

## Bound love 1451

Chapter 1451:

Chloe chimed in, “I’ve been saving my appetite all day for tonight.” With a chuckle, Victor led them to the buffet area.

As they savored the spread, conversation flowed easily among them.

Suddenly, Victor’s tone took a more serious turn. “So, have you thought about it? When do you plan to move out of Jayden’s place? You’re making a name for yourself as a musician, so money must be rolling in, right?”

Elyse hesitated before replying, “Not yet. I haven’t gotten my salary yet. Chloe says it gets settled every six months.”

Chloe nodded in confirmation. “Yep, three months left till the next one. But trust me, you’re pulling in way more than you did at the orchestra.”

Elyse’s eyes lit up. “Really?”

“That much?” The prospect of buying a house in Cambape suddenly seemed within reach.

She was so caught up in her excitement that she missed the shadow that crossed Victor’s face.

What kind of arrangement paid every six months? Was Jayden orchestrating this?

Victor, picking up on her enthusiasm, quickly interjected, “If you’re in a rush to find a place, I could help out. I’ve got a few properties. Pick one, and I’ll make sure you get a fair deal.”

Realizing his suggestion might have been forward, he quickly added, “Or I could just rent it to you for a steal.”

Elyse looked up, her gaze empty. “You really don’t have to fuss over me that much. I’ve got this.”

Victor realized he might be overdoing his concern. Clearing his throat to ease the tension, he conceded, “You’re right. I need to dial it back a bit.”

After a short pause, someone tapped Elyse on the shoulder. She turned, her face etched with surprise, and found Nick standing there.

Nick managed a weak smile and greeted her warmly, “Good evening, Elyse. Didn’t expect to bump into you here. Just wanted to drop by and say hello.”

Elyse, caught off guard by Nick’s gaunt appearance, let slip, “You look like you’ve shed pounds!”

Nick sighed. “I recently figured out that the competition I missed was sabotaged by Fiona Evans, not you. It’s been a real blow. All this time, my anger was aimed at the wrong person. I feel badly.”

Setting her utensils aside, Elyse stood and steered Nick away from Victor and Chloe.

Lowering her voice, she advised, “Misplaced anger is no reason to skip meals. You really have dropped a ton of weight. Just look at your face.”

Nick ran his hand over his face, feeling its sharp contours.

After a moment’s silence, he shared, “I’ve trained under Ms. Griffin for 20 years, who once clinched the Swan Cup. I wanted to snag that first place to show her all my efforts. But getting knocked out in the preliminaries? That stung. I’d been pinning all my hopes on the Swan Cup, put in all that practice, and then to bow out early—it’s just gut-wrenching.”

Elyse, understanding the root of his anguish, suggested, “Why not throw your hat in the ring for the next Swan Cup?”

Nick shook his head, his expression lined with pain. “I’m not even sure I can snag a spot in the Swan Cup in four years, much less make it to the finals.”

Elyse paused, then gently probed, “Have you lost your spark?”

## Chapter 1452:

“Maybe,” Nick confessed. “I just don’t have the heart to play the violin anymore.”

Elyse now saw the full extent of his turmoil. The bitter pill of leaving the last Swan Cup had left deep psychological scars.

Originally, his anger had been a crutch. But when he realized it was Fiona, not Elyse, who had sabotaged his chances, even that crutch crumbled. How was he to climb out of this pit of despair?

Nick concluded, “Look, don’t sweat it. It’s really nothing major. About those accusations I hurled at you earlier, I’m truly sorry. I’ve cleared the air online. I hope life treats you kindly and your future shines bright.”

With a heavy heart, Nick departed, his head hung low, his figure a portrait of disappointment and defeat.

Elyse wanted to say more, to ease his pain, but Nick was beyond reach.

With a resigned sigh, she sealed her lips and returned to her seat.

As she settled down, a deep sigh escaped her.

Chloe leaned in, her curiosity piqued. “What was that all about with Nick? He looks absolutely crushed.”

After Elyse shared the details, Chloe’s eyes softened with empathy. “Nick’s just lost right now, isn’t he? No drive to pull himself together.”

Elyse nodded in agreement, her brow furrowed with concern. “Exactly. He seems to have completely lost his passion for the violin.”

“What a mess that Fiona’s caused. Couldn’t compete fairly, so she wrecked other people’s chances. Makes you wonder if the others she messed with are as out of sorts as Nick,” Chloe mused with a heavy sigh.

Shaking her head, Elyse added, “It’s tough to say, but I heard one competitor even landed in the hospital because of her tricks.”

Chloe gasped, visibly appalled. “That’s just vile. How could someone be so heartless?”

Intrigued by the unfolding drama, Victor leaned forward. “Are there always such juicy stories in your music circles? Tell me more—I’m all ears about your world.”

Sparked by Victor’s interest, Elyse began to open up, her words flowing freely as Victor hung on every word.

Chloe was initially caught up in the tale too, until she noticed something odd about Victor’s gaze. Why did his look feel so strange?

Elyse had been indulging in gossip so tirelessly that her throat felt like a desert. She grabbed a glass of water and drank deeply, the cool liquid bringing relief to her parched throat.

Victor, his eyes twinkling with amusement, inquired, “So, any more intriguing tales? The drama within your circle is absolutely captivating!”

With a dismissive wave of her hand, Elyse sighed. “No, that’s it for me. I’m completely spent. And starving—my stomach’s practically screaming.”

Chloe, her brow furrowed with concern, suggested, “Why don’t you take a little break? Your lips are all cracked. Let’s grab something to eat, and I can apply some lip balm for you afterward.”

Elyse nodded, acknowledging the suggestion, and picked up her fork with a sense of relief.

Victor lingered beside Elyse for a bit longer but was eventually drawn away by an acquaintance, leaving the two women alone to enjoy their meal.

Chloe delicately bit into a slice of cake and, after a brief pause, ventured, “What exactly is your relationship with Victor? He seems exceptionally attentive toward you.”

## Chapter 1453:

Without raising her eyes from her meal, Elyse explained, “He’s a friend of my cousin Pearce’s. Pearce asked him to take care of me, so he includes me in all the fun events.”

“Ah, I get it now,” Chloe responded, a realization lighting up her face. “That explains his keen interest.” With a playful tone, she teased, “Just make sure Jayden doesn’t see how caring he is. He might start to feel a bit jealous.”

Elyse looked up, her expression a mix of surprise and curiosity. “Really? Do you think it’s gotten that serious?”

“Difficult to say definitively,” Chloe admitted, her voice tinged with uncertainty. “But Jayden can be rather territorial. If he hears about someone else treating you with such kindness, he’d be seething.”

Elyse opened her mouth to reply, then halted abruptly, struck by a sudden insight.

Recently, Jayden had seemed oddly unsettled after bumping into Victor. Could it really be jealousy stirring within him?

As this thought took root, it seemed increasingly likely.

Elyse pushed her plate away and stood up, glancing at her watch. “Look at the time! We should head over to the auction, shouldn’t we?”

Chloe’s eyes sparkled with excitement. “Absolutely! I’ve never been to one before. I’m itching to snag a treasure.”

As they walked, Elyse playfully hooked her arm through Chloe’s. “Catch your eye on something tempting? Consider it yours.”

With a theatrical lean, Chloe’s voice was warm and teasing. “Darling, with your company, who even needs a man?”

Elyse's laughter rang out, light and teasing. "Oh, come on, you need to snag a good one for yourself. Isn't Jayden a bit daunting?"

Chloe's teasing smile faded immediately. The thought of going after Jayden's woman was unthinkable to her.

They found their seats at the auction, buzzing with anticipation. Moments later, Elyse's gaze was drawn to a man and a woman settling into the row ahead.

As Elyse's eyes lingered on their backs, something about them felt oddly familiar. Then the woman shifted, revealing her profile, and Elyse's heart skipped a beat—she recognized her at once.

Chloe, picking up on Elyse's startled expression, leaned in with a worried frown. "What's up? You look like you've seen a ghost."

Pointing subtly, Elyse's voice was a low murmur. "Over there—that's Freda Jimenez."

Before Chloe could even ask about Freda, Elyse's expression crumbled further.

"What's troubling you now?" Chloe inquired, her brow furrowing in concern.

"And the man accompanying her... it's Gavin Cramer. What could they possibly be doing together? Don't tell me they are..." Elyse's voice tapered off, her suspicion too disturbing to fully articulate.

Gavin and Freda's romance had been a fleeting affair, dissolving almost as swiftly as it had sparked. Subsequently, Elyse had discreetly probed Gavin about his feelings toward Freda, only to have him dismissively say that Freda had been the one fervently chasing him. After that dismissal, Elyse dismissed any notion of their compatibility. But somehow, they had both ended up at the same charity auction.

Elyse's expression shifted uneasily, flickering between curiosity and confusion, as her gaze darted repeatedly between Gavin and Freda. She bit her lip, desperate to make sense of the connection.

Chapter 1454:

Freda appeared deeply engaged, in stark contrast to Gavin, who maintained a calm distance, seemingly creating a deliberate space between them.

As the auction commenced, Chloe grabbed the auction catalog and excitedly pointed to an item. “Look at this—a two-hundred-year-old violin! Such a rarity! Thought it might catch your interest.”

Elyse accepted the catalog and scanned the description. “An instrument like this violin really needs a true musician to appreciate its worth. Most people wouldn’t even know how to handle it.”

Chloe, tapping her chin thoughtfully, whispered, “Which suggests, if we put in a bid, we stand a good chance at snagging it.”

Elyse passed the bidding paddle to Chloe. “Go for it. No holding back.”

Chloe’s grin widened mischievously. “Living it up,” she exclaimed. “Who would’ve thought it could be this thrilling?”

“I thought you might enjoy a taste of it,” Elyse responded, her smile twinkling.

As the auctioneer announced the violin, Chloe lifted her paddle with confidence.

But almost immediately, Freda, too, raised hers, sparking a fierce bidding duel between them.

Elyse glanced at Freda, a faint memory surfacing about her family’s ties to the music industry, which probably explained her interest in the violin.

Chloe was dead set on bagging the violin for Elyse, engaging in a fierce bidding duel with Freda.

The price skyrocketed from 300 thousand to 800 thousand as the two locked horns, flirting dangerously close to a million.

Adding another ten thousand to the pot, Chloe turned to Elyse in frustration. “Is she just trying to mess with us? Why does she keep hiking the price?”

Elyse simply held her peace.

Unaware that she was up against Elyse, Freda's actions spoke of her determination to win the violin, no matter the price.

After a tense moment, Elyse nodded slightly and said, "It's fine. Keep going."

Just then, Freda upped the ante to a cool million.

Chloe's face fell. "A million? Didn't she just bump it from 820 thousand? How did she leap straight to a million?"

Elyse squeezed Chloe's hand and murmured, "Let it go. If she's that hung up on it, let's step back."

Relieved, Chloe exhaled deeply. She had started the auction feeling like a big shot, but as the stakes climbed, so did her anxiety, fearing she might bankrupt herself in this high-stakes game.

By the time the gavel fell for the last item, Elyse had not won the violin or anything else. Exiting the auction and stepping into the banquet hall, Elyse ran into Gavin and Freda.

Freda was clutching her prized violin, yet her attention was fixed on Gavin, who seemed oblivious to her intense gaze.

Watching their interaction, Elyse couldn't help but tease Gavin. "Gavin, are you two on a date?"

A flicker of hope danced in Freda's eyes as Gavin coolly replied, "We just bumped into each other. I had no idea you'd be here, or I would've looked for you."

Freda quickly chimed in, "Actually, we came together."

Chapter 1455:

Gavin, a bit irked, said, "Hold on, choose your words wisely. You found out I was coming and popped up at my place way too early."



Surprised, Elyse raised an eyebrow. “I don’t even know where you live, Gavin, but Freda does. So, you two...”

Cutting her off, Gavin explained, “It’s because our parents met at a function, and her family’s been over to my place. That’s how she knows.”

Elyse nodded, trying to piece everything together.

Freda, clearly frustrated, shot back, “It’s so obvious I have feelings for you. Why do you act clueless whenever Elyse is around? Even your parents are aware I’m into you. Can’t you throw me a bone here?”

Gavin responded firmly, “My stance is clear—I’m not interested. But you keep ignoring that.”

Undeterred, Freda insisted, “I won’t accept that. I’ll keep trying. You might change your mind eventually.”

Gavin was at a loss for words, caught off-guard by her persistence.

Elyse, eyes wide with disbelief, turned to Gavin. “What’s this all about? Freda’s chasing you now? Isn’t that a bit out there?”

She recalled how Freda used to be smitten with Theo. When did her affections shift to Gavin?

Gavin hesitated, then exhaled deeply. “I’ll fill you in later. I just want to head home now.”

Freda quickly volunteered, “Let me drive you.”

Gavin’s face hardened as he declined, “I have my own car.”

Undaunted, Freda suggested, “Then how about you drive me?”

“Where’s your driver?” Gavin asked.

“I sent him home. Since you’ve got a car, I figured I’d just ride with you,” Freda replied, her voice tinged with a plea. “It’s so late. You wouldn’t want me to take a cab, would you? It would be dangerous.”

Gavin remained unimpressed by her theatrics. “If you’re avoiding a cab, call your driver back. We’re not headed the same way. You need to sort your own ride.”

Freda’s plan had backfired, leaving her visibly upset. She had dismissed her driver hoping for more time with Gavin.

As Gavin quickly said his goodbyes to Elyse and made his exit, Freda tagged along closely, worried he might slip away.

Left behind, Elyse shook her head in disbelief. “That’s so odd. Freda’s really latched onto Gavin. Has she completely forgotten about Theo?”

Chloe, who had been listening, chimed in, “You mean Gavin Cramer? He is pretty cute.”

Elyse couldn’t help but beam with pride. “Absolutely. He’s not just a looker; he’s a virtuoso with the violin, way better than me. And yes, he’s got a whole fan club to his name.”

Victor tiptoed behind Elyse to whisper in her ear. “Who’s handsome? More charming than me?”

Startled, Elyse spun around, clutching her chest. “Why do you always sneak up on people? You nearly gave me a heart attack!”

Unfazed by her irritation, he crossed his arms and cocked an eyebrow. “Who’s the guy? The one you were just chatting with. He doesn’t look familiar.”

Chapter 1456:

Elyse sighed, clearly exasperated. “Of course, you don’t know him. He’s my senior—my mentor’s first student. He’s been abroad and only just got back.”

Victor's brow lifted slightly. "Oh, your senior?"

Then, as if interrogating a suspect, he pressed on. "Does he have a girlfriend? How does he treat you? You're just friends, right?"

Elyse gaped at him. "What kind of questions are those? Of course, we're just friends!"

Chloe, who had been observing quietly, gently tugged on Elyse's hand, leaning in to whisper, "It's getting late. Should we head back?"

Elyse seized the opportunity. "Yes, we should. I'm heading home with Chloe. Enjoy the rest of your evening."

"Let me drive you home," Victor's face softened as he offered.

But before Elyse could respond, Chloe interjected with a polite but firm smile. "No need, Mr. Hayes. As Elyse's manager, it's my responsibility to take her home. But thank you for the kind offer."

"Exactly," Elyse added, backing Chloe's words with a firm nod. "We've got it covered."

The faintest flicker of disappointment crossed Victor's face before he forced a tight smile. "Alright, then. Be careful on your way. Message me when you get home."

Elyse frowned at him, half in confusion, half in disbelief. "Why so overprotective? Even my cousin doesn't treat me like a child."

Victor shrugged nonchalantly. "That's because he doesn't know how to be a caring cousin. He should learn from me."

Elyse didn't dignify his twisted logic with a response, muttering only, "Goodnight, Victor," before walking out of the banquet hall with Chloe.

Once outside, Chloe buckled herself into the car and glanced at Elyse. "Don't forget to text Mr. Owen when we're home."

“Got it,” Elyse replied, pulling out her phone. She glanced at Chloe with a small smile. “I’ll text Jayden. And don’t worry, I’ll tell him you were a perfect escort tonight.”

Chloe laughed. “As long as he’s happy, my job stays easy.”

Elyse chuckled before typing a quick text to update Jayden about the night. She added a quick question about how things were going in Watscar before hitting send.

That morning, Jayden’s flight touched down in Watscar. Without delay, he headed straight to Owen Group headquarters. The tension in the air was palpable.

The Owen Group faced a crisis. Their long-time rival, the Happer family, had exploited a moment of vulnerability, rallying shareholders to demand Brook’s resignation as the company’s executive.

Shareholders were defecting, swayed by the Happer family’s aggressive maneuvers.

Brook was the executive, but he wasn’t the Owen family patriarch—he had never wanted it. But after Enzo’s death, and with no one else to take the reins, leadership fell into his reluctant hands.

Now, with shareholders defecting and the Happers circling like vultures, he sat at the head of the conference table, cold and stone-faced. His hands were clasped under his chin, his eyes scanning the faces of shareholders and executives, all gathered for a high-stakes meeting.

Casper Happer leaned back in his chair, his smug grin stretching wide. “So, Brook, do you agree to our proposal?”

Chapter 1457:

Brook coolly spread his hands on the table. “The meeting hasn’t started. I’ll give you an answer when it does.”

Casper snorted. “Oh, spare me the theatrics. We both know you have no choice but to sign.”

Brook's glare would have cut glass. "As long as I refuse, you've got nothing."

Casper's smirk widened, his tone turning mockingly sympathetic. "Oh, Brook. Refuse all you want, but your family is running out of time. Without our help, the Owen Group collapses. Isn't this the legacy your grandfather left behind? Pathetic. A broken empire. Even in death, that old man's legacy is nothing but a burden. Convenient for us though."

The mention of the deceased Enzo immediately darkened the atmosphere in the room, causing Brook's expression to harden. "Casper Happer, watch your damned mouth," he snapped sharply. "This isn't the place for your disrespect."

Casper responded with a mocking chuckle. "Still trying to lecture me? The tables have turned. Instead of begging for mercy, you dare to try and give me a lesson?"

Brook retorted with a sneer. "Even at our lowest point, the Owen family remains a formidable presence. What are you? Just a lapdog to your master."

Angered, Casper's face turned crimson. He slammed his hand down on the table. "Enough! If you can't find a solution, then it's time for you to step down! The Owen Group needs a new leader, someone who can actually inspire confidence."

The decline of the Owen family had left the shareholders restless, their investments now seemingly at risk. They didn't care about the family ties. They were only concerned with their profits.

Brook said coolly, "The deadline hasn't passed yet. Why are you so anxious?"

"Still waiting for a savior?" Casper scoffed. "Things have gone too far. Who would help you now? Even your own family has practically disowned you!"

Casper's eyes sparkled with malicious glee. "It's ironic, isn't it? The Owen family was once so high and mighty. But now, when real trouble hits, they all turn into cowards, and no one is willing to take responsibility. In that sense, Brook, you're actually the most responsible one here."

Brook remained unflinching. "You have no right to judge us."

Casper burst out laughing, his tone harsh. “Still playing tough, even when you’re about to lose everything? Just sign the papers and be done with it!”

At that moment, the conference room door swung open. A smooth voice apologized, “Sorry, everyone, my flight was delayed.”

All eyes in the room snapped toward the newcomer, their expressions filled with shock and disbelief.

“It’s—it’s Jayden Owen! What’s he doing here?” someone murmured in surprise.

“He’s no longer part of the Owen family. Why is he here? Is he here to save the Owen Group?” another speculated.

“If he supports the Owen family, wouldn’t that change everything?” a third whispered.

The room was abuzz with speculation, the seemingly stable situation now thrown into chaos by Jayden’s unexpected entrance.

Casper stared at Jayden, incredulous. He slammed his hand on the table, his voice rising. “You despise the Owen family! What are you doing here? Don’t tell me you’re here to bail them out!”

Jayden gave Casper a cool look and walked past him to sit at the head of the table, commanding everyone’s attention.

Chapter 1458:

He snapped his fingers, and an assistant quickly placed a document on the table. “Let’s end this charade, shall we? As the majority shareholder of the Owen Group, I have the authority to make decisions.”

Casper objected immediately, his voice thick with disbelief. “Impossible! You can’t possibly own that much of the shares. Even Enzo only held fifteen percent!”

“That’s correct. The rest were distributed among various shareholders,” Jayden replied smoothly. “I have now acquired all those shares, holding forty-two percent.”

Casper retorted, “Even with that, you don’t have the deciding vote!”

Jayden narrowed his eyes. “I wasn’t finished. When did you get the right to interrupt me?”

He continued, “With Enzo’s shares now in my possession, I control considerably more than forty-two percent.”

“The Owen family despises you,” Casper argued desperately. “They would never give you their shares!”

Jayden met Casper’s gaze with an inscrutable expression. After a brief silence, Casper’s realization dawned, and he turned to Brook. “It was you!” he accused. “You gave your shares to him! How could you? You despise him more than anyone!”

Brook, who had been calm since Jayden’s arrival, watched Casper with amusement.

“Jayden and I might not see eye to eye, and everyone knows we’re adversaries. But when it concerns the bigger picture, we both understand what’s important. We remember that we are family,” he explained calmly.

He paused, letting his words resonate. “Casper,” he then added sternly, “now you are the enemy we stand united against.”

Casper was stunned. Victory had seemed so certain, but Jayden’s appearance had completely turned the tide.

Ignoring Casper, Jayden addressed the other shareholders. “The Owen Group is facing a serious crisis, and I am aware that this stems from past errors within the company. I understand your concerns and dissatisfaction. Therefore—”

He signaled, and his assistant quickly distributed documents to the shareholders, pointedly excluding Casper.

“This is my plan for the Owen Group,” Jayden declared. “If you support it, then as the majority shareholder, I will rightfully assume the position of chairman of the board.”

Casper broke into a cold sweat, bewildered by the sudden turn of events. His thoughts raced until realization dawned. It was Brook who had arranged the timing of today’s meeting.

“You orchestrated this!” Casper said, shock written all over his face. “You chose this time deliberately!”

“Precisely,” Brook responded, unflustered, his legs crossed and a trace of amusement in his voice. “It was crucial to give Jayden the chance to secure shares from the small investors.”

“And securing those shares,” Jayden chimed in, “has cost me a small fortune.”

Casper staggered, pointing an unsteady finger at Jayden. “Why are you helping the Owen Group? Why support Brook? Don’t you remember how your unborn child passed away? By supporting Brook, you’re betraying your child!”

Jayden’s expression turned steely, his tone cold. “Casper Happer, that was uncalled for.”

Casper’s gaze hardened. “You’ll regret this.”

Chapter 1459:

“The shareholders’ meeting is about to start,” Jayden said coldly. “We’re going to outline the company’s future plans. Casper, you’re neither part of the Owen Group’s staff nor a shareholder. You have no place here.”

Casper held Jayden’s stare, a mysterious smile curling at his lips. Then, silently, he turned and walked away.

Three hours later, every device belonging to an Owen Group employee lit up with an alert. The notification heralded a substantial capital infusion that had rescued the company from collapse, introducing a new majority shareholder.



“Jayden’s taken charge!”

“Thank heavens! Jayden’s back! We’re saved! Our jobs are secure!”

“They should have never replaced him. Under his leadership, the company succeeded. Ever since he stepped down, it’s been one problem after another.”

A tide of relief and celebration swept through the staff, while the rest of the Owen family was far from pleased.

Greg was the first to react, storming into the chairman’s office. “Jayden, you’re no longer part of this family! What are you doing here? Leave!”

Inside the office, Brook scowled at Greg’s outburst. “Who let you in? Leave. You have no authority here.”

“Brook, how could you allow this?” Greg challenged, his voice filled with disbelief. “You’re the CEO! How did you let Jayden reclaim not just a position but the chairmanship? You have utterly failed to protect the company!”

Jayden interrupted with a raised hand before Brook could reply, a mischievous sparkle in his eyes. “Apart from Greg,” he teased, his tone edged with provocation. “Does anyone else oppose my return as chairman? Let’s bring them in now.”

“Alright! I’ll gather everyone, and we’ll take care of you, you ungrateful little brat!”

Greg’s initial reluctance turned into resolve, fueled by the opportunity to confront Jayden in front of the clan elders. Notably, Jayden and Brook typically wielded more clout among their peers, whereas Greg had less influence—less than even Debora.

Soon, the office buzzed with the arrival of the Owen clan’s members, summoned by Greg.

Jayden scanned the room, noticing the missing faces. Those absent had their roles within the company secured, regardless.

With a practiced yet hollow smile, Jayden said, “Pleasant to see everyone.”

The clan members had already caught wind of the situation and were fully aware that Jayden had single-handedly saved Owen Group from the edge of disaster.

Yet, the company’s salvation didn’t necessarily mean they welcomed his ascent to chairman.

There were shared looks of discomfort before an elder man voiced his concerns. “Jayden, while we appreciate your intervention during the crisis, your assumption of the chairmanship at such a young age is quite unconventional, wouldn’t you agree?”

Jayden recognized their tactic: exploit his capabilities and then discard him.

After Enzo’s death, Owen Group had been left without direction, spiraling into chaos and on the verge of collapse. No one was willing to step up and take charge, unwilling to bear the heavy responsibility.

Brook had been used as their sacrificial lamb, pushed into the CEO role to bear the brunt of the inevitable fallout. Failure would be blamed on him; success would lead to a superficial acknowledgment before they stripped away his influence.

Chapter 1460:

Jayden had long understood the Owens’ schemes, which had solidified his initial resolution to leave.

A slight, deceitful smile appeared on his face as he smoothly said, “There seems to be some confusion. I was elected chairman by the shareholders. You lack the authority to challenge this. Moreover...”

His smile faded, replaced by a firm resolve as he scanned the room. “I suggest you gather your belongings and leave. Your severance will be handled by the finance department.”

“You want to fire us? Don’t you know we’re your relatives?” someone yelled, slamming their hand on the table in front of Jayden.

Jayden responded with composure, “Yes, I know exactly who you are. You’re the ones who have been challenging my leadership as chairman. As employees, your defiance clearly crosses the line.”

He then turned to Brook and commanded, “Fire them all. Additionally, it’s time for a major restructuring. Let’s clear out the incompetent ones.”

“Jayden Owen, how dare you!” another exclaimed in outrage.

“If you fire us, we will disown you!” one threatened.

“You better take that back and say it was just a joke.”

Jayden, scratching his ear in irritation, retorted, “You’ve never contributed anything of value to Owen Group, yet you parade around as if you run the company. That’s enough. Pack your things and leave. I don’t have time to entertain you.”

Realizing Jayden was serious, someone turned to Brook and asked, “Brook, do you also support Jayden as chairman?”

Brook, understanding the mindset of these people who had made him the temporary CEO, knew well the dynamics of power within the company. As the CEO, he was second only to Jayden in influence.

He recognized that having Jayden as chairman was preferable to these old clan members seizing control.

Thus, he responded stoically, “Jayden’s appointment as chairman was decided by several shareholders. If you object, rally the shareholders and call a general meeting to remove him. Without that, you cannot alter this decision.”

“You’re just as stubborn!” the inquirer retorted, dumbfounded.

Another person, clearly harsh, asked, “You and Jayden have always been rivals since childhood. How does it feel to have him ranking above you now?”

Brook shifted his gaze to the speaker and replied, “I was the one who persuaded Jayden to step in and rescue Owen Group. I orchestrated this outcome. Of course I’m fine with him ranking above me.”

Everyone realized that Jayden and Brook had engineered the scenario to their advantage, positioning themselves as the primary beneficiaries.

Jayden then added, “Alright, stop lingering here. Get on with what you need to do and prepare to leave.”

The group exited, muttering complaints.

Greg remained, dumbfounded, watching Jayden. He couldn’t fathom how Jayden had emerged unscathed, even after the involvement of the clan members. Now, it was he who was on the brink of being dismissed.

Jayden looked at Greg, his lips curling into a taunting smile. “Do you have any other schemes up your sleeve to try and oust me?”

Greg felt a surge of anger and wanted to lash out at Jayden, but the realization of Jayden’s power restrained him. He worried about Debora’s position within the company. Would his actions jeopardize her job too?