

Chapter 23 A Mysterious Woman

The elderly woman gazed at Elyse intently and, with a surge of excitement, clutched her hand. Her voice was hoarse as she spoke her name, her tone tinged with a hint of sorrow. "Miss Lloyd, I finally meet you..." With those words, excitement overcame her, and she fainted.

Elyse was left in shock. The situation was baffling. She had no prior knowledge of the old woman, nor had she ever encountered her before. Yet, somehow, the old lady knew her name.

Confused, Elyse stood frozen until the driver, noticing the unusual scene, quickly briefed Jayden.

Exiting the car, Jayden approached Elyse, who appeared distracted, and inquired, "Are you okay?"

Looking at the old woman lying unconscious, Elyse was at a loss for words. The moment the old woman had uttered her name, it had painfully gripped her heart. "She seems to know me. She called out my name even though I've never seen her before."

Jayden responded, "She knows you, yet you don't recognize her? This means she's familiar with your circumstances and has been watching you without your awareness."

"That can't be right. She's not a relative of mine."

Elyse held her chest, overwhelmed by a sudden flurry of anxiety, feeling an inexplicable connection to the old woman.

"We should get her to a hospital."

The driver chimed in, "Don't worry, an ambulance is on its way. She should be fine. The accident wasn't severe."

Elyse gave a nod and patiently awaited the ambulance's arrival.

It showed up ten minutes later, and once the paramedics had loaded the elderly woman inside, Jayden's driver diverted their path to follow the ambulance to the hospital.

After the elderly woman was admitted to the emergency room, the trio settled into a tense wait. Elyse broke the silence. "I'm sorry this is interrupting your day."

Jayden countered, "Part of the blame lies with my driver for not spotting her in time."

Feeling responsible, the driver apologized, "I'm sorry. It was my oversight. I should have paid more attention."

Jayden explained, "The police reviewed the video footage. The lady unexpectedly darted out from some bushes. It's not entirely your fault."

Elyse, taken aback by Jayden's supportive tone, remembered Driscoll's words describing Jayden as a genuinely gentle person.

An hour passed before the doctor came out to brief them on the elderly woman's condition.

"She has a fractured left leg, severe malnutrition, and has been experiencing considerable stress and depression for a long time, which has led to her current comatose state."

Elyse's brow furrowed in confusion. "A coma? So, it wasn't the accident that caused this?"

The doctor clarified, "We've done a thorough examination. There's no blood clot in her brain, and the fracture in her left leg is the only physical injury from the accident. The tests indicate she's suffering from multiple organ dysfunction and somatoform autonomic dysfunction."

Shocked, Elyse responded, "She looks to be in her seventies or eighties, doesn't she? Could someone be mistreating her? Her condition is alarmingly poor."

The doctor asked, "Can we get in touch with her family? She's



unconscious due to long-term stress, at least that's our best guess. We need her family to confirm the specifics of her situation."

Elyse turned to Jayden, unsure of how to respond.

Jayden shook his head. "I spoke with the police. She was reported missing twenty-two years ago, and since then, there's been no trace of her family."

After a brief pause, he added, "Moreover, she isn't in her seventies or eighties. She's only sixty-two."

The realization that a sixty-two-year-old woman appeared so much older weighed heavily. What had she endured over these years? Had someone harmed her?

Upon hearing the patient's actual age, the doctor excused himself to update the medical records and hurried away.

Elyse felt a wave of sadness wash over her, puzzled by her own emotions. Perhaps it was the thought of this woman she had never met suffering for so long, or maybe it was because the woman had known her name.

Noticing Elyse's distress, Jayden suggested, "She's been moved to a private ward. Let's visit her."

The driver knew the way. "I know where she is. Please follow me."

Elyse nodded, and the trio headed to the private ward. There, the old lady lay sleeping peacefully, her features marked by age.

Seeing the woman who had called her "Miss Lloyd", Elyse shivered and turned to Jayden. "Can you do me a favor?" she asked.

Anticipating her request, Jayden replied casually, "What do you need?"

Elyse's curiosity was evident. "I'm really curious why she knows my name. Since I don't have your connections or resources, could you help me find out?"

Jayden lifted his gaze and posed the question, "Do you see me as your husband now?"



Elyse glanced nervously at the driver, then with a firm bite of her teeth, responded, "In such circumstances, how can you even ask that?"

Jayden firmly declared, "I help only those connected to me. Since you're my wife, I'd undoubtedly assist you."

Looking into Jayden's eyes, a feeling of safety enveloped her. She shyly bit her lip and confessed, "Yes, I regard you as my husband."

