

Bound love 1311

Chapter 1311:

Without thinking, she reached out to brush his cheek, her fingertips almost grazing his skin. But the gesture felt too personal, too tender. She quickly pulled her hand back, clenching it in her lap.

Jayden opened his eyes slightly and asked, his voice hoarse, “Are Driscoll and the others asleep?”

Elyse nodded, her tone soft. “I told them to rest. Do you want me to make you something?”

He shook his head, closing his eyes again. “No, thanks. It’s nearly midnight anyway.” After a pause, he tilted his head toward her. “Why aren’t you asleep? You must be tired.”

Her gaze softened as she replied, “I’m not as tired as you are.”

For a moment, the room was silent except for the faint ticking of the clock on the wall. Then, she spoke, her voice quieter now. “Is something bothering you? Is it about your family?”

Jayden paused, his expression unreadable. After a moment, he chuckled unexpectedly and said, “Normally, I wouldn’t share this kind of thing with you.”

Elyse rolled her eyes, letting out a short snort. “Fine. Keep it to yourself, then. It’s not like I’m dying to know.”

He shook his head, his smile fading slightly. “No, this time I want to tell you. Maybe when you hear it, you won’t think I’m so closed off.”

Elyse arched an eyebrow, her curiosity piqued by his sudden shift in demeanor.

Jayden leaned back, his tone growing more serious. “I was raised by my grandpa. He made it clear from the start—my life, my very existence...”

“Should be devoted to the Owen family. That’s how I’ve lived ever since I can remember.”

He hesitated before continuing, his voice heavy with bitterness. “And it wasn’t just me. Everyone in the family was drilled with the same message: sacrifice everything for the family; put its needs above our own.”

Elyse frowned, her displeasure evident in her voice as she responded, “So what? You’re all just tools to be used however they see fit? What about your feelings? Or are you more like robots, programmed to revolve around the Owen family without a single thought of your own?”

Jayden laughed softly, but there was no humor in the sound. “Robots? No. More like hollow shells, really. It’s like no one knows how to function outside of the family’s orbit.” His gaze dropped to the floor, and his voice grew quieter. “I used to think that way too. Until I couldn’t take my grandpa’s suffocating control anymore. The first time I stood up to him, everything in my life started falling apart.”

Elyse sat curled up on the couch, murmuring, “Your life isn’t getting worse. You’re just becoming normal.” Jayden, leaning casually against the doorway, smirked.

“How normal am I now?”

Elyse glanced away, her lips parting as she avoided his gaze. “You’re getting weirder by the second.”

Jayden chuckled softly. “Go get some rest.”

Elyse stood, brushing off his suggestion. “Later. I’ll make you something to eat first.”

Jayden raised an eyebrow, intrigued. “You’re cooking for me? What’s on the menu?”

Chapter 1312:

Catching the odd look on his face, Elyse hesitated before forcing a smile. “What’s wrong? Is my cooking so bad you don’t want it?”

Jayden shook his head. “No, it’s not that. It’s just so late. I’d feel guilty making you cook.”

After a pause, he added with a teasing smile, “Maybe I should cook for you instead?”

Elyse let out a laugh tinged with exasperation. “Who in their right mind would want your cooking? If you’re hungry, go ahead and fix yourself something. I’m heading to bed.”

She picked up her water glass and turned to leave. Before she could get far, Jayden followed her, gently grabbing her arm.

Elyse shot him a glare, her voice sharp with annoyance. “Let go!”

Jayden’s expression turned serious. “I’ll make something to eat. Can you just stay with me?”

Elyse paused, her expression softening. With a playful smile, she asked, “Jayden, are you starting to lean on me?”

He sighed, meeting her gaze. “I don’t know if it’s dependence, but if it is, then yes.”

Elyse inhaled deeply, tilting her head back to stare at the ceiling. The silence lingered, heavy and unbroken.

Jayden slowly loosened his grip, a flicker of hope fading with her lack of response.

Finally, Elyse sighed, her voice soft. “Jayden, if you can sustain this—if you can work through our issues—then I might reconsider... us.”

Jayden stood frozen, her words sinking in. His hands instinctively moved to her shoulders, his excitement bubbling over. “Are you serious? You’ll actually give me another chance?”

Elyse’s lips curved into a faint smile. “I said I’d consider it. I didn’t say you’ve earned it yet.”

But to Jayden, those words were enough. They were a lifeline—a chance he had waited so long for.

Elyse pushed him away lightly, unable to bear the overly eager look on his face. “Are you going to cook or not? If not, I’m heading to bed.”

“I am! I definitely am!” Jayden exclaimed, practically bouncing. “Can I make something for you too?”

Elyse shook her head. “No, thanks. I had a big dinner.” Without pressing further, Jayden led her toward the kitchen.

She was oddly fascinated as she leaned against the counter, watching him cook. Despite having grown up with servants who catered to his every need, Jayden moved surprisingly proficiently in the kitchen. The way he handled the ingredients with precision and confidence was unexpected.

Curiosity got the better of her.

“When did you learn to cook?”

Jayden glanced over his shoulder. “I don’t really remember. Maybe when I was ten?”

Elyse blinked in surprise. “You learned to cook at ten?”

Her mind churned. At an age when most kids were preoccupied with school and play, Jayden had been learning to cook. It felt off, as though there was more to the story that he wasn’t telling her.

Chapter 1313:

Still, she didn’t press him. She had noticed how, little by little, he was opening up to her, letting her glimpse parts of himself he usually kept hidden. She would wait. Sooner or later, he’d tell her everything.

When the meal was ready, Jayden placed a plate of spaghetti in front of Elyse.

“The first bite is all yours,” he said.

Elyse raised an eyebrow, amused. “Where did you pick up this strange habit?”

“I read somewhere that offering the first bite shows a man’s love and respect for a woman.” Jayden grinned.

Elyse rolled her eyes, a smirk tugging at her lips. “Do you really think giving me the first bite proves anything? Respect comes from the heart, not from meaningless gestures.”

Jayden faltered, clearly flustered. “It’s not just a gesture. I mean it—I respect you. I care about you.”

Elyse stared at him for a moment, realizing how clueless he was about showing affection. He had probably searched online for advice, fumbling through how to care for someone.

Her expression softened.

“I believe you,” she said, taking a bite.

The spaghetti was better than she had expected—delicious, even.

After savoring the bite, she pushed the plate back toward Jayden. “I still appreciate the effort.”

Jayden beamed, her compliment lighting up his face. The quiet moment was interrupted when Driscoll, disheveled and half-awake, wandered into the kitchen.

“What’s going on here?” he asked, rubbing his eyes. “Sir, you must’ve been starving! Why didn’t you wake us?”

Jayden shrugged, a mischievous twinkle in his eyes. “You were all sleeping so peacefully. I didn’t want to disturb you.” He grinned, glancing at Elyse. “Besides, if I’d woken you, I wouldn’t have had her here to keep me company.”

Driscoll followed his gaze and smirked knowingly. It was their moment—one that belonged to just the two of them.

Exhausted from several consecutive workdays, Elyse finally relished her well-deserved break. She nestled into her favorite spot at home, a steaming cup of tea in hand, while mindlessly channel-surfing through variety shows. Her attention suddenly snapped into focus when Celeste's familiar face appeared on the screen.

Though it was a niche music program, Celeste's renowned presence had drawn substantial viewership. Despite it being Elyse's first time watching a music show, she found herself oddly captivated and settled in to watch.

The atmosphere shifted when a contestant took the stage. His performance was notably lacking in both technical skill and artistic merit. To Elyse's bewilderment, several judges showered him with undeserved praise. She scrutinized his performance, searching for any redeeming qualities but found none.

Her mind immediately jumped to the obvious conclusion—backstage connections must be at play.

Then Celeste's distinctive voice cut through the artificial pleasantries. With razor-sharp precision, she dissected the contestant's performance, her professional expertise evident in every word.

Chapter 1314:

Elyse's breath caught in her throat. While she'd known of Celeste's forthright nature, the severity of her criticism was startling. The contestant's powerful backing was evident, yet while other judges chose diplomatic silence, Celeste stood her ground.

Her voice rang clear through the speakers.

"I don't know who gave you the audacity to perform before me with such inadequate skills. Your playing is atrocious, and you have no place here."

Celeste's expression hardened.

"Tell whoever is behind you—zero means zero. Don't expect special treatment."

Elyse marveled, recognizing the deep passion behind the harsh words. "Celeste truly has zero tolerance for imperfection when it comes to the violin."

Driscoll appeared at her side, refilling her tea.

“I know Celeste,” he shared with a gentle smile. “She was Cody’s teacher in his youth. Without her guidance, he wouldn’t have become the world-renowned violinist he is today.”

Elyse’s eyes widened at this revelation.

Before she could fully process this information, Celeste’s voice thundered from the TV once more.

“Let me be clear. As long as I’m on this show, I won’t let you become another Elyse Lloyd, winning first place through such underhanded means.”

The words struck Elyse like a physical blow. She sat stunned, blindsided by being used as a negative example.

Celeste’s unwavering stance seemed determined to tarnish her reputation, leaving Elyse to wonder about the depth of Celeste’s apparent hatred for both Cody and her father.

“How dare she say that about you?” Driscoll’s outrage was palpable. “Your first-place victory was earned through pure talent and dedication. How can she suggest otherwise?”

A wry smile crossed Elyse’s face. “She has always held this belief. I’ve never understood what convinced her that I cheated my way to success.”

Driscoll frowned, his indignation clear. “That’s nothing but prejudice! If only she’d open her eyes and see the truth. Your skill speaks for itself.”

On screen, the disgraced contestant retreated with flaming cheeks, while Celeste held her rigid posture, her sharp gaze promising no quarter for mediocrity in the competition ahead.

Half an hour later, Chloe’s call came through, her voice tight with concern. “You’re trending now. Celeste’s attack, questioning your legitimate win, has stirred up considerable controversy.”

Elyse drummed her fingers thoughtfully before speaking. “Can we add something to my schedule?”

“What did you have in mind?”

“I want to appear on Celeste’s show as a contestant.”

Chapter 1315:

Chloe’s shock was audible. “Isn’t that too confrontational?”

“If she believes I relied on connections, I should face her directly and dispel her prejudice in person.”

After a moment’s hesitation, Chloe asked, “Is her opinion of your skills that important? Your schedule is already packed—adding more would be grueling.”

“It’s important,” Elyse insisted. “She’s not just insulting me, but my teacher too. She’s suggesting that Cody’s student succeeded through connections rather than talent.”

Understanding dawned in Chloe’s voice. “I’ll contact the show’s producers and update you once it’s arranged.”

“Thank you, Chloe,” Elyse replied, a determined smile playing across her lips.

Elyse was lounging at home, anxiously awaiting an update from Chloe when her phone buzzed unexpectedly. The name flashing on the screen made her brow furrow. It was Pearce.

Without preamble, Pearce urged her to drop everything and head to the Benson family home immediately. His tone hinted at something serious—something that couldn’t wait.

Thrown completely off balance, Elyse hesitated only for a moment before grabbing her keys and heading out.

The moment she arrived, a strange tension blanketed the house. It was almost palpable, clinging to the air like thick smoke.

As she stepped into the hallway, she spotted a cluster of people gathered by the entrance. Their faces were familiar—these were the same relatives who had warmly welcomed her back during her homecoming party. Pushing further inside, Elyse’s eyes landed on a striking scene. Thea knelt stiffly on the floor, her head hanging low like a scolded child. Meanwhile, Felicia sat perched in a chair, a ruler in hand, her expression as frosty as a midwinter night.

Felicia’s voice cut through the room, sharp as a blade. “Explain yourself, Thea! What were you thinking? Have I not treated you well enough? I don’t ask for your gratitude, but plotting against my entire family? That’s crossing the line!”

Her words dripped with indignation. “Who gave you the audacity to pull such a despicable stunt?”

With that, Felicia brought the ruler down on the table with a crack that made everyone in the room jump. Thea flinched visibly but scrambled to defend herself.

“Grandma, you’ve got it all wrong! I didn’t do it—I swear!”

“I was just as clueless as you!”

Felicia’s laugh was bitter and cold. “I may be old, Thea, but I’m neither blind nor foolish. Do you really think you can pull the wool over my eyes?”

Thea lowered her head, her lips pressed tightly together, no longer daring to argue.

Elyse stood rooted in the doorway, utterly baffled. She caught sight of Pearce leaning against the wall, looking completely unbothered by the chaos around him. Taking a deep breath, she stepped closer to Felicia and asked, “What’s going on here?”

At the sight of Elyse, Felicia’s icy demeanor softened. She even managed a warm smile. “Oh, Elyse, dear, why did you trouble yourself to come? It’s just a minor family issue—nothing to worry your pretty head about.”

Chapter 1316:

Elyse wasn't buying it. The room was practically buzzing with tension, and Felicia's attempt to downplay it only made her more suspicious.

Her gaze shifted to Thea, who still knelt awkwardly on the floor. With a raised brow, Elyse asked dryly, "So, what is it this time? Are you out here spreading rumors that I've been ruining your life again?"

Felicia's brows knitted in confusion at Elyse's remark. "What's this about? Did she do something to hurt you?" The question hung heavy in the air, and Thea, clearly hoping to shrink into invisibility, dropped her head even lower, her silence an obvious admission of guilt.

Pearce, who had been watching with a detached air, finally stepped in. His arms were crossed, and his voice was calm but cutting. "Let's not get sidetracked. Thea hired someone to tamper with your agent's car. Her intention was to harm both you and your agent."

Elyse's eyes blazed with shock and fury.

"What? Are you saying she actually tried to kill me? What kind of grudge could possibly justify that?" Elyse asked, her voice a mix of shock and confusion.

Thea stayed silent, biting her lip so hard it seemed like she might draw blood.

Pearce didn't miss a beat. "This isn't her first offense, either. Harassing you, sabotaging your work, dragging your name through the mud—those were just distractions. Her real plan was to get rid of you permanently."

Elyse turned to Thea, completely baffled. Her voice softened, filled with disbelief. "But why? What have I ever done to you to deserve this?"

Finally, Thea snapped. Lifting her head, her voice rose, shrill and accusatory. "You think we're fine, don't you? No bad blood, no hard feelings. But to me, you're nothing but a sneaky, conniving thief!"

Elyse blinked, stunned into silence. "A thief? What are you even talking about?"

Thea's emotions boiled over. "In this family, I've always been the one at Grandma's side. I'm the one who takes care of her, keeps her company, and makes her smile when she's bored. As her loyal and considerate granddaughter, I've provided her with all the love and attention she could want."

Her voice cracked, but her resentment burned hot. "And what do I get for all those years of loyalty? Nothing! She doesn't care about my sacrifices. She leaves everything to you. Have you ever taken care of her for even a single day? Have you served her tirelessly, day in and day out, the way I have? And what do I get in the end? Not even a share of the company! Just some measly sum and some worthless apartments. I can't even touch them until I'm 40!"

Elyse's brows furrowed as she crossed her arms, her tone calm but firm.

"I only recently learned about the company shares she gave me, and I haven't even discussed her will with her. If you're unhappy, maybe you should bring it up with her directly."

Thea let out a bitter laugh, sharp and scornful. "Talk to her about what? She's made it clear that, in her eyes, you're the only real granddaughter. All those years I spent by her side, giving her everything I had, were for nothing—absolutely nothing!"

Elyse stood silently, watching Thea's outburst with a mixture of confusion and pity. The raw emotions on display left her at a loss for words.

Chapter 1317:

The tense silence that followed was broken by Felicia's voice, calm but laced with authority. "Your problem isn't with Elyse, Thea," she said evenly. "It's with me—your so-called grandmother."

Felicia turned to Thea, her eyes gleaming with a sharp glint.

Thea caught her gaze and immediately felt a chill, quickly averting her eyes.

Felicia's intense stare never wavered.

"You resent me for not treating you well. You've been loyal to me, yet I've favored Elyse with the best benefits. Am I right?"

Resigned to the fact that no argument would change Felicia's stance, Thea gathered her courage. Her voice, thick with frustration, challenged, "Exactly. That's your way! Has Elyse ever taken care of you for even a day? Why does she get all the preferential treatment and the company shares? What about me? Don't my years of dedication mean anything?"

Elyse stood quietly to the side, her expression hardening. She had never taken care of Felicia, and she couldn't understand why Felicia would trust her with anything.

Felicia kept her gaze fixed on Thea and asked, "Do you think I've been unfair? Do you feel I've neglected our relationship of more than twenty years to favor someone I barely know just because we're related by blood?"

"Yes! That's exactly what it is! You don't deserve the kindness I've shown you!" Thea snapped, her tone rising with anger.

Unable to remain silent, Pearce intervened, his voice cutting through the tension. "You're wrong. Originally, most of the assets and company shares were intended for you."

Thea's face twisted in disbelief. "That can't be true! She would never favor me that much! She's only concerned about Elyse!"

Felicia slowly rose from her seat and walked toward Thea, her movements deliberate.

"Thea, I may be old, but I haven't lost my hearing or my sight. I overheard your conversation with your father on the phone."

At this, Thea froze instantly.

"When? I don't remember anything like that!" Thea exclaimed in disbelief.

Felicia responded calmly, "You don't remember? The day before your dad framed my son and had him imprisoned. You were in the garden on a call. I heard every word."

Thea's face drained of color as her eyes darted nervously, but she still insisted, "I don't remember that at all. I never made that call. You must be making this up to keep the company shares from me."

Felicia regarded her with a measured, sideways glance.

"You were pressing your dad about why he lost his nerve, about why he didn't wait for my passing to make his move. That way, you would get the majority of the shares."

"That's not true, Grandma. You're mistaken. I have no interest in the shares." Thea, caught off guard by Felicia's revelation, stammered, scrambling to defend herself.

But Felicia's trust in her had already begun to crumble. She sank back into her chair, her expression serious.

Chapter 1318:

"You must remember that neither you nor your father are true Bensons by blood. I took him in from an orphanage. It was I who gave him the opportunity to marry, and to have you."

She paused, then added, "I transformed the fate of your entire family. Yet, because you didn't receive the company shares, you chose to hurt others. I'm deeply disappointed."

Pearce interjected, his voice firm, "You're upset about not getting the shares, but remember, she left you money and apartments. She even made sure your allowance was paid promptly and sought out a suitable partner for you. How could she overlook the good you've done for her? Your greed, both you and your father, knows no bounds."

Thea bit her lip, remaining silent. The weight of the words hung in the air, heavy and uncomfortable. After a long silence, she suddenly stood up and rushed out of the room.

As she stormed out, Pearce's anger deepened.

"What does she think she's doing, running off like that? I should go and bring her back."

Felicia sighed, shaking her head.

“No, let her be. Her presence here only aggravates me further.”

She turned to Elyse and said gently, “Elyse, would you like to stay for dinner tonight? We never had a chance to share a proper meal together.”

Elyse looked at Felicia and saw a hint of eagerness in her eyes.

“Yes, I would like to.”

A smile spread across Felicia’s face.

“Wonderful. I’ll ask the cook to prepare your favorite dishes. Let’s enjoy a nice dinner together.”

Felicia felt a genuine sense of happiness from having so many people around her.

Elyse could tell that the old lady was truly lonely.

“Grandma, could we move somewhere private to talk?” Elyse suggested.

Felicia nodded and led Elyse to a study at the back of the house.

Once inside, Elyse closed the door and helped Felicia into a chair.

“Grandma, are you truly planning to give the shares to me? I think Thea might be right. She’s been taking care of you, and I haven’t really done anything for you. It doesn’t seem fair for me to receive the shares.”

Felicia gently patted Elyse’s hand, her gaze tender and unwavering.

“There’s no one more deserving than you, my dear.”

Elyse shook her head, her voice tinged with humility. “But Grandma, I don’t feel worthy of these shares. I haven’t been by your side the way Thea has. Despite her intentions, she’s cared for you all these years. I can’t hold a candle to that.”

A wistful smile graced Felicia’s face as she reached out to caress Elyse’s cheek, her touch filled with unspoken affection. Elyse’s features reflected memories of her son, Rickey.

“True, you haven’t been here—neither in presence nor proximity—but every time you’ve stood before me, the bond between us has been undeniable,” Felicia sighed, her voice heavy with emotion.

Chapter 1319:

“It’s in your blood. It’s something deeper than time or distance.”

Elyse fell silent, the weight of Felicia’s words leaving her momentarily at a loss.

“You remind me so much of Rickey,” Felicia continued, her voice soft.

“You lack his carefree spirit, but your mother’s determination and strength shine brightly in you.”

Elyse blinked, puzzled by the sudden turn in their conversation. Felicia had always shunned the past, treating her memories of Rickey like fragile glass, hidden away and untouched. The mention of Elyse’s parents and even the violin—things once forbidden—had been like opening wounds too deep to bear.

Summoning her courage, Elyse broke the silence.

“I don’t know much about my parents. I’ve never even met them.”

A rueful chuckle escaped Felicia’s lips.

“That may be my doing,” she admitted, her voice tinged with regret.

“Had I not been so stubborn, Rickey wouldn’t have left with your mother. You might have grown up by my side instead of a world away.”

Elyse recognized the ache in Felicia’s words—a longing for what might have been. Perhaps, after the rift with Thea and her father, Felicia had come to see things through a different lens. Nostalgia had softened her once rigid heart.

“Grandma,” Elyse ventured after a pause, “My dad thought of you often. He just knew you wouldn’t accept him as he was, so he wanted to prove himself—to show that he could build a happy life for himself and my mom. That’s why he started his own company.”

Felicia’s eyes glistened as Elyse’s words seeped into her heart. A faint murmur passed her lips, barely audible.

“Is that so? He thought of me... all along? And he only wanted to prove himself?”

Elyse nodded, her expression solemn.

“He did. His dream was to return to you one day, proud and accomplished, bringing my mom and me with him.”

Tears welled up in Felicia’s eyes, spilling over like a dam finally giving way. She dabbed at them with trembling hands, her voice a tapestry of sorrow and regret.

“What a cruel twist of fate. What a pity.”

Rickey’s life had been cruelly cut short before he could realize his dreams. Felicia was left with the bitter truth that her understanding had come too late—when reconciliation was no longer an option.

Her gaze grew distant, fixed on memories only she could see. After a long silence, she spoke again, her voice barely above a whisper.

“Elyse, do you resent me? For how I treated you? For ignoring you? For failing to be the grandmother you deserved? Did I disappoint you?”

Elyse bit her lip, hesitating before replying. “To say it didn’t hurt would be a lie. But I never really had a grandmother’s love to lose. So, after a while, I just let it go.”

Felicia shook her head slowly, her voice heavy with contrition.

“My dear, I was wrong. I see that now. Please, don’t hold it against me. I’ll change.”

“Please don’t say that,” Elyse whispered, her tone soft but firm.

Chapter 1320:

The weight of memories overwhelmed Felicia, and tears flowed freely as the image of Rickey loomed in her mind—an ache that refused to fade.

Gradually, Elyse’s soothing words calmed her, like a balm on a long-standing wound.

For years, Felicia had banned all mention of the violin—Rickey’s passion. It was her way of silencing her grief, locking it away where it couldn’t torment her. But the walls she had built to contain her sorrow now felt like a cruel prison. Her pride had kept her from reaching out first, and her silence had cost her dearly.

Rickey was gone, and her stubbornness had become a bitter irony, a cruel jest that fate had played upon her. With Felicia’s emotions settled, Elyse broached the subject of the company shares once more.

Felicia patted Elyse’s head, her smile faint but genuine.

“The shares I hold—they were meant for your dad. I already gave your uncle’s portion to him years ago.”

Elyse’s brows knitted in confusion.

“My dad’s shares?”

Felicia nodded, her expression solemn yet resolute.

“Indeed. They were meant for him from the start. But when he left, the shares were still with me. Later, when your uncle took over the company, I handed him some shares. Yet, your father’s portion remained with me.” Her gaze wandered to the window, where the soft...

The green of fresh leaves danced in the breeze, painting a fragile picture of renewal. A wry, bitter chuckle escaped her lips.

“Why did I hold onto them? Perhaps I clung to a sliver of hope, a foolish dream that one day your dad would return. I imagined him standing here, pleading for a chance to reclaim his place in the family.”

But hope, like a mirage in the desert, had only mocked her. The years stretched into decades, and Rickey never returned. The only message that reached her was the devastating news of his untimely death, extinguishing that faint light forever.

A bitter smile curved Felicia’s lips.

“I came dangerously close to making a colossal mistake, almost handing the shares over to a heartless man. But now that you’re back, it’s only fitting that your dad’s shares go to you.”

Elyse’s expression shifted, her gaze distant as she pondered the words.

“But am I deserving of them?”

“The shares are modest, hardly enough to buy a seat at the boardroom table. Do you think they’re significant?” Felicia noticed Elyse’s hesitation and quickly added, “Thea and her cronies are far more interested in your uncle’s shares than these paltry ones.”

Relief flickered across Elyse’s face, as if a breeze had scattered the clouds.

“From the way Thea was acting, I thought these shares must have been worth a fortune.”

Felicia let out a soft laugh.