

Bound love 1091

Chapter 1091:

Jayden's blade slid into the man's abdomen, but he frowned; the dagger seemed to sink into fat, missing any vital organs.

The burly man stood there, stunned. He had taken down plenty of foes before, but today he was effortlessly skewered. Even in shock, he refused to admit defeat to such a formidable opponent.

Jayden's face remained cold and determined. He struck again, throwing the man off balance. Two more thrusts, and the man's legs buckled beneath him. Gripping a nearby table for support, he swayed, his bloodshot eyes glinting as he gave a twisted grin, revealing his yellowed teeth.

"You dare hurt me? You're not leaving here alive," he hissed, venom dripping from his words.

Jayden idly toyed with the dagger, his voice almost casual. "I don't need your permission to leave. My advice? Just give up."

The man let out a haunting laugh before his head slumped to the side, and his massive body hit the ground with a heavy thud. Turning around, Jayden noticed the female receptionist lying unconscious on the floor. After swiftly dealing with her, he began searching for the keys.

Rummaging through the burly man's pockets, Jayden spotted something familiar—an item bearing the unmistakable Hudson family crest! A wave of understanding washed over him.

These two cannibals were once associated with the Hudson family. After Charlie's death, his subordinates had turned to petty crime, hiding out in this remote town and sinking further into depravity.

Grabbing the keys, Jayden hurried back. Navigating through the dimly lit passage, he returned to the cramped room where Elyse lay in an iron cage, her chest rising and falling softly.

As he fumbled with the lock, he teased, "Sleeping at a time like this? Let's find somewhere safer if you need a nap."

Elyse remained still, unresponsive. Assuming she was still asleep, Jayden reached out to lift her, but suddenly, Elyse gasped, yanking her hand away from his grasp.

“What’s the matter? Are you upset I took so long?” he asked, concern creeping into his voice.

Elyse’s body trembled visibly, and Jayden thought she was just scared. He glanced around the eerie room, the dim lighting casting strange shadows over the menacing tools scattered in the corners.

Lowering his voice, he said gently, “I didn’t think about how this might be for you. I’m sorry. Please, don’t be upset.”

He extended his hand again to help her up, but Elyse resisted, pulling away. This time, Jayden held firm, lifting her to her feet.

Chapter 1092:

He was about to scold her when he noticed the tear tracks on her face and the unnatural flush on her cheeks. Her eyes were filled with sorrow, longing, and something else—an emotion he couldn’t quite place.

Jayden swallowed hard, suddenly uneasy. “Why are you looking at me like that? It’s unlike you.”

For a fleeting moment, it seemed like she was trying to seduce him.

In a whisper, Elyse said, “Let me be. I need time alone.”

“That’s not possible. There’s a dead body here. We have to get out. Let’s head back to the car,” Jayden insisted, gently tugging at her arm.

But Elyse pulled away, clearly trying to distance herself. Exasperated, Jayden wrapped her in a tight embrace, his voice filled with concern and frustration. “What’s going on with you? Talk to me!”

To his surprise, Elyse didn't fight him off. Instead, she clung to him, her body burning with an unnatural heat that felt like it could consume them both. Then it hit him—she had been drugged.

Anger surged through Jayden, his fury building as he realized what had happened. Beneath that, a sting of betrayal—Elyse hadn't trusted him enough to confide in him about something so serious.

Jayden was acutely aware that Elyse had been under the influence of a strong philter. Though a tide of fury surged within him, he clamped down on his instincts, swallowing back his words. He recognized that Elyse wasn't ready to tell him the truth, so he resolved to play dumb.

When he released his grip, he found her still nestled tightly against him. With a teasing smile that danced in his eyes, he quipped, "Wow, do I have a fan? You're clinging to me like I'm your favorite!"

Elyse was desperate for his touch, but she tried to maintain her poise. Jayden's playful banter sent a flush of embarrassment crashing over her like a wave.

Yet, strangely enough, she found solace in his proximity, reluctant to create any distance between them—she craved more of his warmth.

Her mind was a chaotic whirlpool, screaming at her to pull away and avoid crossing lines she'd regret, but her body seemed to have a will of its own, clinging even tighter to him.

Noticing her unwavering stance, Jayden tenderly caressed her back, his touch as light as a feather and as calming as a gentle breeze. Soon enough, a soft, involuntary sigh of pleasure escaped her lips.

"Is it really that hard to resist me?" Jayden whispered playfully into her ear, his voice weaving together humor and gentleness. "Guess I'll just have to savor this moment. But don't you dare blame me for seizing such a golden opportunity."

Chapter 1093:

Elyse wanted to argue, but the words danced just beyond her reach. She had bottled up so much inside, and now, Jayden's touch felt like a balm soothing the fire that had been raging within her.

With every stroke of his hands, her reason began to slip through her fingers like grains of sand, the effects of the drug wrapping around her mind like a warm blanket.

As his hands glided to her hips, Elyse felt herself floating away, unable to resist murmuring, “Oh, that feels so good.” Instantly, embarrassment flooded her at her own sultry admission, her voice laced with an uncharacteristic playfulness. She was definitely not desperate!

Jayden chuckled softly, amusement twinkling in his eyes as he recognized her refusal to acknowledge the truth of her situation.

Still, an unsettling knot twisted in his gut. Irritated, he brought his playful antics to a halt. If he couldn’t find solace in this tender moment, why should she?

Just as Elyse had started to experience a flicker of relief, Jayden’s soothing touch abruptly vanished, and the sharp pang of discomfort returned with a vengeance. Nothing stings quite like the agony of grasping something precious, only to have it snatched away.

Deprived of Jayden’s calming presence, Elyse felt twice as uncomfortable.

Feigning an air of gentlemanly restraint, Jayden declared, “Alright, I’ve taken advantage of your good graces for long enough. I’m not one to be greedy. Let go of me.” Elyse longed to plead with him to keep going, but the words lodged like stones in her throat. Her body quivered with unease, yet she maintained her silence, her pride a stubborn shield.

Seeing her unwavering resolve, Jayden felt like he was at a standstill. With a heavy sigh, frustration crept into his voice. “I can’t hold back any longer. You’ll just have to bear with me.” Elyse’s grip on reality was already slipping; she barely registered what Jayden was saying.

Then, in an instant, his hands found their way to her breasts, and she let out a sound of surprise mixed with pleasure, feeling both embarrassed and undeniably comforted.

Jayden couldn’t stand by and watch her squirm in discomfort. Knowing her body like the back of his hand, he swept her into his arms, her tension dissipating like mist in the morning sun.

As his fingers ventured lower, he hesitated, teeth gritted. “Elyse, you’re truly something else. I admire your resilience.”

When his fingers slipped inside, Elyse's last vestiges of rational thought shattered completely.

She clung to him, her voice a sweet, breathy whisper of longing. The sultry moan she released into his ear stirred a fire within him that felt all-consuming.

Chapter 1094:

He looked down at the captivating woman cradled in his arms, a mix of helplessness and determination igniting within him to continue showering her with affection.

"Take off your pants," Jayden said, his voice steady but tinged with uncertainty. "And don't say I didn't consider your consent; every step I take is at your behest."

Elyse couldn't hold back the floodgates any longer. She seized his face and kissed him with wild abandon, pulling away just enough to demand, "Are you going to step up or not? I'm already so ready, and you're still outside. Jayden, are you slow on the uptake?"

For a fleeting moment, Jayden was left speechless—a rarity in itself. He chuckled softly, a blend of amusement and exasperation coloring his tone. "I was trying to be considerate since it's been a while. But now, with the drug giving you wings, you're questioning me? You're not thinking clearly."

Elyse wasn't listening. She pressed her hand over Jayden's mouth, her voice teasing yet defiant. "Are you a coward? So hesitant. If you won't take the plunge, I'll find someone else who will."

As soon as the words left her lips, she felt a chill, followed by the scorching heat of his manhood filling her, quenching her longing with an intensity that stole her breath away.

Despite Elyse's tears, her pleas for mercy, and her bowed head in contrition, Jayden's resolve did not falter; he clung to her with unrelenting strength. As the philter wore off, clarity returned to her mind, but Jayden appeared to have cast aside all reason. His grip tightened around her waist with ferocious intensity.

With a voice hoarse from desperation, Elyse implored, "Please, stop. I can't bear this any longer." Her entreaty unleashed another torrent of tears, her emotional state spiraling out of control.

She struggled to explain, “I wasn’t myself back then; I can’t even recall my words. They didn’t come from my heart.”

Yet Jayden was unmoved. “Enough,” he declared curtly. “I don’t want to hear your excuses. Has my absence been so long that you wanted to seek comfort in others?” Elyse shook her head, her voice trembling. “No, I don’t remember saying anything of that sort. I’m truly at a loss. Please, show some compassion. It’s been overwhelming.”

What infuriated Jayden the most was the fact that Elyse had chosen not to confide in him that she had been drugged. She had decided to suffer through the ordeal alone rather than rely on him, and that cut him deeply. However, as he observed her tears, his anger began to diminish. Elyse had indeed endured a great deal.

Jayden quickened his actions, pushing Elyse to her limits. After enduring his forceful advances, he finally released her. Elyse collapsed into his arms, still trembling, her faint sobs breaking the silence. “Why do you treat me this way? I was drugged. I had no control. Didn’t you see that?”

Chapter 1095:

Jayden’s face hardened as he responded with ire, “I’m aware, but what angers me more is your silence. Did you really think you could handle such a drug on your own? Even I would struggle, so how could you?”

Feeling deeply aggrieved, Elyse retorted, “But we’re divorced. Is this how an ex-husband behaves? I don’t consent to this!” Jayden’s fury reignited. Through clenched teeth, he hissed, “What does our divorce matter? I still desire to be with you.

Not just that, I want you to bear my children. One child isn’t enough; I insist on two!”

Elyse shuddered at his words, her body quaking as she responded, “You didn’t use protection!”

Jayden shot back, “At that moment, how could I? You should feel lucky I was even there.” He added spitefully, “Since the rules are already disregarded, let’s continue this daily. We’ll have a child sooner rather than later.”

Elyse's fury surged at his audacious remarks. Her face flushed with a potent mix of embarrassment and anger as she sharply exclaimed, "In your dreams!" Propping herself against the wall for support, she managed to stand. "I'm heading for a shower. I refuse to carry your child!"

Jayden, deciphering her determination, allowed a slight smirk to cross his face. "It's fine. I'm confident everything will work out. A shower won't change our destiny." Elyse, seething with rage, couldn't muster a reply.

As she turned to retreat to the previous room, Jayden suddenly remembered the morbid scene awaiting there and cautioned her, "You'd better steer clear of that room; there's a dead body inside." Her expression darkened at his warning.

"I'll avoid that room then. I'll find another for my shower, but first, I need to collect my belongings from there," she stated firmly.

Jayden nodded in understanding. "The small suitcase, correct? Stay here. I'll go and get it for you." Elyse nodded curtly, making no effort to accompany him. Jayden made his way through the hidden passage and soon arrived at a room, only to discover the lifeless body of the female receptionist.

The corpulent man had fled, leaving behind a trail of blood as his escape route.

Choosing not to chase after him, Jayden focused on retrieving Elyse's suitcase. Once he had it, he hastened back to her. He quickly located an unoccupied room, allowing Elyse to shower in peace. After she finished, they both left the building.

Exhausted from the day's events, Elyse began to drift into sleep in the car. Drowsily, she inquired, "Are we setting off now, or should we rest here in the car?"

With dawn only two hours away, Jayden proposed, "Let's take a short break. I'll drive us to the nearest town in a couple of hours so we can get some proper rest."

Chapter 1096:

Elyse nodded, tilted her head gently, and swiftly succumbed to a deep slumber. Jayden unfastened his seatbelt, shut his eyes, and readied himself for a brief rest.

But shortly thereafter, the distinct sound of an engine starting jolted him awake. His instincts sharpened, and he quickly scanned the surroundings through the rearview mirror. A black sedan was speeding straight toward him.

He glanced at Elyse, who was soundly asleep in the passenger seat. Reaching back, he retrieved a coat from the rear seat and carefully draped it over her face to shield her from view. With a calm demeanor, he awaited the intentions of the approaching vehicle.

The sedan halted close by, and a tall man sporting a full beard emerged. He approached and tapped on Jayden's window.

Jayden opened the window just a sliver. "What's the problem?" he queried.

"I'm Johnny. Could you step outside and take a look? There's a mess in my car that needs your eyes," he indicated with a nod toward his vehicle.

Jayden briefly surveyed the mentioned car before pulling back his gaze. "Of course, I'll take a look." He swung the car door open and stepped out.

Leading the way with a troubled air, Johnny confessed, "This situation is beyond me. I hoped perhaps you could figure it out."

As he spoke, Johnny opened the rear door of his vehicle. Inside lay the missing fat man, clearly deceased. His stomach displayed vicious scratch marks, and two deep, bloody wounds marred his body. Jayden peered inside and advised, "That looks dire. You might consider getting rid of the car."

The pain and anger in Johnny's eyes intensified. "You suggest discarding this filthy thing, yet that's my brother you're talking about. How can you so coldly propose I abandon him?"

Unmoved, Jayden replied, "He's your brother, not mine. Detachment comes easily."

Finding himself at a loss for words, Johnny paused, then sobbed, "What did my brother ever do to be treated this way? Why couldn't you let him be?"

Jayden maintained his composure. "He took lives and consumed them. He transformed into a beast. My intervention was necessary."

“That’s nothing but an excuse!” Johnny burst out, overwhelmed by anger. “You must pay for your actions!” He brandished a stun baton and attempted to attack Jayden.

Nimbly evading the blows, Jayden revealed, “When I entered that motel, I spotted a familiar emblem: a black skull with two guns. That’s the emblem of the Hudson family.”

He paused briefly, then added, “I noticed it again earlier in your car.”

Johnny abruptly ceased his attack, his gaze intensifying. “Charlie Hudson’s gone; his major subordinates are all dead, leaving only insignificant followers behind,” Jayden stated smoothly.

Chapter 1097:

Darkness clouded Johnny’s face. “Who are you? How are you so knowledgeable about my family?”

Jayden cracked a slight smile and disclosed, “Because I was the architect behind the downfall of Charlie’s empire.”

Johnny stood immobilized, his eyes locked on Jayden. The news hit him like a thunderclap; he struggled to grasp the full impact. After a prolonged silence, uncertainty flickered across his face. “Could you be Jayden Owen? The very traitor who backstabbed Charlie?”

With a slight lift of his eyebrow, Jayden responded, a touch of irony in his tone, “It seems my reputation precedes me.”

Fury overtook Johnny, his voice rising to a shout. “Damn your eyes! If it weren’t for your betrayal, my brother, my sister-in-law, and I wouldn’t be trapped in this nightmare. You’ve wrecked everything, you damned bastard!”

As Johnny lunged angrily, Jayden smoothly stepped aside and retorted with a smirk, “Why the wrath? Imagine for a moment—breaking away from Charlie’s clutches to run your own life.”

Johnny seethed. “Bad? You’re kidding! Killing was lucrative; it kept our pockets lined. Now look at the sorry state we’re in—all thanks to you. I swear, I’ll end you.” With a furious howl, Johnny made a desperate charge.

In one fluid motion, Jayden drew a gun and fired, striking Johnny squarely in the chest. Collapsing, Johnny clutched at his chest, gasping out his burning question. “How... how do you have a gun?”

Jayden held the gun aloft, its metal glinting coldly. “I picked it up in the motel. Notice the crest on it? It was once the property of your faction.”

Gritting his teeth in agony, Johnny rasped, “Damn! My vengeance won’t end here.”

With a cold snort, Jayden waved the gun dismissively. “Vengeance, you say? As you descend into hell, do extend my regards to the souls you wronged. See if they’re as forgiving.”

Enraged and in pain, Johnny spat blood and succumbed to his injuries. Jayden, with a smirk, mused on the irony of encountering Charlie’s followers at a mere motel. His luck was indeed cursed.

Jayden stowed his gun and headed back to the car, only to find Elyse curled up under a small blanket, shivering uncontrollably. Upon seeing her like that, he couldn’t resist concocting a mischievous plan.

Suddenly, he grabbed her ankle and declared, “Gotcha at last!” Elyse’s scream pierced the silence, quickly followed by muffled sobs.

In that moment, Jayden realized his joke had gone too far. He quickly yanked back the blanket and, seeing her crying while she shielded her face with her hands, he hastened to clarify, “It’s just me, not a villain. I’ve taken care of all the threats. There’s no need to be scared.

Chapter 1098:

Elyse shook her head, pushing his hand away, signaling she wasn’t ready for his touch. Jayden attempted once more to reach out, but she dismissed him yet again. Retreating awkwardly, he queried, “Are you angry with me?”

Elyse sat upright, her voice tinged with anger. “Do you have any idea how frightened I was? And you still scared me further. You think I’m just here to be teased, don’t you?”

Before Jayden could make amends, she cut him off. “It seems like you believe I’m here to be pushed around. It’s always like this with you. Why are you always like this?” Clearly agitated, she turned away from him, closing her eyes as if to shut him out completely.

Realizing the gravity of his mistake, Jayden gently tapped her shoulder, coaxing, “Please don’t be upset. I was only playing around. I’m sorry.”

Ignoring his apology, she remained silent. Feeling defeated, Jayden no longer felt like resting. He figured it was best to head to town, grab a bite, and catch up on some sleep.

Settling back into the driver’s seat, he announced, “You rest. I’ll drive us to town.” With that, he stepped on the gas. Charlie’s remaining subordinates were now a distant thought.

After a long drive, they reached the town by dawn. This town, famous for its numerous violin-making shops, depended on this artisanal skill for its livelihood. When Elyse stepped out of the car, eager to explore, Jayden gently held her back.

“We’ve got plenty of time. Let’s grab something to eat and rest up before we head out,” he insisted firmly. Reluctantly, Elyse allowed him to lead her.

Inside a cozy restaurant, Jayden guided her to a seat and picked up the menu. “What would you like?” he asked. Still annoyed, Elyse responded tersely.

Seizing the moment, he leaned forward, captured her chin, and kissed her. Elyse’s eyes widened in utter shock, disbelief written all over her face. She brushed her fingertips against her lips, her voice laced with confusion. “What are you doing?”

Jayden smirked, his tone playful yet daring. “You were ignoring me, so obviously, you were just waiting for me to kiss you.” Despite her frustration, it prompted a reluctant chuckle from Elyse.

“Just because we made out once doesn’t automatically reset our relationship. What gave you such confidence?” Elyse retorted, her eyebrow arched in challenge.

Shrugging nonchalantly, Jayden replied, “You’re overthinking it; I merely wanted to steal a kiss.” He leaned in closer, his voice lowering into a teasing whisper. “And who knows? If the urge strikes, I might just kiss you again.”

Elyse quickly covered her mouth with her hand, preventing any further surprises from him. Once Jayden had ordered, the meal arrived swiftly, and they both indulged heartily. Jayden, particularly famished after the lengthy drive, devoured his food eagerly.

Chapter 1099:

Post-meal, exhaustion enveloped them both. Selecting a hotel with extra caution, they checked in. Elyse, still haunted by memories of their last dismal motel stay, insisted that Jayden inspect every inch of the bathroom for hidden passages before she dared to shower.

After they had both freshened up, exhaustion won over, and they collapsed into a deep sleep until morning. Upon waking, Elyse massaged her temples and lamented, “Sleeping too much has given me a terrible headache.”

Already dressed, Jayden proposed, “Let’s head out for breakfast. I’m absolutely starving.” Elyse agreed and began to gather her clothes. As she picked up her outfit, she paused, feeling Jayden’s gaze on her.

Turning abruptly, she snapped, “Why are you staring? I’m trying to change. Turn around!”

Jayden, feigning confusion, retorted, “I’ve seen it all before. I’ve even bathed you. What’s the big deal now?”

“We’re divorced!” Elyse fired back, visibly annoyed.

Remaining in his chair, Jayden’s tone was teasing yet firm. “As I’ve said before, being divorced doesn’t change a thing. You’ll always be mine.”

Too exasperated to continue the argument, Elyse took her clothes and retreated to the bathroom. Since Jayden wasn’t moving, she decided to distance herself instead. After changing, she emerged and declared firmly, “I’m ready. Let’s go.”

Jayden stood and deftly encircled Elyse's waist with his arm. Clearly annoyed, Elyse snapped, "Can you treat me with some respect?"

Unyielding, Jayden countered, "Come on, I get uneasy if I'm not close to you. Deny me your closeness, and I'll be plunged into misery."

Unmoved by his dramatics, Elyse briskly removed his hand. "Well, you might just have to endure that misery." Realizing her rejection of physical contact, Jayden felt a pang of helplessness. He regretted not having Peyton by his side, perhaps to serve as his tactical advisor.

Departing from the hotel, they stumbled upon a quaint café and settled in for breakfast. After their meal, they ventured out from the eatery. Pausing on the street, Elyse felt a wave of indecision. With numerous shops lining the street, she found herself at a loss for where to begin.

Observing her hesitation, Jayden queried, "You wanted to shop, right? What's stopping you?"

Looking lost, Elyse admitted, "I'm not sure which shop to choose."

"Just pick any that catches your eye; no need to overthink it," Jayden encouraged.

Nodding, Elyse recognized the wisdom in his words, yet felt no urge to explore the shops they passed. After wandering for a while, she suggested, "Maybe you should head back. These shops don't intrigue me. Why not go back to the hotel?"

Taking a leisurely sip of his coffee, Jayden questioned, "What makes you think I don't enjoy just walking around with you?"

Elyse, trying to be candid, replied, "Well, it's common knowledge that most men aren't fans of shopping."

Chapter 1100:

Smiling, Jayden shared, "That may be true, but I cherish the time spent with you. Your presence alone comforts me."

His sincerity caught her off guard, leaving her momentarily speechless before she quickly turned away and walked ahead. Jayden noticed her sudden shyness and smiled; her contradictions were endearing.

As they continued, Elyse felt a sudden pull and halted in front of a shop with a discreet sign. Catching up, Jayden looked on, intrigued. “What’s this? Something about this place caught your interest?”

Elyse held her chest, a hopeful glint in her eyes. “This shop... I’ve got a good feeling about it.”

“That’s great to hear! Always trust your gut. Maybe this place holds something truly special,” Jayden encouraged, patting her shoulder gently. “Don’t just stand there; let’s go inside. If something catches your fancy, it’s on me.”

Nodding, Elyse stepped through the doorway.

As they entered, the cheerful tinkle of a bell welcomed them, mingling with the warm, woody scent that filled the air. Elyse’s gaze swept over the shop; it was snug yet spacious enough to feel welcoming.

“Welcome! I’m the owner of this shop, Anthony Hill. What brings you here? We have a variety of items,” said a man in his forties, donning black-rimmed glasses and offering a warm smile.

As he stepped closer, his smile widened. “Feel free to browse without buying anything; that’s completely fine.

But be prepared for my chatter. I’m quite the storyteller and enjoy discussing the histories behind each of the treasures in my shop with my customers.”

Elyse, finding Anthony’s approach both amusing and engaging, smiled back and said, “I’m looking to find a violin that’s a good fit for me.”

She had left her original violin at the concert hall that was now undergoing renovations. Unfortunately, her violin was likely to be regarded as debris and thrown away, so she was in the market for a new one.

After a moment, Anthony suggested a particularly exquisite violin. “This violin was lovingly crafted by my father,” he explained.

“He had planned to gift it to a young friend of his, but sadly, the friend never returned. It has been waiting here, gathering stories and dust.”

Surprised, Elyse inquired, “How long has this violin been in the shop?”

“It has sat here for many years—almost thirty, if memory serves,” Anthony responded. “I watched him create it, from handpicking the wood to stringing it meticulously.

He poured his entire heart and soul into it. It’s more than just an instrument; it’s a legacy.”