

Bound love 1631

Chapter 1631:

Determined, she tried to move back toward the stage. Then, another explosion. The impact sent a shockwave across the venue. Part of the stage collapsed in an instant.

Elyse was thrown to the floor. Pain flared across her body as dust and smoke clouded her vision. Her head spun, consciousness slipping. Somewhere in the distance, she could hear the desperate cries of those trapped inside. Her mind screamed at her to move.

She had to do something. She had to fight back and break free from Rebecca's control.

"Somebody help! My teacher is bleeding!"

Elyse, drawn by the desperate cry, turned to see Luna kneeling beside Ronan Gray, the coordinator, supporting him with her frail frame. Blood pooled beneath him, dark and unrelenting.

Luna huddled over him, her body a fragile shield against the crowd closing in around them. Her face, smeared with dirt and streaked with tears, was barely recognizable, as if the chaos had erased her youth in an instant.

Just ten minutes ago, she had been radiant—poised for her first grand performance, draped in an elegant gown that shimmered under the lights.

Ronan, too, had been dressed to perfection in a sharp suit, his every move precise as he oversaw the final details of the performance, his focus unwavering in the calm before the storm.

Just moments ago, everyone had been full of life—vibrant, buzzing with anticipation. Now, they were nothing more than broken pieces scattered across the floor, a nightmarish scene of the dead and the dying.

A sharp pain throbbed in Elyse's skull. These were Rebecca's people—people full of hope, of purpose. And now they were abandoned by her, left to bleed out on the cold floor. Why would Rebecca simply walk away, uncaring?

With a groan, Elyse pushed herself to her feet, her body protesting with every movement. She was coated in dust, her arms scraped and bruised from being tossed across the floor by the brutal force of the explosion that had torn through the area.

She pressed her hand to her forehead, the dizzying spin of the world making everything blur and sway around her.

“Dad! Hold on, the ambulance is coming!”

“God, please save my daughter! She’s only twelve!”

“Oh, God! Am I dying? My leg is broken!”

The air hung heavy with anguish, filled with the desperate cries of Rebecca’s forsaken people.

Elyse clenched her jaw, grief pressing down on her chest like a heavy weight.

This wasn’t the plan Esteban had mapped out back at the hotel. This wasn’t supposed to happen.

A tidal wave of sorrow and fury slammed into Elyse as she gazed at the suffering, bewildered faces surrounding her.

Chapter 1632:

She knew she had to act—had to do something, anything. Then, another image suddenly flashed in her mind.

Rickey, trapped in the midst of a furious mob, his every move swallowed by their anger. Accusations and insults flew at him like sharp stones.

He shrank under their brutal onslaught, his body folding in on itself as if trying to disappear. He became a mere trembling shadow, curled in the darkest corner, muttering frantic apologies as the world closed in around him.

“It wasn’t me,” he sobbed, his voice choked with fear. “I didn’t start the war. I never wanted to hurt anyone. I just wanted to play the violin...” His words trembled in the air, laced with an overwhelming sorrow that seemed to pierce the very soul.

Rickey’s pain and rage echoed through Elyse, stirring something deep within her, a raw connection to his torment that burned in her chest.

A scream tore from Elyse’s throat as she clutched her head, the fury boiling over. “Rebecca, you goddamn bitch!”

In that moment, another explosion ripped through the air near an exit, sending shockwaves that amplified the chaos and bloodshed around her.

In a desperate bid for survival, people began scrambling up the twenty-foot walls, choosing the peril of a deadly fall over the certainty of being torn apart by the explosions.

Elyse watched the horror unfold, her eyes stinging with anguish, burning so fiercely it felt as though they might tear from their sockets. In a burst of adrenaline, she scrambled to her feet, leaping onto the stage. She grabbed the microphone, her fingers trembling, but when she found it live, she raised it high and screamed into it,

“Rebecca Dyson! You hypocrite! You abandoned your people! You started this war! And you tried to pin it all on me! I’ll fight you until the very end!”

Her voice rang out across the venue, louder than the storm brewing below. The microphone was connected to the sound system, sending her words echoing through every speaker.

Elyse fought back a dizzy spell, steadying herself as she adjusted the mic stand and picked up a violin that had fallen to the floor. With a confident stride, she made her way to center stage. She stood tall, gazing down at the chaos unfolding, and shouted,

“Palladio!”

The music exploded, its melody simple yet hypnotic. The counterpoint of the double-stop added depth, amplifying the soaring violin's call. It was a calm before the storm—a charged moment brimming with anticipation and fury.

In the arena, a cameraman swung his lens toward the stage, capturing the intensity.

The camera was live, broadcasting the chaos to the world.

While one hand documented the chaos, another was about to capture the defiant melody rising from the ashes.

Still kneeling, Luna heard the music and slowly lifted her gaze toward Elyse.

The accusations she'd heard struck her like a blow to the chest.

Chapter 1633:

Rebecca had started the war? Rebecca had left them?

Luna couldn't wrap her mind around it; the reality was too hard to swallow.

"Luna..." Ronan's voice, weak but insistent, broke through her fog. He tugged at her arm, urgency in his words. "You have to speak out! For the innocent, you have to make yourself heard."

Luna's mind raced, spinning with confusion. "What am I supposed to do?"

Luna trembled, her voice barely a whisper, fragile as a thread pulled too tight. "I'm so scared! I don't know what to do!"

Ronan, his gaze unwavering as it fixed on the stage, coughed before speaking. "Right or wrong, you must speak for the innocent. You have to help Elyse. Her voice alone isn't enough!"

Tears welled in Luna's eyes, her gaze falling to Ronan's bloodied leg. "No, I can't. I'm terrified. What if you die?"

Ronan shook his head slowly, his determination unyielding. “I’m not going to die. I’m going to live. And as the coordinator of this performance, I’m going to track down the one who ordered this bombing. I will make them regret it for the rest of their life! So be brave, Luna. Let your violin speak. With your music, declare a ceasefire.”

Luna stood frozen, shock etched across her face. After what felt like an eternity, she steadied her trembling legs and slowly rose.

In that moment, she saw her once-beautiful gown now torn and battered, dragging heavily behind her like an anchor.

Without hesitation, she bent down, tore the fabric free, and with newfound resolve, strode toward the stage. Picking up a violin, she stood beside Elyse.

Their eyes locked, and in that fleeting moment, an unspoken understanding passed between them. Then, Luna joined in, her bow dancing across the strings, her violin intertwining with Elyse’s, their music a duet of defiance.

The sound was stronger now, but it still wasn’t enough.

Just then, the clarinetist entered the stage.

Elyse and Luna watched as, one by one, the remaining orchestra members who still could move, picked up their instruments and added their voices to the performance, filling the ravaged stage with their resilience.

The cameraman, capturing it all, whispered in awe, “Incredible. It’s more than just a performance... it’s a statement.” But what statement?

The camera, broadcasting live, sent its feed to every station willing to carry it.

One piece melted seamlessly into the next.

Despite the roar of fighter jets overhead, they didn’t falter, determined to make their music heard.

Meanwhile, in Manfek, George sat riveted in front of his television. Instead of texting his son, who was out on a date, he stood up and opened the doors to his music shop. Stepping out into the bustling street, he began to play along with the televised performance.

Chapter 1634:

The street was lined with shops selling all kinds of musical instruments. Hearing George's passionate playing, other shop owners, refusing to remain silent, emerged with their own instruments, joining in a spontaneous rendition of B Rossette.

Tourists, initially drawn by the unexpected street performance, began filming the moment on their phones.

Then, one tourist, scrolling through the news, stumbled upon the horrifying report of the massacre in Virelia. The truth hit them like a thunderclap. Somewhere in Virelia, a group of performers were using their music to cry out for the innocent.

Dawn broke over Lesbourg.

Brook, having secured airtime on multiple TV stations and commandeered the city's largest central screens, ensured that the message would reach far and wide.

Cody and Celeste arrived at Virelia's largest square, violins in hand, and seamlessly joined the swelling music.

In Watscar, Darren watched the broadcast, his eyes fixed on the screen. The moment he saw Elyse, a bolt of urgency shot through him. He rushed to the practice room.

"Vicky, stop practicing!" he cried, his voice urgent. "Elyse is in grave danger. We need to help her!"

Vicky, taken aback, took Darren's phone. The despair surrounding Elyse on the screen hit her hard. A musician herself, she viscerally understood the raw emotion pouring from the scene.

“They’re crying out,” she whispered, her voice thick with empathy. “We can’t just sit here. We have to do something.”

Together, they grabbed their violins and rushed out of the practice room—only to stop dead in their tracks. Wanda stood in the doorway, the full Celestial Sounds Symphony arrayed behind her.

Vicky and Darren stared, unsure of Wanda’s intent.

Wanda’s face was solemn. “Music is our language,” she declared, her voice unwavering. “There are messages only we can understand. The Celestial Sounds Symphony, in its entirety, will offer a tribute to our colleagues across the ocean.”

Out on the bustling streets, the soaring strains of B Rossette, performed by the full Celestial Sounds Symphony, captivated all who passed by.

Meanwhile, Elyse, still unaware that her music was echoing across the globe, called out her third piece—“Beethoven Virus.”

The music, like a virus in its own right, spread far beyond the stage. It reached Rebecca, wherever she was.

Preoccupied with drafting a declaration of war against Manfek, Rebecca had barely noticed Elyse’s actions.

But then, an aide’s urgent message pierced her thoughts, insisting that she turn her attention to the screen.

Perplexed, she glanced up. There, on the stage, was Elyse, surrounded by a sea of musicians. A wave of astonishment washed over Rebecca.

Chapter 1635:

“My God,” she breathed, her voice a mix of awe and disbelief. “What is she doing? Why is she still performing? Shouldn’t she be... down?”

Rebecca stood by the window, watching the chaos unfold in a way she never could have predicted. Everything was slipping through her fingers, unraveling faster than she could grasp—a feeling so overwhelming it left her breathless. She pounded on the glass, her voice raw with desperation. “Damn you, Elyse! What do you think you’re doing? You’re tearing everything apart!”

Her screams rang out, cracking under the weight of her anguish. “Stop! Stop playing!”

But her pleas were useless. Elyse wouldn’t stop. She couldn’t. That melody—haunting, defiant—wasn’t just music. It was a cry for justice, a scream for all the innocent lives stolen too soon.

Rebecca could hear it, feel it twisting through the air like a blade. But to her, it wasn’t a song of defiance—it was the death knell of her carefully laid plans. Every note crushed her chest, suffocating her under its weight.

“Rebecca? What’s the matter? Why are you crying? Are you okay?” Esteban quickly moved to her side, his voice full of worry.

Rebecca spun around, startled, and gently touched her cheek. Her fingertips came away wet.

She stared at her open palm, the truth laid bare. She was indeed crying.

Esteban’s voice cut through her daze. “What are you crying about?”

Rebecca barely heard him. She murmured, almost to herself, “Why... why am I crying?” Her brows knit together. “I’ve never shed a tear in my life. This is the first time... but why?”

Esteban studied her, an unreadable expression crossing his face. “Are you crying for our people?”

Rebecca, still grappling with the shock of her own tears, struggled to make sense of his words. “For... our people?”

Esteban nodded, stepping toward the window and sweeping his hand toward the devastation below.

“Aren’t you mourning for them? Children robbed of their parents, the elderly left to grieve their lost children. Friends bury friends, lovers are torn apart. I saw a man cradling his own severed arm, sobbing, waiting for the end. Others trampled underfoot, their faces frozen in agony.”

His gaze sharpened, his tone edged with steel. “Rebecca, do you truly feel nothing for these people?”

Rebecca wiped away the last traces of her tears with practiced grace. “Of course, I do. This was meant to be a celebration of peace, and Manfek turned it into a massacre. Our people have suffered an unspeakable betrayal.” Her voice darkened. “But make no mistake—Manfek will pay. I will strike back. Every soul lost in this atrocity will be avenged.”

With a firm squeeze of Esteban’s shoulder, she turned on her heel.

“Hold on.” Esteban’s voice remained steady, unreadable. “We weren’t done talking. Where are you headed?”

Chapter 1636:

Rebecca stopped, irritation flickering in her eyes. “I thought we were. If you have more to say, it’ll have to wait. I have things to handle.”

Esteban’s expression didn’t change. “What things?”

Rebecca’s gaze flicked to the stage. “Elyse, Manfek’s so-called peace envoy.” Her voice was tight with disdain. “I thought she came here to foster harmony, but her music became a war cry. I need to apprehend her and bring her before the international court. The world will hear her confession.”

Esteban’s composure cracked. “Stop deflecting. You need to take responsibility for your own actions.”

Rebecca’s tongue swept across her lips, a flicker of unease betraying her. “What are you talking about? What actions?”

Esteban’s brow lifted, his gaze sharp. “You really don’t know?” He let out a bitter laugh. “You’ve wanted to break the peace treaty from the start. This attack—you orchestrated it, didn’t you? You

sacrificed our own people just to pin the blame on Manfek. But they won't sit back and take it. They'll retaliate. And when they do, your war—the one you've been waiting for—will begin.”

Rebecca didn't reply right away. Instead, she studied Esteban, her stare measured, piercing.

For the first time in years, she felt as though she were truly seeing her overlooked brother.

When she finally spoke, her voice was like a blade dipped in frost. “Esteban, do you even hear yourself? You're accusing me of treason, of slaughtering my own people. What possible reason would I have to ignite a war with Manfek? I'm not reckless. I'm not a fool.” She stepped closer, her tone quiet but firm. “And as my brother, you should know that.”

Esteban exhaled, his expression unreadable. Then, with quiet conviction, he said, “It's because I know you that I see exactly what you're doing. And I promise you—I won't let you succeed.”

Rebecca shook her head with a soft, resigned sigh. “Esteban, honestly, where are you getting this from? Do you really believe I'd betray my own people? As their future queen, I would never start a war.”

She gestured toward the fighter jets soaring above them, the tension of impending action palpable. “Look at the insignia on those planes. That's the enemy's mark. This is a clear provocation by Manfek!”

Esteban's voice rang out in a harsh snarl. “Stop trying to manipulate me! Believing you would be the biggest mistake of my life!”

He drew a dagger from his belt and aimed it directly at her. “Call off this slaughter, or I can't promise your safety!”

Rebecca barely glanced at the dagger, her gaze unwavering, locking onto him with an icy calmness.

A thick silence enveloped them, broken only by the tortured cries of the people around them.

Chapter 1637:

A faint smile tugged at the corners of Rebecca's lips. "Do you hear them? The screams, the cries... They're dying."

"Enough of this madness! Stop it!" Esteban roared, his voice crackling with frustration.

Unperturbed by his fury, Rebecca waved him off with a nonchalant gesture. "Calm down. I'm showing you how to rule. You've never had any formal training, no real experience in governance, no hands-on work for the people. You're clueless."

She paused for a moment, then slowly drew a pistol from beneath her skirt, aiming it squarely at Esteban.

"A dagger won't protect the people. You need a weapon like mine to challenge me," she said, her chilling smile growing.

Esteban's eyes widened in disbelief. "How can you have a gun? That's not allowed!"

Rebecca tilted her head slightly, a small smirk dancing across her lips. "It's not allowed for you. But I'm different. I'm the future queen, and the queen has the right to bear arms."

"But you're not queen yet! You're tearing this country apart!" Esteban shouted, his rage consuming him.

Rebecca chuckled softly, almost mockingly. "Before you accuse me, you should worry about your own safety."

Esteban's fury bubbled over, but his dagger was nothing compared to the lethal stillness of Rebecca's pistol. He lowered his weapon in silent defeat.

Seeing his capitulation, Rebecca's smile grew wider. "Come along. Let's get to know one another. After all these years, I realize I've never really known you."

With a grim expression, Esteban dropped the dagger and began walking ahead of her.

Yes, he was a hostage, but in this chaos, his captivity served little purpose for her.

Rebecca led him to the center of the venue, her eyes fixed on the orchestra onstage, a flicker of malice creeping into her gaze.

She couldn't comprehend Elyse. Elyse was now a criminal in the eyes of the world. Why wasn't she hiding or crying like Rickey, instead of playing the violin as if nothing was wrong?

Rebecca's gaze remained locked on Elyse, seemingly indifferent to the suffering unfolding around them.

Esteban's eyes caught a young boy weeping over the lifeless body of his father. His breath hitched in his throat, but he quickly shut his eyes, trying to block out the pain.

"Keep moving," Rebecca urged, shoving him forward.

Esteban's face was a mask of anguish as he turned to her, his voice thick with desperation. "Do you even have a heart? Can't you see these innocent lives being torn apart? Do they mean nothing to you?"

Rebecca's gaze swept over the scene with cold detachment. "When I become queen, I will find a way to compensate them."

Chapter 1638:

Esteban's chest tightened with anger, his hands balled into fists at his sides. "Rebecca, are you even human?"

Without a word, Rebecca jabbed the pistol into his back, her smile a sharp curve, as deadly as a viper's strike. "Less talking. You'll do as I say. If I told you to die right now, you would die."

Esteban exhaled sharply, his fists still clenched with impotent rage, and began walking toward the stage. Elyse had already noticed their approach.

She saw the rigid tension in Esteban's posture, but after a fleeting glance, returned her focus to the violin, the bow dancing with practiced grace across the strings.

“La ronde des lutins!” he called out, and the orchestra, having just finished their previous piece, dove into the frenzied, chaotic notes of Bazzini’s La ronde des lutins.

Rebecca, ignored and bristling with fury, seethed at Elyse’s nonchalance.

With a quiet hiss, she tucked her pistol back under her skirt and muttered under her breath, “Even now, why are you leading them in this performance? Don’t you see how dangerous this is?”

Elyse showed no reaction to the interruption, her bow gliding effortlessly across the strings.

The orchestra stayed in sync, their music swelling without a hitch.

Rebecca’s chest tightened as her words went unanswered. She fought down the surge of anger. “Stop! Stop this right now! You’re making things worse. Can’t you see that?”

Elyse heard every word, but her bow never faltered.

As the piece soared to its crescendo, Rebecca’s control slipped further. Her frustration boiled over.

“Elyse!” she shouted, her voice raw with fury. “How dare you ignore me? This is illegal!”

The final notes of La ronde des lutins faded into the tense silence left by Rebecca’s outburst.

This time, Elyse lowered her violin. She stepped forward to the edge of the stage, her gaze unwavering as it locked on Rebecca.

“Rebecca Dyson,” she declared, her voice ringing through the hall, “the real guilt is yours. You abandoned your people. This is on you!”

Rebecca let out a sharp, bitter laugh. “On me? Manfek’s army bombed our land. We don’t even know when the next strike will come. And you, Elyse?” Her voice dripped with accusation. “You’re the Manfek envoy sent here for this so-called peace concert. The government you represent shattered the treaty. You’re the one responsible!”

Elyse raised the microphone, her tone firm. “You brought me to Virelia for this peace concert—not Manfek. And now you’re trying to push the blame onto me. What are your intentions?”

Rebecca’s laugh was sharp and dismissive. “Me? Invite you? Why would I? We have plenty of talented musicians here. What reason would I have to make you concertmaster?”

Chapter 1639:

Elyse’s voice turned icy. “Because it’s all part of your scheme! Have you forgotten Rickey Benson? Twenty-four years ago, you exploited him—and that tragedy lined your pockets. Now you’re doing it again.”

Rebecca’s lips curled into a smug smile. “You mean I framed you, huh? Fine. Prove it.”

Before Elyse could reply, the thunderous roar of fighter jets filled the sky, cutting through the tense exchange.

The fighter jets circled the venue with menacing precision, like predators closing in for the kill.

Chaos erupted below. People screamed and scattered, pushing and shoving in their desperate search for shelter.

Elyse’s gaze shot upward, fear flickering across her face.

Rebecca, however, stood unnervingly calm, her expression almost serene. She knew she was untouchable, shielded from the threat above.

The crowd collectively held its breath, the thundering pulse of panic beating through them. Then more jets sliced through the sky—sleek, formidable, and unmistakably marked with the obvious emblem of Manfek.

“This isn’t right! I didn’t plan this!” Rebecca’s face drained of color as her eyes locked onto the fighter jets.

She staggered backward, panic threading through her voice. “Impossible! Manfek’s air force couldn’t have arrived this fast. This wasn’t my plan! Something’s gone horribly wrong!”

Her desperate cries carried over the chaos, catching the attention of many, including Luna.

Luna darted to Elyse’s side, snatching the microphone and pointing it straight at Rebecca.

“Your plan?” Luna demanded, her voice sharp. “What are you talking about? Did you betray us?”

Rebecca’s lips curled into a scornful sneer. She dismissed Luna with a withering glance—this common civilian had no place questioning her.

Her gaze flicked to the sky. Her instincts kicked in—she turned to run. But Esteban was faster. The advantage was his now.

“Not so fast, Rebecca!” he ordered, stepping into her path. Her momentary shock gave him the opening he needed to snatch the pistol from her grip.

She lunged, fingers clawing for the weapon. The ground beneath them shifted treacherously. Esteban wobbled, teetering on the unstable ruins.

In a split-second decision, he hurled the gun away. If he couldn’t keep it, neither would she.

The pistol clattered onto the ground beneath the stage, echoing through the tense silence.

Rebecca’s fury ignited. “You bastard, Esteban! You’re destroying everything!”

Chapter 1640:

She lunged at him, but he quickly overpowered her, forcing her to the floor.

Esteban’s voice cut through the chaos, commanding the crowd’s attention. “I, Esteban Dyson, accuse Rebecca Dyson of treason!” His words rang with righteous conviction. “This disaster is her

doing! She orchestrated it to shatter the peace treaty and provoke war with Manfek! Elyse Lloyd was supposed to take the fall—but we uncovered Rebecca’s true intentions.”

He swept his gaze over the stunned audience. “To protect my people, I will expose the truth. The innocent will not be blamed, and the guilty will not escape justice!”

“Enough! I didn’t do it! Elyse is the one to be blamed!” Rebecca screamed, her voice strained and raw with fury.

Yet her words went unheard. The faith that once surrounded her faded, and no one believed her anymore.

“Rebecca, stop clinging to these delusions,” Esteban shot back, his voice taut with fury. “Tell your men to stop the bombing. Tell them to stop slaughtering our people!”

Rebecca’s eyes sparked with defiance as she scoffed. “What are you babbling about? I gave no orders! It was Elyse, it was you, it was Manfek! This is a plot to bring Virelia to its knees! I’m the one being played here; you’ve all been tricked!”

Esteban’s anger shifted into something colder, a look of pity crossing his features as he gazed at her. “You still refuse to face the truth?”

“I haven’t done a thing!” Rebecca cried, her voice rising again in a desperate pitch.

Without a word, Esteban began to search her, unaffected by her frantic attempts to evade him and her cries for mercy.

“Stop it! Esteban, I’m your sister! You can’t treat me like a criminal!”

But Esteban remained resolute. His hands found the hidden phone she had been trying so hard to conceal. He pressed it to her face to unlock it, swiftly locating the contact who had been on the receiving end of her orders.

He quickly typed out a message, asking the receiver to stop the bombing and withdraw the forces. Then, holding the phone up for all to see, he declared, “It’s done. The bombing has ceased. This

phone proves Rebecca masterminded the entire assault! I suggest we bring her to the International Court of Justice to answer for her crimes.”

Elyse glanced up, watching as the first bombers began to slowly retreat. Yet, Manfek’s fighter jets, which had only just arrived, made no move to back down.

A wave of fear surged through the survivors.

Elyse felt the ground beneath her tremble, the chaos consuming her thoughts. Since the first bomb had fallen, everything had spiraled into the unknown, far beyond anything she could have imagined.

While Elyse stood paralyzed in confusion, Esteban sprang into action. With dramatic resolve, he raised his hands high and sank to his knees in front of everyone.

“Rebecca has betrayed our ally, Manfek, falsely accusing them!” he cried, his voice heavy with conviction. “As the prince of Virelia, I offer my deepest apologies to Manfek. Please, I beg you, withdraw your forces!”