

## Bound love 401

### Chapter 401:

His thrust caught Elyse off guard, eliciting a whimper. Not getting the answer he craved, Jayden spanked her. The sudden move startled her, intensifying her cries. He sank his teeth into her shoulder, a growl escaping his throat. “Not talking, are you?” Elyse shook her head frantically. “No, I want to be all yours.”

A satisfied smirk played on Jayden’s lips as he intensified his efforts. Aching with desire, Elyse yearned for nothing more than to be ravished by Jayden. The bathroom grew thick with heat, the mirror fogging with condensed water that trickled down like silent tears. Her gasps of pleasure, initially bright and eager, faded over time, replaced by hoarse moans. Finally, at the peak of ecstasy, she succumbed, losing consciousness and fainting.

Exhausted, Jayden cradled the unconscious woman, his own breaths ragged. Recovering his strength, he peeled off her damp clothes, gently cleaning her before carrying her back to the bedroom. Standing by the bed, he gazed at Elyse. He hadn’t anticipated such a satisfying encounter, born out of manipulation. A seed of possibility sprouted in his mind; perhaps there was more to explore here.

With brisk efficiency, Jayden showered and left the room. Driscoll, bewildered, stammered, “Mr. Owen, aren’t you using the wheelchair? Elyse is asleep.” Jayden replied curtly, “Dinner later.” Driscoll, though confused, obeyed, pushing back dinner time.

Two hours later, Elyse stirred awake. Groaning at the soreness radiating from her waist, she struggled to her feet and shuffled out of the room, her legs trembling. Jayden, seeing her enter, asked softly, “Hungry?”

Elyse, sensing his improved mood, understood her bathroom initiative hadn’t been in vain. Previously, worry had gnawed at her; she couldn’t bear the thought of Jayden spiraling into depression after Brook’s humiliation. She reached the table with a grimace as Driscoll instructed the maid to serve the meal. The sight of food was a welcome sight to Elyse. “Your favorites,” Jayden said, gesturing to the spread. “Eat up.”

Elyse beamed and dug into her meal. Just then, Driscoll reappeared, his voice laced with urgency. "Security called, Mr. Owen. Tracy's here." Elyse's eyes darted to Jayden, who gave a curt nod. "Show her in."

Following the order, Driscoll escorted Tracy inside. Elyse rose to greet Tracy, her heart sinking at the sight of her friend. Dust covered Tracy like a second skin, as if she'd rolled in the dirt. Jayden joined them, spotting the raw wound on Tracy's knee. Discreetly, he murmured to Driscoll, "Call the doctor." Driscoll nodded and hurriedly made the call.

Elyse grabbed Tracy's hand, concern etched on her face. "What happened?" Tracy offered a wry smile. "Mind if I crash at your place for a while, Elyse? I'm in a bind and can't go home." Elyse's brow furrowed. "What's going on? Weren't you filming?" Tracy hung her head, her voice barely a whisper. "Kicked out after a few days. Because of Shaun."

Elyse's eyes widened. "Shaun? What did he do?" Tracy's throat tightened, her voice thick with hurt. "He bought my agency and gave all my jobs to someone else. My agent told me to beg for mercy, but I refused. So he cut me off, threatened to blacklist me in the showbiz." Tears streamed down her face as she continued, her voice thick with emotion. "Furious, I confronted him today. He demanded I sleep with him. When I refused, he tried to trap me. I snuck out of the bathroom, dropping my phone in the process. Had to walk all the way here."

Elyse cursed under her breath, a torrent of fury rising within her. "That bastard!" Tracy, tears streaming down her face, choked out, "He controls my career, Elyse. Shaun wants to ruin me. I hate him." Witnessing Tracy's despair, Elyse turned to Jayden, seeking his help.

Clearing his throat, Jayden took charge. "You can stay here for now, Tracy. Put your career on hold. We need to figure out what Shaun wants."

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Tracy sniffled, a hint of embarrassment in her voice. "Will it be okay if I stay here?" Jayden responded with a grin, "The house is soundproofed. You won't disturb us as long as you don't knock on our door." Elyse playfully nudged Jayden, disapproving of his bluntness in front of Tracy. Tracy managed a smile through her tears and said, "I feel

safe here, knowing about your strong security. I'm not worried about Shaun showing up."

Elyse, her arms crossed, responded firmly, "He better not try. Our security guards are top-notch." Driscoll, having called the family doctor, approached with an update. "The doctor will be here in about twenty minutes." Jayden nodded, then instructed, "Have the staff prepare a guest room and set up for dinner. We'll eat first." Elyse, full of enthusiasm, urged, "Come sit down and enjoy. The chef has outdone himself tonight." She guided Tracy to the dining table.

The sight of the sumptuous meal made Tracy's mouth water, especially after spending the afternoon walking and feeling famished. As the maid laid out the tableware, Tracy thanked her and eagerly started eating. Observing Tracy's hunger, Elyse offered reassuringly, "There's no rush, eat up. I'll ask the chef to prepare some extra dishes." Jayden, noticing Tracy's appetite, hesitated before telling Driscoll, "Please ask the chef to make more food." Driscoll quickly headed to the kitchen.

Feeling somewhat self-conscious about the fuss, Tracy admitted, "I skipped meals today; this isn't like me." Elyse laughed gently, "I know you're usually not one to eat much. Enjoy your meal now, and we can talk after." As Tracy continued eating, her emotions surfaced, and she teared up. After finishing the additional servings, she looked up to see Jayden and Elyse's surprised faces and said shyly, "I normally watch my diet and don't indulge like this. But the food today was irresistible." Elyse smiled warmly, "Don't be shy about enjoying more. We've even got cupcakes."

With a pat on her full stomach, Tracy declared, "Bring them on. After being blacklisted and ostracized from the entertainment industry, I'm done with watching my weight. I might as well enjoy the food to my heart's content." Elyse's face brightened at this, and she directed Driscoll to bring out the cupcakes. Just then, the family doctor arrived, prompting Jayden to suggest, "Let's hold off on the cupcakes until after the checkup." Tracy nodded, and everyone was relieved when the examination revealed only minor bruises. After some quick bandaging, the family doctor left.

In the living room, Tracy and Elyse sat close, enjoying cupcakes. Mid-bite, Tracy remembered her encounter with Shaun earlier and slapped her thigh in frustration. "That asshole was unbearable. The moment he saw me, he acted like I owed him something and carried himself with insufferable arrogance." Elyse leaned in, curious, "What happened next?" Tracy rolled her eyes and recounted, "I set him straight. I told him he should be grateful that I let him be with Dolores, and he shouldn't hassle me." Elyse took a sip of her tea and asked, "What did he say to that?" "He claimed I owed him,"

Tracy sighed and put a hand to her forehead, trying to stay calm. "I owe him nothing. He's just creating drama for no reason. He's lost his mind."

Jayden, who had been half-watching the TV, chimed in, "You know, Shaun and Dolores actually didn't get married. They discussed it after you left, but it never materialized." Tracy frowned, puzzled. "Really? Didn't Shaun want to marry her? After everything Lowell did for his sister, they're still not married?" Elyse shared her bewilderment, "Why didn't they go through with it? Was it bad timing?" After a pause, Jayden suggested, "Could it be that Shaun loves you, not Dolores?"

Tracy immediately dismissed the idea. "No way." She and Shaun had been together a long time, with Tracy always more invested in the relationship than Shaun, who seldom reciprocated her affection. She often wondered why she remained so loyal to someone who gave so little in return. Deep in her heart, she knew it was because of love. Despite her deep love for Shaun and her willingness to withstand numerous challenges, she could not tolerate his involvement with another woman. To her, love was exclusive, meant only for Shaun. Yet his actions proved otherwise. Resigned, Tracy knew she could no longer compel Shaun to stay.

Chapter 403:

Tracy and Elyse spent a long time chatting, delving into topics such as their love lives, work, and the future. Eventually, Elyse drifted off, her head resting against a cushion. Jayden leaned over and held her on his lap. Tracy yawned and asked, "Are you going to sleep?" Jayden turned to her and asked, "If Shaun really wants to marry you and spend his life with you, would you forgive him and reconcile?" The question caught Tracy off guard. "Why do you ask that? Do you know something?" Jayden shook his head. "You and Shaun aren't right for each other. The gap between you two is too big. Honestly, I was shocked when I heard you were marrying him." "But why?" Tracy asked.

"A promising heir will usually choose a partner who can strengthen his family and position. He chose you instead and even gained his family's approval, which surprised me," Jayden said candidly. After a moment, Tracy asked, "So you think he's made a lot of sacrifices and efforts to marry me?" Jayden didn't respond directly. He said calmly, "I was supposed to marry once, but after I became disabled, the engagement was canceled. My family didn't completely cut me off, but I was set up to marry someone I didn't love." He glanced at Elyse and continued, "I was lucky to marry her. In our social circles, we rarely have the freedom to choose who we love. We have to consider the advantages and disadvantages while keeping family standing in mind."

Surprised, Tracy asked, “You were powerful. Why couldn’t you choose freely?” Jayden raised an eyebrow. “If the gap in status is too big, one partner will always have to support the other. Do you think the wealthy would accept that kind of arrangement?” Tracy paused, lost in thought. Jayden smoothed Elyse’s hair and continued, “Even so, you weren’t wrong to leave Shaun. He was not a caring boyfriend.” With a complicated expression, Tracy said, “I thought you’d try to convince me to get back together with Shaun.” Jayden replied, “I won’t interfere in your relationship.”

Staring at Elyse’s sleeping face, Tracy murmured, “I don’t know how to handle my relationship, but if I get back with him, Elyse will be upset, right?” Jayden replied, “Even so, she can’t dictate your choices.” With that, he left with Elyse in his arms. Tracy returned to the guest room feeling uneasy. What did she mean to Shaun? He had let her go first, so why was he coming back now? Tracy thought about it all night, only falling asleep as dawn broke.

Early the next morning, Elyse woke up and immediately looked for Tracy. She went to the guest room door and felt relieved to see her sleeping soundly. She’d dreamt that Tracy had drowned, and it had terrified her. After confirming Tracy was fine, Elyse went downstairs for breakfast before heading to the studio to practice her violin. The next round of competition would be held in a few days, and she knew she couldn’t take it lightly.

Gavin and Irving guided Elyse through her practice in the studio. Time flew by, and by the end of the day, she felt she’d learned a lot and returned home feeling accomplished. That evening, she grew frustrated when she learned Jayden wouldn’t be home for dinner due to work. Tracy curled up on the couch with her new phone and reassured her, “Come on, your husband is out making money. You should understand.” Despite Tracy’s words, Elyse remained upset. “He’s always busy lately. If I didn’t know he was working, I’d be overthinking again.” Tracy put down her phone and comforted her. “Don’t dwell on it. That’s how men are. Once they’re married, they throw themselves into their work.”

Suddenly, Driscoll approached, interrupting them. “Something’s wrong, ladies. Shaun Kennedy is here and wants to see Tracy. He asked me to open the door.” Tracy’s face went pale. She gripped Elyse’s hand, frightened. “Why is he here? We broke up.” Elyse felt a pang of panic herself. Why did Shaun have to show up now with Jayden gone? After a brief moment, she told Driscoll, “Tell him Tracy doesn’t want to see him. Ask him to leave immediately, or I’ll have someone remove him.”

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Driscoll, wearing a grim expression, said, "I've warned him, but he is insistent. He refuses to leave until he sees Tracy today." After a pause, he added, "He seems very serious."

Tracy's eyes filled with panic. She hadn't considered what she would do if she ever saw Shaun again and never thought they would reconcile. She no longer had any illusions about Shaun and didn't want to see him. Gripping Elyse's hand nervously, she asked, "What do I do now? Is he going to pester me forever?"

"No," Elyse squeezed Tracy's hand and encouraged her firmly, "I don't think Shaun will stand at the door all night. Ignore him. No one is allowed to open the door for him. Let him wait as long as he wants." Tracy was still visibly scared. Elyse tried to soothe her, "This is Jayden's turf. Shaun won't dare cause trouble. When Jayden gets back, we'll ask him what to do. Let's eat first." Hearing that, Tracy felt somewhat reassured.

After the meal, she sat on the sofa, lost in thought, with Elyse by her side. Suddenly, they heard a loud noise and panicked. Driscoll approached them, his expression grim. "Shaun has blown the gate off our villa and forced his way inside." Elyse was shocked. "How dare he blow up my gate?" Tracy's face turned pale, and she was equally terrified. Driscoll nodded and asked calmly, "Should I let him in? If you don't agree, I'll arrange for bodyguards to escort him out." Elyse furrowed her brow and snapped, "Don't let him in. He had the nerve to blow up the gate. Unbelievable." Tracy managed a bitter smile. "Elyse just let him in. Shaun is determined. He won't stop until he sees me." Elyse protested, "That's why he shouldn't see you. Who does he think he is? After being apart for months, he suddenly pursues you and even cost you your job. How can he treat you like this?"

Tracy tried to speak, but no words came out. Elyse continued firmly, "Don't let him in. He'll leave once he realizes we're not budging." Driscoll immediately went to arrange security. Half an hour later, Elyse paced nervously in the living room while Tracy chewed her nails, worried that Driscoll might have failed or why they hadn't heard any news. At that moment, they heard footsteps approaching. They both looked toward the door. Shaun entered wearing a black jacket and camouflage pants, his face grim. Tracy trembled at the sight of him. Despite her fear, Elyse stood in front of Shaun and snapped, "Uninvited? Is this your idea of etiquette?" Ignoring Elyse, Shaun locked eyes with the frightened woman behind her. He softened his expression and said gently, "I'm sorry. I'll make up for your loss today, but could you please return my fiancée to me?" He added slowly, "We're planning a wedding soon, and her staying here is delaying things." Elyse held a firm expression. "What wedding? Didn't it get canceled? You can't have a ceremony now." Tracy covered her mouth, trying to hold back her tears. Shaun seemed like a stranger. Was he really the composed, collected man she once knew? Why was he acting like a madman?

## Chapter 405:

“Come back to me before I get angry, Tracy,” Shaun threatened, his gaze dark with malice, sending chills through the room. Tracy stepped back, biting her lip in a futile attempt to appear calm, but her wide, terrified eyes betrayed her. “Don’t listen to him. This is my home, and I won’t let him take you,” Elyse shouted, shielding Tracy as she clenched her fists, trying to appear strong. In no time, Shaun’s dominating presence made Elyse falter, and her confidence began to waver. Tracy, trembling, buried her face in her hands. “Why won’t you just let me go, Shaun? We’re over, and we’re not getting married. Leave me alone!”

“With a chilling smile,” Shaun replied, “You think you can get rid of me so easily? You approached me in the first place. I let you cool off after you ran from the wedding, but now it’s time to come back with me. I’ll give you anything you want.” His words echoed in Tracy’s mind. What did he mean by ‘cool off’? She had clearly broken up with him. Tears spilled down her cheeks as she thought about fleeing the wedding and returning to Watscar to live her own life, only to be informed that it was merely a period for her to ‘cool off’. Forcing a bitter smile, she pleaded, “I’ve left your world behind, Shaun. We are worlds apart. But why won’t you let me go?”

Shaun frowned, his voice unyielding. “When did I ever say I’d let you go? That was just your idea. I only want to marry you,” he stated confidently. Tracy managed a tear-streaked smile. Elyse couldn’t stand it any longer. “Could you be any more shameless? You barely wanted to marry Tracy, and when Dolores came back, she made you choose. You hesitated, remember? Who are you pretending to care for now?”

Shaun’s eyes settled on Elyse, recognizing her as Jayden’s wife, the bold woman who had dared to take Tracy away from their wedding. She was quite a troublesome, defiant adversary. “If you weren’t Tracy’s best friend,” he growled, “I’d have gotten rid of you long ago.”

“Really? How dare you hurt my woman, Mr. Kennedy!” Jayden rolled into the living room in his wheelchair, a chilling coldness surrounding him. His teeth clenched in anger as he demanded, “Who gave you the courage to act so boldly in my house?” Shaun’s expression remained unperturbed. “Since your wife wouldn’t open the gate, I had to break in,” he responded calmly and confidently.

Elyse, enraged by Shaun’s words, quickly grabbed Tracy’s hand, hiding her behind Jayden. With a commanding tone, she retorted, “Who do you think you are? Tracy isn’t

your girlfriend anymore, and she'll never marry you. Leave now." Shaun's eyes narrowed with disdain as he replied, "I will leave, but only after you give Tracy back to me." Without hesitation, Elyse refused, "No way. You have no right to take her. She doesn't belong to you." Jayden added firmly, "Mr. Kennedy, Tracy isn't a possession to hand over. Unless she wants to go with you, no one will force her." Elyse nodded in agreement.

Shaun turned to look at Tracy, who glared back with tear-filled eyes. He said once more, "Come with me, Tracy. This time, I'll give you a perfect wedding." Tracy let out a bitter laugh. She never wanted a perfect wedding; she wanted love and happiness. "Perhaps they really weren't from the same world with different goals and desires," she said slowly. "Shaun, leave. This has made it clear to me that we're not on the same page. The gap between us is too wide to bridge." Shaun pursed his lips and insisted, "You were the one who pursued me first. You said you loved me first." "Yes, that was me," she acknowledged. "But do you really think I'd be happy marrying you? Will your family accept me? Without Dolores, can you guarantee there won't be another woman between us?" Sorrow etched on her face, Tracy continued, "There are too many unknowns in marrying you. I'm just a regular person. I can't afford to take that gamble."

#### Chapter 406:

Tracy stared at Shaun, desperation in her eyes. "I'd rather marry an ordinary man and live a simple life than marry you and fight your family," she declared. Shaun noted the sadness etched on her face and felt a pang of disappointment. "So you're giving up?" he asked. After a moment of silence, Tracy shut her eyes and nodded wearily.

When she'd been planning their wedding, his parents had been openly hostile and guarded. She hadn't told anyone, but their schemes had worn her down. She hadn't expected a wealthy family to be so cunning and manipulative. But those weren't the only challenges she faced. Dolores, a woman who was a perfect match for Shaun, was the final straw. Dolores' family connections could help Shaun in ways her family couldn't. Dolores was his first love. How could she compete with that woman?

So she chose to give up. She didn't want to love Shaun anymore; she hadn't taken good care of herself in a long time.

For the past year, she'd worked hard for both Shaun and her family. Opening her eyes, she spoke calmly.



“You should leave. Make sure to repay Jayden before you go.”

Shaun clenched his fists so tightly that his knuckles cracked in the silence. Jayden, noticing Shaun’s hesitance, snapped, “Mr. Kennedy, don’t think about using force in my home, or you’ll face serious consequences.”

Shaun glanced at Jayden before letting out a snort and prepared to leave. He cast one last lingering look at Tracy. Her cold gaze met his, both of them fully aware that the feelings between them had irrevocably changed.

Elyse finally let out a sigh of relief. “Finally, he’s gone. That was terrifying. I thought he’d hit me.” Tracy, drained of strength, collapsed to the floor. She touched her forehead, feeling the cold sweat on her palm.

Meanwhile, Jayden pulled out his phone and looked at the picture Driscoll had sent. Seeing that the gate had been blown off its hinges, he had told his driver to step on the gas and head back home quickly. Jayden scowled.

“Shaun is truly out of his mind. Blowing up my gate... where did he find that nerve?”

“I’m sorry, it’s my fault,” Tracy apologized, her face marked with guilt. She hadn’t realized just how far Shaun would go. Elyse shook her head. “It’s not your fault. Come on, I’ll take you to your room so you can rest. You must be exhausted today.” Tracy nodded and followed her.

After freshening up, she pulled Elyse onto the bed and tucked her in.

Elyse reached out to touch Tracy’s face, comforting her.

“Look at you. You’re so lovely. You’ll be a star one day, and there will be plenty of men lining up for you. Shaun just wasn’t the right one, but you’ll find someone much better.”

Tracy chuckled. “In college, I was sure I only liked Shaun. I thought there was no better man. I loved him so much.”

Elyse remembered that vividly, even though she hadn’t attended the same university.

Tracy had adored Shaun, always praising him while putting herself down.

Tracy smiled through her tears and wiped them away before continuing.

“I didn’t expect marrying him to be so hard. His family didn’t like me, and he was too arrogant to notice how I felt.”

With a heavy sigh, she added, “Shaun was so cold then, always proper and never too warm or affectionate.

Seeing him today was shocking. I’ve never seen him like that, and it scared me.”

Elyse, remembering Shaun’s expression, felt a twinge of fear.

“It seems like he’d be the kind to hit his wife. Don’t fall for him. He’d probably hit you if you married him.”

Tracy laughed and joked, “I thought so too. Today was the first time I’d seen him like that, and even though it scared me a bit, it felt like he was finally alive.”

Elyse shook her head firmly. “Well, then you definitely shouldn’t marry someone like that. Do you want to spend your life with an ice cube? Find a better man.”

Tracy nodded. “You’re right. I can find someone better.”

Chapter 407:

After a lengthy conversation, Tracy drifted off, exhausted. Elyse gently slipped out of bed, draped a blanket over Tracy, and left the room quietly. In the living room, Driscoll, sporting a bandage on his head, expressed his concern. “How is Miss Bernard?”

“She’s resting now. Thank you for your help today,” Elyse responded, nodding gratefully. “I’m hopeful she’ll feel better tomorrow.”

Jayden set aside the book he was reading. "Shaun has left but purchased a villa nearby. It looks like he plans to stay in the area for quite some time."

Just as Elyse settled on the sofa and reached for a glass of water, Jayden's words caught her off guard. "Has he lost his mind? What is he trying to achieve?"

Jayden shrugged. "I'm not sure. If you're curious, ask him. Maybe he's intent on winning Tracy back."

Elyse fixed Jayden with a skeptical look. "Do you think he's genuine?"

"Whether he is or not, Tracy is the one who will end up hurt," Jayden said, summarizing the situation. Chewing her lip, Elyse realized that Shaun's decision to buy a house nearby signified he wasn't ready to let go of Tracy, who couldn't remain hidden forever.

After a moment of contemplation, she decided she needed to confront Shaun. Sitting next to Jayden, she asked cautiously, "Would you come with me to see Shaun? I need to speak with him."

Jayden frowned. "What are you planning to discuss?"

"I need to convince him to leave. Tracy is starting anew," Elyse explained earnestly.

Jayden looked at her for a long moment. "I doubt he'll listen. He even demolished our iron gate just to see Tracy."

Elyse's hope waned. "So what are we supposed to do? Is Tracy supposed to hide indefinitely? She's just begun to carve out her own path."

"He's unlikely to be receptive right now," Jayden pointed out. "For now, it's best if Tracy stays out of sight." With a heavy heart, Elyse conceded.

The next morning, as she prepared to head to the studio for violin practice, she invited Tracy to join her. Traumatized by the previous day's events, Tracy remained hidden under her blanket. "No thank you. I'm good here. Just leave me alone," she murmured.

Realizing Tracy was withdrawing further, Elyse felt a mix of sorrow and helplessness. After breakfast, she left for the studio alone.

That afternoon, her phone rang. It was Glenda. Her voice was stiff as she spoke, "Elyse, Habel has been released from prison. We're celebrating at home. Will you join us for dinner?"

The invitation caught Elyse off guard. Without a second thought, she declined firmly. "I'm afraid I can't make it. I'm swamped lately. Congratulations though."

Glenda's tone shifted to a coaxing one as she sensed Elyse's reluctance. "I've missed you. It's been so long, and this is a rare chance for us all to gather. I insist."

"It wouldn't be right for me to come back now," Elyse replied, ending the call abruptly before Glenda could respond. She wasn't ready to confront Glenda or Lanny, not now, not yet.

In the kitchen, Fiona was brewing tea when she noticed Elyse's gloomy demeanor. "What's wrong? You seem upset."

"It's nothing. Don't worry about me," Elyse dismissed with a shake of her head.

Fiona offered a gentle distraction. "Why don't you join me for tea? It might cheer you up."

"Thank you, Fiona. I always love the tea you make," Elyse responded, her mood lifting as she embraced Fiona warmly.

"If you enjoy it that much, I'd happily make it for you every day, though I fear you might grow tired of it," Fiona said with a chuckle.

"Never," Elyse assured her. "I could drink it for a lifetime."

Irving passed by and caught their tender moment, cringing playfully. “That’s kind of sickening,” he teased, grabbing a sandwich and striding away.

“You thief! Fiona didn’t say it was for you,” Elyse called after him in mock indignation.

“So? What are you going to do about it?” Irving laughed, his voice trailing off.

Gavin approached with a serious tone, breaking into their lighthearted exchange. “Focus on resting. You’ve got a competition in two days. You can’t afford any distractions.”

“We’ll make it into the top ten,” Fiona said confidently.

Gavin, ever the realist, pressed them. “Do you think it’s that easy to just decide you’ll succeed?”

Chapter 408:

When Glenda heard the phone was disconnected, her ingratiating smile vanished, replaced by a cold, hardened expression. Lanny continued watching the TV, his eyes glued to the screen. “Elyse doesn’t want to come,” he asked.

Glenda gritted her teeth. “That ungrateful woman. I knew she would abandon us once she found out we aren’t her real parents.”

Lanny sneered. “I told you to be nicer to her. Regretting it now, aren’t you?”

Glenda snapped back, “I’m doing this for our daughter. Even though she avoided jail, she has a criminal record. Who would marry a woman with a record? I just wanted to ask Elyse for a favor.”

In her room, Habel overheard Glenda and felt a chill settle in her heart. After getting out of the detention center today, she had learned that Elyse wasn’t really her sister—she was actually her cousin. Now that Elyse had severed all ties with Habel’s family, they

had to beg the very person they once controlled. Habel was struggling to accept this harsh reality.

“What’s Elyse got to be so arrogant about? Just because she married a rich man, I can find someone better,” she murmured to herself, biting her fingernail.

Outside the door, Lanny frowned when he heard Glenda talking about finding Habel a husband. “There’s no rush. Habel can take her time picking a husband. Right now, we need to ensure Dorothy doesn’t wake up. If she reveals our biggest secret, the three of us are done.”

Glenda quickly covered his mouth and whispered, “Keep it down. Aren’t you worried Habel will hear you talking?”

Lanny dodged her hand, his face twisted in disgust. “You’re handling this. If I go to the hospital, I’ll draw too much attention and they’ll be on high alert.”

Glenda trembled as she listened. “You want me to kill Dorothy?”

Lanny’s eyes were cold and cruel. “If you don’t forget about Habel’s marriage, your daughter will lose her future, and we’ll all end up in jail.”

Glenda wrestled with herself for a moment before finally agreeing. She would do it.

In her room, Mabel couldn’t hear their conversation. After some thought, she picked up her phone and texted Kaelyn, sharing her grievances and revealing that Elyse wasn’t her sister. Habel didn’t expect a reply, assuming Kaelyn would ignore her like everyone else in the entertainment industry. Since her banishment, all her showbiz friends had distanced themselves.

But to her surprise, Kaelyn called back swiftly. “Elyse isn’t your sister.”

Touched by Kaelyn’s quick response, Habel felt like she was the only one who truly cared. She poured her heart out, detailing how she discovered the truth about Elyse.

Kaelyn replied, “Isn’t it strange how Elyse is so lucky?”

Puzzled, Habel asked, "What do you mean?"

"Did she use witchcraft to absorb your good luck?" Kaelyn suggested. "Think about when your family's troubles began. Didn't they start when Elyse got married?"

Habel felt a chill as she replied, "So you're saying Elyse took my good luck to strengthen herself?"

Chapter 409:

"Who can say?" Kaelyn responded with a mocking laugh. "Your family's fortunes have plummeted, haven't they? Rumors are swirling about your father liquidating assets with the company teetering on collapse. Did this all start when Elyse got married?"

Mabel felt a cold shiver as she realized how drastically her life had changed since Elyse's marriage.

Kaelyn's voice softened slightly. "I wouldn't forgive Elyse so readily if I were you."

Mabel's lips parted as she pondered in silence, her face setting into a determined expression. "You're absolutely right," she asserted. "Elyse will face consequences for her actions."

Kaelyn's grin widened, pleased with the reaction she had provoked. "Should you require assistance, you know how to reach me."

With gratitude and appreciation filling Mabel, she ended the call. Kaelyn casually tossed the phone aside.

She was dressed in a tight black leather jacket that sharply outlined her curvaceous figure and dipped daringly at the neckline.

"You're benched, and the entertainment sector is now off-limits. You're no longer of any use to us for laundering money, but we pulled every string to spring you from jail,"

Eich Baton took a deep drag on his cigarette, exhaling a slow stream of smoke. His look was one of severe impatience and disdain.

Kaelyn poured a glass of whiskey, her spirits sinking. The mission was a failure, and she was haunted by the ominous feeling that the organization might not let her off easily.

Eich's complaints continued unabated. "Your actions caused Baxter to die at sea, you insufferable woman! Do you want to put me in danger next?" he accused.

"That settles it. Go ahead, rush into danger if that's what you want," Kaelyn snapped back, irritation bubbling up as she downed her whiskey in one quick swallow.

The whiskey provided a brief solace, and she reclined in her chair, feeling a mild euphoria. "Has the big boss said anything about my next task?" she asked.

Eich replied tersely, "Stay under the radar for now. We will get in touch after things settle."

Kaelyn responded with venom, "That's very convenient. I have my own issues to resolve."

Eich showed clear disapproval. "I've already advised you to maintain a low profile. Why insist on handling this yourself? Do you find it impossible to stay out of trouble?"

Kaelyn massaged her forehead, annoyed by Eich's persistent criticism. "Why do you bother me incessantly like a nagging elder? I'm not taking direct action. I'll delegate the dirty work."

Eich responded nonchalantly, "Do as you wish."

Kaelyn's gaze intensified. She knew she would need to recruit another operative, besides Mabel, to confront Elyse.

In Blue Sea Music Studio, Gavin, who had once been a gentleman to Elyse and Fiona, now assumed the role of a rigorous conductor, closely overseeing their violin rehearsal.



As a quiet moment settled, Elyse looked out the window. The growing darkness outside made the soft rumbling from her stomach seem louder.

The sound immediately shifted Gavin and Fiona's focus to her. Flushing with embarrassment, Elyse quickly averted her gaze and muttered, "It wasn't me."

From the couch, where he had been lounging with his video game, Irving suddenly sat upright and joked, "Oh sure. Blame me. I'm actually the hungry one here."

Elyse's cheeks turned a deep red as she glared at Irving, too hungry to come up with a reply.

Gavin exhaled wearily, "Finish your last piece, and you can head home."

Elyse mustered a small smile. "Maybe just a little longer."

Gavin gently shook his head. "Take a rest. We'll continue tomorrow."

Elyse nodded, accepting his advice. She then noticed Fiona packing up. "Fiona, where are you headed?" she asked.

"I've finished for the day," Fiona said, her voice carrying a hint of embarrassment. "I'm heading home now."

Elyse looked puzzled. They had been practicing together; how could Fiona be done so quickly?

Fiona offered Elyse a smile before walking out, her cheeks rosy with a mix of pleasure and triumph under Elyse's envious stare.

Leaving the studio, Fiona strolled along a path towards the street to hail a taxi. Turning a corner, she discerned a man staggering towards her from a close distance.

At first, Fiona ignored him. The neighborhood, filled with office buildings, often had people around after hours.

As the man came closer, it was clear he was drunk. His eyes boldly followed Fiona, making her uncomfortable.

She picked up her pace, eager to avoid him. But despite her vigilance, she didn't see the real threat until it was too late. Suddenly, the man grabbed her from behind. A scream broke from Fiona's lips as she felt his tight grip. The smell of alcohol was strong on his breath, making her stomach turn.

"Help! Someone please help me!" Fiona shouted, desperate for aid.

Chapter 410:

Fiona's scream for help pierced through the night air, grating on the drunkard's ears. He shoved her to the ground, his clumsy hands fumbling at her trousers.

"Help! Somebody help me!" Fiona cried out, fear coursing through her as she struggled desperately.

Suddenly, a wave of despair washed over her. Her exposed skin felt cold against the harsh pavement, and a chilling premonition settled in her gut.

Fiona squeezed her eyes shut, bracing for the worst.

An unexpected, high-pitched yelp from the man on top of her shattered the oppressive silence.

She peeked through one eye to find him hoisted high in the air, dangling like a trussed chicken. The sight was so ludicrous.

Shaking off the initial shock, Fiona scrambled to her feet and pulled her trousers back up. Glowering at the now-pale drunkard, she felt a mix of shock and anger bubble inside her.

“Thank you, sir,” she said, her voice shaky but resolute. “Would you mind calling the police for me?”

The drunkard’s face drained of color. The weight of his actions hit him hard. He had not meant for things to escalate, just to relieve some tension. Now, the prospect of a police encounter filled him with dread.

Jayden, his face obscured by a mask, quirked an eyebrow. Did this woman think he’d babysit her and deal with the cops?

With a grunt of annoyance, he delivered a swift blow to the back of the man’s neck. The drunkard crumpled to the ground, instantly unconscious.

Jayden tossed the unconscious man aside and dusted his hands off in disgust, clearly eager to be on his way.

“Wait! I owe you a debt of gratitude. Let me at least—” Fiona trailed off, flustered.

Jayden recognized her as Elyse’s studio mate. He wouldn’t have interfered if not for that connection.

“No need,” he muttered, his voice gruff.

Staring at Jayden, Fiona suddenly noticed his towering stature and robust build. Despite the mask concealing his face, she couldn’t help but find the man who had come to her aid undeniably handsome.

Lost in thought, Jayden couldn’t help but think about Elyse, who was still burning the midnight oil at the studio. He’d come to pick her up.

Sensing his intention to leave, Fiona grabbed his arm, her voice filled with nervous excitement. “Hold on a second! Can I at least get your phone number?”

Jayden brushed her hand away with a hint of impatience. “Look, I just helped you out. No big deal. Relax.” Briefly, the thought flickered across his mind that this woman might be trouble.

Fiona, flustered by his blunt rejection, found herself speechless.

As he walked away, she watched him go, then raised her hand to her cheek, a dreamy smile on her lips.

It wasn’t a soft touch, but there was a raw masculinity about him that resonated with her.

“If only I could see him again,” she sighed, gazing wistfully at the ground.

Half an hour later, Elyse emerged from the studio, a tired sigh escaping her lips.

Ten minutes had morphed into thirty, all thanks to Gavin’s guidance. Now, her stomach was grumbling in protest.

Just then, the honk of a car jolted her out of her thoughts.

Turning towards the sound, she spotted a familiar car parked at the curb. The window rolled down, revealing Jayden’s handsome face.

A smile spread across her face, and she practically skipped over to the car. The driver had already opened the door for her.

“Thank you,” she chirped sweetly, sliding into the car beside Jayden. “What are you doing here?”

Jayden shot her a playful glare. “It’s almost nine,” he grumbled.

From the front seat, the driver chimed in, “Mr. Owen hasn’t eaten dinner yet because he was waiting for you. He went out around seven and waited for you to get off work. Very thoughtful of him, wouldn’t you say?”

“You talk too much,” Jayden muttered, a hint of amusement in his voice.

Elyse’s heart melted at Jayden’s concern. “You shouldn’t have waited,” she said, her voice thick with affection. “I’m starving. Can we go home and eat?”

“Get us home,” Jayden ordered, raising his hand to ruffle her hair playfully.

As soon as they arrived home, Elyse hurried to the dining room. Spotting Tracy, she nervously inquired, “Tracy, were you waiting for me to have dinner together?”

Tracy nodded and replied, “Yes, how could I eat without you being here?”

“Apologies for making you wait,” Elyse said, never anticipating that both Jayden and Tracy would patiently wait for her to return home for dinner.

Tracy glanced at Jayden and teased, “Well, you know, I can do anything your husband can.”

Amused, Jayden remarked, “Really? Can you do everything?”