

Bound love 1571

Chapter 1571:

A pregnant pause followed before Rebecca spoke again, her determination evident in every syllable. “Alright, I’ll wait for you.” After ending the call, Elyse stared at her phone, her face carefully arranged into a mask of indifference. “Doesn’t she realize how obvious she’s being?”

Jayden, hearing this, teased, “She’s afraid that you won’t go and ruin her plans.”

Elyse snorted, a gleam of satisfaction in her eyes. “Let’s head home first and leave her in suspense for a few days.”

They gathered their luggage and made their way to the airport, leaving Cody behind.

Cody also planned to return home, but would follow a few days later.

Once settled on the plane, exhaustion overtook Elyse, pulling her into a deep slumber. Since making her decision, Rickey had stopped visiting her dreams.

Each time she stirred awake, an aching emptiness gnawed at her heart, as if her encounters with her father had been nothing more than wisps of imagination.

Noticing her melancholy, Jayden’s voice softened with warmth. “Although he didn’t appear again, he will still watch you and protect you.”

Elyse nodded, unable to shake the weight of sadness from her shoulders.

The moment they touched down in Watscar and made it home, Brook burst through their door.

Jayden’s eyebrow arched at Brook’s distressed expression. “What happened?”

“It’s Jennie. I can’t reach her,” Brook explained, pacing the living room like a caged animal.

“Jennie?” Elyse’s brow furrowed in confusion.

“She is Brook’s girlfriend,” Jayden clarified, “and will most likely become his wife in the future.”

Elyse’s eyes widened with delight as she covered her mouth, barely containing her excitement.

“You’re in a relationship?”

Brook’s words hung in the air, tangled with uncertainty. “She’s not exactly…”

A knowing smirk played across Jayden’s lips. “If she’s not, then why does it matter if you can’t reach her? Just let her be.” Brook’s silence spoke volumes.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, he lifted his gaze, vulnerability seeping into his voice. “I really do like her.”

“If you like her, then just admit it,” Elyse’s gentle laughter brightened the room. “Why are you so reluctant?”

Brook pressed his lips together, saying nothing.

“Let me explain,” Jayden intervened, his tone measured. “In the Owen family, admitting you like something—or someone—is considered shameful. We are born into privilege and shouldn’t desire anything more.”

Disbelief colored Elyse’s features. “Isn’t that turning you into robots?”

“Exactly like robots,” Jayden confirmed with a grim nod.

“Especially since Jennie is just an ordinary person.” Brook’s words carried the weight of resignation.

Understanding dawned in Elyse’s eyes. “Because you know your family would never accept her, so you didn’t dare to make your relationship public, nor did you dare to admit that you liked her.”

Chapter 1572:

Brook's troubled nod hung heavy in the silence.

Beside him, Elyse frowned, words of comfort dying on her lips before they could form.

With a weary sigh, Brook turned to Jayden, his voice laden with barely contained frustration. "You promised me you'd rescue Jennie. But since then, you never gave me any news about her, nor told me where she was."

"I know where she is," Jayden replied carefully, measuring each word, "but I can't act right now. She's currently under the Bates family's control. Although her freedom is restricted, her life isn't in danger."

Brook's eyes widened. "The Bates family? Where is she exactly? I need to find her!"

Watching anxiety ripple across Brook's features, Elyse stepped in. "Don't get too worked up. If Jayden hasn't acted, it means rescuing her isn't easy."

Brook collapsed into a nearby chair, raking his fingers through his hair in frustration. "What should I do?"

Jayden observed his cousin with a mixture of pity and disdain, noting how love had stripped away his composure. "How is Corrie doing now?"

At the mention of Corrie, disgust twisted Brook's features. "What else? She's pressuring me to marry her."

His voice grew bitter as he continued, "When Grandpa was alive, she worked for him, made quite a spectacle of herself, and curried favor with several key clan members. Now, those who once accepted her ignore her. She doesn't want to lose her former glory, so she's determined to cling to me at all costs."

A calculating look crossed Jayden's face as he considered the situation. "I know a solution. Soon, you'll be able to see Jennie."

Brook's face clouded with confusion. "What sort of solution do you have in mind?"

Jayden leaned back, a faint smile curling his lips as he crossed his legs. "Simple—find yourself a new girlfriend."

Brook blinked, baffled. After a moment, he sighed. "I'm asking for serious advice, Jayden. Could you not joke around?"

Jayden met his gaze steadily. "I'm not joking. I mean it. Make it public—loud and clear—so that everyone knows about it. That'll pull Corrie's attention entirely toward your new girlfriend."

Brook frowned. "But why?"

Jayden leaned forward, his tone calm yet calculating. "Corrie's holding Jennie hostage because you refuse to marry her. She's convinced you're still carrying a torch for Jennie. If you show her that you've moved on, her obsession might wane. She might even release Jennie, hoping Jennie will bait you back."

Brook's expression shifted as understanding dawned. "That's a clever gambit. You're sharper than I gave you credit for."

Jayden smirked. "Corrie's ambitions are as transparent as glass. She's all about climbing the social ladder."

Brook stood, a plan forming in his mind. "I'll take care of it today. I'll find someone willing to play along."

Chapter 1573:

"Make sure she's someone Corrie sees as a genuine threat," Jayden advised, his tone firm.

Brook nodded, grabbed his laptop, and strode out the door.

Once Brook left, Jayden returned to the living room, only to find Elyse watching him, her gaze sharp as a blade.

The ease in Jayden's demeanor vanished instantly. Sitting beside her, he asked carefully, "What's wrong? Did I say something to upset you?"

Elyse's eyes narrowed, her voice dripping with irony. "You know Corrie so well. Funny how I never noticed that before."

Jayden's heart sank. "That's not what I meant."

Elyse cut him off. "You understand her so thoroughly, but somehow, you couldn't understand me? Or was it just that you didn't want to?"

"It's not like that, darling. Let me explain."

Elyse shot him a cold look before rising and retreating upstairs without another word.

Jayden looked to Driscoll, who was sitting nearby.

Driscoll cleared his throat. "Don't just sit there. Go fix this before it gets worse."

Jayden quickly followed Elyse upstairs. But he was a step too late. The bedroom door slammed shut, the sound echoing like a gavel sealing his fate. He tried the handle, but it was locked.

He sighed, frustration swirling around him like a storm cloud. Recalling Peyton's advice—"Never let your wife stew in anger; resolve it right away"—Jayden racked his brain for a plan.

Moments later, he headed to the yard.

Meanwhile, Elyse was in the bathroom, the sound of running water masking her simmering anger. Suddenly, faint noises broke through the stillness of the room. She paused, turning off the water. Wrapped in her towel, she stepped out cautiously.

Scanning the room, she saw nothing amiss, but when her gaze landed on the open window, unease prickled her skin. She distinctly remembered leaving it shut.

Approaching it warily, she muttered, “Must’ve been the wind.” The moment she closed the window, a pair of hands seized her, pulling her back toward the bathroom.

Elyse gasped, her voice caught in her throat. A hand clamped gently over her mouth before she could scream. In the next instant, her towel slipped, and she felt a sharp tug as Jayden lifted one of her legs.

“Ouch!” she cried, her voice trembling with both irritation and recognition. “Jayden, must you be so rough?”

Jayden chuckled, his tone teasing. “I wanted to be gentle, but you’re just too irresistible. How could I hold back?”

Elyse’s eyes blazed with indignation. “No! It hurts. Stop!”

“Just this once, sweetheart,” he murmured, his grip firm yet tender. “Trust me. I’ll make it worth your while.”

Chapter 1574:

Tears welled in Elyse’s eyes as her body trembled. “You’re impossible. You understand other women so well, yet here you are, ignoring how...”

“I feel!”

In his fervor, Jayden pressed on, oblivious to her protests until it was too late.

Afterward, Elyse lay trembling, tears streaming silently down her cheeks.

Seeing her cry, Jayden’s heart twisted with guilt. He held her gently, his voice soft with remorse. “Sweetheart, you’re so captivating. I couldn’t help myself. Please, forgive me. It won’t happen again.”

Elyse felt aggrieved as she spoke. “I have no right to be angry, do I? You just don’t get me. You even know Corrie better.”

Jayden tried to be gentler, knowing full well that Elyse was too fragile for more intensity right now.

As he moved, he suggested, “Let’s drop the topic of Corrie. I can’t stand her. Let’s just focus on us.”

Elyse snorted coldly, her sense of injury growing.

Realizing he had pushed too far, he quietly turned on the water in the bathtub.

A soft, sweet moan escaped her as his movements gently teased her. Restlessness stirred within her, and she instinctively arched her back, craving more, yet he kept his restraint.

Her anxiety slowly built up.

She questioned, clearly upset, “Don’t you love me anymore? Are you just messing with me?”

Jayden responded with calculated care, “You said it was painful before, so I’m taking it easy. Doesn’t that show I care?”

Elyse found herself speechless, her thoughts drifting to a more intense moment they had shared before.

Meanwhile, Jayden seemed to be waiting for her to speak up. Despite his discomfort, he waited, wanting her to verbalize her desires.

At last, Elyse relented, her voice muffled as she said, “I want you to… go faster.”

Her words were barely audible.

“What was that?” Jayden asked. “Can you repeat that?”

Flustered, Elyse blushed deeply and whispered, “Please, don’t drag it out. It’s getting awkward.”

Yet Jayden, sensing her concession, prodded further. “Come on, speak up. I didn’t catch that.”

Struggling to articulate her needs, Elyse finally reached her limit and exclaimed, “I want you to fuck me hard!”

Her voice echoed loudly in the bathroom.

Drained from shouting, her body involuntarily relaxed.

Jayden steadied her by the waist, preventing her from collapsing.

Though Elyse had spoken her mind, he didn’t ease up right away. He teased her, “You know, when I go hard, you often say I’m too harsh and accuse me of not caring. What if you get upset later?”

Chapter 1575:

Continuing, he added, “I need to keep it gentle, or you’ll be angry.”

Finally worn out from the ongoing teasing, Elyse assured him, “I won’t be mad this time.”

“Are you enjoying how I fuck you hard?” Jayden persisted, pulling out to halt his teasing.

Tears welled up in Elyse’s eyes as she felt a profound emptiness. She cried out, “I do. I love it when you go rough. Please, don’t stop.”

Hearing the words he desired, Jayden felt a surge of satisfaction. He then spread her with his fingers and thrust into her relentlessly.

Elyse immediately felt a rush of sensation.

Jayden thrust into her forcefully, repeatedly. Her cries softened into murmurs of pleasure.

Eventually, Jayden could no longer contain himself. He pressed Elyse against the wall, holding her waist firmly as he moved with intense vigor.

The duration was uncertain, but when she could no longer stand, he gently carried her to the bathroom.

Surrounded by the warm water, before she could adjust, he entered her with force again. Elyse arched her back in delight, her gaze drifting.

As he moved, Jayden asked, "Do you enjoy it?"

In a daze, Elyse nodded at Jayden's every word.

"Good girl, now say it. Tell me you like how I fuck you hard," Jayden urged her with a playful grin.

Elyse, her senses blurred, managed to say, "I like how you fuck me hard."

He pressed further. "How about we do this every day?"

Overwhelmed by the intensity, Elyse trembled, tears streaming down her face as she whimpered, "Okay."

"So you like me enough to want to have a baby with me?" Jayden asked, his voice tinged with nervousness.

"Yes, I want to have your baby," Elyse responded, her mind clouded, nodding eagerly with a moan of pleasure.

The aroma of dinner wafted through the mansion as Driscoll made his way upstairs to summon Jayden and Elyse.

Upon Jayden's descent, Driscoll's eyes widened. "Sir, your face..." he trailed off, noting the angry mark.

Jayden's fingers grazed the spot where Elyse had slapped him. He turned, wounded pride evident in his expression as he sought out Elyse's gaze.

Catching his reproachful look, Elyse met it with blazing defiance before turning on her heel with a contemptuous huff.

Though anger simmered beneath his surface, Jayden remained silent, absently nursing his stinging cheek.

Driscoll observed the familiar dance of tension between them, recognizing another of their disputes.

"Sir, what have you done to upset her this time?" Driscoll inquired carefully. "She's never raised her hand without cause."

Chapter 1576:

Jayden cleared his throat awkwardly. "Nothing serious—just some playful banter gone awry."

"Got it. Shall we proceed? The meal awaits," Driscoll gestured toward the dining room.

Inside, Jayden found Elyse radiating displeasure. With deliberate care, he pulled out the chair beside her.

"Keep your distance!" Elyse snapped, her words sharp as knives.

"Babe, being apart from you isn't an option." Jayden's voice carried a tender plea.

Fury flashed in Elyse's eyes as she seized his ear, her grip unyielding. "You want closeness? Dream on."

Taking advantage of Driscoll's momentary absence, Jayden whispered through gritted teeth, "It was harmless bedroom banter, and deep down, you enjoy it. Why not admit it? No harm done."

His words only stoked her indignation. Color flooded her cheeks as she exclaimed, "Stop spouting nonsense! I despise it!"

A knowing smile played across Jayden's lips. Elyse was flawless in every way, save for her endearing shyness. The slightest teasing never failed to ruffle her feathers.

As her anger ebbed, a flicker of tenderness crossed Elyse's features, and her grip loosened.

Seizing this moment of vulnerability, Jayden captured her fingers in his. Meeting her startled gaze, he declared triumphantly, "You claim to dislike it, yet your actions betray your affection."

Their proximity left them sharing the same breath, Elyse finding herself lost in the reflection of Jayden's intense gaze.

Another wave of crimson painted her cheeks.

Jayden couldn't help but savor the sight of her flustered state, satisfaction warming his chest.

When Driscoll returned with the serving staff, he discovered the couple wrapped in an intimate embrace, sweet nothings passing between them. He heaved an inward sigh. Their relationship was like a perpetual dance between storm and sunshine—beautiful yet exhausting to witness from the sidelines.

He chose discretion over commentary.

After ensuring the table was properly set, Driscoll ushered the servants out, allowing the couple their private moment.

Partway through dinner, Jayden's phone buzzed with a message from Brook. His eyebrows shot up as he read it. "He certainly isn't wasting any time."

Elyse took a measured sip of water. "What's the matter?" she asked, feigning indifference.

“I asked Brook to find a new girlfriend,” Jayden explained. “He’s already found one and wants us to watch a little performance tomorrow.”

Understanding dawned in Elyse’s eyes. “He must be serious about saving Jennie. Nothing else would drive him to move this quickly.”

Jayden nodded thoughtfully. “Tomorrow will reveal how Corrie handles it.”

Elyse’s gaze snapped up, her voice carrying a glacial edge. “Eager to see Corrie, are you?”

Chapter 1577:

“Eager to see her facade crumble,” Jayden replied with a quirked eyebrow.

Elyse responded with a derisive snort and pointedly ignored him.

The following afternoon, Elyse and Jayden arrived at the Owen Group’s branch office in Watscar.

Most of Jayden’s business partners had settled there, as had Brook recently. Corrie, too, had acquired property in the area.

Upon their arrival, a staff member materialized to greet them, directing their steps toward the lounge.

“Shouldn’t Brook be in his office?” Elyse questioned. “Why the lounge?”

The escort shifted uncomfortably. “His behavior has been... peculiar these past couple of days. The lounge seemed more appropriate.”

Elyse and Jayden exchanged knowing glances, a shared spark of amusement dancing between them. Without discussion, they settled onto the lounge’s plush sofa.

They had barely had time to adjust when the door swung open with dramatic flair.

Brook strode in, accompanied by a woman whose flashy attire and curvaceous figure commanded attention.

“Ah, perfect timing,” Brook announced proudly to Jayden. “Meet my new girlfriend, Camille Glyn. Quite the catch, wouldn’t you say?”

Camille batted her perfectly mascaraed lashes at Jayden. “Pleasure to meet you, Mr. Owen,” she purred, her voice as smooth as honey.

She possessed an undeniable magnetism that drew the eye.

Brook squeezed her shoulder possessively. “Jayden here is my cousin—we’re incredibly close. And beside him is his girlfriend, Elyse.”

Camille instantly beamed. “Hello, Elyse. You look absolutely stunning. I wish I had your style.”

Elyse, encountering such an exuberant and open-hearted woman for the first time, paused in surprise but quickly recovered with a warm smile. “Hello, Camille. I’m excited to get to know you better.”

Camille returned the warmth. “Of course! We’re practically family now, so let’s skip the formalities.”

Brook turned briefly, then quietly shut the door and settled on the sofa, drawing Camille close to him.

They enjoyed their coffee, weaving through conversations about work and the latest buzz, all within the cozy confines of the lounge.

Ten minutes later, the lounge door creaked open.

Predictably, it was Corrie, who couldn’t keep still any longer.

She entered, bearing a tray with steaming coffee, her smile bright. “Jayden’s here too? Brook, why didn’t you give me a heads-up?”

Corrie set the tray down and nestled next to Brook.

Though she sat right beside him, Brook leaned heavily on Camille, effectively leaving Corrie out in the cold.

Chapter 1578:

This apparent favoritism irked Corrie, yet she bit her tongue as she still depended on Brook for her professional footing.

Feeling sidelined, she nudged Brook, hoping for some acknowledgment. Brook, however, only offered her a brief glance and commented lightly, “I’m puzzled why you’re here. Have you forgotten what you did to Elyse?”

Stunned, Corrie glanced at Elyse. She met Elyse’s cool stare, which sent a shiver down her spine.

Trying to smooth things over, she muttered, “It was Enzo’s bidding—I had no choice.”

Elyse scoffed softly, ignoring Corrie’s excuse, and turned to Camille, her eyes twinkling. “Let’s hit up that restaurant you’ve been raving about tonight.”

Camille grinned. “Absolutely! If there’s one thing I excel at, it’s scouting out fantastic eateries.”

Corrie, desperate to be part of the plan, quickly added, “Which spot are you thinking of? Is it as good as they say? Maybe we can all check it out.”

Sensing the mood, Camille spoke softly. “Maybe another time. Tonight, it’s just us. You might want to catch up on some work at the office, Corrie.”

Camille’s gaze was sympathetic yet firm.

Corrie's smile wavered, but she rallied. "Really? I thought I was on good terms with everyone, wasn't I?"

She turned to Jayden, looking for some support.

Jayden looked up, his expression one of brief confusion. Was he really that close to her? Why did she look at him with such expectant eyes?

Jayden, puzzled by Corrie's hopeful gaze, knew exactly where Elyse stood on the matter. He drew Elyse close and kissed her confidently, then said, "We're not that close. Don't get any ideas, or you'll upset my girlfriend."

Witnessing this, Camille swiftly came to Elyse's aid. "Corrie, let me be clear—flirting with a taken man is just tacky."

Corrie, unable to hold back her irritation, snapped back. "Flirting with a taken man? Take a look at yourself! What do you think you're doing? Do you think I'm blind?"

Camille, feeling threatened, rushed to Brook and clung to him, her eyes brimming with tears. "Brook, can you believe her? She is so aggressive. It's really scaring me."

Brook immediately enveloped Camille in a comforting embrace, soothing her. "Easy now, don't worry. She's the one causing trouble here, not you. I'll sort it out. Don't let her get to you."

Corrie, seething at the scene before her, felt her anger surge.

Brook had always kept his distance with her, never displaying the warmth he so freely gave Camille.

Driven by a mix of jealousy and rage, she stood up abruptly and shouted, "Brook, we need to talk outside—now!"

Brook turned to her, his eyes cold with disdain. He replied sharply, "Why are you raising your voice? Can't you see we have company? You're making a spectacle of yourself and embarrassing me."

Chapter 1579:

Stunned by his harsh words, Corrie acted impulsively, grabbing his arm, trying to pull him toward the door.

Camille, her anxiety peaking, exclaimed, “Brook, where are you going? I get uneasy when you’re not around.”

Brook assured her gently, “Don’t fret. I’ll be back in a jiffy. Elyse and Jayden are here, so you’re in good hands until I return.”

Comforted by his words, Camille nodded meekly, her demeanor softening.

The door snapped shut, and Elyse and Jayden shared a knowing glance. They seemed to read each other’s thoughts before their attention shifted to the tearful Camille.

Elyse scratched her head, wondering if Camille was aware that she was merely an actress hired by Brook.

Such was the quality of Camille’s performance that Elyse almost bought into the illusion of her undying love for Brook.

Elyse extended a tissue to Camille.

“Thank you,” Camille whispered, gently wiping her tears, her face etched with deep sorrow.

After discarding the tissue, she fixed her gaze on the lounge door with anticipation and affection.

Elyse, with a troubled expression, leaned closer to Jayden and whispered, “Do you think she’s deep in love with him?”

Jayden matched her hushed tone. “How can she fall so hard, so fast? It hasn’t even been a full day, and she’s head over heels?”

Elyse mulled it over and nodded slowly. It was clear: Camille was not just playing a part; she was living it.

Meanwhile, outside the lounge, Corrie punched the air to vent her frustration. Spinning around, she confronted Brook.

“What’s gotten into you? Hooked up last night and now it’s a lifelong commitment? Planning to rush order a wedding dress for tomorrow?”

Brook replied, deadpan, “The wedding dress is on order. Did you think I was joking? I’m dead serious about marrying her.”

Corrie was dumbstruck. She shoved Brook, her voice rising. “You’re marrying her? And what am I? Chopped liver? Who am I supposed to marry? How do you see me?”

Brook, visibly annoyed by her shove, pushed back. “You know where you stand with me. You can tell if I have feelings for you or not. I’d advise you to tell everyone you want to end things with me—save yourself the embarrassment.”

Corrie’s fury ignited at the notion of breaking off their engagement. “End it? How dare you! Why would you be with me if you didn’t care?”

“Are you really that naive or just acting? Our relationship was my grandpa’s doing, right? Weren’t you the one who begged me to agree to it?” Brook sneered, reminding her of their bitter past.

Their relationship was nothing more than a strategic alliance, cold and calculated. Brook was acutely aware of Corrie’s ulterior motives.

When Enzo issued the directive to bring in Elyse for an abortion, reluctance hung heavy in the air; no one stepped forward, and Brook was no exception. Despite their rocky start, Brook had never contemplated harming Jayden’s child.

Chapter 1580:

But Corrie was different; she took to the sinister task with a disturbing zeal, even volunteering to eliminate Jayden herself.

Upon discovering this, Brook went straight to Enzo, volunteering to intercept the assignment, yet Enzo tasked him only with targeting Jayden. The grim duty concerning Jayden's child was left to Corrie.

Brook, however, intervened, saving Jayden from Enzo and Corrie's clutches—but he could not save their child.

Following that ordeal, Brook emerged as one of Enzo's favored operatives, yet he himself knew his drive to serve Enzo had waned, his actions marked by a growing apathy.

During this period, his disdain for Corrie's ruthlessness and lack of humanity deepened sharply.

Brook's harsh words struck Corrie like a blast of cold air.

She stood there, reeling from the blow. "After all we've been through, you never loved me?"

Brook scoffed at her disbelief. "Love you? Why would I? What about you is lovable? Can't you see how unbearable you are?"

Corrie shot back, her voice thick with anger, "But I'm your girlfriend!"

"Don't pretend you've been faithful to me. I'm well aware of your escapades. Should I call your lovers here to expose you?" Brook retorted with a cold laugh.

He had been aware of Corrie's dalliances with various men, some even among his clan members, and her unfaithfulness had not escaped his notice.

He had turned a blind eye, never having any real intention of marrying her.

Corrie's face contorted with displeasure as she struggled to form words. "I don't have any lovers," she protested weakly. "You're spreading lies about me!"

Brook's lips curled into a sneer. "Lies, you say? Why don't I invite my uncle and aunt here for a proper discussion?"

The blood drained from Corrie's face. She had always prided herself on her discretion, convinced Brook could never discover her secrets. Yet somehow, he knew.

As realization dawned, terror gripped her heart. "There must be some mistake," she scrambled to explain. "Someone's spreading malicious rumors. I've remained faithful to you. How could you believe I'd entangle myself with so many others?"

Brook regarded her with contempt. "Still denying everything? It doesn't matter anymore. Whether you confess or not, I won't make you my wife. Abandon that fantasy."

Frustration flickered across Corrie's features. "If not me, then who? That witch, Camille?"

Brook's expression remained glacial. "My choice of bride isn't your concern. And without my consent, no one dares arrange this wedding."

Corrie dwelled in memories of the past, clinging to the belief that Enzo's support would guarantee her marriage to Brook.

Now, Enzo's death had stripped away her strongest ally.