in a cell."

She reflected on Lanny's actions, his luxurious lifestyle founded on acts of murder and theft, exploiting the wealth of his victims.

She knew she had to stay one step ahead of him, or she might end up like all the others who had crossed Lanny's path.