

## Bound love 1221

Chapter 1221:

Jayden paused, his voice barely a whisper. "I... entertained the thought."

Anger flared in Elyse as she jabbed him in the arm. Her teeth clenched, she spat out, "Have you completely lost your senses? How could you even think about confining me? If you dared, I'd make sure to shoot you."

Jayden stepped back, his voice faltering as he asked, "How did you even find out about this?"

Elyse couldn't suppress a chuckle. "I heard about your secret operations, all the whispers and shadows, excluding everyone from your plans."

She scoffed again. "I had to see with my own eyes. It's a good thing I trusted my instincts, or you would have stumbled right into a trap."

"I rarely lose," Jayden protested weakly. "But my grandma broke his promise..."

Elyse cut him off with a dismissive scoff. "And you expected him to keep it, given your stubbornness? He loathes you and planned your downfall. Yet there you went, charging in alone, convinced of your own cunning. Whom were you trying to impress? Me? Are you aware of how perilously close you were to death?"

Jayden, soaked in sweat, stood in silence. Elyse's relentless barrage felt like an onslaught, each word slicing deeper into his resolve.

His determination crumbled, and he averted his gaze from Elyse's accusing eyes. "Alright, enough," he muttered, his tone tinged with defeat. "Is this really the time to lay blame?"

Fueled by his surrendered posture, Elyse raised her hand and struck him once more. "You're a fool, Jayden!" she yelled, her voice heavy with sorrow. "Have you ever thought about what would happen to me if you got yourself killed? Or to our baby?"

Jayden's mind blanked momentarily, then a wave of realization washed over him. "Wait, are you telling me you're pregnant again?"

At that, Elyse drew a gun and pointed it directly at Jayden's head, extinguishing his bravado instantly.

"You relished making love to me, eager to father another child, and yet you act so recklessly?" Elyse hissed with venom. "If you continue being this reckless, I'll marry someone else!"

Jayden's face twisted in anguish. "I was wrong," he admitted, his voice filled with desperation. "Please, don't make any rash decisions. I promise to be more cautious. I want to be there for you and our child."

Overwhelmed by her frustration, Elyse delivered a harsh kick to Jayden.

By some twist of fate, Enzo's mercenaries had been decimated, leaving him alone and vulnerable on the floor, armed only with a cane.

Both Enzo and Jayden shared the same critical flaw: overinflated egos. Jayden clung to the belief that he could solve all problems single-handedly, while Enzo, convinced of his superiority, thought he could easily subdue Jayden. His failure to rearm himself after his forces were wiped out was a testament to his arrogance.

Chapter 1222:

As Elyse stepped closer, gun in hand, Enzo attempted to project calmness as their eyes locked.

"I recognize you," he stated boldly. "You belong to the Benson family. Although the Bensons are no match for my Owens, I still respect your lineage. Indeed, I see the value in your union with Jayden."

Unmoved, Elyse aimed the gun at Enzo with deadly precision. "I don't care about your motives, whether they're selfish or out of familial loyalty. You are responsible for my child's death, and I cannot forgive that. I hope you encounter my baby's soul after you die and beg for their forgiveness."

With that, Elyse squeezed the trigger, and the sharp sound of gunfire filled the air, resonating with finality.

Jayden rose and surveyed Enzo, who lay in a spreading pool of blood. A dazed look clouded his features, and his eyes reflected a tumult of emotions.

Elyse gazed intently at Enzo's contorted face as death neared, her expression one of horror and disbelief. Was it because he couldn't accept the fact that Elyse, whom he had scorned, had shot him?

Gently, Jayden approached Elyse and murmured, "It's finished. We should head back."

Elyse, deep in thought, did not reply but silently turned and walked away.

Upon returning to their base, Elyse emerged from a refreshing shower as Jayden sat pensively on the edge of the bed, waiting for her.

Noticing him, she suggested, "Perhaps you should take a shower as well."

"I need to speak with you," Jayden confessed anxiously. "There are apologies I owe you for my past actions."

"Not now," Elyse replied, dismissing him with a shake of her head. "Take your shower first."

It was clear Elyse was setting boundaries, distancing herself.

The more Jayden sensed her withdrawal, the more desperate he became to bridge the gap, which only intensified her aversion.

Eventually, Elyse succumbed to sleep on the bed. Jayden, left with no choice, settled for the floor, spending the night alone.

The following morning, Jayden headed to the cafeteria to fetch breakfast for Elyse and unexpectedly encountered Peyton, who was covertly eating. Wait, why was Peyton here? Could he

be the person Elyse had referred to? As Jayden approached, Peyton remained oblivious to the looming threat, absorbed in his meal.

After he collected his food—a pair of eggs, three slices of bread, along with milk and cheese—he turned to find Jayden staring at him with a menacing glare.

Peyton, sensing the hostility, tried to feign ignorance and bypass Jayden.

Jayden's voice was icy as he detained Peyton by the shoulder. "Where do you think you're going? We need to talk."

Chapter 1223:

Peyton's unease showed in his forced smile. "What do we need to talk about?"

"You informed Elyse about my plans, didn't you?" Jayden accused, his voice tight with anger. "You persuaded her to venture into this danger. Did you realize she could have been killed?"

Peyton's patience reached its limit. With a forceful gesture, he set his food down, his anger evident. "Yesterday, you were the one in danger, weren't you? Elyse came to rescue you. You think that place is perilous? Did you ever consider she understood the risks? She did this for you."

He continued, frustrated, "You were determined to handle that alone. True, I informed Elyse, but I had no idea you were targeting Enzo—I assumed it was Corrie or someone else."

Jayden's expression darkened. "You had no—"

Peyton raised his voice. "How could I? You keep your plans close. I wasn't sure who you were after, but Elyse figured it out. She felt compelled to intervene."

Jayden, puzzled, asked, "But why did she need to come?"

With a mix of exasperation and disbelief, Peyton explained, "Can't you see it, or are you just feigning ignorance? Elyse believed if you were aiming to kill Enzo, she should be the one to pull

the trigger, not you. Despite everything, Enzo raised you. She didn't want that guilt on your shoulders."

He continued, "And yes, she harbors resentment towards Enzo for the pain he caused her and her child. She acted to help you move past this."

Concluding his tirade, Peyton remarked sharply, "Sometimes, I doubt you're deserving of Elyse. You two are just too different."

Jayden tightened his lips. "We're not that different. I manage well enough in certain respects."

Peyton scoffed. "Ever wonder what you'll do if Elyse one day leaves you?"

Jayden responded with a hint of scorn, "Why would Elyse leave me? After all we've been through, she stayed. She truly loves me."

Peyton laughed dryly at Jayden's assertion. "What makes you so sure Elyse would still have any love left for you after everything?"

Jayden's eyebrows arched, a flicker of certainty in his voice. "I just know she loves me. That's enough for me."

Peyton's scoff was sharp, laced with irritation. "Well, if you're that sure, then spare me the drama next time she snubs you. Honestly, I find your romantic troubles more draining than my surgeries."

With a dismissive gesture, Peyton nudged Jayden aside. "Move, you're in the way of my breakfast."

Chapter 1224:

Ignoring Peyton's comments, Jayden was already planning a breakfast spread for Elyse that included an extra helping of bacon and sausages. He hurried back to his room with the food.

Elyse was awake, sitting on the bed, her gaze unfocused. Jayden approached with a bright smile, holding up the tray. "Honey, I brought you breakfast. Eat something while it's still hot."

Elyse massaged her forehead and glanced at the tray dismissively. “I’m not hungry. You eat.”

Jayden’s concern deepened upon seeing her disinterest. “Are you okay? Should I get Peyton to check on you?”

“No, it’s not necessary,” Elyse murmured, her voice flat. “I just don’t feel like eating.”

Jayden urged gently, “Please, try to eat something. You know you haven’t been well.”

Elyse’s patience thinned, her tone resigned. “Jayden, I think we should go our separate ways.”

Her statement hung in the air, not as a question or a challenge, but as a simple, definitive declaration. Jayden’s voice cracked slightly, his emotions barely contained. “Why?”

Elyse sighed, her fatigue evident. “I’m tired, Jayden. I can’t do this anymore. We need to part ways.”

Panicking, Jayden offered a quick solution. “You just need some space, right? I’ll go now, and you can have some peace. I’ll check on you later this afternoon.”

Elyse’s voice was resolute. “I’m talking about us—in any form. It’s time to end everything.”

Jayden was baffled. “Why? We’ve cleared up the misunderstandings. We can sit down and discuss everything.”

Leaning back against her pillow, Elyse’s tone was dismissive. “I don’t want to discuss anything with you.” A wave of panic surged through Jayden, fearing that her feelings for him had changed. Yet he couldn’t accept it. He approached her, his voice tinged with desperation. “Can’t we solve anything with a conversation?”

Frustration flashed in Elyse’s eyes. “Now you want to talk? What about all those times I tried to reach out and you shut me down? You dictated the start and the end. Why should I have to dance to your tune?”

Jayden shook his head, trying to explain. “That’s not what I meant. I just wanted to sort everything out and then discuss it with you—all at once.”

Elyse’s patience snapped. “Did you ever consider how agonizing it was for me, waiting for your explanation?” As Jayden reached out to her, she swiftly pulled her hand back.

Chapter 1225:

“Don’t touch me,” she snapped. “I don’t want any kind of contact with you.”

Jayden stood frozen, his world unraveling.

Ignoring him, Elyse turned away, pulling the covers over herself, intending to sleep.

Jayden lingered by the bed, haunted by the recent turmoil he had caused her, recalling her attempts to connect and his indifferent responses.

He watched her pretending to sleep and whispered, “If you’re not ready to talk, that’s okay. I’ll wait. Whenever you’re ready, I’ll be here, ready to listen.” Elyse didn’t respond.

She was exhausted—not just physically, but emotionally too—especially after last night’s drastic actions, where she had ended Enzo’s life. The anger and bitterness seemed to drain away, taking with it any remnants of her affection for Jayden.

Yet, her heart remained in turmoil, unclear about her desires and future.

Jayden left Elyse alone and submerged himself in work, his mind a maze of business complexities that occupied him well into the afternoon.

When he finally broke away, he sought out Peyton for some solace.

Upon seeing Jayden’s downtrodden expression, Peyton quirked an eyebrow and prodded, “What’s happened now? Don’t tell me I was right about Elyse turning...”

Jayden exhaled a weary sigh. “It’s worse than that. She doesn’t even want to talk to me anymore. She’s asking for a separation.”

Peyton’s reaction was unexpectedly enthusiastic as he clapped his hands together. “Good for her! That’s the Elyse I remember—strong and decisive. It’s about time.”

At Jayden’s command to initiate the attack, Garret’s forces sprang into action.

The opposing troops, overwhelmed by the sheer force, broke apart in panic—some running for their lives, others surrendering without resistance.

In just three days, the terrorist threat was eradicated, and Garret’s forces emerged victorious.

Back at the Moon Palace, Chesney, who was overseeing administrative tasks, was the last to hear that Garret was still alive. Upon hearing of Garret’s victory, Chesney was consumed by a storm of rage.

He destroyed everything on his desk, shouting curses of disbelief and frustration.

Meanwhile, Jayden, having concluded his operations on the battlefield and freed from further responsibilities, made his way back to the city with Elyse.

Elyse attempted to walk away, but Jayden’s grip halted her.

“What’s your plan?” she asked coldly. “I need to find a hotel and rest.”

“I’ll take care of that for you,” Jayden urged, his tone pleading. “Just come with me.”

Chapter 1226:

“I don’t want to go with you, and I don’t need your help. Leave me alone,” Elyse retorted.

With that, she tried to walk off.



At that moment, Jayden's desperation took over. He was terrified that she might leave for good, so he clenched her arm even tighter.

Elyse glared at him. "What now?"

"Brook is still in custody," Jayden explained quickly. "Let's go and bring him out."

"Why should I go?" Elyse retorted, her voice laced with sarcasm. "You've been managing everything on your own. Why involve me now?"

Her words clearly hurt Jayden. With a sigh, he pleaded with her again, "Just come with me."

"No!" Elyse refused, unmoved by his insistence.

To her, Jayden had countless opportunities to include her in the past and had never done so. Now, when the situation had calmed down, he expected her to follow him without question. Why should she? She was done taking his lead. Jayden's repeated pleas and desperate attempts had no effect on Elyse in the slightest. He simply couldn't break her icy composure.

Desperation gnawing at him, Jayden, in a last-ditch effort, disregarded Peyton's advice and resorted to force. He wrapped his arms around her and swiftly lifted her into the car.

The world spun for Elyse as she was hoisted into the vehicle. When her senses returned, she found herself already seated inside.

Jayden gripped her chin firmly. "Don't even think about leaving me again. You belong with me, wherever I go."

Elyse's eyes blazed with defiance. "I won't follow your commands. Who do you think you are?"

Jayden's teeth clenched in frustration. "Who am I? I'll be your husband! The only one you'll ever have—past, present, and future! I know you're angry, but stop threatening to leave."

His words carried a vulnerable tone, exposing his real fear of losing her.

Elyse, however, wasn't interested in engaging with him at that moment. She closed her eyes, ignoring him.

Upon reaching Brook's detention center, Elyse refused to get out of the car, but Jayden forcibly pulled her out.

"What's the point of this?" she complained. "What am I proving by being here with you?"

"It means a lot," Jayden replied. "But only if you stay close."

Chapter 1227:

Elyse gave him a frustrated look and fell silent, waiting for Brook to show up.

Brook had handled his time in captivity well and had been minimally harmed. When Elyse saw him again, she noticed that, aside from a hint of exhaustion, he was largely unaffected.

As soon as Brook took a seat, he cut straight to the chase.

"So, you must've dealt with Grandpa. How did it go?"

Elyse's voice was cold. "He's dead."

Brook fell silent.

He wasn't surprised. After all, Enzo had been the source of the conflict, targeting both Jayden and Elyse. But hearing it spoken aloud still evoked a different emotion. After a long pause, Brook asked, "How did he meet his end?"

Almost instinctively, Brook glanced at Jayden.

The animosity between Jayden and Enzo ran deep, and it was clear that only one of them would walk away from a confrontation.

Brook never expected Elyse to be the one to provide the answer.

“I killed him. One bullet to the head.”

Astonishment flashed across Brook’s face. “You? How could you have killed him? Don’t kid me.”

Elyse’s tone remained even. “I’m not lying. I ended his life. An eye for an eye. Now, may my child’s soul rest in peace.”

Elyse remained strikingly composed.

It was only then that Brook truly grasped the depth of her suffering after losing her child—it was worse than he’d ever anticipated.

With a weary sigh, he muttered, “He always aimed to obliterate you all, but his arrogance was his downfall. Now that he’s met his end, it’s no shock.”

Brook’s words seemed aimed at Elyse and Jayden, yet deep down, he was speaking mostly to himself.

Jayden’s eyes were fixed on Brook. “Are you the one taking his body back home?”

Brook nodded, his expression solemn. “I’ll handle it.”

Now that Enzo was gone, Brook was no longer needed as a hostage.

After changing into his own clothes, Brook left the detention room, feeling as if he were moving through a haze.

He’d partly orchestrated Enzo’s death, and both he and Jayden knew it.

But neither of them voiced it. They shared an unspoken pact to keep it hidden.

Jayden was waiting by the car for Brook.

Chapter 1228:

Brook approached, clutching a bag, his gaze lingering on Jayden with a look that spoke volumes.

Noticing Brook's expression, Jayden raised an eyebrow. "What? Why are you looking at me like that?"

"I'm heading back to handle Grandpa's funeral. Are you coming?" Brook asked.

Jayden shook his head. "No. After all, I'm as good as a murderer myself."

Brook persisted, "Will you at least remain as part of the Owen clan?"

Jayden hesitated. "Do you really want that badly?"

Brook replied, "You might've cut ties with Enzo, but no other Owens have cut ties with you."

Jayden shrugged, deflecting. "Let's talk about it later."

Brook saw through Jayden's evasiveness, but he knew there was little he could do now. Things had unraveled too far already.

He gave Jayden a firm pat on the shoulder, then turned and climbed into the car.

Brook rolled down the window, leaning out for a final word to Jayden. "Take good care of Elyse. I know there's always been love between you two. Don't lose each other."

Jayden's heart skipped a beat. Could things between him and Elyse really fall apart?

After Brook drove off, Jayden hurried back to the lounge, where Elyse sat, calmly sipping her coffee.

When she noticed him enter, her expression barely shifted. “Did Brook leave?” she asked, sounding indifferent.

Jayden nodded, sliding into the seat next to her. Without a word, he reached over, lightly wrapping his fingers around hers.

Elyse glanced at his hand, a hint of irritation in her eyes. “What are you trying to do now?”

Thrown off by her bluntness, Jayden hesitated. “I want to make up for everything I’ve done wrong.”

Elyse slowly pulled her hand back, her gaze cool as she studied his discomfort. “Let’s leave the past where it belongs.”

“Don’t say that. I don’t want to just forget,” Jayden replied, feeling an unexpected wave of urgency.

His heart tightened. Hadn’t he already endured the worst of it? Why was Elyse still so set on leaving?

Elyse let out a tired sigh. “I’m exhausted, Jayden. I never thought I’d feel this way, but I’m just... worn out. So much so that I don’t even know what I want anymore.”

Chapter 1229:

“I’ll help you,” Jayden said, leaning forward, his tone pleading. “Whatever you need, I’ll do it.”

Elyse looked at him for a long moment, then said softly, “I just want to rest. Can you give me that?”

Jayden nodded eagerly. “Of course. Anything you need. Just... don’t leave me.”

Seeing his vulnerability, Elyse felt an ache tugging at her heart.

After everything with Enzo, she’d come to understand the depths of Jayden’s guarded heart—filled with helplessness, uncertainty, and a quiet, long-buried pain.

These emotions, which Jayden kept hidden from the world, were buried under layers of wealth, status, talent, and the flawless masks he wore.

A decaying soul dressed in the finest clothes.

Jayden believed that by cloaking himself in a perfect image, no one would ever see how fragile and broken he truly was beneath it all.

But after hiding behind the facade for so long, he had forgotten his real self.

Elyse remembered something George had once said to her.

It struck her that she needed to consider what Jayden truly meant to her.

As Jayden sat beside her in the lounge, he stole a glance at her profile. She was lost in thought, her face softened by the sunlight that streamed in, giving her an almost ethereal glow.

He opened his mouth, about to speak, but then stopped. Somehow, right now, everything felt just as it should. With Elyse beside him, even in silence, he felt a rare sense of peace.

Upon his return to the city, Edward quickly gathered a few friends to search for Elyse.

Elyse, surprised to see them, asked, “Why are you all here?”

“Well, you vanished, and we were so worried until Edward told us where you were,” Darren said, sounding anxious.

Elyse looked around at everyone and, with heartfelt gratitude, said, “Thank you all for caring so much about me.”

Darren sighed, “We’re all in this together. Stop crying, and let’s go back to the hotel so you can rest.”

Elyse nodded, linking arms with Geraldine, and began walking towards the hotel.

Following them, Darren walked alongside Jayden.

Jayden glanced at Darren. “Just say it.”

Scratching his nose, Darren asked curiously, “So, have you and Elyse made up?”

Jayden made a face. “No, things are actually worse than before.”

Chapter 1230:

Darren offered some comfort. “It might seem worse now, but it’s always been rough. You just used to ignore the issues.”

Entering the hotel, Jayden and Darren decided to skip the elevator and headed straight for the smoking area on the ground floor.

Leaning against the wall, Darren fixed his gaze on Jayden as he smoked quietly. Breaking the silence, he said, “Do you know what shows someone has really grown up?”

Jayden raised his eyebrows. “What’s that?”

“It’s not about getting rich or becoming famous. It’s about having the skills and the duty to fix problems,” Darren explained.

Darren glanced at his hand. “I used to be so scared of performing in front of an audience. When I stood on stage, the fear felt like a hungry monster, swallowing me whole. The audience below looked like monsters, ready to watch me embarrass myself and fail. I felt certain that if I messed up, they would rush at me and tear me to shreds.”

Jayden’s eyebrows raised. “But you got past that fear. How?”

Darren explained, "I realized that I wasn't that scared little boy on stage anymore. I had grown stronger, capable of defending myself."

He paused, then added, "You remind me of how I used to be, conflicted between your inner self and how you appear to the outside world."

Jayden said nothing more, smoking until his cigarette was just a stub. Then he spoke again, "It's nearly time. Let's head inside."

They took the elevator, parting ways as they reached their respective floors.

Back in his room, Jayden lay in bed, thinking about Darren's words.

Darren had suggested he was immature, but nearing 30, how could Jayden be considered immature?

His thoughts wandered to Elyse, wondering what she thought of him.

He wondered if she saw him as immature.

Doubts began to consume him.

As Elyse settled in for the night, her phone rang. Geraldine was on the other end.

"Seeing you earlier was so overwhelming, I forgot to tell you something," Geraldine said. "I'm not sure how you'll take this news."

Elyse's expression turned to confusion. "What are you talking about?"

Geraldine paused. "It's about Fiona. She was injured in the explosion."

"Why should that concern me?" Elyse responded. "If she's hurt, she should just seek medical help."