

## Chapter 8 Being Locked Up

"Have you two ever truly loved me?"

Elyse's question caught Lanny off guard, his expression shifting abruptly.

Unaware of her father's reaction, Elyse directed her gaze towards Glenda, awaiting her response.

"Elyse, what's gotten into you? How could you doubt our love for you? We care about you, which is why we're suggesting you reconcile with Theo. With his family's wealth, you'd be set for life," Glenda responded calmly.

"But I'm married now. Do you think Theo would accept a divorced woman?" Elyse challenged Glenda, her eyes fixed on her mother's face.

Glenda's composure faltered, replaced by a hint of anxiety. "Who were you married to? Is he well-off?" she inquired urgently.

Elyse hesitated. Initially, she wanted to disclose her marriage to Jayden Owen, a man of considerable wealth and influence. However, observing Glenda's anxious expression, she altered her response. "No, he's a pauper."

Lanny erupted in anger. "You've disobeyed us! End this marriage immediately!"

"No, I won't," Elyse declared firmly. "Since the moment you abandoned me at the wedding, I've reclaimed control of my life. You no longer have any say in my decisions."

"I raised you, and this is how you repay me?" Lanny's face flushed with anger as he unleashed his fury. He summoned Driscoll and the maids, commanding, "Lock her in the basement until she sees reason!"

Elyse felt a deep disappointment in her parents. They resorted to confinement to assert their authority, demanding her submission.

She had bowed countless times in the past to appease them, but this time, she refused to yield.

As Elyse was escorted away, Mabel eagerly said, "Since she can't marry Theo, why not let me? We won't lose anything then."

Elyse couldn't help but laugh. Mabel's constant desire to replace her was predictable.

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In the living room, Jayden sat, his gaze fixed on the wall clock. It was already 11 o'clock, yet Driscoll beside him dared not say anything.

The dinner dishes had been reheated multiple times in the dining room.

"Did she say she'd be back for dinner before going out?" Jayden inquired.

"She did," Driscoll confirmed.

"Then why hasn't she returned yet?"

Driscoll remained silent, unaware of the real reason. Did Elyse run away like Joanna? He dared not speculate, choosing instead to keep his concerns to himself.

Jayden retrieved his phone and swiftly messaged his assistant. Within ten minutes, a response came through.

"She's really useless; she's locked in a basement."

Driscoll was taken aback. "She is confined in the basement? Should we call the authorities to intervene?"

"No, I'll handle this myself," Jayden declared, his eyes ablaze with fury.

As Elyse's husband, he wouldn't tolerate anyone locking her up without his consent.

Observing Jayden's simmering anger, Driscoll wisely refrained from further questions. It was evident that Elyse's family had provoked Jayden to his limits.

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In the dim confines of the basement, Elyse huddled in a corner, her eyes shut in exhaustion. Hunger gnawed at her stomach, but her mind raced with thoughts of escape.

After what felt like an eternity, the basement door creaked open, casting a beam of light into the darkness. Several figures entered, their faces illuminated by flashlights.

The sudden brightness made Elyse flinch, her eyes struggling to adjust. Who dared to venture into the basement?

"Mr. Owen, we've located Ms. Lloyd!"

Jayden had come to rescue her?

Dazed, Elyse emerged from the basement with assistance, finding the villa ablaze with light. Her once-proud parents now cowered beside Jayden, their demeanor starkly different.

"Jayden," she called out, her voice tinged with a strange sense of sorrow.

Jayden's sharp gaze fell upon her, noting a hand print on her pale face. "What happened to her?" he demanded, his tone cutting.

"I... I slapped her," Lanny confessed, his guilt evident.


"Why?" Jayden's query sliced through the tense air.

"Because..." Lanny stuttered, sweat beading on his forehead. "Because she refused to marry Theo."

Jayden's demeanor turned icy. "So you're displeased with me?"




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"N-no, not at all," Lanny stammered, his smile strained.

Then, he turned to Elyse, reproach in his tone. "You went and married Mr. Owen, but why lie and say he's poor?"

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