

# **Bound by love: Marrying my Disabled Husband**

## **#Chapter 91 – 100**

### **Read Bound by love: Marrying my Disabled Husband Chapter 91**

#### **Chapter 91:**

Elyse nodded. “She could see that much. In their eyes, I am nowhere near as valuable as Bryce,” Jayden said calmly. “Of course, they would only care about the son they value.”

“What kind of parents are they?” Elyse’s words came out in a whisper, but her tone was filled with indignation.

“My family is very complicated. I’m afraid it cannot be defined by the normal standards of society,” Jayden replied, taking her hand and squeezing it slightly. “Let’s go to the dining room, shall we?”

Elyse nodded, and they entered the dining hall together, sitting near one end of the table.

Shortly after, Jayden’s grandpa Enzo appeared, leaning on his cane as he made his way over. His hair was gray, his face wrinkled, yet his eyes shimmered with both wit and vitality.

All at once, the atmosphere in the room shifted. Everyone became silent and still, so much so that Elyse thought they had stopped breathing altogether. Even Bryce, who had been voicing his impatience moments ago, now sat upright in his chair.

Enzo’s children stood up in unison and greeted him with the utmost respect.

“Sit down. It’s just a family gathering, no need for all the fuss,” Enzo said, sitting at the head of the table and sweeping his gaze over the rest of the occupants. When his eyes fell on Elyse, they stayed there.

She held her chin high and braced herself. She already had a guess about what the old man would say to her. To her surprise, however, Enzo said nothing. His gaze lingered for a few more seconds before he turned to Jayden. “Let’s eat.”

Elyse fixed her wary gaze on Enzo and breathed a small sigh of relief. He was so intimidating that the brief staredown just now had actually made her sweat.

“Sorry I’m late,” a voice suddenly called out from the entrance. Everyone turned and saw Joanna walking over with a gift in hand.

“Mr. Enzo Owen, on behalf of the Foster family, I’m here to wish you a very happy birthday,” she said, bowing to Enzo and handing the gift to the servant closest to her. Then she walked up to Jayden with a smile and placed her hands on his shoulders. “I miss you so much, Jayden.”

An eerie silence fell over the room. Jayden didn’t even put his fork down. With his free hand, he grabbed one of Joanna’s and broke her wrist with a single twist. The sound of her bones crunching echoed in the otherwise silent room, and Joanna’s face twisted in pain.

“Ah! My hand!” Joanna exclaimed in agony.

Brook, who was sitting beside Jayden, was afforded a front-row view of what the latter had done. “Oh my! You broke Miss Foster’s hand. That’s very rude of you!”

“Am I expected to be courteous after what she did to me?” Jayden countered.

Joanna all but wailed, “I know you’re mad at me. I’ll let you punish me however you want, but please forgive me just this once.”

Unable to take the other woman’s shamelessness, Elyse decided to speak up. “Today is Jayden’s grandpa’s birthday. Why are you bringing up the past all of a sudden?”

But Joanna ignored her, instead biting her lower lip and giving Jayden a coy look. “I know I was wrong. But I already explained my reasons to your grandpa. He said that as long as you forgive me, the two of us can still—”

Further down the table, Tess was furious at what she was seeing. Joanna’s family had never been decent people, and now they had long since declined in social standing. Clinging onto the Owen family was their last hope.

The thing was, Tess never intended for Jayden to marry Joanna. It was just that the other young men in the Owen family refused to accept Joanna, so she had no choice but to match her with Jayden in the end.

If Tess were being honest, she didn’t like Joanna at all. No one in their right mind would even consider her as a potential daughter-in-law.

Tess gritted her teeth and turned to glare at Enzo. “What do you mean by this, Dad? Have you forgotten all the shame we endured when Joanna fled her own wedding? Why did you even allow her to be here?”

The old man was unbothered. He took a bite of his food and sipped his drink before saying, "I thought long and hard about it. The Foster family is a good business partner, and Joanna is smitten with Jayden. It makes perfect sense. Their marriage is back on the table."

As soon as he finished speaking, the atmosphere changed yet again. The other occupants at the table turned to Jayden's parents with expressions ranging from mockery to disdain.

Jayden's parents were outraged, of course, but they didn't dare to protest. Enzo was deliberately humiliating them with this move.

"Grandpa Enzo!" Elyse cried out in anger. She swallowed her fear and faced the old man head-on. "What about me then? I am Jayden's current and legal wife. Do you expect me to just hand over my position and fade into the background?"

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## **Chapter 92:**

Elyse fixed her gaze on Enzo, eager for an explanation. Tess echoed her sentiments, declaring loudly, "Exactly! My son is married. He cannot marry Joanna again. Why not contemplate having your other grandson marry her? He's also at an appropriate age for marriage." Her pointed stare landed on Brook. Sensing her hostility, Brook raised an eyebrow, stood up, and retorted, "Jayden and Elyse have a strong relationship. If you're suggesting alternative matches, why not consider me marrying Joanna?"

As all eyes turned to the silent Jayden, Enzo spoke up. "It's well-known that Joanna and Jayden are engaged. It wouldn't be appropriate to alter that arrangement. It could lead to rumors. Furthermore, if Joanna were to marry someone else, speculation would arise that she had left Jayden due to dissatisfaction. A man can have more than one woman," he concluded matter-of-factly.

Elyse was dumbfounded by Enzo's suggestion. He was advocating for Jayden to be with two women. Feeling a mix of disbelief and discomfort, she glanced at Jayden's direction only to find Joanna's smug smile directed at her. The atmosphere at the table had soured for her. After hastily finishing a few bites, she and Jayden quietly exited the dining room.

In the guest room, Elyse demanded angrily, "What does your grandpa mean? Doesn't he think the Foster family crossed a line that day? Why would he still accept her?"

Jayden held his phone, contemplating it for a moment before responding, "The Fosters are desperate. They won't let go of their only chance. Maybe they struck a deal with my grandpa."

"The Fosters are on the decline. What could they possibly offer?" Elyse questioned.

"I'm not sure yet," Jayden admitted.

Before Elyse could press further, they heard Joanna's voice at the door. "Jayden, are you free now? Can I come in?"

"Not her again," Elyse's expression darkened.

Concerned for her mood, Jayden reassured her, "Don't dwell on it. She's just a pawn."

Initially, Elyse had no intention of engaging with Joanna. However, Joanna persisted, becoming increasingly presumptuous. Certain they were inside, she resorted to banging louder on the door to attract attention. Reluctantly, Elyse relented and opened the door.

Elyse's face was gloomy, but Joanna pretended not to notice and smiled. "Elyse, are you going to sleep? Why don't you let me in too? We can all sleep together."

Elyse was shocked by Joanna's boldness. While she was still processing her surprise, Joanna walked into the room, approaching Jayden with a smile.

Jayden glanced at her bandaged wrist and asked with a faint smile, "You want to experience that again?"

Joanna sensed hostility in his tone and felt a flicker of fear. Yet, she reassured herself, thinking that no matter how formidable he was, he was just a man confined to a wheelchair. What more could he do? His time had passed.

She took the seat Elyse had just vacated and explained, "I'm here on your grandpa's orders. Elyse, please don't be angry. I'm here to serve Jayden. You need to get used to life as a trio."

No matter how many times Joanna mentioned it, Elyse found her words ridiculous. After all, this was the 21st century. Hadn't Joanna ever heard of the concept of monogamy?

Jayden inquired, "You seem eager to serve me."

"Of course. I was foolish before. I've decided it's not so bad to marry you," Joanna replied with feigned enthusiasm.

"If you're going to serve, act like a servant. Don't sit on the chair. Kneel down and show some humility," Jayden commanded. After saying this, he watched Joanna's

expressions shift playfully. “What? You don’t want to serve me now?” Joanna asked with a forced smile. “Should Elyse do the same?”

“She’s different,” Jayden replied. “She’s my legal wife, and you are merely thrust upon me.”

Leaning slightly forward, his eyes cold, he added, “You can’t compare yourself to my wife. You think too highly of yourself.”

Joanna struggled to maintain her smile. “Your grandpa chose me to marry you. You shouldn’t treat me this way.”

Jayden responded, “Indeed, he chose you. However, he doesn’t control me. If he pities you, he’s welcome to take you.”

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### **Chapter 93:**

Unable to maintain her smile any longer, Joanna stood up and left the room. Elyse, looking at Jayden with admiration, remarked, “You’re incredible. You just drove Joanna away with a few words.”

“She’ll be back,” Jayden predicted. As he adjusted his clothes with a calm demeanor, he glanced at Elyse, his look one of disappointment. “You can’t even stand up to Joanna. Could you be weaker?”

Embarrassed, Elyse touched her head. “I wasn’t prepared for her to be so brazen. It took me by surprise. But now I’ve learned. I’ll know how to handle her next time.”

“It’s almost time for afternoon tea,” Jayden noted. “I hope you won’t reflect poorly on me.”

“I won’t,” Elyse declared. She then entered the bathroom to change and reappeared in a silk dress.

The women at the house were supposed to gather in the greenhouse for afternoon tea, but Elyse knew this was less a social event and more a strategic confrontation aimed at her. Bolstering her courage, she walked to the greenhouse in her high heels. On the way, she encountered Joanna, who had also changed and applied a heavy layer of makeup.

Despite her long hair covering most of her face, Elyse noticed that Joanna's left cheek was noticeably more swollen than the right as she passed by. Her brow furrowed in confusion. Joanna had just left their room. Could someone have slapped her in such a short time? Who could slap a guest?

Elyse chose to ignore the apparent slap mark and greeted Joanna. "Miss Foster, why persist? Will you be joining the Owen women for afternoon tea?"

"Elyse, haven't I told you? I'll be taking care of Jayden alongside you from now on. We share the same man. Why treat me as an outsider?" Joanna responded, batting her eyelashes in a mix of innocence and allure. "Could you let me in on a secret? What kind of woman does he prefer? I'll make sure he's satisfied."

Elyse offered a faint smile. "He prefers women like me. Would that prompt you to consider plastic surgery?"

Joanna was taken aback, a flash of resentment crossing her eyes.

When they arrived at the greenhouse, the other ladies were already there. Both Elyse and Joanna were late.

As they walked in, Joanna rolled her eyes and deliberately raised her foot, aiming to trip Elyse and embarrass her in front of the others. Unexpectedly, Elyse didn't stumble but instead stepped firmly on Joanna's foot. Wearing high heels, her step caused Joanna intense pain, leaving her unable to stand properly.

Hearing the commotion, Tess, who was nearby, asked impatiently, "What's happening?"

"I'm not sure," Elyse responded quickly. "Joanna seems to have sprained her ankle."

"Nonsense! You stepped on me!" Joanna exclaimed in pain.

"No, I didn't. Why are you accusing me?" Elyse responded, her face showing distress. To anyone watching, she appeared genuinely innocent. Joanna realized she had been set up by Elyse, who aimed to humiliate her. Still fuming from a recent reprimand, her anger intensified.

As she raised her hand to strike Elyse, the latter dashed toward Tess in panic. "Joanna tried to hit me!"

Tess looked up just in time to see Joanna's raised hand. She slammed her teacup onto the table and snapped, "Joanna, where do you think you are? This is not a place for your wild behavior!"

"No, it was Elyse who provoked me!" Joanna protested, her voice filled with aggrievement. By then, Elyse had reached Tess's side.

Tess glanced at Elyse, her dislike evident. She believed Elyse brought no benefits to the family and couldn't help Jayden lead the Owens. However, her disdain for Joanna was even stronger, irked by Enzo's decision to let Joanna marry Jayden without giving her family any respect.

In a cold tone, she warned, "Don't stir up trouble, or I'll have you removed."

Joanna, sensing Tess's hostility, remembered her purpose and reluctantly lowered her head, swallowing her pride as she approached.

Meanwhile, Julie and Jessie watched the unfolding drama with amusement. Julie provocatively suggested, "Elyse, since Enzo thinks so highly of Joanna, why don't you just divorce Jayden? You're young and don't need to stay with a cripple."

Tess, overhearing Julie's remark, slammed her hand on the table in fury. "What are you saying? My son might be disabled, but marrying him is a privilege for Elyse."

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#### **Chapter 94:**

Julie burst into laughter. "Lucky! How fortunate to marry a cripple." After a brief pause, she added provocatively, "Elyse, take my advice and divorce him. Maybe Jayden will appreciate your sensibility, freeing him to marry Joanna."

Tess was furious. Had it not been for her concern about maintaining her elegance, she might have pulled Julie's hair. Elyse calmly intervened, pouring a cup of tea for Tess. "Thank you for your concern, Aunt Julie, but I have no intention of divorcing Jayden. We are a true couple, and no one can tear us apart."

Julie, observing Elyse's confident smile, felt a chill. "Really? Don't dismiss my advice too quickly. You might regret it later."

"I won't regret it. I truly am fortunate to be married to Jayden," Elyse replied firmly.

Tess's mood improved slightly upon hearing Elyse's words. Though she considered Jayden to be of little use, Elyse's defense had somewhat salvaged her pride. With a more amiable tone, she advised, "It's best to focus on your life with Jayden, Elyse. That's more important than anything."

"You are right. Jayden and I will have a happy life together," Elyse responded softly.

Seeing Tess appeased, Joanna shamelessly took her hand. "I too will take care of Jayden and live a happy life with him."

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Tess's expression turned sour instantly. Joannas behavior was repulsive. Despite knowing Tess's dislike for her, Joanna continued to pretend ignorance and flattered her relentlessly, even though Tess seldom spoke to her kindly.

Elyse didn't feel any sympathy for Joanna. Instead, she found her relentless efforts and endurance somewhat exhausting. Joanna seemed to be determined to achieve her goals no matter what.

After the afternoon tea, everyone returned to their rooms to wait for dinner. Joanna, however, didn't go back to her room. She chose to sit in the garden, waiting for her master, but unexpectedly Bryce appeared first.

Bryce, still a college student and Jayden's younger brother, lacked the remarkable qualities Jayden possessed. He approached Joanna, his gaze fixed on her. During lunch, he had noticed her beauty and felt a twinge of envy that Jayden, despite his disability, could attract such stunning ladies like Elyse and Joanna.

"Why are you sitting here?" he inquired.

Just as Joanna was about to respond, she recalled her master's advice. Softening her expression, she replied with a hint of distress, "I was at afternoon tea with your mother and aunts, but Elyse set me up and embarrassed me in front of them. Now I'm worried about how your mother sees me. How can I possibly marry Jayden?"

Seeing Joanna's frown, Bryce felt uncomfortable. "How did Elyse dare to bully you? She really should know better," he remarked.

Joanna remained silent.

Noticing her continued unhappiness, Bryce reassured her, "Don't be sad. I'll talk to my mother and help you win her over." Joanna's mood lifted instantly. "Will you really help me?"

"Yes, I will help you. Don't be sad," Bryce assured her.

"I feel much better now. Thank you. You're so kind," Joanna said, standing up. She gave Bryce a flirtatious look and gently touched his shoulder with her hand.

Bryce remained motionless, though he was inwardly captivated by her.



Meanwhile, Elyse had returned to the guest room to find Jayden absent. She sat down and waited for his return.

Twenty minutes later, Jayden appeared. "Where have you been?" she inquired casually.

"I was down in the garden, soaking up some sun. I stumbled upon quite an interesting scene," he replied with a hint of intrigue.

Curious, Elyse probed, "What did you see?"

"I'll tell you about it later," Jayden said, picking up a teacup from the table. "It looks like we'll be staying overnight. We can't leave after dinner."

Confused, Elyse questioned, "Is that a rule set by your grandpa? I thought we could leave tonight."

"It seems we're all expected to stay. They mentioned it's Grandpa's birthday and all the family members should gather. They said leaving after dinner would upset him," he explained.

Elyse, sensing something amiss, handed him the teapot, joking with a smile, "I haven't seen them show much concern for your grandpa before. But on his birthday, suddenly everyone's demonstrating their considerations."

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## **Chapter 95:**

After dinner, Enzo retreated to his room for some shuteye. Jayden and Elyse were about to call it a night too, but their elders had other plans, insisting they join in for a drink.

Elyse, being unable to handle alcohol, started feeling woozy after a couple of sips of wine. Desiring nothing more than to hit the hay, Elyse found herself being escorted back to her room by Brook, who volunteered for the job.

In a haze, Elyse stumbled along, barely aware of her surroundings. As she collapsed onto the bed, she murmured Jayden's name almost involuntarily.

Standing by the door, Brook wore a smirk that spoke volumes. "Looks like you've got a thing for him," he remarked ambiguously before shutting the door behind him and disappearing into the night.

Sometime later, Elyse was startled awake by a scream. She bolted upright, her heart pounding in her chest.

Hurrying outside, she found a group of people heading in the opposite direction. "What's going on?" she asked anxiously.

Jessie turned to her, wearing a troubled expression. "Where were you just now? We didn't see you."

"I got a bit tipsy and crashed in a guest room. What happened?" Elyse inquired.

Jessie frowned, her voice dropping to a whisper. "Somethings up. It seems to involve Jayden."

As reality dawned on Elyse, she pushed through the crowd and entered a room. In the dimness, she could make out two figures embracing.

Brook flicked on the lights, surprise evident in his voice. "Joanna? What's going on? Are you sharing the bed with Jayden?"

Elyse furrowed her brow.

Joanna stirred from her slumber, her face still flushed. "I... I don't know. I came in first, and then Jayden followed."

The man beside her remained motionless.

"How could they be so sure it was Jayden without even seeing his face?" Elyse wondered.

Undeterred by the crowd's attempts to block her, she approached the bed and pulled back the covers. To her surprise, it wasn't Jayden lying there but Bryce.

"Bryce, why are you here?" she exclaimed.

Bryce's mother couldn't contain her anger upon seeing her son peacefully asleep on Joanna's bed. She closed in, her fury palpable, and slapped Joanna across the face. "You whore! What have you done to my son? Did you do it? You'll regret it!"

Joanna's head was racing as she realized it was Bryce in her bed, and she had no idea what had happened. Unconsciously, she glanced at Brook and saw that he was gone. Joanna, bewildered, stammered, "I... I don't know. Nothing happened between me and Bryce. He came into the room on his own."

“Ha! So you’re saying my son made a move on you? My boy wouldn’t fall for someone like you. Get out of my face, you tramp!” With a swift shove, Tess ejected Joanna from the bed, exposing the telltale hickey on her neck for all to see.

Julie couldn’t help but jest, “Seems like Jayden might have to step aside and give his younger brother a shot with Joanna.”

Tess’s gaze turned steely as she glared at Joanna. “My son will never marry someone like you.”

Elyse, observing the scene, couldn’t shake off the feeling that this whole debacle was a setup. Did Joanna mistake Bryce for Jayden? And if so, why? Was this some sort of trap?

Unwilling to get tangled in the drama, Elyse just wanted to find Jayden, who hadn’t shown up yet. After searching several rooms, she finally found him in the bathroom, submerged in a cold bath, his skin flushed an unnatural shade of red.

“Jayden! There you are,” she exclaimed, rushing to his side.

But as she reached out to touch him, he startled awake, gripping her wrist tightly. “Ouch! Jayden, it’s me.”

As he recognized her, Jayden relaxed his grip, his voice tinged with exhaustion and something else. “What’s going on out there?”

“Joanna and Bryce wound up in bed together. Prior to everyone witnessing the situation in that room, they assumed it was you in there. It appears to be a carefully orchestrated scheme,” she elaborated.

Jayden nodded grimly. “Yes, they wanted to set me up. But I’m not sure who else was involved.”

“I don’t know either. But your mother was livid and took it out on Joanna,” she said.

As Elyse finished recounting the events, Jayden’s tone turned curt. “Give me a moment.”

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**Chapter 96:**

Elyse noticed Jayden seemed unwell and asked anxiously, "What's wrong with you?"

"I was drugged. Stay away from me. I might not be able to control myself," he warned. He was trying hard to restrain himself, but his gaze held an intense mix of obsession and fervor as he looked at Elyse. The intensity in his eyes startled Elyse. Despite their close relationship, she wasn't prepared to take things further. She bit her lip, hesitated for a moment, then quickly exited the bathroom.

Settling on the sofa, she waited for the drug's effects to subside. It was then she heard Brook at the door.

"Elyse, is Jayden in his room?" he called out.

Instantly on alert, Elyse walked to the door and responded calmly, "Jayden has fallen asleep. He drank too much and we're getting ready for bed. What do you need?"

"Just checking on him. I hadn't seen him around," Brook replied.

"We're heading to bed now," Elyse didn't quite trust him.

"Okay then. Good night," Brook said.

Elyse leaned against the door, listening until Brook's footsteps faded away. After ensuring no one was at the door, she sighed with relief and returned to the sofa, where she stayed throughout the night.

The following morning, Jayden emerged from the bathroom in his wheelchair, looking terrible. The drug had been potent, forcing him to endure the entire night. His face was ghostly pale.

"Jayden, are you okay? Do you have any idea who might have drugged you?" Elyse asked, concern etching her features.

"I don't know who it was, but I won't let them get away with it," Jayden replied grimly.

"I think it might have been Brook," Elyse said, her expression tense.

"Why do you think that?" Jayden inquired, his gaze dropping as he pondered.

"He was the only one who came by last night, asking if you were in the room," Elyse revealed.

"It could be him then," Jayden rubbed his forehead wearily. "Call Peyton. We need to go to the hospital."

"We should head out before breakfast," Elyse agreed, nodding.

Jayden nodded back, and they left before anyone else was awake. Upon arriving at the hospital, Peyton promptly took Jayden for a check-up while Elyse waited outside the ward.

Behind the closed curtains, Peyton asked puzzled, "How did you manage after being drugged with such a potent philter?"

"I soaked in cold water," Jayden replied.

"You could have asked Elyse to help you instead," Peyton suggested, unable to hide his surprise. "She's your wife. Why didn't you ask her?"

Jayden ignored the question and changed the subject. "What does the Foster family have that made my grandpa forgive them?"

Peyton's lighthearted demeanor faded as he answered seriously, "They own a piece of land. It's undeveloped now, but it holds potential for high returns. Your grandpa now controls that land."

"As I suspected," Jayden murmured.

He knew his grandfather well enough to understand that ordinary reparations wouldn't suffice. It had to be something of significant value.

Peyton chuckled. "So what's the plan with Joanna? Are you really planning to have two ladies living with you?"

"You want a slap in the face," Jayden shot back half-joking.

"You lucky dog," Peyton grinned. Jayden's expression darkened. Peyton paused, then asked more seriously, "What are you going to do? Are you really going to accept her?"

After a prolonged silence, Jayden finally spoke. "They want me to marry her because it's profitable. But what if it wasn't?"

Peyton raised an eyebrow. "What are you planning to do?"

Jayden just smiled and said nothing.

Meanwhile, Elyse, sitting in a chair, received a call from Wanda. She responded with uncertainty, "Do you really want me to represent the orchestra on a show? Thank you, Ms. Hopkins. I promise I won't let you down."

Half an hour later, Jayden emerged from the ward with a prescription Peyton had written. Noticing the smile on Elyse's face, he asked curiously, "What's got you so happy?"

"I've been given a chance to be on a show. I'll be playing the violin on TV," Elyse exclaimed joyfully.

Jayden chuckled. "Aren't you worried you'll be too nervous to finish the performance?"

Elyse looked at him, clearly annoyed by his contemptuous smile, and retorted, "No, I won't be. I'm skilled at it."

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## **Chapter 97:**

When Elyse returned home, she retreated to her room to practice the violin during her free moments. Driscoll enjoyed the peaceful melodies emanating from her room.

"Elyse's violin skills are truly remarkable," he remarked. Turning, he noticed Jayden leisurely enjoying his tea. Jayden didn't reply but instead posed a question to Driscoll. "What's been happening at my grandpa's house since we left yesterday?"

Driscoll's demeanor changed as he answered gravely. "Indeed, something did happen. Your parents confronted your grandfather, who insisted that either you or Bryce must wed Joanna."

Jayden put his teacup down sharply, his voice cold. "So they're pushing her onto me instead of Bryce. I'm just the bin where they dump unwanted things."

Driscoll continued, "Joanna has been returned to the Fosters to be disciplined by them. They're quite persistent, that's for sure."

Just then, the violin music stopped abruptly. Moments later, Elyse rushed down the stairs and tapped on the study door. Jayden, settling back into his wheelchair, invited calmly, "Come in."

Elyse entered, her eyes sparkling with excitement. "I've passed the initial selection. There are two more rounds next week. If I clear the third, I could become the concertmaster."

Jayden offered a warm smile and said sincerely, "Congratulations. It looks like we'll be celebrating with a special dinner tonight."

Driscoll, standing by the window, grinned in agreement. "Of course we will. I'll go inform the chef." With that, he headed towards the kitchen, still smiling.

Noticing Elyse lingering in the room, Jayden inquired, "Why not go back to practicing the violin?"

Elyse paused, then spoke hesitantly. "I have a filming session scheduled at the TV station tomorrow. Would you care to join me? I can arrange for your entry."

Jayden replied bluntly, "No." He had a confidential meeting lined up for the next day.

"Why not?" Elyse looked puzzled.

"I'm busy. I just don't have the time," Jayden explained.

Elyse was at a loss for words. Jayden spent his days holed up in the study with his books. How busy could he possibly be? Clearly, he just didn't want to support her. With a forced air of indifference, she retorted, "Fine. I'll give the pass to someone else then."

Huffing, she stormed out of the study. Watching her depart in anger, Jayden stroked his chin, pondering. "Have I been too kind to her?" He recalled the look on her face as she left and couldn't suppress a chuckle.

On the second morning, Elyse arrived at the TV station with her violin in tow. She met several orchestra members at the entrance, and together they waited for the others. Once assembled, they entered the dressing room to apply makeup.

After Elyse finished her makeup, she took out her phone to message Jayden, inquiring if he had completed his work. He didn't respond. "I really don't know what he's so busy with," she muttered to herself.

This was her first television appearance. As Elyse sat in the dressing room, feeling a mix of excitement and boredom, Tracy burst in with a pass, searching for her. "Elyse, I'm here!" she announced cheerfully from the doorway.

Elyse noticed Tracy's appearance and said with concern, "You've lost so much weight in just a few days."

Tracy waved off her concern with a casual smile. "Isn't it great? I don't even need to go on a diet anymore."

Elyse scolded her gently. "Silly girl, don't be sad over a man."

Tracy rubbed her shoulder, offering reassurance. "Don't worry, I'm actually very happy. Just yesterday, I was walking down the street, and a talent scout from a star agency stopped me. He thought I looked great and offered me a chance to work as an actress."

"Seriously?" Elyse gasped, surprised by the news.

“Yes, and I even had some friends look into it. It’s a legitimate agency. Will you come with me to sign the contract?” Tracy asked.

“Sure, I’ll go with you,” Elyse agreed.

As they were speaking, the dressing room door swung open again. Kaelyn, the show’s host, stepped in holding her script. With a friendly smile, she greeted everyone in the room. “Hello, guys! I’m the host of this show.”

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## **Chapter 98:**

Kaelyn approached Elyse with a welcoming gesture. “Hello, I’m Kaelyn Bennett. Nice to meet you.” Hearing the name, Tracy glanced at Elyse in surprise. She remembered her as Theo’s first love, someone he had been deeply infatuated with.

After a brief conversation with the orchestra members, Kaelyn excused herself. “Elyse, are you alright?” Tracy embraced her, whispering comfortingly. “I had no idea Kaelyn was the host of this show. Will you continue to participate?”

“Why wouldn’t I? It’s an excellent opportunity. Even if Theo were the host, I would still participate,” Elyse responded calmly as she tuned her violin.

Tracy said nothing more but watched Elyse with a look of concern. As the show started, she settled into a seat in the auditorium. Eventually, Celestial Sounds Symphony appeared on stage, with Kaelyn overseeing the show impartially. When it was time for a solo performance, she turned to Elyse.

“I’ve heard you’re the orchestra’s rising star. Would you like to give us a performance?”

“Of course, I’d be happy to. What would you like to hear?” Elyse responded lightly.

Kaelyn paused, then smiled. “How about ‘Clair de Lune’ composed by Claude Debussy? I really love that piece. It was a special song for me and my ex.”

The male host, intrigued, leaned in. “Your ex? It sounds like you still have feelings for him. Are you thinking of getting back together?”

Kaelyn covered her face with her hand, smiling shyly. “I’ll let you know when it happens.”



"It sounds like you're serious. Well, I wish you luck," he said.

"Thank you," Kaelyn replied, her gaze shifting to Elyse. Elyse, sensing the moment, smiled back. "I wish you luck as well."

With that, she began to play the requested music, filling the room with melodious sounds. Kaelyn had secretly hoped Elyse would falter, but to her surprise, she performed flawlessly. The audience erupted in applause at the conclusion of the piece, clearly impressed by Elyse's talent. Onstage, she was a sensation.

Kaelyn, frustrated that her plan hadn't worked, gritted her teeth. "Can I hear another piece? You play so well," she asked, trying to mask her irritation.

Elyse had likely surmised Kaelyn's motives, but she had already moved on from Theo. Her comments did not affect her. "No problem. What would you like to hear?" she responded naturally and openly.

The male host, aware that each orchestra member was limited to one solo performance, quickly intervened. "I'm afraid we should save time for the other members of the orchestra."

Kaelyn, however, was dissatisfied. She had hoped Elyse would play a piece to wish her and Theo a happy ending together. Elyse remained silent, gracefully stepping back to await the show's conclusion.

Throughout the event, she scanned the audience, spotting Tracy but not Jayden. It appeared he hadn't come. She still hadn't seen him even after all the performances ended, and she proceeded backstage to remove her makeup.

After changing into her casual clothes, Elyse headed to the elevator and unexpectedly encountered Kaelyn. "Let's take the elevator together. I need to get to the ground floor," Kaelyn said, smiling as she held her arms.

Elyse hesitated briefly before entering the elevator and stared at the floor, avoiding conversation.

"I'm glad to see you seem okay. I was concerned you hadn't gotten over Theo. I'm kinda worried about you," Kaelyn commented.

Elyse looked up and met her gaze, her response icy. "If you were truly concerned, you wouldn't have come between us. You appear quite content being the other woman."

With a hint of grievance, Kaelyn replied, "I'm sorry. I suffer from depression and sometimes can't control myself. If you still resent me, I'm willing to apologize."

"No need. I don't want that jerk anymore. You can have him," Elyse said firmly.

As the elevator doors opened, Elyse exited first. Unexpectedly, Kaelyn tripped her. Before Elyse could regain her balance, she stumbled forward, bracing for impact. Instead of hitting the ground, she found herself caught in a warm embrace.

“Are you okay?” a voice asked.

Lifting her head, Elyse looked into a pair of clear eyes. “Are you Richie Larson?”

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## **Chapter 99:**

Elyse quickly left Richie’s embrace and said with embarrassment, “I’m sorry, I wasn’t standing steadily.” Richie just nodded his head. He turned to Kaelyn with a warm smile. “Kaelyn, you’re looking great these days.”

Kaelyn stepped out of the elevator and started chatting with Richie, completely ignoring Elyse. Elyse didn’t take it to heart. When she arrived home, she found Jayden in his wheelchair engrossed in a book. She approached him swiftly, closed the book in his hands, and asked with a hint of irritation, “When did you get home?”

Jayden looked up and replied, “I arrived an hour before you.”

“Why didn’t you come to see my performance?” Elyse asked, her voice tinged with disappointment.

Jayden, perplexed, raised his eyebrows. “Even if I had made it, I wouldn’t have caught your performance, right?”

Elyse stared at Jayden for a moment, then snorted coldly and headed upstairs. Jayden, puzzled, turned to Driscoll. “Why is she mad again? I didn’t do anything.”

Driscoll sighed and explained, “She wanted you to be there. Even if you missed her performance, showing up means a lot.”

Jayden was still puzzled. “But why do I need to go if I had other commitments?”

Driscoll responded with gravity. “It’s about showing interest and being caring. That’s what matters to her.”

“Have I ever ignored her?” Jayden protested. “I’ve taken care of everything for her.”

“You’re in a relationship,” Driscoll stressed, his tone urgent. “She’s your partner.”

Jayden started to object but then fell silent. Driscoll looked at Jayden’s bewildered expression and continued, “She wants you to appreciate her talents. She’s been excited about today’s performance for days, but you weren’t there despite her anticipation.”

Jayden had never truly understood love. However, Driscoll’s words shed light on Elyse’s perspective. “Being involved with a woman is such a hassle,” he couldn’t help complaining.

Driscoll shook his head, countering gracefully. “No true gentleman finds it bothersome to be with a woman. You should really try to cultivate a romantic relationship with her.”

Jayden frowned. “She’s already my wife. Why do I need to work on starting a romance now?”

Driscoll gave Jayden a look that suggested he was a novice in these matters. “If you don’t grasp the essence of love, you’ll never understand her thoughts.” Jayden pursed his lips and fixed his gaze on Driscoll. He started to speak several times, hesitated, and eventually remained silent. Knowing Jayden had absorbed his advice, Driscoll chose to say no more.

Just then, Elyse descended the stairs with an empty glass and headed for the kitchen. Upon seeing her, Driscoll eagerly began, “Elyse, wait up. Mr. Owen has already—”

Elyse shot Jayden a glance, snorted coldly without a word, and averted her gaze as she continued toward the kitchen. Jayden clenched his teeth. How could she just ignore him like that?

Noticing Jayden’s growing irritation, Driscoll quickly intervened. “Stay calm. She’s still upset.”

Jayden maneuvered his wheelchair to intercept Elyse, but she brushed past him with a glass of milk, giving him a sharp pinch on the waist. “Ouch!” Jayden inhaled sharply and clutched at the pinched area. She left without even a glance in his direction.

Enraged, Jayden yelled, “Elyse Lloyd, stop!” She continued upstairs, not once looking back. Driscoll stood watching the scene, his eyes reflecting a deep sense of helplessness as he observed the angry woman and the furious man.

Back in her room after finishing her milk, Elyse found herself repeatedly glancing at the door. She eventually set the glass down on the table and muttered, aggrieved, “Why hasn’t he come in yet?”

Unbeknownst to her, Jayden was sitting just outside her door. He could have entered to soothe her anger with comforting words, confident that she would forgive him after he

spoke. However, Driscoll's earlier words had sparked a realization in Jayden; he acknowledged there was more he didn't understand about their relationship. Several times, Jayden almost knocked, but each time, he hesitated and eventually retreated to the study. Elyse waited until midnight, but Jayden never came to apologize.

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## **Chapter 100:**

Early on the second day, Elyse was already up, shouldering her handbag as she made her way downstairs. Driscoll, noticing her early start, approached with a concerned look. "You're up quite early today. What's the reason?"

"I need to practice, so I'm heading out early," Elyse quickly excused herself and briskly exited the house, skipping breakfast. Driscoll watched her departure, a sigh escaping him as he caught the still-present anger on her face.

Later, Jayden began his day, wheeling himself to the dining table. Noticing Elyse's absence, he inquired nonchalantly, "Hasn't she gotten up yet? Isn't she supposed to be at work?"

"She's already left," Driscoll replied, his voice tinged with anxiety.

With a slight frown, Jayden pressed, "She's still upset, isn't she?" After a brief pause, Driscoll admitted, "Yes, it seems so." Jayden's expression darkened, and he muttered through clenched teeth, "Perhaps I've been too lenient with her." Driscoll sighed deeply, sensing the gravity of the discord between Jayden and Elyse was more severe than ever.

Elyse had made it to the studio, and after a rehearsal session with other orchestra members, she felt a pang of hunger and headed to the lounge for some food.

After a brief breakfast, Wanda and another male instructor entered the rehearsal room. The instructor, Kai Hanson, scanned the group and declared, "We're arranging a celebratory dinner for those who participated in the filming session at the TV station yesterday." An excited colleague inquired, "Your treat?" Kai corrected him, "No, it's courtesy of the TV station. They were impressed with your performance last night and are interested in a long-term partnership." Wanda, smiling, added, "This gives you more opportunities to showcase your talents." After sharing the news, the two left the room.

Holding a glass of water, Elyse pondered her evening plans. Realizing she wouldn't be home for dinner, she thought about informing Jayden. However, she quickly dismissed it. "Why should she have to report everything to him?"

In the evening, as she reached the hotel, her phone rang—it was Jayden. "The driver went to pick you up, and you weren't at the studio. Where are you?" His voice was calm, making it hard to gauge his mood.

Placing her handbag on a chair, Elyse mirrored his tone. "I'm at a dinner party. I won't be home for dinner tonight."

Jayden's response carried a hint of displeasure. "Did I agree to you attending the party?"

"Do I need your permission? You don't care about my affairs anyway," Elyse shot back.

"I don't understand you. I just didn't go to watch your performance. Why are you so angry with me?" Jayden waited for a reply, but silence filled the air. He checked the phone screen and found that Elyse had ended the call.

"Elyse, how dare you!" he exclaimed, his anger pushing him to stand from his wheelchair. He turned to Driscoll. "Get a car ready for me now. I'm going to bring her back."

Driscoll responded with caution. "Sir, she didn't provide the address of the party. I'll have the car ready shortly, but we'll need to find out where she is."

"Then find it quickly!" Jayden snapped, his frustration evident.

Meanwhile, at the restaurant of the hotel, Elyse set her phone aside and joined her orchestra members. Shortly after, the TV station's manager and Kai arrived, and everyone enjoyed a lively dinner.

During the meal, feeling a bit off, Elyse excused herself to the restroom. Upon exiting, she found two men standing ominously by the door. Her heart raced, possibly from drinking too much. Trying to maintain composure, she eyed the two men warily and demanded, "Who are you? This is the ladies' room!"

The men exchanged glances and moved towards her, reaching out as if to grab her. Elyse attempted to flee, but her body felt weak and unresponsive. As she became increasingly dizzy and her limbs grew limp, she realized what was happening, though she couldn't recall when or how she had been drugged.

The two men grasped her firmly and escorted her to the elevator. As her body temperature rose, panic set in, but her mind was too clouded to react effectively.

Back in the private room, her orchestra members remained unaware of her abduction. Her phone vibrated persistently on the table until someone slightly tipsy picked it up. "Hello, who is this?"

On the other end, Jayden's voice was stern. "Let Elyse answer the phone."

"She's not here, probably in the ladies' room," the girl replied, her words slightly slurred. Confused, she queried, "And who am I speaking with?" Glancing at the display, which showed Jayden, she waited for an answer.

"I'm her husband, and I've come to pick her up," Jayden replied coldly.

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