

Bound love 1731

Chapter 1731:

The situation felt like a vice grip around her heart. Corrie held her best friend hostage, leaving her torn between loyalty and the knowledge that her actions would wound Brook.

After pondering for a long time, Jennie muttered to herself, “How can I avoid hurting Brook and my best friend?”

But solutions eluded her like smoke through fingers. Each tick of the clock brought the dreaded meeting time closer, her pulse quickening with every passing moment.

The sound of the front door opening shattered her spiral of thoughts.

Brook’s presence filled the doorway, his eyes immediately catching her hunched posture. Understanding flickered across his face as he approached. “Something’s troubling you. I can see it in your eyes.”

Startled by his unexpected appearance, Jennie straightened, plastering on a forced smile. “What brings you home so early? I thought you’d be at the office.”

“Got a business trip coming up,” Brook explained. “Just needed to grab some things for a few days away.”

“You’re leaving?” Jennie’s voice caught slightly. “For several days?”

Brook nodded, gesturing toward their bedroom. “Want to help me pack?”

Jennie’s throat tightened with unspoken words. How could she explain Corrie’s threats? The knowledge of Camille’s closeness to Brook only added another layer of discomfort to her already complicated feelings.

As Brook disappeared into the walk-in closet, Jennie’s gaze followed him, her mind racing. After a moment’s hesitation, she rose to help him pack.

“Are you sure you’re alright?” Brook’s voice was tinged with worry as he studied her pale complexion. “You don’t look well.”

“What? My face is perfectly fine!” Jennie’s words tumbled out defensively, her heart racing at his observation.

Brook’s fingers found her cheeks, playfully stretching them into an artificial smile. The gentle gesture contrasted with the storm brewing inside her.

“You can’t hide it; something’s dimmed your light,” he said softly.

Scrambling for cover, Jennie manufactured a half-truth. “I guess I’m just down about your trip. That’s all.”

A warm chuckle escaped Brook’s lips. “Missing me already? Say the word, and I’ll bring you along—keep the loneliness at bay.”

“Thanks, but I’d only get in your way,” Jennie mumbled, her lower lip protruding slightly.

“Then I’ll stay,” Brook declared. “Work can wait.”

“Absolutely not!” The force of Jennie’s response surprised even her. “You’re in charge now. The company needs you. How can you pay everyone if you start slacking off?”

“Jayden could handle things.”

Jennie shook her head firmly. “But you said he’s stepped back from Owen Group. This is your dream—making the company thrive. It’s in your hands now.”

Stroking his chin thoughtfully, Brook studied her. “True enough. But are you certain you’ll be alright without me?”

Jennie forced her lips into a smile and nodded, busying herself with the remaining packing.

Once the suitcase was closed, she ventured, “When are you heading out?”

Chapter 1732:

“No rush,” Brook assured her. “How about some dessert first?”

Jennie welcomed the distraction, retreating to the kitchen to brew coffee and plate some sweets. They settled on the balcony together, the afternoon light casting long shadows.

Brook’s eyes searched her face. “If something’s troubling you, tell me. Maybe I can help.”

The words nearly spilled out, but Jennie caught them just in time.

Thoughts of Camille crept in, and her resolve hardened. She wasn’t the only woman in his orbit anymore. Asking for his help with her friend might push her into “troublesome” territory.

And if he started seeing her as a burden... would that be the final push that drove him away? The thought of leaving his side clawed at her heart, making her chest feel impossibly tight.

Her inner turmoil only deepened, casting darker shadows across her already troubled mind.

Brook’s questioning gaze lingered, waiting for an answer that wouldn’t come. “Really, it’s nothing,” Jennie finally offered, forcing lightness into her voice. “Just being silly about missing you, that’s all.”

Brook’s eyebrow arched skeptically, but his words came out gentle. “Hey, don’t let it get to you. I’m not vanishing forever; just a few days for business. Nothing to worry about.”

“Worried? Me?” Jennie’s laugh held a bitter edge. “Why would I worry? It’s all business, right? If your partners want drinks, or if some girl catches your eye... that’s just part of the deal. Not like I have any right to be jealous.”

Brook was taken aback, his tone laced with disbelief. “You’re not jealous? Really? Because it’s all over your face.”

Jennie shot him a glare. “Come on, I’m not jealous!” She punctuated her words by lightly punching his chest.

Brook let out a low chuckle, making no effort to dodge.

When she finally dropped her hand, he reached into his pocket and retrieved a small red velvet box. With a smile, he held it out to her. “This is for you.”

Jennie froze, her eyes widening as she accepted it. “What is this?”

He smirked. “Why not open it and find out?”

Obliging, she lifted the lid, revealing a ruby brooch nestled inside.

The gemstone’s deep red shimmer left her breathless. She turned it over in her hands, staring in awe before murmuring, “This... is really for me?”

Brook arched a brow, amused. “Who else would it be for?”

Jennie hesitated, her voice faltering. “I thought... maybe...” She trailed off, unable to finish the thought.

She had nearly mentioned Camille but stopped herself. Instead, she shifted the topic. “You’re sure this belongs to me?”

Brook gave a firm nod. “Absolutely. It’s one of a kind—meant only for you.”

Touched, Jennie admired the brooch, running her fingers over its smooth surface again and again.

Brook’s smile deepened. “Let me pin it on you. I want to see how it looks.”

She handed it to him without hesitation, watching as he carefully fastened it. Stepping back, he gave a satisfied nod. “Just as I expected—perfect on you.”

Chapter 1733:

Jennie beamed, happiness radiating from her.

After finishing their dessert, Brook didn’t linger. He grabbed his suitcase and left.

The moment the door shut behind him, Jennie’s joy drained away.

Her smile vanished, her chest tightening with an ache she couldn’t suppress. Tears welled in her eyes.

A deep sense of helplessness washed over her as she whispered, “Why do you have to be so kind to me? The more I care about you, the harder it is to walk away.”

Silent sobs wracked her body, tears slipping down her cheeks and vanishing into the plush carpet.

She collapsed onto the couch, letting her sorrow consume her. Eventually, after crying herself dry, exhaustion took over.

A couple of hours later, it was nearly time for her meeting with Corrie. Shaking off the lingering sadness, she freshened up in the bathroom before heading out. She arrived on time, but Corrie was nowhere in sight.

Jennie assumed she’d show up soon, but an hour passed before Corrie finally appeared.

Far from apologetic, Corrie flashed a careless smile. “You’re so early. Now I feel bad for making you wait.”

Sliding into her seat, she smirked. “So, how’s it going with Brook? I’ve given you plenty of time to rekindle his feelings.”

Jennie sighed, shaking her head. “Camille is still living in his villa, while I’m kept in an apartment. Right now, I’m just someone he spends time with. If I want to turn his heart away from Camille, I need more time.”

Corrie paused mid-stir of her coffee before looking up with a slow, icy smile. “More time? I’ve already given you over two weeks. And yet, Camille is still in that house?”

Jennie’s face paled. “I’ve done everything I can, but I can’t force him to feel something that isn’t there.”

Corrie’s expression darkened. Without warning, she slapped Jennie hard across the face.

The impact sent Jennie tumbling to the floor, her hands shaking as she tried to push herself up.

Corrie glared down at her. “You call that trying your best? If you had, Camille would be gone by now. You’re slacking off. You’re disobeying me.”

Jennie clutched her burning cheek, her voice unsteady. “I swear, I’ve done everything I can to win him over.”

“Not good enough!” Corrie slammed the table, fury twisting her features. “I don’t just want you close to Brook—I want you to have him completely under your thumb. And Camille needs to disappear.”

Jennie lifted her head, and for the briefest moment, she thought she saw something monstrous lurking behind Corrie’s eyes. Noticing Jennie’s fear, Corrie...

Corrie grabbed Jennie’s chin, her voice dropping to a chilling whisper. “Don’t even think about backing out now.”

Jennie trembled from head to toe. “You forced me into this! You couldn’t get rid of Camille yourself, so you dragged me into your mess. And now that I’ve managed to stay in Brook’s life, you’re acting like I haven’t done enough? You failed, yet you have the audacity to judge my efforts?”

Corrie's face twisted with rage. She struck Jennie again, even harder this time. Both sides of Jennie's face were now swollen, the sight enough to make anyone wince.

Corrie sneered, her eyes gleaming with malice. "Since when did you think you had the right to challenge me?"

Chapter 1734:

She patted Jennie's bruised cheek mockingly. "Don't forget—I have your dear best friend in my grasp. One word from me, and she vanishes. Think carefully before you defy me."

Upon hearing Corrie's threat, the spark in Jennie's eyes dimmed. She told herself she couldn't afford to clash with Corrie just yet. No matter how much it stung, she had to hold her ground for now—her best friend's life depended on it.

She couldn't let her friend suffer.

Corrie, sensing Jennie's resolve weakening, couldn't help but smile inwardly.

She reached out and cupped Jennie's face gently, her smile widening as she spoke. "Brook's heading out of town on a business trip for a few days. I need you to figure out how to get Camille to meet me while he's gone."

Jennie hesitated, confusion flickering in her eyes. "I arranged to meet her... and then what?"

Corrie's voice was cold but composed as she spoke again. "You ask me? That's not something you need to worry about." She leaned in slightly, her gaze sharp. "I know how you are—a good person, who can't bear to see her friend in pain. So here's the deal: fulfill this simple request, and I'll make sure your friend walks away unharmed. You'll both be able to live your lives without any more complications."

Jennie's heart thudded in her chest. She swallowed hard, the weight of the decision pressing on her. "What do you plan to do with Camille?" she asked, her voice barely above a whisper.

Corrie's lips curled into a knowing smile. "That's none of your business. Don't worry, I've already shown you mercy by keeping you out of what comes next. So don't interfere," she replied curtly.

With that, she stood up, her movements graceful, and returned to her seat. She picked up her coffee, savoring the aroma with a slight smile before turning her attention back to Jennie.

“Get up. I only slapped you twice, so don’t act like I’ve done worse. Sit down and drink the coffee I ordered for you.”

Jennie stumbled to her feet, still reeling from the exchange. Slowly, she sank back into the chair, her hands wrapped around the cup, staring blankly at the steaming liquid as thoughts swirled in her mind.

She wasn’t in the mood to enjoy her coffee; all she wanted was to leave. After a long pause, she finally spoke up, her voice low, “Have you said everything? Can I leave now?”

Corrie gave a sharp nod, her eyes gleaming with satisfaction. “You can leave once you finish the coffee.”

Jennie hesitated, her gaze flicking from the cup to Corrie. The weight of the situation was crushing her. She just wanted to leave, to get out of the suffocating room. But she knew Corrie wouldn’t let her go without drinking it. With a deep breath, she picked up the cup, her hand trembling slightly, and forced herself to gulp it all down in one go.

The moment the last drop passed her lips, she set the cup down with a shaky hand. She didn’t wait another second. Grabbing her purse, she stood up and rushed for the door, desperate to get away.

Behind her, Corrie clutched her stomach, her laughter ringing out cruelly. She watched Jennie leave, the sound of her laughter laced with a mocking, almost delighted tone as if the entire scene had been nothing more than a performance for her amusement.

Corrie’s laughter echoed in Jennie’s ears, sharp and mocking. It made her stomach turn, urging her to walk faster, trying to outrun the sound.

Chapter 1735:

As soon as she stepped outside the café, her body betrayed her. She stumbled to the side of the road, retching uncontrollably, her stomach convulsing painfully.

Once the wave of nausea passed, Jennie crouched down by the sidewalk, her face a mask of confusion and despair, as if the world had become too heavy for her to bear.

“Jennie, are you okay?” A familiar voice broke through her spiraling thoughts. Elyse appeared before her, offering a tissue and a bottle of water, her smile soft and kind. “Here, rinse your mouth. It’ll help.”

Jennie blinked, still dazed, and looked up at Elyse, surprised. “Elyse? What are you doing here?”

Elyse’s face softened with concern. “I was walking by, saw you crouching, and thought I should check on you.”

Jennie instinctively pulled her hands up to shield her face, not wanting Elyse to see her swollen cheeks.

Elyse’s brow furrowed as she looked at Jennie with worry. “Who did this to you? Tell me, and I’ll help you get justice!”

Jennie shook her head gently, her voice low. “No, it’s nothing. I can handle it on my own.”

Elyse wasn’t having it. “You can’t. Look at your face—it’s swollen! You need to go to the hospital.”

Before Jennie could protest further, Elyse grasped her hand and began leading her away.

But just a few steps into their walk, the unmistakable, sneering voice of Corrie rang out from behind. “Oh, I wondered who it was. Elyse, turns out it’s you.”

Elyse came to a halt, her body stiffening. She turned slowly and shot Corrie a cold, calculating look.

Corrie took a few steps forward, her tone dripping with mockery. “What are you doing here? Did Jayden finally get fed up and throw you out of his house?”

Elyse let out a soft, humorless chuckle before striking Corrie across the face without hesitation.

Corrie, shocked, recoiled and touched her cheek, glaring at Elyse. “How dare you!”

Elyse’s voice was icy as she spoke. “I warned you before—if you ever crossed my path again, I’d strike you. Leave now, or I’ll do it again.”

Furious, Corrie raised her hand to shield herself, her eyes blazing with anger. “Oh, so you’re holding onto that? I only caused a miscarriage, and it wasn’t even fully formed. Why are you holding a grudge over something so trivial?”

Elyse’s laughter was soft, but sharp. “You brought this upon yourself.”

Elyse didn’t just slap her—she punched and kicked, forcing Corrie to stagger backward with each blow.

When Corrie finally stumbled away, retreating in a flurry of panic, Elyse took a deep breath, steadying herself.

She turned to Jennie, her expression softening. “Come on, let’s get you to the hospital.”

Through the sterile hospital corridors, Jennie trailed behind Elyse, her steps uncertain and hesitant.

In the waiting room’s tense silence, Elyse noticed Jennie fidgeting, unspoken questions clearly weighing on her mind.

“Something on your mind?” Elyse asked gently, breaking the quiet.

Chapter 1736:

After a moment’s hesitation, Jennie’s words tumbled out. “Yes... I need to know, did Corrie really once force you to terminate your pregnancy?”

“Yes,” Elyse managed, her voice barely above a whisper.

“That heartless woman,” Jennie spat, her hands clenching into fists. “She forced you to lose your baby just because she couldn’t find a man of her own.”

A hint of a sad smile crossed Elyse’s face. “Let’s not dwell on that. Once the doctor sees you and prescribes some ointment, we’ll get that swelling on your face taken care of.”

Jennie nodded, stealing furtive glances at Elyse as if wrestling with something else on her mind.

“There’s more troubling you, isn’t there?” Elyse prodded softly.

Jennie’s thoughts turned to Corrie’s kidnapping of her best friend, but she caught herself. Given their limited relationship, bringing up such a sensitive topic might only cause Elyse more trouble.

After an internal struggle, she forced a smile. “No, nothing else.”

Elyse studied her face thoughtfully but chose not to push further.

When a doctor arrived, he examined Jennie’s injury and prescribed an ointment, which Elyse immediately began applying with gentle care. The cooling sensation brought instant relief to Jennie’s throbbing face, replacing the pain with blessed comfort.

As Elyse tended to her injury, Jennie couldn’t help but ask, “Why are you being so kind to me?”

“You’re Brook’s girlfriend,” Elyse replied softly. “That’s reason enough.”

Jennie’s gaze dropped to the floor. “For now, at least. Tomorrow... who knows?”

Every story starts at galn ovels ; com

“The future has you worried?” Elyse observed.

“Who can ever be certain about relationships?” Jennie murmured, her voice heavy with doubt.

“If it’s bothering you this much, why not talk to him?” Elyse suggested. “Ask him for the reassurance you need.”

Jennie opened her mouth to respond but faltered. She finally said, her voice tinged with resignation, “All I can do is wait and see how long Brook and I last.”

Elyse watched Jennie with growing concern, troubled by the young woman’s evident lack of faith in Brook.

After finishing with the ointment, Elyse gave Jennie a ride home in contemplative silence, the air heavy with unspoken words.

Once alone in her room, Jennie collapsed onto her bed, finally letting her tears flow freely until exhaustion claimed her.

In the darkness of her chamber, she remained oblivious to the eerily red glow emanating from the brooch on her chest.

Meanwhile, in a luxurious villa in Cambape, Brook sat with headphones on, his expression tense as he faced Jayden across the room. Jayden took a measured sip of his drink before speaking.

“It’s obvious Corrie has Jennie under some kind of threat, but this distrust she shows toward you—how did that come about?”

Brook’s brow furrowed deeply. Jennie’s constant doubt plagued their relationship, and even Elyse had failed to break through her walls of silence. “Corrie must have gotten to her,” Brook said, his voice tight with frustration. “Said something that’s keeping Jennie from speaking up.”

Chapter 1737:

“No doubt about it,” Jayden agreed, leaning back. “Corrie’s fingerprints are all over this.”

“Time for you to make your move,” Brook stated flatly.

Jayden stroked his chin thoughtfully. “You’re getting impatient, aren’t you?”

Brook's fingers drummed against the table, his carefully maintained composure beginning to crack. "Wouldn't you be?" he demanded. "Corrie's threatening my girlfriend. How am I supposed to stay calm?"

A knowing chuckle escaped Jayden's lips. "Don't worry, I'll handle it tomorrow."

"Good," Brook nodded curtly. "The sooner, the better. I'll be waiting to hear from you."

"Rest easy," Jayden assured him, a confident smile playing across his face. "I'll bring you news worth celebrating."

As morning light filtered through the windows the next day, Jayden and Elyse made their unexpected appearance at Jordy's doorstep.

The surprise was evident on Jordy's face as he took in the sight of Jayden, whom he hadn't seen in ages, and Elyse, a stranger to his memory. Despite his obvious shock, Jordy managed a warm, welcoming smile. "What brings you by unannounced? Zoe's out shopping with friends. Won't be back until evening."

Jayden's eyebrows arched playfully. "Are you suggesting this isn't a good time for a visit?"

"No, no, nothing like that!" Jordy quickly shook his head. "You're always welcome here. It's been far too long since I've seen you. Please, come in and let's chat properly."

Jayden's lips curved into a knowing smile. "I'm glad to hear that. We were concerned we might be interrupting something... important."

"At my age, having company is a blessing," Jordy laughed awkwardly, his discomfort barely concealed. "Nothing could be more important than your visit."

Jayden remained silent, his smile never wavering. Everything was going according to plan. He had deliberately timed their arrival exactly thirty minutes after Corrie had entered the house.

In the tranquil yard, Jordy strategically positioned Elyse and Jayden before turning to his butler with hushed urgency. “Find Corrie and make sure she slips out through the back door.”

The meaning behind Jordy’s words crystallized instantly in the butler’s mind.

“Consider it done, Sir.”

Without missing a beat, the butler set off to locate Corrie. He found her lounging in Jordy’s study, her attire leaving little to the imagination—a clear attempt to catch Jordy’s eye.

Time had ticked away, and her patience had worn thin. When the butler appeared, frustration flashed across her face.

“What brings you here?” she demanded, clutching a coat around her shoulders as she stood by the doorway. “Where’s Jordy?”

Maintaining his professional composure, the butler replied, “He is currently occupied with distinguished guests. He regrettably cannot meet with you at present and requests that you take your leave.”

He added delicately, “If you would be so kind as to use the back entrance.”

Chapter 1738:

Rage sparked in Corrie’s eyes. “The back door? Are you serious? You expect me to skulk away like some common thief?”

“I merely convey my employer’s wishes,” the butler said diplomatically. “And please, keep your voice down. We wouldn’t want to disturb the guests.”

Her anger blazed hotter. “Just who are these precious guests that I should be shuffled out the back like yesterday’s trash?”

The butler paused, weighing his words before delivering the truth: “Jayden Owen and Elyse Lloyd are here.”

The names struck Corrie like a physical blow, leaving her momentarily speechless.

“Jayden and Elyse?” she finally whispered, her voice barely audible. “You’re certain?”

“Indeed, Miss Bates,” the butler confirmed. “Given the importance of today’s visitors, perhaps it would be best to make your exit now.”

A shiver crawled down Corrie’s spine at the mention of their names. Something about this situation felt off-kilter, and her mind raced with possibilities. Wasn’t there bad blood between Jayden and Jordy? What could possibly bring him here? The whole affair reeked of something underhanded.

After a moment’s contemplation, she pressed, “Do you know their reason for visiting?”

“I’m afraid not,” the butler replied, glancing at his watch. “Now please, you must go. I need to return to my duties.”

Irritation twisted Corrie’s features. “What’s with all this rushing?” she snapped. “It’s beyond infuriating.”

After giving the butler a piece of her mind, she stormed back into the study to change.

A bitter sigh escaped her lips as she gazed at the expensive lingerie she’d chosen with such care—all that effort gone to waste, never getting its moment in the spotlight.

Taking her time changing, she eventually emerged from the study only to find the butler still planted by the door like a sentinel. Her patience evaporated instantly.

“Why are you still hovering here?” she demanded, eyes narrowing.

“The instructions were quite clear,” the butler responded with unwavering politeness. “I’m to ensure your departure through the back entrance.”

Fury bubbled over, and Corrie unleashed a torrent of verbal abuse on the butler. Yet he remained the picture of composure—after all, despite her crude behavior, she was still Jordy’s mistress, and as a mere butler, he couldn’t risk offending her.

Once her anger had run its course, Corrie slunk out through the back door, every step weighted with humiliation.

In the depths of her wounded pride, she silently swore to make Jordy pay dearly for this slight—ten times over.

Rather than returning home, Corrie directed her driver toward her office. She had taken the day off originally, so her sudden appearance sent her assistant scrambling in surprise.

The assistant fidgeted nervously before venturing, “Miss Bates, did you return because of the circulating rumors?”

Corrie, who had just begun booting up her computer, looked up sharply. “Rumors?” Her voice carried a dangerous edge. “What rumors? I haven’t heard anything.”

The assistant’s lips sealed shut, tension visible in her posture.

Chapter 1739:

Her reluctance only fueled Corrie’s curiosity. Pretending to scan a work report, she probed casually, “What sort of rumors have been making the rounds? Has some juicy scandal slipped past my radar?”

Her assistant’s attempt at a smile came out more like a grimace, clearly wrestling with how to proceed.

Noting the discomfort, Corrie’s voice softened with false sweetness. “Oh, is this about some Brook-related drama? No need to tiptoe around it. Brook and I are on excellent terms—wedding bells are in our near future, actually.”

The assistant merely scratched her head, words failing her as she opted for diplomatic silence.

Later that afternoon, an HR representative materialized at Corrie's office, having caught wind of her unexpected presence. "Corrie Bates, there's a matter requiring your attention. Could you spare a moment in our office?"

Corrie initially dismissed it as routine business, but her assistant's conspicuously averted gaze set off warning bells in her mind.

Rising from her desk, irritation crept into her voice. "I'm in the middle of something important. What's so urgent it can't wait?"

Corrie's words clearly didn't sit well with the HR manager. His face turned stone-cold. "I need to have a word with you. Are you seriously refusing to cooperate?"

Corrie crossed her arms. "Of course not. But at least tell me what this is about."

The manager's lips thinned. "Come to my office, and you'll find out."

The firm edge in his voice, coupled with her assistant's uneasy glance, sent a chill down Corrie's spine. This wasn't going to be good.

Suppressing a sigh, she shut her laptop with a little more force than necessary and then pushed back her chair. Without another word, she followed him out.

Inside the HR office, the bomb dropped. The company was firing her.

The words barely registered before rage exploded in her chest. "You're firing me? I was personally appointed by Enzo as general manager! And in case you forgot, I'm Brook's future wife! Do you really think he'll let this slide?"

The HR manager adjusted his glasses, unfazed. "First of all, Enzo Owen is no longer in charge—Jayden is. Second, I confirmed your dismissal with Brook this morning. He agreed."

The air in the room turned suffocating. Corrie scoffed, but her pulse stuttered. "That's ridiculous. Brook would never agree to this!"

“If you don’t believe me, I can show you our chat history. Besides, this decision was finalized by Jayden. Your name is on the dismissal list. Owen Group prides itself on fairness, so you’ll receive proper compensation.”

Corrie let out a sharp laugh. “You think I care about your little money? I want a reason! What justification do you have for firing me when I’ve done nothing but excel here?”

The HR manager met her glare without hesitation. “The reason is simple: Jayden has deemed you unfit for the role of general manager and advised your removal.”

“Oh, really? Then tell me—who’s taking my place?”

“That’s not your concern. There are plenty of capable candidates.”

With that, the man slid a dismissal agreement across the desk. “Per the chairman’s instructions, we’re offering you the best possible terms. If you’re smart, you’ll sign it and make this easy on everyone.”

Chapter 1740:

Carrie picked up the contract, her eyes sweeping over the terms. For an ordinary employee, the offer was undeniably generous—top-tier severance benefits, a package most would accept without a second thought.

But she wasn’t just any employee. She aimed higher.

Without a moment’s hesitation, she tore the dismissal agreement into shreds. “There’s no way I’m leaving Owen Group! I don’t care what orders Jayden gave you—I won’t resign, and I won’t be forced out! I’m Brook’s future wife! If you dare cross me now, don’t think for a second you’ll still have your job when I marry Brook!”

The manager, unfazed by her outburst, simply adjusted his glasses. “Corrie, I don’t answer to you. Even if you do marry Brook, without Jayden’s approval, you won’t have the authority to fire me.”

He nearly added that his allegiance lay with Jayden alone, but judging by the fierce glint in her eyes, he doubted she'd even grasp the implication.

And she didn't. She felt humiliated by an insignificant HR manager who dared to challenge her. The sheer audacity made her blood boil. Never in her life had she been treated like this.

The manager turned back to his computer, ready to print a fresh copy of the dismissal agreement, but Corrie had no intention of sticking around. She sprang to her feet and stormed out of the office.

Just then, fate seemed to twist the knife deeper. She ran into Debora—practically glowing with excitement.

She was animatedly chatting on the phone. "I got promoted! Jayden and Brook fully recognize my abilities, and now I'm stepping up! Can you believe it? I'm moving up! General manager! And Jayden even said that if I perform well, he'll make me a director soon! Yeah, both of them have my back. They support me completely! I'm beyond happy. Once I settle in, dinner's on me!"

She ended the call, still grinning—only to look up and find Corrie glaring at her, eyes burning with undisguised hatred.

She frowned, startled by the intensity of that gaze. "What are you staring at?"

Carrie's voice came out low, almost seething. "You're getting promoted to general manager?"

Debora crossed her arms, tilting her head. "So you did hear me. Yeah, that's right. And frankly, it's well-deserved. I've put in the work, so of course, I earned it."

Corrie let out a sharp, incredulous laugh as if Debora had just told the most absurd joke she'd ever heard. Shaking her head, she sneered, "You've put in the work? Do you actually think you became general manager because of that? Don't fool yourself. You only got there because Jayden and Brook were willing to pave the way for you. In reality, you're nothing but an opportunist who stole my position."

Debora smirked, amused by Corrie's outrage. With a light chuckle, she quipped, "I stole your position? Now that's funny. Tell me, Corrie, have you conveniently forgotten how you got the position in the first place?"

Corrie's face twisted with rage as she barked, "I earned it fair and square through my abilities!"

Debora let out a dry laugh. "Have you lost your mind and forgotten how you got that position? Let me jog your memory. You cozied up to my grandpa. And when he was satisfied, he handed you that position on a silver platter. Do you honestly think sycophantic flattery qualifies as skills? Face it—you never deserved that seat to begin with. Do yourself a favor and step aside gracefully."

With a dramatic roll of her eyes, she turned on her heel and walked away.