

Bound love 1591

Chapter 1591:

Jayden interjected with a playful grin. “Besides, Brook’s entertainment industry connections could certainly smooth your way forward.”

Optimism swelled in Camille’s chest as she contemplated her bright future.

This glimpse of possibility strengthened her resolve to excel in Brook’s assigned tasks.

Meanwhile, in the hallway, Brook followed Corrie, his head swimming slightly from the evening’s drinks.

He retrieved a cigarette, ignited it with practiced ease, and inhaled deeply before addressing her with irritation.

“Corrie, where do you find this endless stream of grievances? Here’s your final opportunity to air everything at once, then leave me in peace.”

Corrie’s jaw tightened, the stark contrast between his treatment of her and Camille cutting deep.

Drawing a steady breath, she ventured, “Brook, we need to discuss this. Our relationship needn’t be this fractured.”

His response carried a glacial indifference. “What remains to discuss? Marriage is off the table. After all, who would choose to wed someone with such a tarnished reputation?”

Corrie’s gaze dropped to the floor as she responded meekly, “I acknowledge my mistakes. I’ll sever all ties with other men. Please consider offering me another chance. I long to start anew with you, Brook.”

Dark amusement flickered across his features. “Start anew with you? How intriguing. What compelling reason exists for such consideration? What benefits would I gain beyond an unwanted wife and countless betrayals?”

His gaze bore into her. “Only genuine love would blind someone to such humiliation. Unfortunately, my heart has never belonged to you, and I refuse to wipe away the past.”

Emotion threatened to overwhelm her voice. “But I genuinely desire a fresh start. Our marriage would prove mutually beneficial.”

Brook’s laughter held no warmth. “Have you lost all reason? Do you think I can’t see through this arithmetic? This arrangement solely benefits you. What value can you possibly offer? Haven’t you already bled the Owen family dry through projects and finances? The Bates family resembles nothing so much as a parasite.”

Exhaling smoke in her direction, he whispered harshly, “Your family mirrors your nature perfectly—greedy and devoid of genuine capability. When will your appetites be satisfied?”

Humiliation burned through Corrie. Brook’s contempt extended beyond her to encompass her entire family.

Struggling to maintain composure, she pleaded, “What if I beg sincerely? This marriage is vital to me. You understand why, Brook. You’ve always understood.”

Tears threatened as she spoke, clinging to her belief that she and Brook were kindred spirits, both seeking opportunities to curry favor.

Yet she remained blind to the fundamental difference between them—Brook retained a moral compass, while hers had long since been sacrificed to ambition and greed.

Chapter 1592:

Her desperate plea to preserve their engagement stemmed purely from social preservation, her need for the Owen family’s influence to maintain her privileged position.

Through her tears, she implored, “After all our history together, can you not find any compassion for me?”

Corrie gazed at Brook imploringly, desperately hoping to crack his hardened exterior with her vulnerability.

Yet she had gravely miscalculated the depths of his antipathy.

The bitter truth eluded her—Brook harbored not a shred of affection, only pure, unadulterated contempt.

Self-doubt gnawed at her core as she questioned her own allure.

Brook extinguished his cigarette with finality, seeing no point in prolonging their exchange.

“We’ve exhausted this conversation. It’s time we go our separate ways.”

As he turned to leave, Corrie’s desperate voice pierced the silence.

“You’re walking away just like that? Don’t you want to know Jennie’s whereabouts?”

Brook’s stride faltered momentarily before resuming.

Disbelief colored Corrie’s voice as she called out, “How can you be so dismissive? This is Jennie we’re talking about—your favorite! She’s in my custody now. Doesn’t that concern you?”

Brook paused, his voice carrying a glacial calm.

“Indeed, Jennie once held that distinction. Now, Camille claims that honor. People evolve. Meeting someone doesn’t mandate eternal devotion, wouldn’t you agree?”

The revelation staggered Corrie.

Had Brook truly severed all emotional ties to Jennie? Her scheme to use Jennie as leverage suddenly seemed laughably misguided.

While she had focused on the past, Brook had moved forward—she should have targeted Camille instead.

Refusing to accept defeat, Corrie pressed further, probing for any lingering attachment.

“You can’t be serious. Jennie was the love of your life once. Have you truly abandoned all feelings for her?”

Brook turned back, his face contorted with revulsion.

“Her fate holds no significance to me. Must you persist in haunting my presence? I’ll tell my family I want to end things with you. Every moment in your company nauseates me.”

Corrie teetered on the edge of collapse, crushed by the realization that his fickle affections had destroyed her.

A new worry surfaced—before she could orchestrate Camille’s capture, Brook might well find another paramour, leaving her in an endless cycle of kidnapping.

Furthermore, his determination to break off their engagement left her racing against time.

The mounting pressure forced her to abandon any pretense of returning to the gathering. Her priority now was crafting a new strategy.

Chapter 1593:

Brook rejoined the others in the private room, notably without Corrie.

Elyse’s lips curved into a knowing smile. “Corrie seems thoroughly rattled. She couldn’t even face returning.”

Brook dismissed the observation with a shrug. “I informed her of my plans to end things with her. Naturally, she’s anxious—her entire lifestyle depends on my position. Without me, she’d have nothing.”

Jayden interjected with a sardonic tone, “When Grandpa was in the picture, she enjoyed his largesse.”

Brook scoffed, “She overestimated her importance. Without my status as a safety net, he would have never indulged her whims. She failed to understand her place.”

The conversation meandered until their drivers arrived, signaling their departure.

As Brook settled the bill at the counter, Elyse approached with a wry observation. “I half expected Corrie to handle the expenses before her dramatic exit.”

Brook’s expression remained impassive. “You don’t truly know her. Throughout our acquaintance, she’s never covered a single tab. She perpetually offers to treat, yet someone else invariably pays. Haven’t you noticed her solitary existence? Who would befriend someone so calculating and cold-hearted?”

Elyse fell silent, struck by the harsh truth in his words.

In the car’s backseat, Camille fidgeted uncomfortably, surveying her surroundings with trepidation. The vehicle’s luxury intimidated her, and she worried about marring the pristine carpeting with her shoes.

Brook, who had been resting with closed eyes, suddenly announced, “Starting today, you’ll reside at my estate. Don’t fret—there are numerous rooms. Choose whichever suits you.”

Anxiety flooded Camille’s features as she stammered, “But... our arrangement never mentioned cohabitation.”

She wrapped her arms around herself protectively, watching Brook with apprehension.

Comprehension dawned on Brook’s face as he realized the source of her fear.

He explained with gentle exasperation, “After my exchange with Corrie, I suspect she might target you. Though ours is a business arrangement, I’m obligated to ensure your safety.”

“Ah, I understand now.”

Camille’s fingers tangled in her hair as embarrassment colored her cheeks. “I assumed... My apologies for jumping to conclusions.”

Brook continued, “Your presence in my home serves another purpose. Corrie’s jealousy will intensify, potentially pushing her toward desperate measures to abduct you.”

Camille’s voice quavered as she processed this information. “Will that put me at risk?”

“Don’t worry. I won’t let anyone harm you,” Brook said, his forehead creasing slightly. “However, apart from going out with me, when I’m not around, it’s best that you stay inside. Corrie is certainly watching you.”

Chapter 1594:

“Okay, I’ll stay in then,” Camille responded.

Upon arriving at Brook’s house, Camille was in awe. Was this how the rich lived? The grandeur was breathtaking! She was captivated by the luxurious décor and furnishings. Curiously, she asked, “Can I really live here for free?”

Brook nodded. “Absolutely. Once you help me save Jennie, I’ll give you a place like this.”

Camille was stunned. “Oh my God! Did I really deserve such a magnificent house?”

“If you help save the woman I love, you definitely deserve it,” Brook replied calmly. “Besides, Corrie is a crazy woman, and you might get hurt because of her. A house is the least I can offer once this is all sorted out.”

Camille’s joy was evident. “I need to help you rescue Jennie quickly, so I can get my own lovely house.”

Brook shared her sentiment but knew he had to bide his time to see Corrie's next move. Would Corrie, as Jayden predicted, force Jennie to seduce him? That would actually be perfect.

Brook was waiting for Corrie to release Jennie. The thought made him anxious. He knew he needed to discuss further plans with Jayden. "I have to do some work in the study now. Go with the maid to your room and don't bother me," Brook instructed.

Camille nodded in agreement. After Brook entered the study and closed the door, she turned to the maid excitedly, her phone ready. "Hi, could I get the Wi-Fi password?"

When Corrie got home, she unleashed her fury, breaking items until her house was a wreck. Only then did she start to calm down.

"Damn it, Brook Owen! I pleaded with you, yet you still chose to call off our engagement. So what if I've been with other men? What did I really do wrong?"

Having aired her grievances to the empty air, Corrie felt a surge of helplessness and exhaustion.

She kicked the broken pieces out of her way and sank onto the sofa in the living room, her mind racing as she tried to figure out how to sway Brook's decision. However, her thoughts remained tangled, and no clear plan emerged.

In that moment, Corrie pulled out her phone and called her mother.

When the call connected, she anxiously asked, "Mom, is it okay if I don't marry Brook? He doesn't truly like me, and I can't handle his mood swings."

Bertha Bates, her mother, immediately reprimanded her. "Are you out of your mind? How could you pass up the chance to marry someone like Brook? He's a good man. Who else do you think you'll find? If he doesn't like you, why don't you try to please him and get on his good side? Work on making him like you. Brook has always been calm, gentle, and courteous to me. If he's treating you badly, it's probably something you've done. It's late now. Stop troubling me with these minor issues. You're destined to marry Brook. That's your fate."

Bertha's words hit Corrie hard, sending her into a spiral of despair. It felt as though something inside her had broken.

After a long silence, Corrie muttered, “So I have to marry Brook? I’ll do whatever it takes. This is my only option, and no one can stop me.” A sinister gleam flashed in her eyes.

Chapter 1595:

At that moment, her animosity toward Camille grew even stronger. The woman standing in her way of marriage now seemed like a threat that had to be eliminated quickly.

Corrie stood up, still holding her phone, and left the house. She felt an urge to see Jennie.

Considering Jennie was Brook’s ex-girlfriend, she might still hold some value. Surely, Brook couldn’t remain completely indifferent to her, could he? With a smirk, Corrie decided to stir up chaos—chaos was her best weapon.

Jennie lay captive in a secluded villa, two hours’ drive from Watscar. The midnight hours stretched long and dark around her. Her restless sleep was abruptly interrupted by an unsettling presence that prickled at her consciousness. Her eyes fluttered open, still clouded with sleep, as she instinctively glanced over her shoulder.

Terror seized her throat as she registered a shadowy figure looming in the darkness, perfectly still.

Jennie shot upright in panic, a primal scream tearing from her lungs. She scrambled backward, tumbling from the bed, her limbs tangled in blankets.

Corrie’s cruel laughter sliced through the silence. “What a pitiful display. You’re quite the entertainer.”

Recognition dawned on Jennie, and fury replaced her fear. She pulled herself up, her voice laced with venom. “Have you completely lost your mind? Skulking around in the dark like some deranged stalker! Does terrorizing me amuse you?”

Corrie’s calculating gaze ran over Jennie, silently appraising her. Despite the bitterness that twisted in her chest, she couldn’t ignore Jennie’s striking beauty. There was maturity in her face, an experience Camille’s youthful features lacked.

Though she doubted Jennie could compete with Brook's latest infatuation, Corrie knew she was a crucial piece in this game. If this gambit failed, she'd need to come up with another strategy.

Jennie collapsed against the bed, her voice dripping with disdain. "Get out of my sight. The sight of you sickens me."

Corrie's lips twisted into a dark smile. She stalked forward, her fingers gripping Jennie's chin with a vice-like hold, manicured nails digging into her soft skin.

Jennie endured the pain in stoic silence.

Corrie's eyebrow arched as she towered over her captive. "Have you heard about Brook's latest conquest?"

A heavy weight settled in Jennie's stomach, but her expression remained unreadable. "Ancient history, Brook and I. His romantic pursuits are perfectly natural."

Sarcasm laced Jennie's next words. "Why the concern? Hoping to offer me some companionship in my gilded cage? Looking to expand your collection of hostages?"

She affected casual indifference. "This setup isn't half-bad, really. Fine dining, premium drinks, sprawling estate... rather pleasant, if a bit solitary. By all means, bring your new rival here—I'd welcome the company."

Corrie scrutinized Jennie before releasing a harsh bark of laughter. "You think this luxury comes without cost? Did you mistake me for some charitable benefactor?"

Chapter 1596:

Jennie's laugh sparkled with false lightness. "Aren't you, though? Playing generous host to poor, destitute little me in this magnificent prison?"

Corrie released her grip and settled into a chair with calculated grace, crossing her legs slowly, deliberately. A predatory smile danced across her features. "Embrace whatever delusion you prefer. But remember—such generosity creates debt."

Steel entered Jennie's voice. "State your demands."

Corrie toyed with a lock of hair, feigning nonchalance. "As Brook's bride-to-be, I find myself plagued by irritating individuals like you hanging around him."

She paused for effect. "Since you benefit from my largesse, you should return the favor."

Silence stretched for a heartbeat before Jennie's face split into a knowing, contemptuous smile. "Unable to secure Brook's devotion yourself, you expect me to play keeper of his heart on your behalf?"

Scorn saturated her words. "Your inability to maintain any meaningful connection is pathetic. Why not release him from this farce of an engagement?"

Corrie dismissed the suggestion with a scoff. "Pathetic? I see only advantage in this union. Love is a fool's pursuit, fit for simpletons like you. Power and wealth, those are worthy aspirations."

"Then why solicit my aid?" Jennie pressed. "If love is beneath you, and I'm so insignificant, then the truth reveals itself—you seek to manipulate others' emotions for personal gain. You're truly despicable."

Rage exploded across Corrie's features as she launched forward, delivering two savage slaps that echoed through the room.

Angry welts bloomed across Jennie's cheeks, a testament to Corrie's violence.

"You dare judge me?" Corrie's voice shredded with fury.

She seized Jennie's hair, wrenching her head backward. Pain ripped a strangled cry from Jennie's throat.

"Comply with my demands," Corrie snarled, fingers tightening their grip, "or your parents' lives are forfeit!"

A chilling laugh escaped Jennie's lips. "Kill them, then. They washed their hands of me after divorcing when I was sixteen. Their fate means nothing to me."

"Is that so? And what of your dearest friend? Does her fate stir more concern?"

Corrie's face twisted with malicious triumph as fear flickered across Jennie's carefully composed features.

Jennie felt a surge of panic as she stammered, "You've been digging into my friend?"

A flicker of triumph crossed Corrie's face—she had found Jennie's weakness. Satisfaction coursed through her veins.

Everyone harbored vulnerabilities; it was merely a matter of uncovering them.

While Jennie showed little concern for her parents, her best friend remained her Achilles' heel.

Corrie leaned forward, her voice dripping with malice. "Keep your best friend breathing by following my every command. No exceptions."

"You're despicable!" Jennie spat, her eyes blazing. "I've never encountered someone so devoid of shame!"

Chapter 1597:

The sharp crack of flesh meeting flesh echoed through the room—once, twice, three times. The brutal assault left Jennie crumpled on the bed, her vision swimming.

"Still bold enough to hurl insults?" Corrie towered over her, sneering.

Jennie buried her face in silence, concealing the pain etched across her features.

A dark smile played across Corrie's lips.

Jennie's immediate compliance mattered little—her ultimate goal wasn't obedience but the cultivation of raw fear. Terror, she knew, bred the deepest submission.

"Your cooperation ensures both your safety and your friend's," Corrie stated coldly. "Defy me, and neither of you survives."

Minutes stretched into an eternity before Jennie whispered, her voice barely audible, "I'll comply. What are your demands?"

Corrie helped her victim upright, adopting a falsely gentle tone. "No need for such gloom. Nothing too extreme—simply remain by Brook's side and eliminate his new romantic interest."

"These marks make visiting him impossible," Jennie murmured, gesturing to her reddened cheek.

Corrie grasped Jennie's face with mock tenderness. "My actions were harsh. We'll wait for your healing—can't have you appearing before Brook in such a state. He's already enchanted by another; your current appearance wouldn't help recapture his attention."

She examined Jennie's features with calculating precision. "Still, you possess more delicate beauty than his current infatuation."

"Brook's affections waver easily," Jennie responded. "You overestimate my ability to reclaim his heart."

Corrie pressed her hand against Jennie's mouth, her smile never reaching her eyes. "Such talk is forbidden. You're more than capable."

Retrieving Jennie's phone from her bag, she continued, "Here. Rest and recover. Once these marks fade, I'll orchestrate your reunion with Brook."

Jennie stared at the returned device, unable to manufacture even a hollow smile.

Corrie departed the villa with evident satisfaction, steering her vehicle toward her next destination.

The first light of dawn painted the sky as she arrived at an imposing estate in Watscar.

A vigilant servant materialized immediately to welcome her arrival.

She proceeded purposefully through the grounds, halting only when she reached her intended destination. Her knuckles rapped against the wooden door.

“Enter.” The voice that responded carried the weight of authority.

Corrie glided into the room and flung herself onto the bed, seeking the embrace of its occupant.

The man’s silver hair and time-etched features spoke of advanced years, his presence carrying the unmistakable scent of age.

Disregarding these details, Corrie’s voice emerged as a honeyed whisper tinged with distress. “I’m at my breaking point. I need your intervention!”

Chapter 1598:

The man—uncle to both Brook and Jayden—drew her closer, his brow furrowing with concern.

His voice emerged gentle and protective. “Sweetie, tell me who has wronged you. I’ll ensure justice is served.”

“It’s Brook!” Corrie’s voice cracked with calculated anguish. “He’s threatening our engagement, bewitched by some newcomer. He intends to marry her instead!”

Her shoulders trembled with artificial sobs. “I endured his dalliance, believing it temporary. But now their connection deepens. My heart can’t bear this betrayal. Only you can make this right.”

Rage darkened the man’s features as he struck the mattress. “His behavior grows increasingly intolerable. To consider breaking a formal engagement—preposterous!”

Corrie pressed closer, her voice dropping to a vulnerable whisper. “Without your support, I’ll face abandonment. That means our precious visits would end...”

Her fingers traced a deliberate path downward as she spoke.

Despite his years, the man's resistance crumbled before her calculated advances. He pulled her closer, claiming her lips with desperate hunger.

Corrie released a practiced whimper, yielding to his embrace with practiced submission, allowing him to believe he controlled their encounter.

Elyse stirred awake and reached for her phone, noticing a message from Rebecca. She realized Rebecca must be feeling anxious. In the days since her return to the county, she hadn't provided Rebecca with any updates.

If she didn't give Rebecca an opportunity, the latter wouldn't be able to execute her scheme.

As Elyse contemplated how to buy herself more time, her phone illuminated with Rebecca's incoming call.

She accepted the call, feigning drowsiness as though just roused from slumber.

Detecting this, Rebecca's tone mellowed. "Did you sleep well, Elyse?"

Elyse murmured in affirmation, "Of course."

Rebecca sighed dramatically. "I didn't sleep a wink. I've been wondering why you haven't answered me. Did you forget about me already?"

A soft chuckle escaped Elyse. "How could I forget you?"

"Then what's your response to my request?" Rebecca pressed. "I've been waiting for you for ages."

Elyse laughed, light and teasing. "Give me a few more days to think it over."

Rebecca's frustration simmered beneath the surface, suspecting Elyse might refuse to participate in the event. Elyse's calculated delay felt like deliberate manipulation to her.

Suppressing her growing irritation, Rebecca questioned, "How many days do you need to think?"

Elyse adopted a thoughtful expression, though her mind had already calculated her response. "Three to four days, perhaps? I'm quite busy, you know. I need sufficient time to decide about attending this event."

After a weighted pause, Rebecca conceded, "Alright, I'll wait for you. Once the time expires, I'll call you."

Chapter 1599:

The call terminated, and Elyse placed her phone aside with quiet satisfaction.

Jayden, who had absorbed every word, rolled toward her and enveloped her in his protective embrace.

"It appears she's quite furious," he observed.

"She fears I might withdraw at the last moment. She's attempting to force my participation, but such tactics won't succeed with me. She remains powerless in this situation," Elyse explained, understanding Rebecca's motivations perfectly.

Jayden said, "Given her persistence, I can only surmise her scheme this time is even more ambitious, requiring someone to shoulder the blame. And since you're Rickey's daughter, positioning you as the scapegoat represents her optimal strategy."

Elyse responded with quiet determination, "You're right. That's precisely why I intend to make this exceedingly difficult for her."

Jayden pressed his lips against hers in a tender kiss. "Don't worry, I'll ensure she encounters significant obstacles as well."

Intrigued by his words, Elyse inquired, “What exactly are you orchestrating?”

“Naturally, my primary concern remains your safety. Every strategy I develop revolves entirely around you,” Jayden assured her.

Elyse persisted, “And you refuse to share these plans with me?”

“I’ll reveal everything once the arrangements are finalized. Should I fail, the embarrassment would be considerable,” Jayden responded with unwavering confidence.

Finding herself without a suitable response, she simply nodded. “I’ll leave it to you, then.”

With that acknowledgment, she rose from the bed.

Jayden’s brow furrowed in confusion. “It’s still early morning. Where are you heading?”

“I have professional obligations,” Elyse explained. “Chloe has arrived to collect me. I’ll return this evening.”

Jayden voiced his disappointment. “I finally secure a rare day off, only to discover you have work commitments.”

Observing his reaction, Elyse casually suggested, “Why not accompany me to work today?”

Jayden immediately sat upright, his interest piqued.

“Since you’ve extended the invitation, I suppose I have little choice. You’re quite the persuasive one.”

Elyse’s lips curled into a delicate pout. It had been an offhand remark; she didn’t expect him to take it seriously.

Thirty minutes later, when Chloe arrived to collect Elyse, she froze in astonishment upon seeing Jayden alongside Elyse.

“Mr. Owen, are you accompanying us today?” Chloe inquired with evident uncertainty.

Jayden confirmed with a decisive nod. “Indeed. I’ve developed curiosity regarding her daily professional activities, so I’ve allocated time to observe.”

Chapter 1600:

Chloe swallowed nervously before responding. “But today’s schedule is particularly demanding. We might lack the capacity to properly attend to you.”

Jayden dismissed her concerns with a shake of his head. “No need for concern. You needn’t accommodate me—I’ll simply observe from a distance.”

Chloe acknowledged his decision before turning toward Elyse. “Have you consumed breakfast? Today’s workload is substantial. Without proper nourishment, you risk experiencing hypoglycemia.”

“Driscoll has prepared breakfast and various snacks for us, so we should manage adequately,” Elyse reassured her.

Chloe nodded in approval. “Then let’s proceed. Today we’re recording a variety program, and if complications arise, we might continue filming until the early morning hours.”

Elyse munched on her breakfast in the passenger seat, knowing she’d need to start makeup once she reached the TV station. Time was precious this morning.

“You’ve barely touched your food,” Jayden observed after reviewing the day’s show rundown, concern etching his features. “Won’t you get hungry later?”

“I can’t risk eating too much,” Elyse explained, patting her stomach. “It might make me nauseous during filming.”

Jayden's worry deepened at her words, while in the driver's seat, Chloe broke into a nervous sweat. Her mind raced with fears that Jayden would blame her for booking such demanding work for Elyse.

The TV station recording proved remarkably smooth, flowing from start to finish without a single hiccup.

"We're wrapping up two hours ahead of schedule," Elyse noted, checking her watch. "Should we grab a bite before heading home?"

Jayden nodded eagerly, turning to gauge Chloe's reaction.

Chloe's heart sank as realization dawned—she'd only be intruding on their time together.

"I should probably head back early," she stammered, wringing her hands. "I'm not hungry, just exhausted and in desperate need of rest."

"At least have something small before you go," Elyse insisted.

"No need to worry about me. Sleep is calling my name."

Chloe practically dove into her car, the engine roaring to life as she sped away.

Elyse watched the retreating vehicle, bewilderment clear on her face. "What got into her?"

"She's just tired," Jayden assured her, seizing the opportunity. "Let's enjoy dinner, just us two."

Elyse agreed, following him to a nearby restaurant where they settled in to await their order.

The bell above the door chimed as another patron entered.

Jayden paid little attention until a chance glance up made him freeze.

Something about the man stirred his memory, a nagging sense of familiarity.

Rather than approach immediately, Jayden observed quietly.