

Bound love 1321

Chapter 1321:

“She doesn’t have a clue how much I still hold. It’s her own wild guess that blew things out of proportion.”

With Felicia’s assurances, Elyse finally accepted her father’s shares. The two women lingered in the study, their conversation unfolding like an endless thread.

When a polite knock from the maid announced dinner, they reluctantly left their cozy corner and joined the dining table.

After the meal, Felicia bade Elyse goodbye, the reluctance clear in the wistfulness in her eyes. Though she wished Elyse could stay longer, commitments called.

With a heavy heart, she watched Elyse leave.

Pearce happily took the chauffeur’s seat, steering the car smoothly through the evening streets.

“So,” he began, a playful glint in his eye, “what kept you and Grandma talking all that time?”

Elyse paused, then replied thoughtfully, “We discussed her shares, my parents, and Thea.”

Pearce perked up like a hound catching a scent.

“And you didn’t call me in? I’ve got a mountain of dirt on Thea! I’d have spilled the tea all over Grandma’s fine china.”

Elyse shook her head, amused.

“If we’d known you had any juicy stories, we would’ve summoned you for sure. But we had no clue.”

Pearce groaned dramatically.

“What a waste! I spent the whole evening stuck talking golf with those dullards. Absolutely snooze-worthy!”

He grumbled under his breath all the way to Jayden’s doorstep, where he dropped Elyse off.

“Just seeing Jayden rubs me the wrong way. I’m outta here.”

Elyse waved him off with a smirk.

“Later, Pearce!”

Stepping inside, she was immediately greeted by the sight of Driscoll, flustered.

“What’s got you so worked up?” she asked, her eyebrow arched.

Driscoll nearly jumped at her voice, clearly not expecting her return so soon.

“Debora is here again,” he said carefully, his tone strained.

“This time, she’s declared she wants to move in.”

Elyse blinked in surprise.

“Move in? Why? Doesn’t she have her own place?”

Driscoll sighed, shaking his head.

“From what I gathered, she had a nasty fight with Jayden and went on a rampage. Smashed up a lot of things. I’ve got someone handling the cleanup now.”

Chapter 1322:

Elyse's face clouded as she walked further into the house. The scene in the living room was nothing short of chaos — glass shards glinting on the floor, furniture knocked askew, and the television sporting a gaping hole. Maids moved cautiously, sweeping up the debris with weary efficiency.

And there, standing amidst the wreckage, was Debora.

Elyse's frown deepened as her gaze locked onto the woman.

"What on earth are you doing? Is this your house? How can you just destroy things like this?"

Debora met Elyse's sharp tone with crossed arms and a defiant glare.

"I said I'd pay for it, didn't I? What's your problem? This might not be my house, but I'm Jayden's blood — his family. I have every right to be here. You, on the other hand, don't."

Elyse's lips twitched with amusement, though her eyes remained icy.

"Oh? And what are you planning to do about it? Kick me out?"

Fury flared in Debora's eyes, her voice rising.

"You're the one who killed my grandfather! What right do you have to stay here?"

Elyse arched a brow, her tone dripping with mockery.

"Oh, so you can't stand the sight of me? Then by all means, have me arrested! But humor me for a moment—why is it that, of all the Owen family members, they sent you to cause a scene? Surely, you think Enzo died a terrible death. Shouldn't you have been here long ago, baying for my blood? Or is it that the rest of your family is too unfilial to care?"

"You're crossing the line!" Debora snarled, her voice shaking with fury as she glared at Elyse, the urge to lash out almost unbearable. If looks could kill, Elyse would have been long gone.

Enzo had been many things—flawed, stubborn, even cruel—but he was still her grandfather. The thought of his killer walking free made her blood boil.

Just then, a cold voice sliced through the tension.

“That’s enough! Get out of here!”

Jayden descended the stairs, his expression stormy, his eyes burning with barely contained rage. At the sight of him, Debora’s bravado wavered, though she clenched her fists in an attempt to appear defiant.

“I’m not leaving,” she stammered, though her voice betrayed her unease. “Not unless you agree to what I want!”

Jayden’s lips curled into a cruel smirk.

“Are you trying to blackmail me?” His voice was low, deadly.

“Driscoll, take her out.”

Without hesitation, Driscoll summoned the bodyguards. They moved toward Debora, who fought against their grasp, her desperation growing with every step.

“Jayden! You can’t just abandon me like this!” she screamed, her voice cracking.

“You’re leaving me to die!”

Chapter 1323:

Elyse’s brows furrowed as she studied Jayden.

“Who’s going to die?”

“No one’s dying,” Jayden said with a dismissive shrug.

“She’s just being dramatic.”

“Jayden Owen!” Debora erupted, her voice trembling with fury.

“How can you be so heartless? The family faces a crisis, and you, a family member, should shoulder your responsibility!”

Elyse set her handbag on the sofa, curiosity piqued.

“A family as prestigious as yours... in trouble? That doesn’t make sense.”

Debora’s eyes flashed with indignation.

“You’re not part of the family. Stop meddling where you don’t belong! You have no right to judge us.”

Elyse merely rolled her eyes and settled onto the sofa.

Jayden crossed his arms, his smile holding a touch of mockery.

“You come to my house seeking help, yet here you are, throwing your weight around.”

“I’m not,” Debora protested, her lips quivering.

Jayden’s gaze shifted toward Elyse, his expression one of quiet admiration.

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“Debora, you claim Elyse has no right to judge? Funny. She’s probably the most qualified person in this room to do so.”

The ice in Jayden's stare dissolved Debora's arrogance like morning frost under the sun.

Her mind raced as she reminded herself to maintain composure.

The family desperately needed Jayden's intervention—the matter of Elyse's alleged crime would have to wait.

Swallowing her pride, Debora bowed her head.

“Jayden, the family is in dire straits. Please, let's put aside our differences and help us.”

Jayden settled beside Elyse, his voice steady.

“Why do they send you alone to persuade me? If your parents need assistance, they should show the proper respect.”

“As an Owen, isn't it your duty to help during hardships?” Debora's voice rose incredulously.

“What gives you the right to demand my parents come begging?”

Jayden found her naivety almost amusing.

In his eyes, the Owens were merely opportunists chasing their own interests.

Kason Owen, Debora's father, too proud to ask for help himself, had sent his daughter instead.

Success would benefit him; failure would fall on Debora's shoulders.

Yet she remained blind to this manipulation, believing she fought for family honor.

Jayden's voice cut through her delusions.

Chapter 1324:

“Debora, what makes you think you can sway me? Our shared blood? Do you truly believe we’re close enough for me to forgive and forget?”

His laughter held no warmth.

“Have you forgotten my notorious reputation?”

Debora’s face cycled through shades of fury and fear before she finally yielded.

“What must I do to secure your help—not for me, but for the Owen family?”

“I haven’t decided,” Jayden replied coolly.

“Currently, I have no inclination to assist. Your success depends entirely on what you’re willing to sacrifice.”

“That’s impossible!” Debora exploded.

“You’ll never help if we can’t meet your endless demands.”

Jayden spread his hands in a careless gesture.

“Feel free to seek help elsewhere. I’m not your only option.”

“But you’re family!” Debora protested.

“Outside help would bleed us dry!”

Understanding dawned on Elyse’s face.

“Ah, now I see. The Owen family’s in trouble, but outside help would mean vultures picking at your bones. You want Jayden’s free assistance under the guise of family obligation.” Her voice dripped with contempt.

“How shameless, using family ties to manipulate Jayden into free help.”

“Is it shameless to ask family for help?” Debora shot back.

“Despite everything, he’s still an Owen. He must help us!”

“Must he? I disagree.” Elyse’s voice turned sharp.

“Your opinion means nothing! You’re not family—stay out of this!” Debora’s composure cracked once more.

A smirk curved Elyse’s lips.

“Family or not, Jayden only listens to me. If I oppose, he won’t help.”

Jayden’s arm snaked around Elyse’s waist, his smile unmistakable.

“Precisely. If Elyse says no, that’s final.”

Debora stared at them, bewildered.

“Why would you listen to her? Aren’t you divorced?”

Jayden gestured toward Elyse, his expression earnest.

“I’m working to win her back.”

Debora fell silent, utterly perplexed by their relationship.

Jayden pressed his lips together, his expression firm.

“I’ve made myself clear. Whether you can meet my demands is your concern, not mine.”

“I get it. There’s no need to keep repeating yourself.” She felt a deep wave of disheartenment wash over her.

Chapter 1325:

Once again, she had failed to accomplish the task her parents had assigned.

Now, she had no choice but to relay Jayden’s impossible demands to them.

She could already picture their disappointment, their scornful words accusing her of incompetence.

Letting out a long, weary sigh, she glanced at Jayden and Elyse one last time before finally turning to leave.

After the door closed behind her, Elyse lowered her voice and commented softly, “She didn’t seem happy. It’s clear she didn’t want to leave empty-handed this time.”

Jayden smiled faintly, brushing a strand of hair away from her face.

“When has she ever been happy leaving this house? She’s been here twice, and I’ve denied her what she wanted.

The Owens are used to having everything their way. They think their name gives them the right to take whatever they want, regardless of others.”

Elyse studied him in silence for a moment.

Then, she said, “It’s amazing that you managed to break free from a family like that. You’ve built a life of your own.”

Jayden's smile softened, and his voice dropped as he said, "That's because I met you."

Elyse froze, her mind reeling.

For a moment, she thought she had misheard him.

Slowly, she lifted her gaze, meeting his deep, penetrating eyes.

The intensity in his expression sent an unfamiliar shiver through her.

It left her heart racing, and her breath caught in her throat.

Flustered, she quickly looked away, but Jayden wouldn't let her retreat.

He gently turned her face back to him, his tone severe yet tender.

"My past isn't what people imagine. It wasn't filled with privilege or luxury—it was suffocating, oppressive, and dark.

Knowing that, would you still choose to stay by my side?"

Elyse blinked in surprise, his words cutting deeper than she'd expected.

For the first time, she began to understand why Jayden's love had always felt so overwhelming, so consuming.

Love wasn't kind or nurturing in his family—it was power and control masked as affection.

Hierarchies and manipulation reigned supreme, disguised as devotion.

As he had learned, love wasn't about freedom or equality.

It was about possession—holding on tightly, never letting go, no matter the cost.

That was why he'd tried to control her before.

He didn't want her competing abroad because it was too far away, beyond his reach.

His need to protect her had morphed into a compulsion to keep her close, to confine her within his world.

Chapter 1326:

This was the distorted, suffocating, and flawed interpretation of love he had learned from his family.

Elyse's silence stretched on, and Jayden's unease began to surface.

The vulnerability in his eyes was palpable, and for the first time, she saw the depth of his fear.

He was terrified she would reject him.

Just as his anxiety was on the verge of overwhelming him, Elyse broke the silence.

"I already told you—I'm giving you a chance. You're still under my observation."

Jayden had prepared himself for rejection, but her words were a lifeline.

Relief washed over him, and before she could speak again, he seized the moment, pulling her down onto the sofa.

Elyse gasped, struggling to push him off.

"Are you insane? I said I'm evaluating you, not giving you free rein to act crazy!"

Jayden grinned mischievously.

“This is part of the evaluation. I need to prove myself in all aspects.”

Her jaw dropped in disbelief.

“Are you out of your mind? Get off me! This isn’t part of the test!”

“Of course it is,” Jayden replied.

“I’m going to be your husband one day. You need to assess me thoroughly, don’t you?”

“Ridiculous!” Elyse snapped, her face flushed with both anger and embarrassment.

“Get off me right now!”

But Jayden wasn’t backing down.

He held her with a mischievous grin, his movements deliberate and teasing.

Not far away, Driscoll and the maids stood awkwardly, unsure of what to do.

Finally, Driscoll cleared his throat and waved the maids away to give them some privacy.

Before leaving, he carefully closed the doors and curtains to ensure the couple would not be disturbed.

When she heard the doors click shut, Elyse’s embarrassment skyrocketed.

“Jayden!” she hissed, glaring at him.

They were in the living room!

“I must take advantage of the opportunity they’ve so kindly given us,” Jayden said with a mischievous grin.

“You’re unbelievable!” she snapped, kicking him in frustration.

“Stop blaming others for your shameless behaviour!”

Jayden raised an eyebrow, then caught her leg and pinned her down.

Her protests were cut short as Jayden’s hand slid under her skirt, his touch confident and teasing.

Elyse bit her lip, trying to stifle a soft moan.

Jayden’s eyes darkened as he held her close.

Chapter 1327:

“Don’t hold back.

I want to hear you.

Tell me how much you’re enjoying this.”

She looked up at him, her voice barely above a whisper.

“Are you mad? The maids might hear us!”

“They won’t.

They’ve gone to bed.

No one outside is listening”.

“You don’t know that!” Elyse shot back, her cheeks burning.

Jayden grinned.

“If you don’t believe me, let’s find out right now.” With that, he started to sit up, a mischievous gleam in his eyes.

Elyse watched, heart pounding, as Jayden rose to his feet, thinking the moment had passed.

But to her astonishment, he lifted her effortlessly by the hips.

Her breath caught and, in a flash of vulnerability, she instinctively wrapped her arms around him.

But as the position shifted, her body seemed to sink further, his unyielding presence pressing deeper into her.

A sharp gasp escaped her lips before she could stop it, only for Jayden to give her a playful slap, his voice light with mischief.

“You cry out as soon as I lift you.

My, how eager you’ve become.”

Frozen in place, Elyse dared not move, her every sensation fixated on the overwhelming pressure beneath her.

Shivering, she whispered in a trembling voice, “What are you planning? I don’t want to be like this.

Please, take me back.”

Jayden, his grin widening, met her gaze.

“What do you think I’m planning? I’m here to please you, darling, and believe me, I’ve worked hard for it.” He loosened his grip with a casual gesture.

Without his support, Elyse clung to him even tighter, but her strength was fading.

Slowly she sank further, her body reluctantly giving in to the pull.

The movement pleased him, but Elyse, caught between excitement and discomfort, felt as if the world was tilting beneath her.

She flinched as this unyielding presence pressed deeper, and in a soft but insistent voice she begged, “Please, no more. Hold me up.”

“I’m tired too, babe. Let me catch my breath,” Jayden teased, his eyes glittering with playful intent.

He patted her head gently before taking a few deliberate steps forward.

Each step sent a jolt of sensation through her, deepening the presence and making Elyse gasp with each movement.

Chapter 1328:

“Stop walking! Please, I can’t take it,” she begged, her voice strained with both pleasure and pain.

Jayden replied with mock seriousness, “I need to make sure no one is watching.

We can’t continue until I’m sure.”

“Forget the checking! Please, just stop! It’s too deep!” Elyse cried again, her voice breaking from the force of the sensation.

Jayden, his movements deliberate, added a slight bounce to each step, and by the time he reached the door, a trail of liquid had appeared on the floor, a silent testament to their earlier passion.

He pointed to it with a knowing smile.

“Don’t worry, babe.

By the time the maids come tomorrow, this will all be dry.”

Elyse’s face turned crimson with embarrassment and she wished the earth would swallow her whole.

But Jayden was far from done.

He opened the door, leaving a narrow gap.

Elyse’s eyes widened in shock.

“Don’t open the door! Have you lost your mind?”

Jayden, unperturbed, opened it wider.

As he had predicted, the maids were nowhere to be seen, resting.

Still trembling, Elyse was lost in the sensation, her mind a blur.

Seeing her dazed expression, Jayden leaned forward and planted a tender kiss on her cheek.

“Sweetheart, now that you know it’s safe, you can scream all you want.”

Although Elyse had not yet fully regained her senses, Jayden was more than patient.

He gripped her waist tightly and began to move with increasing intensity.

Elyse's breath caught and a scream ripped from her throat, as if her very soul was being lifted with each thrust, only to be brought back down with the same relentless force.

Caught in a whirlwind of sensation, she soon found herself overwhelmed, her mind and body completely consumed by the moment.

As she reached the peak of her pleasure, Jayden held her close, his hands soft on her back, offering a comfort that only deepened the intensity of their connection.

"Your voice, baby, it's like music to my ears.

I love you so much."

Although Elyse had been with Jayden countless times, nothing had ever been this exciting.

As the wave of sensation washed over her, fear gripped her and she cried out, tears streaming down her face.

"I don't want to be here.

I have to go back to my room.

Not here, please," she sobbed, her body still shaking in the aftermath.

Chapter 1329:

Jayden, sensing her distress, knew he couldn't push her any further.

Tempted as he was, he gently carried her back to the bedroom.

Once Elyse was on the bed, her trembling subsided and a sense of safety slowly returned to her.

Her emotions, once frayed, began to settle.

In a moment of clarity, she bit down on his shoulder, a wave of anger sweeping over her.

Jayden, understanding her need for release, let her vent without resistance.

The metallic taste of blood lingered in her mouth as she pulled away, her expression fierce and wounded.

“You enjoyed that, didn’t you? You like to play rough, don’t you? Admit it.”

Jayden leaned in shamelessly, his voice deep and sincere.

“I don’t like it.

I just like being with you.”

Elyse, her anger still simmering, moved to the other shoulder and bit him again, leaving another mark.

Jayden grinned and asked quietly, “Had enough? Feeling better? Now it’s my turn.”

And with that, he began another round of fervent movements, and Elyse soon realised that the price of these bite marks would be far greater than she had imagined.

Elyse slept soundly well into the afternoon, her body still aching from Jayden’s relentless pursuit the night before.

When she finally dragged herself out of bed, changed into fresh clothes, and made her way downstairs for lunch, she couldn’t bring herself to meet the eyes of the household staff.

There had been a time when Jayden’s boldness had no limits, but at least he had some semblance of decency when it came to the servants—always keeping his wild side in check around them.

Now, it seemed as though he had tossed all traces of shame to the wind.

As Elyse finished her meal, her phone buzzed, and Chloe's name flashed on the screen.

"I've got you a spot on the show!" Chloe's voice rang out with excitement.

"You'll join the show for three episodes, kicking things off as a challenger."

Elyse gave a quick nod.

"I don't care how many episodes I'm in or what role I play.

I just want to get on that stage."

"I know," Chloe replied with a chuckle.

"I've already set everything up.

I'll be over soon to get your promo shots. The show's tomorrow, so we need everything ready tonight."

Elyse's eyes brightened.

"That's so fast! Chloe, you're a genius.

I'm so lucky to have you as my agent."

Chapter 1330:

A smug little grin tugged at Chloe's lips, but she quickly wiped it away, settling back into her businesslike tone.

“Forty-five minutes. Be ready.”

“Got it. I’ll be all set when you arrive,” Elyse responded, feeling a surge of anticipation.

As she hung up, she made a beeline for her room, discarding her cozy loungewear in favor of something more polished.

Standing before the mirror, she took a long look at herself and noticed something different in her reflection.

There was a flicker of fire in her eyes, a quiet strength that hadn’t been there before.

She placed a hand on her chest, her pulse quickening as she realized what she truly wanted.

Determined to seize the moment, Elyse tossed aside any plans for a quiet day of rest and dove headfirst into her preparations, ready to conquer whatever came next.

The day of her face-off with Celeste had finally arrived.

Dressed in a sleek, simple black dress, Elyse stood backstage, eyes closed, focusing on the host’s voice as he went over the show’s opening lines.

As the announcement for the day’s featured challenger violinist rang out, Elyse slowly opened her eyes, took the violin Chloe handed her, and readied herself to step into the spotlight.

“Let’s welcome our challenger, Elyse Lloyd—”

With the violin in her grip, Elyse made her entrance.

She surveyed the judges’ table, her gaze locking with Celeste’s.

The shock in Celeste’s expression was unmistakable.

It was clear, Celeste hadn't expected Elyse to show up today.

Or, more accurately, she hadn't anticipated Elyse's audacity to stand before her, fully aware of the disdain she held for her.

She immediately labeled Elyse as foolish.

Taking a breath to steady herself, Celeste let out a cold, humorless laugh and grabbed the mic.

Cutting the host off, she directed her words to Elyse.

"Did you come here knowing how much I dislike you?"

Elyse answered with a simple, unwavering nod.

"Yes."

A sharp smirk tugged at Celeste's lips.

"Do you really think I'm going to give you a favorable score? I'd give a better rating to anyone else before you, including those who got in through connections."

Elyse met her gaze with quiet defiance, lifting her chin.

"Even if you gave everyone else a free pass, I'd still win with my own skill. Your prejudice can't touch me."

Celeste's laugh was full of disbelief.