

Bound love 1611

Chapter 1611:

Jennie stiffened. She didn't recognize them. Cautiously, she pushed herself up in bed, her voice unsteady. "Wh-who are you? How do you know my name?"

Elyse's smile didn't waver. "Brook personally asked me to take care of you while you're recovering," she explained with an easy grace.

At the mention of Brook, Jennie's brows knitted together. She asked, "Where is he? I need to see him."

Elyse kept her voice calm. "He's caught up in a meeting at the company. He'll come as soon as he's free. Also..."

She let her gaze drift to Jennie's legs, her expression turning sympathetic. "Your feet were in pretty bad shape—blistered and swollen. The doctors have treated them, but you'll need to stay here for a while to regain your strength. You were also quite malnourished."

Jennie flushed, rubbing the back of her head. "I—I hope I'm not being too much of a burden."

Elyse let out a soft chuckle. "Not in the slightest."

Jennie dropped her gaze, twisting her fingers together as if something was on her mind but too shy to voice it.

Elyse noticed but chose not to press.

To Jennie, she was still a stranger—if Brook were here, she might have felt more at ease.

Elyse took the food tray from Driscoll and offered it with a gentle smile. "This is a special breakfast prepared by the chef at my house. Brook mentioned that you like sweet pastries, so I had them make something just for you. Give it a try—I hope it's to your liking."

Jennie hesitated for a second before accepting the meal, casting a quick glance at Elyse before murmuring, “Thank you.” Then, as if unable to hold back any longer, she dug in.

She was too ashamed to admit just how ravenous she felt. Corrie had orchestrated everything, determined to stir Brook’s sympathy and concern. Not only had Corrie forced her to wander endlessly in search of him, but she had also deprived her of food for an entire day.

By the time Jennie finally arrived at the villa area yesterday, she was completely spent, her body running on sheer willpower. Every step had been a struggle, but she had forced herself forward, pushing past her limits until she could go no further.

It was no surprise that she devoured the meal in record time.

Elyse, noticing how quickly the food disappeared, asked gently, “Would you like some more?”

Jennie licked her lips, clearly tempted, but pride held her back. She shook her head. “No, thank you. I’m full.”

Elyse didn’t push. Instead, she pulled a sleek phone from her bag and held it out. “Brook asked me to give this to you. You can use it for now—he’ll call you later.”

Jennie took the phone, her fingers brushing over the smooth surface, a flicker of joy flashing in her eyes. But just as quickly, her excitement dimmed.

Chapter 1612:

She hesitated before saying, “I don’t think I should take it. It wouldn’t be right for Brook to call me now.”

After all, Brook was with someone else now, and she felt that accepting his kindness would be crossing a line. It wouldn’t be right—not to him, and certainly not to his new girlfriend.

Despite Corrie’s threats, Jennie couldn’t bring herself to come between Brook and his girlfriend. No matter what Corrie wanted, she refused to be the reason their relationship fell apart.

Elyse, not quite grasping what Jennie was worried about, offered a reassuring smile. “Brook is swamped with work at the moment—his meeting is running long. He probably won’t get a break until noon. Why don’t you get some rest? If you get bored, you can use the phone to pass the time.”

Jennie parted her lips as if to speak but hesitated, her gaze lingering on Elyse’s gentle expression.

Sensing her stare, Elyse met her eyes with a soft smile. “What’s on your mind? Do you have something to say?”

Jennie awkwardly averted her gaze, a faint flush creeping up her cheeks. “It’s nothing,” she murmured. “I just think... you’re really beautiful.”

Elyse’s grin widened. “So are you. No wonder Brook is so taken with you.”

Jennie didn’t reply, but inwardly, she scoffed.

Clearly, Elyse didn’t know Brook all that well—he had already moved on to someone new.

Pulling the blanket tighter around herself, Jennie felt a dull ache settle in her chest. She was just his ex now, nothing more, stripped of any charm or significance.

Corrie’s idea of using her to lure Brook back felt like a desperate, last-ditch effort—one that Jennie found utterly laughable.

Elyse quietly observed her, taking in the subdued mood and the flickers of emotion in her eyes. It wasn’t hard to guess—Jennie must have faced some kind of trouble at Corrie’s place. Otherwise, why would she seem so drained?

She lingered by her side until Jennie finally drifted into sleep.

Then, rising carefully so as not to wake her, Elyse made her way toward the door, intending to call Brook. But just as she stepped into the hallway, she spotted Corrie striding toward her, a self-satisfied smirk playing on her lips.

Catching sight of Elyse, Corrie's expression shifted into feigned warmth as if their past grievances were nothing but a distant memory.

"Well, well, if it isn't Elyse. Fancy running into you here! What brings you to the hospital?"

The moment Elyse saw Corrie, her expression hardened. Casting aside any pretense of politeness, she snapped, "Just don't talk to me. You make me sick."

Corrie, unfazed by Elyse's blatant hostility, maintained her bright smile.

She moved a step closer, slightly too close for comfort, and said, "Come on, don't be like that. Can't we just let bygones be bygones?"

Casting a glance at the hospital room door, Corrie asked nonchalantly, "So, who's the patient here?"

Chapter 1613:

Without responding, Elyse slapped Corrie hard across the face, leaving her stunned.

Holding her cheek, Corrie exclaimed, "What the hell? I was just trying to be friendly!"

Elyse scoffed. "Drop your act. There's no one else here. Who do you think you're fooling with this charade?"

Disgust was evident in her voice. "You've done all these terrible things, yet you pretend you're a kind soul. Can't you see how false you seem?"

That remark hit Corrie hard. "Shut up!"

Elyse turned to Driscoll. "Get her out of here. I can't stand to look at her."

Corrie's complexion turned a shade paler. "Are you insane? This is a hospital, not your personal domain. You can't do this to me!"

Elyse replied, her tone icy, “This place is owned by a friend of mine. And I highly doubt he’d choose you over me.”

Corrie’s expression soured further. Yet, remembering her reason for being at the hospital, she managed to temper her rage.

Taking a deep breath, she hissed, “Just wait! I’ll uncover something scandalous about you!”

“Go ahead,” Elyse responded nonchalantly. “If you find anything, I’d be surprised.”

Feeling like she was making no impact, Corrie kept looking anxiously toward the hospital room, clearly eager to see Jennie.

“Corrie, get out,” Elyse said firmly, her chin lifting defiantly.

“This isn’t over,” Corrie spat back.

“Try me,” Elyse replied, her lips curling into a scornful smile. Corrie cast a final, longing glance at the room before walking away reluctantly.

Elyse exhaled a breath she hadn’t realized she’d been holding and gave Driscoll a meaningful look. He nodded and followed Corrie out. Pulling out her phone, Elyse made a quick call.

Upon being informed, Jayden immediately sent for security.

Finally, Elyse relaxed, turning to enter the hospital room.

As soon as she entered, she noticed Jennie’s anxious eyes fixed on her. “Jennie, you should be resting. Why are you up?” she asked, her concern evident in her voice.

Jennie’s response came in a tight, anxious tone. “I heard Corrie’s voice. Was I just hearing things?”

Elyse paused briefly before confirming, “No, you weren’t imagining it. Corrie was here.”

The color visibly drained from Jennie's face.

Quick to console her, Elyse moved closer, her hand naturally reaching out to soothe Jennie. "Don't worry, I've asked her to leave. You're safe now. Focus on your recovery."

Jennie whispered, her voice quivering, "She's left, but she'll return. She'll come back for me."

Chapter 1614:

Sitting beside her, Elyse offered a comforting touch. "We'll keep you safe, Jennie. Corrie won't get near you again. We'll make sure she can't hurt you."

Jennie wrapped her arms around herself, her emotions raw and visible. Elyse stayed by her side, soothing her until sleep claimed her.

Elyse then gently patted Jennie's arm, pausing when she felt something unusual beneath her touch. She cautiously rolled up Jennie's sleeve and inhaled sharply at the sight of vivid red burn marks scarring her skin.

With a subtle hardening of her features, Elyse carefully lowered the sleeve and drew the blanket up to Jennie's chin.

Meanwhile, in the shadows, Driscoll watched Corrie, who was still near the hospital.

Looking upward, her eyes were locked on a high window—the window to Jennie's room.

"Damn it!" she muttered bitterly. "Just wait, Jennie, you'll be under my control soon enough."

Though Corrie couldn't get close to Jennie now, she wasn't truly worried. Holding Jennie's best friend gave her leverage, ensuring Jennie's compliance.

Driscoll, having overheard Corrie's determined mutterings, realized the ongoing threat. He quickly sent a message to Elyse, alerting her to Corrie's unresolved intentions.

Corrie, eager to learn how things were progressing on Jordy's side, dialed his number with a sense of urgency.

The moment he picked up, his voice dripped with playfulness. "What's going on, sweetheart? Already missing me?"

Corrie indulged in the banter for a moment before softly asking, "Darling, could you come over and keep me company? I'm feeling so lonely without you."

Jordy, clearly excited by the thought of seeing her, didn't need a second invitation.

Once they agreed on a time, Corrie's nerves seemed to settle.

With Jordy's support, she knew she could take on anything, even Brook. Slipping her phone into her bag, she left the hospital humming a cheerful tune.

From a distance, Driscoll observed her departure before making a call of his own.

The rendezvous point was a cozy restaurant. As soon as Corrie stepped through the door, Jordy was right behind her.

Once they entered a private room, the door was swiftly closed, and they melted into each other's arms, like a couple completely smitten with one another.

Jordy playfully gave Corrie a quick pinch on the backside, grinning. "You missed me that much, huh? We just met yesterday, and here you are, already eager to see me again."

Corrie, blushing, gave him a playful punch in the chest. "You're such a tease. I just can't help but think about you."

Jordy chuckled heartily, the sound filling the room. He swept Corrie into his arms, sitting her sideways on his lap with a proud air, asking, "So, my sweet, what's been running through your mind?"

With a coy pout, Corrie leaned closer, her voice soft and sultry. "All our happy memories."

Chapter 1615:

Jordy's face lit up, and he pressed a quick kiss to her lips.

A few moments passed, and Corrie spoke again. "Darling, someone bossed me around today. You've got to stand up for me."

Jordy's face instantly contorted with rage. "Tell me who they are, and..."

"I'll teach them a lesson they'll never forget."

Corrie responded quickly, "Her name's Elyse Lloyd. She's a violinist."

Jordy's brow furrowed at the mention of Elyse. "Wait, isn't she Jayden's ex-wife? How did you end up crossing paths with her?"

"She was horrible to me," Corrie replied, her hand instinctively covering her cheek. "She even slapped me. I was afraid it would upset you, so I covered it with makeup."

Jordy's concern deepened. "Is she out of her mind? Why would she do that?"

Still holding her cheek, Corrie whimpered, "Moreover, I suspect Elyse might know about us."

Jordy froze, his mind racing. "Does she really know about us?"

Corrie nodded firmly, her tone serious. "She must. Otherwise, she wouldn't have said those things."

Jordy's anxiety surged. While he enjoyed every moment spent with Corrie, the last thing he wanted was for their relationship to be made public, especially not to his wife.

He was desperate to keep their secret under wraps.

As Jordy wrestled with his thoughts, Corrie leaned in closer, her voice dropping to a whisper. “Jordy, you can’t just stand by and do nothing. If you do, our relationship will be exposed. I’m fine with that—I have nothing to hide. But for you, it would cause problems.”

“You’re right,” Jordy said, his voice laced with tension. “If Elyse knows about us, who knows what she might do? She could spread it all over the city.” He slammed his fist onto the table, his determination clear. “No way. I won’t let that happen.”

Corrie, pleased by his reaction, playfully blew a breath across his face. “So, what are you going to do about it?” she pressed, her eyes glinting with curiosity.

Jordy hesitated, the wheels in his mind turning.

Elyse was Jayden’s woman; the thought of confronting her directly left him uneasy.

Noticing the hesitation in Jordy’s demeanor, Corrie smirked. “Jordy, are you afraid of her? After all, she’s with Jayden.”

“What? Me? Afraid of them?” Jordy stammered, his confidence faltering for a moment before he straightened up. “I can handle them, I swear.”

Corrie raised an eyebrow, her voice dripping with innocence. “Then what’s your plan? If you don’t act quickly, Elyse might expose us before we know it.”

Jordy leaned forward, urgency in his tone. “Is there any way we can deal with Elyse? She’s becoming a real thorn in my side.”

“Quietly... and for good,” Corrie responded, her gesture sharp and deliberate, her fingers slicing through the air like a blade, her eyes flickering with a menacing gleam.

Chapter 1616:

Jordy instinctively drew back. “Hold up, no! I can’t go that far.”

“Why?” Corrie shot back, impatience simmering in her voice. “Do you want Elyse going around shouting our secrets to the world?”

“Of course not!” Jordy exclaimed, but quickly added, “But murder? That’s crossing a line I can’t even fathom. I won’t do it.”

Corrie’s expression twisted with disdain, her lips curling as she stared at him. She pressed her lips together, frustration leaking from her voice. “So, what are you willing to do for us? For our happiness?”

Jordy wiped the sweat from his forehead, feeling the pressure mounting. “Don’t worry about it. I’ll take care of it. Just give me a little time. I’ll keep our secret safe.”

A bitter sneer curled on Corrie’s lips. She was beginning to doubt Jordy had the spine for anything, let alone protecting her.

But something more pressing burned in her chest. “Have you spoken to Brook? About my marriage to him?”

Jordy’s face darkened, the words caught in his throat. He cleared his throat, his nervousness palpable. “I haven’t had the chance yet.”

“But he was at your house yesterday, wasn’t he?” Corrie pressed, her tone sharp. “I know he was. That was the perfect opportunity! Why didn’t you bring it up?”

Jordy’s back stiffened, beads of cold sweat trickling down his spine. “My wife was there. It wasn’t the right moment. You have to understand.”

Corrie’s composure shattered like glass falling to the floor. Nothing had been done. Not a single thing.

“You want me to be more understanding?” she asked, her voice barely more than a whisper of disbelief. “But who’s here to understand me? All I want is a home. I just want to be near you. Is that really too much to ask? Brook’s having affair after affair, parading it in my face. Who’s going to stand up for me?”

Jordy's forehead was drenched in sweat, his attempts at reassurance weak. "Don't worry, I've got it covered. I promise, you won't be mistreated."

Corrie's lips twisted in disbelief. His promises felt empty. But for now, she had no choice but to trust him.

After all, that manipulative, conniving Jennie was being protected by Elyse and her clique. Corrie couldn't even get close to her.

Jordy, eager to shift gears, grabbed her attention. "Come on, we finally have a moment alone. Let me show you just how much I care about you."

It was clear what was on his mind. Sex was the one thing that brought him any sense of satisfaction.

Disgust flickered in Corrie's eyes, but she quickly masked it, allowing Jordy's hands to roam across her body.

Her voice dropped an octave, soft and sultry, her tone shifting. Before long, the room was filled with their breathless whispers. Across the street, in a building that offered a direct line of sight into their half-open window, a silent figure stood, watching in silence. Neither Jordy nor Corrie noticed, lost in their own world.

Later that evening, Elyse was absorbed in a book when a knock echoed at her door.

Chapter 1617:

It was Driscoll, standing with quiet respect. "Jordy and Zoe have invited you. Should I decline for you?"

Elyse paused, a thoughtful frown furrowing her brow.

"And what's their connection to Jayden?" she asked, eyes narrowing slightly.

Driscoll chose his words carefully, weighing them in his mind. "I'd say it's lukewarm. Neither particularly friendly nor hostile."

Elyse's eyes gleamed with understanding. "So, it's not good. They're clearly up to something. Decline it, please." She suppressed a yawn.

The news of Elyse's rejection landed like a sucker punch in Jordy's gut. "She won't even see me? It's clear she's hell-bent on exposing me and Corrie. How can she be so heartless?"

Jordy slumped back in his study chair, the weight of his despair pressing down on him. Was he really going to let Elyse hold this kind of power over him? What claim did she have over him? Just because she was with Jayden?

Frustration churned inside Jordy, his nerves fraying as the urge for a cigarette crept up on him. Suddenly, Zoe burst in, causing him to jump out of his skin.

Her gaze was sharp, unsettling, making him shiver.

"Don't you knock?" he stammered, flustered. "That's rude, you know."

Zoe's eyes narrowed dangerously. "Knock? Are you seriously asking me that?"

Jordy's voice faltered. "I... I was just startled. Never mind."

Zoe locked eyes with Jordy's guilty expression, her suspicion deepening. Folding her arms, she demanded, "Have you been hiding something from me?"

Jordy flinched, clearly caught off guard. "What? Why would you even think that? How could I possibly do that?"

A thought suddenly struck Zoe—the faint scent of perfume clinging to Jordy when he had come home. It was subtle, but unmistakable. "Did you put on cologne before you left?" she asked, narrowing her eyes.

Jordy shook his head instantly. "Of course not."

“Then explain the perfume on you,” Zoe snapped, her temper flaring. “You’re not getting any younger, Jordy. You wouldn’t dare betray me at this point, would you?”

Jordy quickly shook his head. “Betray you? Come on, I’m way past my prime. Who would even be interested in an old man like me?”

Zoe hesitated, studying him. He was indeed getting on in years—his face bore the marks of time, speckled with age spots. That thought alone doused the flames of her suspicion, at least for now.

Still, her sharp gaze landed on something else—his hand, clutching a cigarette. Her expression darkened. “And where did that come from? Didn’t I tell you to quit smoking?” Her voice rose a notch. “Don’t tell me you’ve been sneaking cigarettes again?”

Jordy glanced down at the cigarette, cursing his own carelessness. He had been so preoccupied with covering up his affair that he hadn’t even realized he was holding a cigarette.

Awkwardly, he let out a chuckle and tried to play it off, tucking the cigarette away. “It’s not what it looks like! Just a misunderstanding. I wasn’t going to smoke it—I just wanted to smell it, you know? Helps with the cravings.”

Chapter 1618:

Zoe wasn’t buying it. With a sharp stride, she snatched the cigarette from his hand.

“Don’t try to fool me, Jordy. I won’t fall for your nonsense.” She leveled him with a glare. “If you want to stick around long enough to spend more years with me, you’d better kick this habit for good.”

Jordy sighed in defeat, nodding obediently. “Got it, dear. No more smoking.”

Zoe huffed, then turned on her heel and left, leaving Jordy slumped in his chair.

Only after she was out of sight did he exhale deeply, relief washing over him. That had been way too close.

For now, his secret was safe.

Jordy had no intention of ending things with Corrie—she was young, lively, and made him feel like a man in his prime again. It thrilled him that he could still capture the attention of a woman so much younger.

Yet, the problem was undeniable—Corrie was meant to be Brook's future wife.

Still, Jordy didn't see himself as the villain here. Corrie had come to him willingly, hadn't she?

Right now, the biggest challenge was keeping their affair under wraps—making sure no one, not a soul, got wind of it. And the biggest obstacle in his way? Elyse. She was a problem he couldn't afford to ignore.

Leaning back in his chair, Jordy rubbed his temples, deep in thought. His mind drifted to what Corrie had told him earlier that day. Was Corrie right? Was eliminating Elyse truly the only way to keep their secret under wraps?

While Jordy wrestled with the decision, Elyse had already made up her mind. Her bags were packed, and she was bound for Virelia.

Onboard the flight, Chloe practically buzzed with excitement. "If this concert goes off without a hitch, your name will soar. You'll be one step closer to headlining your own solo tour!"

Elyse responded with a faint smile. "Easier said than done. A solo concert might never happen in this lifetime."

Chloe wasn't having it. "Come on, don't be so gloomy. I won't let you give up on your dream."

Then, as if something just occurred to her, she asked, "Hey, where's Jayden? Isn't he supposed to accompany you?"

"He had some business to handle," Elyse said lightly. "Flew out to another city yesterday."

Chloe shrugged. “Doesn’t matter—I’m here, and I can protect you too!” Elyse chuckled but said nothing.

As soon as the plane touched down, a striking sight greeted them: military personnel lined up in an official welcome, and right in the middle stood Rebecca, her smile radiant.

Chloe’s eyes widened in disbelief.

Just how close were Elyse and Rebecca? The grand reception looked like something fit for a world leader!

Elyse took in the scene, her heart growing heavier by the second. But she masked it well, stepping forward with a poised smile as she extended her hand.

Chapter 1619:

“Thank you for the kind invitation. I’m truly honored to be here,” she said smoothly.

Rebecca clasped her hand with a warmth that felt almost too genuine. “The honor is mine, my dear friend. I always ensure those close to me are received with the highest courtesy. Consider this a small token of my hospitality.”

Elyse’s smile widened, but she remained silent.

After a brief exchange of pleasantries, she and Chloe were ushered into a waiting car headed for their hotel.

As they settled in, Rebecca glanced at Chloe and asked, “Is she a violinist as well?”

Elyse threw Chloe a sideways glance before replying, “No, she is my agent. She is here to make sure everything runs smoothly for the performance.”

Rebecca’s disappointment was palpable when she discovered Chloe wasn’t a violinist. An oppressive silence descended over the car ride to the hotel, with Rebecca withdrawing completely from any conversation with Elyse.

Though Elyse noticed the dramatic shift in Rebecca's demeanor, she maintained her composure, gazing steadily at the passing landscape. Only Chloe found herself adrift in confusion, sensing the inexplicable frost that had settled over their group.

The instant they reached their hotel room, Chloe gravitated toward Elyse, her voice trembling as she described Rebecca's sudden transformation.

Elyse's lips curved into a gentle smile. "Your instincts aren't wrong—Rebecca has indeed changed her tune."

"But why?" Chloe's eyes pleaded for understanding.

Elyse weighed her words carefully, her mind calculating the gentlest way to unveil the truth. Finally, she decided directness would serve best.

"Chloe, take everything Rebecca says with a grain of salt. This concert is nothing but an elaborate snare, and I'm the intended prey. I don't want to see you hurt in the crossfire."

The revelation struck Chloe like a physical blow. "That can't be right. She seemed so genuine about wanting you to perform."

Elyse shook her head solemnly. "It's all smoke and mirrors. Keep your distance from her. Her words are poison. The contempt she harbors for me extends to you by association."

The gravity of this truth sent Chloe sinking into a chair, her mind reeling as she struggled to reconcile this new reality.

Meanwhile, Elyse stood unwavering, her resolve hardened by the anticipation of this inevitable confrontation with Rebecca.

Just as Elyse prepared to rest, having changed into comfortable attire, Celeste's call pierced the quiet.

Her voice erupted through the speaker, blazing with fury. “Why would you agree to perform for that snake? Have you forgotten how she destroyed your father’s career? Come home immediately—I’ll arrange everything!”

Elyse, though surprised by Celeste’s knowledge of her whereabouts, responded with measured respect. “My decision is final. I will perform.”

Celeste’s tone cut like steel. “Have you lost your mind? Your father lost everything because of her!”

Chapter 1620:

“Precisely why I can’t stand idle,” Elyse countered. “I must succeed where my father couldn’t.”

Celeste’s rage gave way to deep breaths before she continued. “You’ve gone mad! I’m booking your return flight this instant. Get out of that cursed place!”

Elyse exhaled softly. “I’m bound here until this plays out.”

“What are you saying?” Celeste’s voice wavered with confusion.

“Rebecca’s watchdogs monitor my every move. Any attempt to flee would be thwarted instantly. But don’t fret. I know what I’m doing.” Her words sent ice through Celeste’s veins.

After an eternal pause, Celeste’s voice softened. “You’re your father’s mirror image—both stubborn to the core. I failed to stop him, and now I can’t stop you. The thought of history repeating itself terrifies me.”

Elyse’s voice carried quiet determination. “That’s precisely why I came. I’ll drag Rebecca’s schemes into the light.”

Celeste scoffed. “You? What makes you think you can succeed?”

“I am Rickey’s daughter. This battle belongs to me.”

“Such arrogance,” Celeste muttered.

A soft laugh escaped Elyse. “Being my father’s daughter gives me that right, doesn’t it?”

As Celeste fell silent, Cody’s voice emerged. “Elyse, my faith lies with you. What Rickey and I couldn’t achieve, you can. Reclaim your father’s honor. Don’t let her triumph.”

Elyse’s voice rang with conviction. “I won’t disappoint you.”

Cody hummed approvingly before ending the call.

Chloe’s muscles coiled with tension as Elyse’s words sank in. She sprang to her feet, her voice quivering. “This isn’t just a performance, is it? You’re making it sound like we’re marching into battle!”

A soft laugh escaped Elyse’s lips. “Your instincts serve you well. This is indeed a war, and Rebecca stands as our adversary.”

The weight of this revelation struck Chloe silent, color draining from her face. When she finally found her voice, it emerged as barely a whisper. “Will we survive this?”

Elyse’s response carried unwavering certainty. “Death isn’t in our future. We’ll both emerge from this unscathed.”

Though Chloe nodded slowly, her mind churned with fresh concerns. “Surely Jayden knows about this dangerous undertaking? You didn’t keep him in the dark, did you?”

A reassuring smile graced Elyse’s features. “He’s fully aware.”

Disbelief painted Chloe’s expression. “He actually gave his blessing to something this perilous?”

The shock proved too much, sending her collapsing back into her chair. Elyse methodically packed her belongings before lifting her gaze. “Let’s stretch our legs and find some dinner.”