

Bound love 601

Chapter 601:

Perched on the edge of the bed, Elyse lost herself in the haunting melodies of the violin, a gift from Cody. Her recent, profound sorrow seemed to fuel her performance, transforming her grief into music for over an hour.

Watching her, Irving felt compelled to intervene. "You should rest," he urged gently. "Playing so long isn't good for you right now." As he spoke, he carefully took the violin from her grasp and offered her a glass of milk instead. "Driscoll sent this over. Drink it. It'll help you regain some strength."

Elyse glanced from her empty hands to the milk Irving held out, her lips curling in mild defiance. "I'm not in the mood for milk right now."

Irving, trying to maintain a firm stance, replied, "Please, no fussing now. Just drink it."

With a sigh, Elyse took the milk and sipped it slowly. Meanwhile, Peyton was adjusting to his mobility in a wheelchair, his leg now supported only by two slender boards instead of the full plaster cast. He held a piece of paper, his curiosity piqued.

"What's this? It was stuck on your ward's door the whole time."

After reading the note, Peyton's expression darkened instantly. Elyse, quick to notice the shift in his demeanor, pressed him, "What does it say? You look so pale all of a sudden."

Peyton hesitated, torn between hiding the contents and revealing them. Elyse was tired of secrets, tired of being shielded as if ignorance would spare her further pain.

She felt they were just treating her as if she were too clueless to handle the situation herself. She extended her hand toward Peyton and demanded, "What is it? Show me."

"I really don't think that's a good idea," Peyton hesitated, reluctant to hand it over.

“Just give it to me,” Elyse insisted sharply.

Peyton’s hands shook with apprehension. He thought to himself that Elyse was becoming increasingly like Jayden—intimidating and fierce when angry. Reluctantly, Peyton handed the piece of paper to Elyse.

Taking the paper, Elyse discovered it was a story. The main character was also named Elyse Lloyd. In the narrative, this fictional Elyse was portrayed as a scheming woman who stole her sister’s fiancé and tarnished him, only to entangle herself romantically with her sister’s new boyfriend as well, juggling two relationships simultaneously.

The story ended with her character making a mess of things and ending up beaten and hospitalized.

Elyse couldn’t help but find the situation somewhat amusing. She picked up the paper, looked at Peyton, and asked, “This was taped to my ward door?”

Peyton nodded affirmatively. “Yes, I saw it as soon as I got here.”

With a grim expression, Elyse slipped into her slippers and strode out of the ward. When she emerged, she found each ward door was adorned with a piece of paper bearing the same story. As Elyse walked past several of them, she methodically tore each sheet down.

During this, Driscoll hurried back from Jayden’s ward where he had been delivering items. Spotting Elyse, Driscoll approached her with evident concern.

“Mrs. Owen, someone has posted a story on multiple floors, with you cast as the villainous lead. They’re quite slanderous. I’m on my way to investigate the culprit.”

“There’s no need,” Elyse interjected, her voice cold, eyes flashing with anger. “Gather all the copies and burn them. I know who did this.”

Driscoll opened his mouth to question her further, but Elyse was already striding toward the elevator, not looking back.

“Don’t worry, I’ll keep an eye on her,” Peyton said, maneuvering his wheelchair to follow swiftly. Irving trailed behind, worried that Elyse might face some mishap.

Reaching the 17th floor and finding no sign of Mabel, Elyse quickly inquired about Glenda’s location. Upon discovering Glenda was on the 2nd floor, she went straight there without hesitation.

Upon arriving, Elyse walked directly to Glenda’s ward, where Glenda lay unconscious. Mabel was there, pen in hand, crafting yet another defamatory narrative about Elyse.

Now married to Jayden, Elyse was off-limits for direct confrontation, prompting Mabel to resort to such devious tactics to provoke her.

Chapter 602:

With a sneer curling her lips, Elyse strode over and snatched up the piece of paper, beginning to read Mabel’s story.

“What do you think you’re doing? Give it back!” Mabel lunged for the paper, but Elyse stopped her.

Embarrassment and anger flared in Mabel’s eyes as she glared daggers at Elyse. “You’re out of your mind. Get out of my mom’s room!”

Elyse sneered after reading the story. “Mabel, if you can’t behave, I’ll have to teach you some lessons.”

Seeing Elyse’s domineering stance, Mabel’s long-buried resentment exploded.

She fiercely reached out, snatched back the paper, and shouted, “Wasn’t I merely telling the truth? Aren’t you an ungrateful bitch? My mom’s ill, lying in bed, and have you even glanced at her since you walked in? Don’t play the victim here. You don’t deserve it.”

Elyse, her temper ignited, tore the paper into shreds and let them fall like confetti to the floor.

“You have no right to say that,” Elyse spat, her voice sharp with fury. “And your mother doesn’t deserve my respect.”

“I’ll thrash you within an inch of your life!” Mabel shouted, her eyes blazing with rage.

Mabel viewed Elyse as cold and ruthless, displaying scant consideration and gratitude toward those who had nurtured her. Mabel wondered why someone as terrible as Elyse led a life of luxury while she struggled.

In an instant, the room erupted into chaos as Elyse and Mabel grappled with each other.

To save money, instead of letting Glenda stay in a VIP single room, Mabel had placed her mother in a shared room with three other patients. Besides Glenda, there were two other patients and their families in the room now.

As Elyse and Mabel wrestled, the others backed away, not wanting to get involved.

Peyton and Irving, trailing behind Elyse, arrived just then. Walking in, they saw Mabel pinned to the floor, with Elyse raining blows on her.

“Hey, little tyrant, do you still value your health?” Irving was frantic.

Cody and Gavin had assigned him to ensure Elyse’s safety. If Elyse got into a scuffle and ended up hurt, Cody would point fingers only at him, blaming him for not looking after her properly.

Irving had no desire to face Cody’s wrath. He hastened over to Elyse, scooping her up in an attempt to help her to her feet. To his astonishment, Elyse resisted his efforts, proving too strong for him to lift.

“Hey, aren’t you supposed to be weak? Where’s all this strength coming from?” Irving exclaimed, bewildered.

Elyse was too consumed by rage and hatred to focus on his words. Her loathing had festered for a long time, intensified by Mabel's constant oppression and the harrowing revelation that Lanny had strangled her parents alive. Elyse's fury had been simmering for what felt like an eternity.

When she first discovered the truth, she didn't immediately seek vengeance because she was pregnant. But with her baby gone, her thirst for retribution had been unleashed.

Mabel, initially managing to fend off Elyse, soon found herself overwhelmed. Finally, collapsed on the floor, Mabel began to sob and curse, "Elyse, you wretch! How dare you hit me. I'll ruin you on TV, drag your name through the mud!"

Elyse shot back, her voice icy, "Go ahead, expose me. If you dare, I'll have your entire family thrown in jail!"

"You're using influence for personal gain! I can sue you!" Mabel threatened, aware that with Jayden's support, Elyse had the means to carry out her threats.

"Enough!" It was Glenda who spoke.

Having regained consciousness, Glenda struggled to get out of bed and crawled over to shield Mabel. Gazing at Elyse with a trembling voice, Glenda said, "Take out your anger on me, not my daughter! She doesn't know anything."

Elyse's face hardened with cold, deadly intent. "Just because Mabel's ignorant, she gets to act with impunity? How did you treat me when I was in the dark?"

Glenda's eyes bore into Elyse's. "If you have grievances, aim them at me. I can withstand your wrath, but Mabel can't."

Elyse was seething with irritation and disdain. What was Glenda doing? Flaunting her deep maternal love for Mabel in front of her?

Elyse's eyes gleamed with a murderous glint as she licked her lips and sneered.

“Spare your daughter and only target you? Did you ask my mother’s opinion when you decided that? Would my mother agree to target only you and not your daughter?”

Glenda was taken aback. “How could you say such a thing?”

Elyse looked down at Glenda with icy detachment.

“You want me to let Mabel off the hook? Fine. Go ask my mom. If she consents, I’ll spare Mabel. But if you can’t get her consent, I’ll make sure your whole family suffers!”

Chapter 603:

Glenda recoiled, her body shaking visibly. “How could you be so heartless?” she gasped in disbelief. “You weren’t like this before, Elyse. You used to be kind and caring. But now, look at you!”

Elyse found her words ridiculous. “What has kindness ever achieved for me?” she snapped. “It has only enabled your family to exploit me.”

Glenda’s eyes widened as she glared at Elyse. “Are you threatening me?”

Elyse spoke in a tone that was light and breezy, contrasting sharply with Glenda’s tension. “A life for a life,” she said calmly. “You and your family will feel the pain that my parents have suffered.”

Glenda watched Elyse with a grim expression, her thoughts and motives hidden behind her unreadable look.

Irving couldn’t stand to watch any longer. He grabbed Elyse’s arm, pulling her protectively behind him.

Mabel sat up suddenly, her eyes fixed on Elyse with intense hatred. It was as if she wanted to tear Elyse apart.

Elyse regarded Mabel with disdain. She considered Mabel to be insignificant, both foolish and spiteful. She gave a dismissive look at both Glenda and Mabel before turning and walking away.

After Elyse had left, Mabel's anger boiled over, but Glenda restrained her. "What's wrong with you, Mom?"

Glenda looked around at the others in the room before slowly standing up. She led Mabel into the bathroom, her voice low.

"You need to go home now. There's an orange Hermes bag in the closet in my bedroom. Open the secret compartment inside, and you'll find a bank card. It's the emergency money I've been saving. I had planned to use it to take you away from here once I got divorced, but now I don't think I'll have that chance."

Mabel's face displayed shock and confusion as she looked at Glenda. "Mom, what are you talking about?" she asked, her voice quivering.

Glenda's voice became firm as she replied, her expression stern. "I have a dozen other designer bags," she stated sharply. "Take them all and sell them. Use the money and get as far away from here as possible."

"Elyse is out for revenge," she warned, her voice carrying an icy certainty. "She's targeting us."

Mabel was disbelieving. "Revenge? Sure, we weren't exactly caring, but she has relied on our family for decades. What does she have to seek revenge for?"

Glenda looked at her daughter with mixed feelings. "You're so innocent," she said gently.

Glenda knew well that Elyse was determined to avenge her parents, a truth she chose not to disclose to Mabel. The past should remain hidden.

Even if Mabel knew that everything she had consumed or worn was from Elyse's parents' fortune, it wouldn't alter anything. In Glenda's view, her daughter deserved all the luxuries life could offer.

“Take the money and leave,” Glenda insisted, trying to maintain her calm. “Don’t worry about me.”

Mabel felt uneasy, sensing that something was off. It seemed like her mother was subtly saying goodbye. She frowned, puzzled. “Mom, what’s going on? Why are you so scared of Elyse? She’s not as threatening as she seems.”

Glenda shook her head, her face showing resignation. She understood the severity of the situation better than Mabel, realizing that Elyse’s threats were serious.

It was clear to Glenda that Elyse had discovered the truth from Morgan, and they were now working together against their family.

Cornered, Glenda realized she couldn’t run away. She had to face this situation with Lanny. If she fled and Lanny failed to kill Janet, Elyse would still put her in jail. Taking Mabel along would only put her daughter at greater risk. Mabel’s safest option was to escape alone.

Noticing Mabel’s hesitation, Glenda became more urgent, her voice tinged with desperation. “Mabel, you have to listen to me! Do you understand?”

Mabel, with a furrowed brow, finally nodded in agreement.

Glenda let out a sigh of relief. “Remember this carefully,” she instructed, “The PIN for the bank card is your birthday. Use the money wisely. Find a place where no one knows you, and don’t worry about me.”

Mabel still didn’t grasp the full gravity of their predicament. “Mom, stop talking like that. I’m just going to sell those bags. This money will help you and Dad get a divorce. We’ll both be better off without him!”

Glenda knew that a divorce from Lanny was not possible, but to ease Mabel’s departure and calm her mind, she chose to deceive her.

“Go ahead,” she said. “I’ll discuss the divorce with your father after I leave the hospital, and once everything is sorted out, I’ll come find you.”

Mabel sighed deeply, relieved. “Mom, I’m so relieved you see it now. I’ve been telling you to leave Dad for so long, but you wouldn’t listen. You finally see what kind of person he is.”

Chapter 604:

After Elyse left Glenda’s ward, Peyton had something he wanted to say to her but hesitated several times before stopping himself.

Seeing him hesitate, Elyse crossed her arms and said, “If you have something to say, just say it.”

Peyton scratched the back of his head and said awkwardly, “Jayden wanted to see you. He wants to see how someone like you—whom he perceives as weak—managed to overpower Mabel and pin her down.”

Elyse gave a cold snort. “So, I have to demonstrate it to him just because he wants to see it?”

Just as she finished speaking, the elevator doors opened. She walked out with her arms crossed and a cold, haughty expression, leaving Peyton and Irving exchanging bewildered looks.

Irving said with uncertainty, “Is she still angry?”

Peyton replied with equal uncertainty, “Yes, and when she’s angry, she would put on a long face, just like Jayden.”

Irving patted Peyton and smiled. “She is Jayden’s wife. How can she not be like him?”

“You don’t get it, man,” Peyton said, sighing. Dealing with Jayden was hard enough; having another “Jayden” around was a depressing thought for him.

Upon returning to her ward, Elyse lay back on the bed, crossed her arms in front of her chest, and tried to calm herself down.

Fifteen minutes later, the door to the ward opened. Jayden wheeled himself to her bedside.

Elyse cracked her eyes open, glanced at Jayden, and asked indifferently, “What are you doing here?”

Jayden reached out and held Elyse’s hand. “I came to know how you overpowered Mabel and beat the crap out of her.”

Elyse snorted, clearly displeased, “Are you here to scold me?”

Jayden shook his head. “No, I’m here to check if you’re injured.”

Elyse curled her lips. “I wasn’t defeated, so there’s no need to worry.”

Jayden chuckled and gently pinched her cheek. He said with frustration, “Can’t I be concerned about you when you fight someone?”

Ignoring his question, Elyse responded with dissatisfaction, “You’re still a patient. Shouldn’t you be resting in bed instead of coming to see me as you please?”

“Hey!” Noticing the defiant look on her face, Jayden became intrigued. He cupped her face with both hands and studied her for a moment before asking, “Are you upset? Why not tell me what’s bothering you? I’ll help you sort it out.”

“I don’t need your help.” Pulling away from his hands, Elyse pointed at the bandage on his abdomen and advised, “Just focus on your recovery and stop wandering about. What if your wound becomes infected?”

Jayden sighed. “I asked you to come see me, but you refused.”

“I just didn’t want to,” Elyse declared, wrapping herself in the covers.

At this, Jayden gently tapped her head and asked cautiously, “Are you really that upset?”

Elyse continued to ignore Jayden.

Jayden’s concern was dismissed by Elyse, but he wasn’t offended. He simply felt that she was troubled by what Mabel had done.

After chatting with Mabel for a bit, Glenda urged her to go home.

Once Mabel had left, Glenda no longer felt like staying at the hospital. She pulled out her phone and dialed Lanny’s number.

When Lanny answered Glenda’s call, he was still drinking. He slurred, “What’s up?”

“Where are you? I’ll come to you,” Glenda said without showing any emotion.

Lanny scoffed. “Why would you want to come here? Aren’t you the one who wants a divorce? Just keep your distance. Don’t even think about getting any of my money.”

Glenda’s expression darkened. “I ran into Elyse. She hates us to the core. I think Janet has told her everything about her parents.”

Lanny, unhurried, took another gulp of his beer and remarked, “So what? It doesn’t matter. None of the ones I plan to kill will survive.”

“Where are you? Let’s meet and discuss this. We can’t let Janet live. She’ll only pose a threat to us if she survives,” Glenda stated firmly, her eyes showing a hint of ruthlessness.

Raising his eyebrows, Lanny inquired, “What? Do you want to team up with me now? Weren’t you planning to leave?”

Glenda admitted openly, “If you fail, I’ll be Elyse’s next target. She won’t let us go.”

Lanny burst into loud laughter before replying, “Alright, I’ll give you an address. Come and meet me. I need to act soon. The sooner I act, the sooner I can rest easy.”

Chapter 605:

A few days later, persuaded by Glenda, Mabel departed from Watscar with some cash in hand.

Meanwhile, Morgan, who had gone out as usual, was abducted.

Bound and placed in a trunk, Morgan remained unusually composed, even letting out a snigger. Lanny had finally made his move, a moment she had been anticipating for a long time.

As Lanny drove deeper into the mountains, he hummed a tune with a smile, surprised at how effortlessly everything was unfolding without any obstacles. It felt as though even fate was on his side.

After about two hours of driving, Lanny reached an abandoned factory, about a kilometer away from a deserted village. Once inside the factory, Lanny pulled Morgan out and stepped aside to make a call, saying, “Where did you go? Did you get the tools I asked for?”

The response on the other end of the line caused Lanny’s face to darken. Annoyed, he snapped, “You can’t even manage something this simple. What good are you?”

With those words, Lanny ended the call abruptly. Turning back to Morgan, who lay on the floor, Lanny approached with a smirk. “Janet, you’ve been gone over twenty years. Why come back now? I almost gave up looking for you.”

He paused before saying, “Now that you’re here, I have one more person to kill.”

Morgan’s eyes burned with hatred as she stared at Lanny.

Unfazed, Lanny grinned. “You hate me so much because of Rickey, right? He’s handsome and has such a good nature. It’s rare to find someone like him. I can see why you could be drawn to him.”

Morgan wanted to tear Lanny apart. This jerk didn’t even deserve to mention Rickey’s name.

Lanny then moved to sit on a large rock nearby. “Out of pity, I’ll let you live a few more hours. Once my wife brings the tools, it’s the end for you.”

Beside the rock, a black plastic bag held six bottles of beer and some snacks. Lanny grabbed a beer, popped it open, and took a long drink.

Morgan glanced in that direction before turning her gaze away. She calmly bided her time.

About an hour later, Glenda arrived, out of breath and laden with tools. She had visited several stores to gather hammers, shovels, and more, which took quite some time.

By then, Lanny had polished off all six beers and the snacks and looked at Glenda drunkenly. “Took you long enough. I thought you’d taken the money and run.”

Glenda stared back at him, repulsed by the stench of alcohol. She retorted, “You only gave me a grand. How far could I possibly get with that?”

Lanny, not interested in conversing further, scanned the ground and finally picked up a hammer. He approached Morgan with it.

He crouched down and ripped the black tape from Morgan’s mouth. With a menacing tone, he said, “It’s been years. Killing you would finally fulfill my wish.”

He added, “And don’t worry. Once you’re gone, I’ll deal with Elyse next, and you can both join Rickey in hell.”

Morgan gazed at Lanny with a steely expression. “I get why you might have wanted to get rid of Rickey, but why kill your sister? Jazmine never harmed you, nor was she a threat to you.”

“Jazmine?” Lanny seemed taken aback that Morgan would bring her up.

He had complex feelings about Jazmine. Whenever her name came up, he felt an inexplicable irritation. He disliked it whenever someone brought up his sister. He couldn’t pinpoint why he preferred not to talk about her.

“Jazmine is my sister, but she sided with Rickey. Just for that, why should I spare her?” Lanny said coldly.

Hearing that, Morgan burst out laughing. “You really are a terrible brother, always overindulging and perfectly content to mooch off others.”

She taunted Lanny further. “You’re such a disappointment as her brother, always needing her to bail you out. Jazmine is unfortunate to have a brother like you.”

Lanny’s gaze intensified, “Wanna die now? How dare you talk to me that way.”

Morgan scoffed, “Oh, did that strike a nerve? What does it matter if you inherited Rickey’s company? You can’t manage it, can you? You took a thriving business and drove it into the ground. Aren’t you ashamed?”

Lanny sensed something off about Morgan’s demeanor. She showed no fear and seemed intent on provoking him.

Clearly, something was amiss.

Chapter 606:

Lanny’s eyes were constantly moving, alert, and watchful.

Glenda, fueled by frustration, furrowed her brow in confusion. She had hoped Lanny would quickly finish off Janet so she could escape and start anew with Mabel. However, Lanny was dawdling, engaging Janet in what seemed like light-hearted chat, as if they were old acquaintances.

Glenda's patience thinned. She snatched the hammer from Lanny's grip. "What are you waiting for, you idiot? Just do it!"

Still scanning the area, Lanny cautioned, "Hold on. Something feels off."

Glenda's patience evaporated. "You're just scared, Lanny. Are you backing out now?"

In a burst of anger, Glenda raised the hammer to strike Morgan. At that exact moment, a bullet sliced through the air, hitting the hammer, which exploded into fragments.

"Damn, it's a trap!" Lanny yelled, ducking for cover, his eyes wide with both fear and caution.

Glenda reeled from the turn of events but remained singularly focused: Janet had to die. Ignoring the danger, she spun around, seized a machete, and lunged at Janet.

"Are you crazy? Get back here!" Lanny shouted, infuriated by her impulsiveness. It was obvious they had walked into a trap, but Glenda charged forward, heedless of the peril.

Suddenly, police officers flooded into the factory, blocking every exit.

"Drop your weapons! Drop your weapons!" they commanded, their voices booming through the vast space.

Lanny quickly pulled Glenda back to his side, his eyes scanning the room to gauge their dire situation. They were trapped, completely surrounded.

Approaching them was Elyse, cloaked in a gray shawl and wearing a pillbox hat. Her face, partially hidden under the brim, displayed a cold, determined look as she fixed her eyes on Lanny.

Lanny had anticipated Jayden might come, but Elyse's appearance was a total surprise.

"Well, well," Elyse said coolly, "look what we have here. You two are a sight for sore eyes."

With his unkempt hair and worn clothes, Lanny, with the countless spent on stakeouts, looked years beyond his age. Glenda's appearance was no better. She looked even more exhausted, with her head bandaged and her skin both pale.

Elyse continued, her voice dripping with disdain. "You both look absolutely a mess. Is this just karma?"

Lanny let out a loud laugh, mocking Elyse's scorn. "Karma? Please!" he scoffed, his tone scornful. "Your parents are the ones dead, and I took everything rightfully yours. I've been enjoying the good life for years! It's definitely not karma."

Lanny's arrogance filled the space, dismissing Elyse's threats as mere bluster.

"I know what you're trying to do," he said, calm and collected. "You want to pin a crime on me, to lock me up. But you know what? I haven't touched a soul. You've got nothing on me!"

Elyse barely suppressed a laugh, raising an eyebrow. "Do you genuinely believe this is a ploy to entice you into committing a crime?"

Lanny's smile became menacing. "Absolutely, your little schemes are transparent. Save your excuses."

Elyse casually shrugged. "You're wrong. I'm not here to entice you into committing a crime. I already have solid proof of your crimes—the murder of my parents. You once proved you have a mental illness, remember?"

Lanny's face fell as he noticed the police drawing near, his confidence fading fast.

Glenda felt the tension rise. Her voice was sharp with fear and blame. “The police are here for us, aren’t they? Why were you so careless? What do we do now?” she cried out.

“Shut up!” Lanny was rattled. He hadn’t foreseen Elyse’s maneuver and was at a loss for words.

Amidst the turmoil, Glenda’s eyes fixed on the advancing officers. Fear overwhelmed her as she gripped Lanny’s shirt, her hands shaking.

“Answer me!” she snapped. “Aren’t you my husband? Protect me! We need to leave! I have to see my daughter.”

“Shut the fuck up!” Lanny’s voice cracked under the strain. Grabbing the machete from Glenda, he hissed, “So you just want to ditch me, huh? Fine. I’ll give you what you want.”

Chapter 607:

The alcohol was clouding Lanny’s thoughts, making him more impulsive and erratic. His grip on the machete tightened as his emotions spiraled out of control. Without fully realizing what he was doing, he swung the machete at Glenda.

When clarity returned to him, he was horrified to see the machete buried in Glenda’s body.

The blade was stuck in Glenda’s delicate neck, causing blood to gush out like a fountain.

Glenda’s eyes were wide with shock as she stared at Lanny, unable to believe her fate.

She could never have imagined that her life would end this way, especially at the hands of Lanny, the man she had shared her life with for over two decades.

Lanny looked back at Glenda, whose eyes were now lifeless. Glenda had died instantly, beyond help.

Elyse hadn't foreseen this outcome either. Her plan had been for Glenda to end up in prison alongside Lanny. But now, Glenda was dead from Lanny's impulsive act.

After a quick look at Glenda, who lay in a pool of blood, Elyse turned her attention to Lanny, who stood swaying slightly in place.

"You've just killed your wife, and there are plenty of witnesses," Elyse said coldly. "How will you dodge the blame this time? Will you tell the judge you were drinking? That you had too much?"

Lanny didn't answer Elyse. Glenda's death had shocked him to the core. The shock seemed to sober him up as he realized there was no escaping the consequences this time.

Yet, part of him still felt foggy. He couldn't understand why he would kill Glenda instead of Janet. His original target was Janet!

With this thought, Lanny turned to look for Morgan. Morgan, who had been tied up on the floor earlier, was now standing behind the police, her gaze filled with scorn and relief.

The rope on the ground confirmed to Lanny that his actions against Morgan were real, not imagined. He understood then that Glenda's death was not a dream.

Overwhelmed, Lanny lunged at Elyse like a madman.

He yelled, "You damn bitch! It's all because of you. I should have killed you when I took your parents' lives. You all deserved to die together."

No matter how much Lanny later regretted showing "mercy," it couldn't alter the outcome now.

Lanny's assault was futile. He didn't manage to hurt Elyse but instead was overpowered by her bodyguards and then handcuffed by the police.

Still defiant, Lanny shouted, “I should have strangled you, you witch. How dare you come after me like this. I’ll get you.”

The more Elyse observed Lanny, the more baffled she became. How could her mother, Jazmine, have had such a brother?

Elyse stared at Lanny with disdain. “It’s unfortunate you didn’t strangle me. Your hesitation allowed me to live, discover who my real parents were, and learn who usurped their property and caused their deaths.”

Lanny continued to shout until he was forcibly silenced by a gag placed by the police. The police then escorted Lanny away.

Elyse approached Morgan, watching as she handed over a recorder and a locator to the police as evidence. After turning in the evidence, Morgan looked at Elyse in surprise and said, “I thought Jayden would handle this. I didn’t expect you to. It caught me off guard.”

Elyse replied calmly, “Anyone could have handled it, but Jayden is still recovering. It was better for me to come.”

Morgan glanced at Glenda, who was dead on the ground, surrounded by several policemen collecting evidence. With a concerned expression, Morgan asked, “Are you alright? Did this frighten you?”

Elyse glanced at Glenda’s body and maintained her composure. “I’m fine, though shocked. I never thought Lanny would kill Glenda. She’s his wife, after all.”

Morgan responded, “You don’t know Lanny. He’s such a selfish and impulsive person. He always puts his desires first. No matter how much regret he felt afterward, in that moment, he definitely wanted to kill Glenda. The alcohol just gives him an excuse.”

Chapter 608:

Elyse looked at Glenda without any expression.

Even though Glenda had been cruel to her, Elyse had to acknowledge that Glenda was a dedicated mother to Mabel.

However, the sight of Glenda's lifeless body didn't evoke any sympathy from her. She turned away and said, "Mabel Lloyd is now out of town. I heard the news a quarter ago. Two days back, she was selling designer handbags in an antique store. It seems Glenda has set her up well for the future."

Morgan said with a smile, "So what? Mabel Lloyd has caused enough trouble. Even if she changes her name and tries to start over, her creditors will track her down."

Elyse agreed. "We'll see how long she can run."

Morgan looked at her and whispered, "Leave her to me. I don't want to get your hands dirty."

Elyse was surprised and asked, "Huh?"

"Your hands are meant for playing the violin. Don't get blood on them," Morgan explained earnestly. She preferred that Elyse stay clear of the mess. In her eyes, Rickey's daughter was meant to remain untainted and pure.

Elyse was confused. "I don't think I'll get blood on my hands. Mabel Lloyd won't last long with her lack of smarts. She'll probably break down before I even need to act."

Morgan looked taken aback. "Is she really that foolish?"

Elyse confirmed with a nod. "Just wait and see if you doubt it. She had all the advantages but squandered them because she inherited her parents' 'lawless' genes."

As they spoke, a police officer approached to escort them to the station to file a report.

While Morgan was providing her statement, Elyse headed to the station's lobby to grab some water. Coincidentally, she met Lanny, who was now handcuffed. Seeing her so composed, Lanny felt irritated. He stopped and said, "Elyse Lloyd, I never thought I'd lose to you. You're much cleverer than your father."

Elyse took a calm sip from her disposable cup. "I'm not cleverer than him; he simply didn't anticipate how despicable you could be. You killed my father when he was vulnerable and in a coma."

She looked up at Lanny with a cold stare. "Otherwise, how could a good-for-nothing like you have taken everything from my father?"

Lanny laughed heartily at her words. After a moment, he stopped and said arrogantly, "I regret not killing you when you were young. I should have sent your entire family to hell."

Elyse responded lightly, "What a shame! Keeping me alive was like setting a time bomb for yourself. I was bound to uncover the truth eventually."

Lanny, with a forced smile, inquired, "Are you saying my error led to this outcome?"

"Perhaps." Elyse grinned. "My dear Uncle Lanny, you've enjoyed the riches for years. It's time to give it all back. Hope you rot in prison."

Lanny clenched his teeth, pondering whether he had truly been defeated. He had no way to bounce back, did he? He had been bested by Rickey's daughter. Despite his reluctance, Lanny still thought he could reverse his fortunes. After all, he had only accidentally killed Glenda, right?

Glenda was his wife. He had accidentally killed her. He believed he wouldn't face charges since Glenda was his wife. His wife wouldn't hold it against him!

Lanny found a reasonable excuse for his crime. He pleaded with the police officers, "Wait a moment. Please hear me out. I can explain what happened earlier. Don't arrest me. I'm innocent. I don't deserve to spend my life in prison. Let me go!"

Lanny repeated his plea, but the officers didn't react. They escorted him towards a detention room. Lanny was unlikely to ever walk free from jail this time.

Elyse observed him, feeling a weight lift from her chest. Lanny, the architect of her family's downfall, would no longer be free.

Morgan emerged after providing her statement and saw Elyse standing distractedly in the lobby. Unaware that Elyse had encountered Lanny, she asked, "What are you up to?"

Elyse replied thoughtfully, "The two who murdered my parents have received their punishment. Should I now lay my parents' ashes to rest and let them find peace?"

Chapter 609:

Morgan agreed with a nod, "That sounds like a sensible plan. When are you thinking of doing it?"

After a moment's thought, Elyse replied, "In the spring. It's too chilly now. I worry they'd feel the cold."

Morgan gave a supportive smile. "You're right. It's better to wait for warmer weather."

Later, Elyse and Morgan headed back to the hospital. Upon their safe return, Jayden set aside his paperwork and inquired, "I heard Lanny killed his wife. He's really something."

Elyse gave a nonchalant shrug. "It was bound to happen. He's always been cruel and heartless. He's been arrested and will soon be sentenced. His cruelty will finally catch up with him."

Jayden commented, "Understood. I'll take steps to ensure he's sentenced swiftly."

Elyse nodded in agreement. "Good. You might also want to let Mabel know about Glenda's death and Lanny's impending sentence. If she's too far away, her creditors won't be able to locate her."

Jayden immediately sent his men to deal with the matter.

Five days later, the trial took place. Lanny's defense crumbled under the weight of solid evidence. By the end of the trial, his arrogance had vanished. Looking defeated and worn, he was a shadow of his former self.

Following the trial, numerous reporters, tipped off by Jayden, gathered outside the courthouse to ensure Mabel would learn of her parents' fates through various media outlets.

Mabel, who had fled from Watscar, saw the news on television. The reality that her family's business had been shuttered, her mother was deceased, and her father was incarcerated overwhelmed her. She collapsed.

She began packing her things in her hotel room, determined to return to Watscar. She couldn't accept that her mother had been killed and her selfish father had been arrested. She was skeptical of every detail in the news. She wouldn't believe it unless she had verified everything personally.

As she was packing, her phone rang with a call from Kaelyn. Assuming Kaelyn was calling to offer comfort, she answered immediately.

"Hello, Kaelyn. What can I do for you?"

Kaelyn sounded frantic as she asked, "Where are you right now? I'll come get you."

Mabel was puzzled. "What's going on, Kaelyn? I'm in Yalara City and planning to head back to Watscar. I just learned from TV my mom is dead and my dad is jailed. I can't believe it until I see for myself."

Kaelyn replied gravely, "You shouldn't go back. The news is accurate. If you return, your creditors will locate you. It's all part of Elyse's scheme."

Mabel was shocked, struggling to grasp what Kaelyn was suggesting. "Why would you say it's her scheme? What has she possibly done to my parents?" she inquired.

“I’m not sure of all the details. But your old creditors have been seen with her, lurking around your apartment. They’re probably waiting for you to come home.”

Mabel’s hands went cold. “Has Elyse orchestrated all this? Why would she target my family? What have we ever done to her? Has she lost her mind?”

Kaelyn sighed, sounding defeated, “I don’t have all the details. Clearly, she isn’t willing to spare anyone in your family, including you. That’s why I’m urging you not to go back. Stay hidden. You’re not in a position to confront her right now.”

Mabel laughed bitterly, driven by anger. “Kaelyn, you mean my family is destroyed and I have to flee just because Elyse holds a grudge? Why should I run?”

Kaelyn paused, then suggested, “Since you’re at a crossroads, why not come with me? I’m planning to move abroad. You could come along and rely on me. What do you think?”

After a pause, she added, “Also, I can help cover your tracks. That way, Elyse won’t be able to find you. You’ll be safe.”

Mabel felt a flicker of temptation. Going abroad with Kaelyn seemed like her last option. Yet, she felt compelled to return home to conduct her mother’s funeral. Mabel didn’t trust Elyse to respect her mother’s ashes, given her deep-seated hatred for her family.

Kaelyn continued to persuade her, “Come with me overseas. Once you gain more strength, you can seek revenge against Elyse.”

After much deliberation, Mabel decided, “Okay, Kaelyn. I’ll come with you.”

Chapter 610:

Elyse drove to the headquarters of the Lloyd Group. With Lanny behind bars, the authorities had shuttered the business.

By the time Elyse arrived, the employees had already stripped the place of anything valuable, leaving behind only the husk of a once-thriving company.

Papers littered the floor, and chairs were haphazardly strewn throughout the deserted office space.

Surveying the chaos, Elyse felt a pang of sadness. “My father built this company from the ground up,” she said, her voice tinged with melancholy.

“It flourished in its early days, poised to make a mark in Watscar. I never imagined it would come to this after falling into Lanny’s hands.”

Morgan, who had accompanied Elyse, offered her analysis with a calm demeanor.

“Lanny was never cut out for this. He lacked any real business sense. When he took over, he relied solely on those capable employees. It didn’t take long for everyone here to see him for what he was, and many talented individuals quit one after another.”

Elyse nodded, her resolve firming. “I need to visit the CEO’s office. That’s where my father spent his days.”

Morgan responded with a nod of her own. “I’ll head to the archives. Maybe I can find the original meeting reports.” Those reports had all been signed by Rickey, and Morgan clung to the hope of uncovering anything related to him as a memento.

Elyse offered no reply, her thoughts too scattered to focus on Morgan’s suggestion. She doubted that much of anything remained in the ravaged company, especially records from so long ago.

Arriving at the CEO’s office, Elyse found it as barren as she had anticipated, devoid of surprises. She stepped on a sheet of paper lying on the floor, and it emitted a sharp squeak.

Only one desk remained in the office, crafted from solid wood, this hefty desk bore the marks of many years, rendering it virtually worthless. Thus, departing employees had left it behind.

Elyse circled the desk several times. Recalling her childhood visits to the office, she remembered always seeing this desk. Indeed, it had been acquired by Rickey.

Leaning her hands on its surface, her mind went blank, her gaze hollow. How she wished her dad were still alive. She deeply missed him.

Overwhelmed by a surge of emotions, Elyse crouched down awkwardly, clasping her hands around her knees as she fought to steady the swirling thoughts and feelings inside her.

After ten minutes, Elyse managed to quell her grief, and her attention was drawn to the three drawers on each side of the desk.

In a burst of emotional release, she yanked open the drawers. Upon opening the second drawer on the right, she inadvertently noticed a small hidden compartment at the top.

Doubting her eyes, she leaned in for a closer look and indeed, there it was. She reached in, her fingers brushing against a small notebook tucked away inside. This find startled her.

Suppressing her excitement, she quietly withdrew the notebook. The notebook was old, its pages yellowed and brittle, almost disintegrating upon touch.

Elyse opened it with utmost care. The contents nearly knocked the wind out of her—these were the musings of her dad, penned in his diary. Realizing she had stumbled upon her father's personal writings, a wave of embarrassment washed over her.

Yet, her curiosity about her father's past, the memories he had left behind, beckoned strongly. After a moment of internal struggle, Elyse lifted her gaze and whispered into the stillness, "I'm sorry, Dad. I need to understand you better. Please don't hold this against me."

With that, she plunged into the diary. It took her an hour to absorb the words of her father. He possessed a mind of remarkable sensitivity, viewing the world through a lens of compassion.

To him, no one was inherently evil. Circumstances shaped actions.

The diary was less of a daily account and more a collection of Rickey's unrealized dreams. Elyse's heart ached reading about his regrets, particularly about Morgan, someone he had hoped to experience more of life with, yet never did.

Among the pages, Elyse discovered records of unique, unfulfilled desires that seemed almost alive.

Reflective, she quietly closed the notebook. A resolve settled within her—to make her father's dreams a reality. Slipping the notebook into her purse, Elyse headed to the archives.

There, she found Morgan in tears on the floor, likely disheartened by an unsuccessful search. Though Elyse longed to offer comfort, she hesitated, then decided against it. Instead, she resolved to be there for Morgan silently.