

Chapter 6 Determined To Pursue Her Dream

Jayden hadn't expected her to come, so in a panic, he decided to let himself fall to the floor.

Seeing Jayden crash down and struggle to sit up with the help of his wheelchair, Elyse shivered. Was Jayden using the solitude of the study to secretly practice standing?

"What are you doing here?" Jayden asked from the floor, his tone brimming with impatience after several failed attempts to rise.

Realizing she had stumbled upon the very thing Jayden wished to keep hidden, Elyse was consumed by guilt. "I'm sorry. I just came to tell you to go to bed."

"It's unnecessary. Just leave me alone," he snapped, seemingly wounded in his pride.

Elyse felt the sting of his words. She wanted to offer comfort, but Driscoll had mentioned that Jayden might never stand again. Any attempt to console him now seemed disingenuous.

After a moment of silence, she murmured, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to intrude." Then she turned and headed back to her room.

Jayden listened to her footsteps recede and only stood up once he was certain she was gone.

Dusting off his legs, he realized he had been too careless. He would have to be more cautious in the future, lest she discover his pretense of disability.

Meanwhile, Elyse lay in bed, ridden with guilt, unable to sleep. She felt as though she had deeply hurt Jayden.

The next morning, as Elyse stepped out of her room and descended the stairs, she noticed Jayden was absent. Curiosity piqued, she asked Driscoll, "Where is Jayden?"

"He regularly goes to the hospital for check-ups. He's there now with the family doctor."

"Why didn't he tell me he was going? I could have gone with him," Elyse inquired.

Driscoll sighed. "He didn't want you to hear from the doctor that he can never stand again. That's why he chose not to tell you."

Elyse sighed, feeling a pang of sympathy for him. "I have to go to work. I won't be back for lunch."

After breakfast, she grabbed her purse and left.

Today, the orchestra was holding selections for a tour. The selected performers would go on tour.

Having cherished playing the violin since childhood, Elyse dreamed of becoming the concertmaster. Determined not to let this chance slip by, she headed to the event.

Upon reaching the third floor, she encountered Rebekah Bentley exiting her office.

Noticing the registration form in Elyse's hand, Rebekah's eyes filled with disdain. "You're trying out for the tour?" she scoffed.

"Anyone can apply," Elyse replied, nodding while choosing to overlook Rebekah's dismissive tone.

Rebekah sneered again. "It seems this year's selection won't be much of a challenge."

"Agreed. I knew I would succeed if my rival were you," Elyse said confidently.

After her remark, she walked straight up to Rebekah and brushed past her. "You're in my way."

"You're saying I'm in your way?" Rebekah responded, her anger flaring.

Elyse chose not to reply.

A year ago, she and Rebekah had both joined the orchestra as violinists and were frequently compared. Rebekah had always been hostile, making it clear they would never be friends, only rivals.

Upon entering the office, Elyse approached an elderly but elegant woman who was organizing the registration forms. She handed over her form and said, "Ms. Hopkins, here is my registration form."

Wanda Hopkins instinctively frowned upon seeing the form. "Are you sure you want to participate? You're not going to ask me to retract your form like last year, are you?"

Elyse bowed her head, feeling a twinge of embarrassment. Last year, she had submitted her form but withdrew because her mother Glenda had interfered, blocking her path.

Wanda, recognizing Elyse's talent, had urged her not to squander the opportunity, but her efforts had been in vain.

"No, I won't. I'm not wasting any more opportunities. I'm determined to pursue my dream, and nothing will stop me this time."

"Why didn't you realize this last year?" Wanda asked.

Elyse opened her mouth to respond but found herself unable to voice the true reason.