

Bound love 581

Chapter 581:

Jayden wrapped his arms around Elyse as if she was his entire world.

A fierce glint of vengeance shone in his eyes, filled with deep-seated rage. At that moment, his yearning for retribution reached its peak.

Resting against Jayden's chest, Elyse's gaze was empty and lifeless. She could sense the fury and bitterness within him and could understand his thoughts.

But despite all that had happened, she realized she still couldn't fully connect with Jayden.

He still kept his heart sealed away from her.

Elyse was unaware of Jayden's history with Enzo, including the unique connection they shared that had brought about this predicament.

Despite the loss of their child, Jayden never considered sharing his past with her.

Elyse knew that she loved Jayden, but she struggled with his reluctance to open up.

Perhaps the formidable barrier around Jayden's heart was never intended to be breached by her.

Jayden's affection for her came with conditions.

Elyse felt overwhelmed, as if her heart was close to shattering.

Then, a new thought struck her. She pondered whether she truly needed Jayden as much as she thought.

Reflecting on her past, she remembered how she used to long for Lanny and Glenda's affection as a child. As she matured and got into college, she yearned for Theo's love, only to be harshly hurt by him.

Elyse thought she had finally found hope when she met Jayden.

Indeed, Jayden appeared to truly adore her. He attended to her with great care in every aspect of daily life. With his attention fixed solely on her, it was clear to her that she had chosen the perfect partner.

It seemed she had finally gained the devoted love she had always sought.

But why did she feel as if something was still amiss? What was it that she truly desired deep in her heart?

Elyse took her time thinking, then slowly raised her eyes and quietly asked Jayden, "What will you do first?"

Jayden embraced her. His hand tenderly caressed her head, as if to calm her worries.

"My company has been shifting its focus to projects abroad. So, the sanctions from the Owen Group haven't been devastating. I'm intimately familiar with the Owen Group's operations. Before my company fully transitions, I plan to hit them hard."

Jayden paused abruptly and said no more. He was determined not to let those involved off easily, but he chose not to share this with Elyse.

After a brief silence, Elyse inquired, "What else?"

"I'll spare you the details; it's better you don't know. Just focus on resting at home and wait for my return," Jayden took a deep breath, trying hard to soothe Elyse's emotions.

Jayden was aware that the loss of their child had deeply affected Elyse's mood. All he could do was try to comfort her.

Elyse bit her lip and said nothing.

After leaving the hospital, Brook went back to the office to catch up on all the work and files he had missed.

As he wrapped up, the first light of dawn was breaking.

Exhausted, he rubbed his reddened eyes, stood up, and made his way to the lounge in his office. There, he showered, changed into fresh clothes, and finally lay down to get some sleep.

Four hours later, his phone rang, jolting him awake. It was Corrie calling.

Still drowsy, Brook answered and asked wearily, "Who is it?"

"Go meet your grandpa! Remember, he considers this operation critical. I don't care about your opinion; just don't mess this up for me, or I'll never forgive you," Corrie's voice was both harsh and sharp.

She had a clear grasp of Brook's nature. He was ineffectual and always a step behind.

She knew she had to tighten her grip on Enzo before he completely lost patience with Brook.

Rubbing his eyes in annoyance, Brook muttered, "Go if you want. I'm not holding you back."

Corrie scoffed, "I would like to go alone, but we're an item. We're supposed to handle his assignments together. If I show up alone, what will he think?"

"What does that have to do with me? I need my sleep. Stop bothering me," Brook replied before abruptly hanging up the phone.

Once he decided on something, no one could sway him.

He was in no rush to meet with Enzo and certainly had no intention of heeding Corrie's demands.

Chapter 582:

After hanging up the phone, Brook slept for another two hours before his assistant called him to deal with some work matters.

When Brook got up, he listened to the assistant's report and then casually inquired, "Has there been any gossip circulating in the company?"

The assistant seemed taken aback but nodded. "Yes, it's about Jayden Owen and our chairman."

Brook again asked casually, "What have they been saying about?"

"They're saying our chairman is cold-blooded and unsympathetic, and he nearly killed Jayden," the assistant replied cautiously. "Do you want me to find out who started the rumor?"

Brook shook his head dismissively, "No need to intervene. Let it spread."

The assistant nodded, then ventured curiously, "Sir, did the chairman really almost kill Jayden? Wasn't he quite fond of Jayden before?"

Without looking up, Brook cautioned his assistant, "Don't delve too deeply. I'm sure you don't want to lose your job."

The assistant fell silent awkwardly.

"Alright, you can go ahead and attend to your other duties," Brook said, signaling the end of their conversation.

During his workday, Brook received several messages from Corrie, imploring him to go meet his grandpa as soon as possible.

Brook was in no hurry and remained calm upon seeing Corrie's urgency. He decided he would visit his grandpa only after finishing work.

However, Corrie's patience wore thin. At one o'clock in the afternoon, she arrived at the Owen Group building, walking into Brook's office in her high heels.

Looking up and noticing Corrie, Brook returned his focus to the document in his hands.

Corrie's lips twitched slightly. Putting on an insincere smile, she said, "You're not even eager for a promotion. Are you pretending to be indifferent to fame and fortune?"

Without lifting his gaze, Brook responded, "You must be kidding. I'm simply tied up with work."

Corrie sneered, rolling her eyes. "Come to your grandpa with me now. I'll hand your lover back to you."

Brook's hand, which was twirling the pen, froze for two seconds before resuming its motion.

Casually, he replied, "You needn't return her to me. I've grown weary of her."

"Oh? Are you serious?" Corrie shot him an inquiring glance, hoping to discern some hint from his expression, but he ignored her.

Unwilling to give up, she persisted, "Jennie misses you every day. She's crying, hoping you'll find her soon and take her home."

"Pausing for effect, she asked with a faint smile, "So you don't want her anymore?"

“She was just a plaything, something to pass the time. Now that you’ve taken her away, I have a reason to find a new one,” Brook replied, raising his eyes to smile at Corrie. “You didn’t think I’d be deep in love with some ordinary girl like her, did you?”

Corrie couldn’t discern any attachment from Brook towards Jennie, which only worsened her mood.

She knew men could never be trusted. They were always lying about love. She had thought she could use Jennie to control Brook, but it seemed that little slut was of no use after all.

Frustrated, she asked, “So when are you planning to meet your grandpa? Don’t tell me you’re not going today.”

“I’ll go as soon as I’m finished with my work,” Brook replied calmly.

Corrie sneered, sat on the sofa, and crossed her arms, eyes fixed on him.

She would sit there and wait for him to see how long he could procrastinate.

Observing Corrie’s patient stance, Brook decreased his pace further. By the time he completed his tasks, it was time to finish for the day.

He picked up a document and tucked it into his briefcase. Looking over at the sprawled and drowsy Corrie on the sofa, he said, “Let’s go visit my grandpa.”

Startled awake, Corrie quickly composed herself and followed him out of the office.

It was already time for dinner when they arrived at Enzo’s residence.

Seeing them, Enzo greeted them with surprise, “You’re here for dinner, aren’t you?”

Corrie felt embarrassed and struggled for words, but Brook interjected calmly, “We thought we’d join you for a meal. No particular reason.”

Enzo smiled and instructed the cooks to prepare extra food. Before the dishes arrived, the three of them gathered in the study.

Seated on the chair, Enzo regarded them both and remarked, "I understand you've completed the mission. Well done, both of you."

Chapter 583:

Hearing Enzo's words, Corrie was filled with excitement. She craved his approval more than anything else.

Taking a deep breath, she exclaimed eagerly, "Mr. Owen, this is the first time I've completed your task all by myself. It was challenging, but I'm glad I lived up to your expectations."

Enzo nodded briefly, then shifted his attention to Brook, who had been silent throughout.

He clasped his cane with both hands and asked softly, like a caring elder, "And what about you? Why did you miss the opportunity to kill Jayden?"

Corrie stole a glance at Brook. She knew concealing this from Enzo was impossible.

Now that he was aware Brook had spared Jayden, she did not want Brook's lapse to overshadow her accomplishment. If it were disregarded, all her efforts over the past few days would be for naught.

Corrie lowered her gaze slightly, her eyes betraying restlessness and impatience.

She vowed never to partner with Brook, this unreliable man, on Enzo's missions again.

Brook met Enzo's gaze and spoke the words he had wanted to since yesterday.

"If I were to really kill Jayden, have you considered the repercussions?" he asked evenly.

Enzo scoffed at the question. “Repercussions? What repercussions could there be? Removing a threat that could harm our clan is the only way to ensure the stability of our century-old business.”

Shaking his head slightly, Brook pressed on, “Do you realize that there are already dissenting voices within the clan because of what happened with Jayden?”

Enzo was well aware of the murmurs, but he dismissed them with disdain. Those dissenters were mere parasites clinging to his legacy.

They couldn’t comprehend the weight of responsibility he bore as the clan’s leader. As long as he remained at the helm, he was determined to safeguard his clan’s interests.

“Pay no heed to their chatter. They fail to grasp my intentions. If Jayden were compliant, I wouldn’t want him dead,” he stated flatly, showing no hint of remorse or hesitation about ending the life of the boy he had raised.

Taking a deep breath, Brook pressed on, “Now some people are opposing your leadership because of this. Considering your reputation, I can’t let you be seen as someone who would harm your own grandson.”

Enzo chuckled at the words. “So you’re looking out for me? I should thank you for that?”

Bowing his head respectfully, Brook replied, “It’s my duty to protect your reputation.”

After a brief pause, he continued, “Your actions yesterday were too conspicuous. Many people know of what happened. My suggestion is that it might not be wise to have Jayden killed just yet.”

Enzo pondered this for a moment.

“Your suggestion has merit. What else do you propose?”

Brook offered a serious suggestion. "It would be best to find a secluded place and handle Jayden discreetly. If we manage this without anyone finding out, no one will connect his disappearance to you."

Enzo nodded approvingly. He stood up and placed a reassuring hand on Brook's shoulder. "You're quite thoughtful. I admit I acted rashly in this matter. I'm fortunate to have you here, Brook."

Feeling flattered, Brook scratched his head.

"Let's head to dinner. I'm reaching the age where company at meals is a welcome comfort," Enzo said, slowly making his way towards the dining room with his cane.

Corrie remained behind, observing Brook with newfound respect. "I underestimated you. You're not as timid as I thought. You are actually quite cruel, aren't you? I even believed you spared Jayden out of conscience."

Instead of engaging further, Brook glanced at her calmly and replied, "I think I'm much kinder than you. After all, your own actions have been quite ruthless."

Corrie smiled knowingly, aware that he was talking about Elyse's miscarriage.

"This was Enzo's directive. I had no choice. If Elyse blames anyone, it should be him, not me," she stated matter-of-factly.

Brook scrutinized Corrie for a moment before saying, "Would any man truly desire a woman as vicious as you?"

Chapter 584:

Brook's words struck a chord in Corrie's heart. Seizing her handbag, she hurled it at him with no mercy.

With a deft catch, Brook held the handbag and taunted her, a smirk on his face. "Oh, did I strike a nerve? You know, no man really likes a vicious woman like yourself."

Corrie let out a mocking laugh. “Like? Why would I need a man to like me? What good does his liking do me? If he can’t offer me anything I value, why should his feelings matter?”

Brook calmly brushed off Corrie’s hand and wiped his own with a tissue, eyes full of disdain. “Well, since you’re so determined, I wish you all the best.”

Stung by his dismissive tone, Corrie clenched her fists, watching him walk away.

She took a deep breath, slowly releasing it, trying to steady her emotions. “It doesn’t matter, Corrie,” she whispered to herself. “You haven’t done anything wrong. Isn’t this just how it works in our world? Everything revolves around gains. True virtue? That’s a luxury only those at the top can afford. The rest of us? We do what we must to survive. Yes, you’re doing just fine.”

Corrie calmed herself, banishing the turmoil that had built up in her heart. She mustered a smile and left the study.

Upon entering the dining room, she noticed that dinner was just being served.

Corrie settled at the table. Seeing Enzo start his meal, she followed suit.

Midway through the meal, Enzo looked up at Brook and Corrie, seated next to each other, and asked in an offhand manner, “How are things between you two? You’ve been together for about two months now. When do you plan to marry?”

Caught off guard, Corrie sneaked a quick look at Brook, puzzled about Enzo’s intentions. Was he pushing for a wedding or merely probing the strength of her relationship with Brook?

While Corrie was lost in thought, Brook responded, “Corrie and I are taking our time. Two months barely scratches the surface of getting to know each other. Besides, I’ve been swamped with work lately, so marriage isn’t something I’m rushing into.”

Enzo seemed to accept Brook's logic, pausing to take a bite of his steak before adding, "You should consider moving things along, though. Neither of you is getting any younger. Don't make Corrie wait too long—it's time you both settled down."

Brook nodded in agreement. "Alright, I see."

After they finished eating, Enzo made it clear he had no intention of holding them up any longer, urging them to leave without delay.

In the car, Corrie snapped irritably, "I'll never marry you. A man of your sort doesn't deserve me in the slightest. I'd rather choose someone else from your clan."

Brook, his eyelids heavy, seemed utterly unfazed by her declaration. "Well, that's fine by me. Go ahead, find someone else. Just stop haunting me. I have no interest in a woman like you."

Corrie scoffed. "You're just saying that because you're impotent."

At that, Brook slammed on the brakes so suddenly that Corrie's face drained of color.

She stared in terror at the road ahead. A cliff loomed dangerously close. One more moment of driving, and they could plunge over the edge.

Regaining her composure, Corrie cried out in panic, "Are you out of your damned mind? Can you even drive properly?"

Brook glanced at her coldly and remarked, "If you dislike me so much, you shouldn't be in my car."

Corrie's expression darkened, her sneer widening. "I merely mentioned that you're impotent. Did my words hit a nerve? You aren't really impotent, are you?"

"Are you even a woman?" Brook retorted, his face twisted with disdain. "You fail to capture anyone's interest. And yet, you aspire to charm a man from my clan? Do you really think you're alluring?"

Fury surged through Corrie, and just as she was about to lash out, Brook opened the door and stated icily, “Either stay quiet and ride with me, or leave my car.”

Outside, the dark road reminded Corrie of a chilling night two days earlier when she had waited in the cemetery until someone finally came to rescue her.

She shuddered, closed the door, and chose silence over confrontation.

Brook scoffed, locked the doors, and accelerated, driving toward the downtown area.

Upon arriving, he stopped randomly and let Corrie out. Seething, Corrie pulled out her phone to call a taxi. But as she settled into the cab, a sudden idea made her change her destination.

Brook thought he was so clever? She would prepare a “surprise” for him—a lesson that he needed to be humble.

Chapter 585:

After spending some time with Jayden, Peyton convinced Elyse to return to her own ward, reminding her that she was also weak now.

Before leaving, Elyse repeatedly looked back at Jayden. Seeing him so vulnerable for the first time, she couldn’t help but feel sympathy.

Noticing her reluctance to leave, Peyton stepped in to reassure her. “Don’t worry. Jayden will recover. He just needs to rest.”

Elyse took a long, thoughtful look at Jayden and said softly, “Please take good care of him for me.”

“Don’t worry,” Peyton responded confidently, patting his chest as a promise to Elyse.

Elyse smiled at Peyton, then turned and left the ward.

Gavin and Irving, who had remained in the hospital, helped Elyse back to her ward.

Both could tell Elyse was distressed. They exchanged a glance and tried to comfort her. “Don’t worry. Those who hurt you will face consequences.”

Elyse nodded silently.

She understood more than Gavin and Irving that the real perpetrator was Enzo.

Enzo, who ruled like a tyrant, would undoubtedly try again after his initial failure.

This realization made Elyse feel even more anxious. Previously, Jayden had kept her out of the Owen clan’s affair, and she had only thought of Enzo as bossy and authoritarian. Now, she found him truly terrifying.

Initially, Irving and Gavin planned to leave, but noticing that Elyse had been staring at the ceiling, wide-eyed for two hours, they decided to stay.

They feared that if they left, Elyse might harm herself.

“Elyse, if you’re feeling sad, it’s okay to cry. Don’t harm yourself like this.” Irving couldn’t bear seeing her in such a state. He walked over to the bed and looked at her with concern.

Regaining some of her poise, Elyse met Irving’s gaze and offered a forced smile. “Irving, it’s very late. You and Gavin should head home. I’m just having trouble sleeping. I’ll eventually drift off.”

Irving shook his head, saying, “You seem like you’re more than just sleepless. You look like you might do something reckless.”

Elyse reassured him by shaking her head. “I won’t do anything reckless. I have an international competition to attend, remember?”

Irving glanced over at Gavin for his take. Gavin thought that Elyse wouldn't do anything to hurt herself. He touched her head and comforted her, "Our phones are on 24 hours a day. If there's anything urgent, just call us. We will come immediately."

Elyse nodded, then waved her hand dismissively. "I won't see you out. You guys should get going."

Irving and Gavin then got up and left.

After they had gone, Elyse watched the ward door close and whispered into the emptiness, "I lied. I actually feel like I don't want to live anymore."

Despite her despair, she knew she had to keep living.

The next morning, Elyse awoke feeling dizzy and generally weak. Driscoll immediately called for a doctor when he saw her discomfort.

Elyse lay quietly on the bed while the doctor and nurses examined her. They determined that her discomfort was simply due to her weakness.

Seeing the lifeless expression on Elyse's face, Driscoll felt a deep sorrow. "I'm sorry. I should have protected you better."

Lifting her head and waving her hand, Elyse replied, "Don't be too hard on yourself. No one can stand against Enzo, right?"

Driscoll's heart sank even further.

Elyse was too clever to see through everything; maybe this was why her spirits were notably low.

Driscoll wished Elyse would vent her frustrations and blame them, hoping it might lighten her mood.

“Elyse!” Pearce burst into the ward, his breath catching. His eyes widened in shock upon seeing Elyse lying on the bed.

He had been informed by his assistant yesterday that Elyse was in the hospital, but he was tied up with business in Cambape and couldn’t come to her immediately. Only after wrapping up his work and inquiring further did he learn that Elyse had lost her baby.

Upon seeing Pearce, the forced calmness on Elyse’s face crumbled. Struggling to keep her composure, she turned to Driscoll and said, “I’d like something to eat. Could you get me some food, Driscoll?”

Understanding that Elyse and Pearce needed privacy, Driscoll nodded and replied, “I’ll get it for you right away.” With that, Driscoll exited the ward.

Once alone, Elyse could no longer hold back her emotions and burst out, crying, “Pearce! Where have you been? My baby is gone. I’m heartbroken.”

Pearce’s eyes were red from emotion and lack of sleep. He had remained awake all night to manage work so he could be there for Elyse the following morning. He quickly approached the sickbed and embraced Elyse, his voice breaking as he said, “Don’t worry. I’m here now. I’ll make sure justice is served.”

Chapter 586:

Clutching Pearce’s clothes tightly, Elyse expressed her sorrow, “Enzo Owen is so cruel. He caused my miscarriage and even tried to kill Jayden. He is insane.”

It appeared that Elyse had finally found a way to release the pain and sadness she had accumulated over the past few days. She shared everything that had happened recently with Pearce.

Pearce listened intently. When he heard that Enzo had also attempted to kill Jayden, he couldn’t contain his anger and exclaimed, “Enzo has lost his mind. Does he think he can take lives at his whim? Who does he think he is?”

Elyse responded with deep sorrow, “Pearce, I can’t forgive Enzo. I won’t let him get away with this. They must pay for what happened to my unborn child.”

Holding her close, Pearce reassured her, “Don’t worry. I’m here for you. I’ll make sure those who have hurt you will face consequences. I won’t let anyone you’ve mentioned off the hook.”

Elyse cried so intensely that she nearly fainted. Pearce did his best to comfort her, realizing her physical and emotional states were fragile.

After Elyse calmed down from crying, Pearce seized the moment to express his concerns. He asked, “After everything that’s happened, do you still want to stay in Watscar?”

Elyse looked at Pearce, puzzled by his question.

Pearce poured her a glass of water and explained gently, “When I went back to Cambape, I told my parents about what you’ve been going through. They really want to meet you but are hesitant to intrude.”

This revelation added to Elyse’s confusion.

She realized she would have to refer to Pearce’s parents as uncle and aunt.

Such unfamiliar titles... she hadn’t had such familial bonds in over twenty years.

Noticing her bewildered look, Pearce clarified, “My parents sent me to find out when you’re available. They’d like to visit you.”

Elyse pondered for a moment before asking, “Why do they want to see me? They’ve never met me, have they?”

Pearce responded, “They miss your father, Rickey, and because you’re his daughter, they feel a connection to you too.”

Pearce reached into his briefcase and retrieved some photos, handing them to Elyse.

“Here are the photos you wanted to see. I asked my dad for some solo shots of your father.” After handing them over, Pearce watched Elyse’s reaction closely.

He noticed her interest in the photos seemed to lighten the sadness on her face, if only slightly. Pearce felt a sense of accomplishment internally. He was pleased that he had found a way to momentarily distract Elyse from her grief.

Elyse continued to gaze at the images of Rickey. In these photos, he appeared much younger, likely taken during his college days.

After studying the photos intently, she commented softly, “My father looks so handsome.”

“Indeed. When I was a child, I remember he had a lot of admirers, some of whom even followed him all the way to his home,” Pearce reminisced, his face awash with nostalgia.

Hearing this, Elyse touched her face doubtfully. “But I don’t have any admirers. I must not have inherited his good looks.”

“Come on, you are absolutely beautiful. How could you think otherwise?” Pearce gently tapped Elyse’s forehead. “You’ve been misled by Lanny and Glenda. You are very attractive, it’s impossible that no one would be interested in you.”

Elyse reflected on her past experiences. Indeed, she recalled having very few suitors. It seemed she also had few friends. She had always been somewhat solitary, managing to make only one friend, Tracy, when she started college.

Pearce tenderly touched Elyse’s forehead, his voice filled with concern. “You really need to see yourself in a better light. You’re more captivating than you believe.”

Elyse blinked, confused. She had never considered herself to be particularly charming.

When Gavin arrived at the studio, he noticed Fiona was already there, seemingly practicing the violin.

Gavin chose not to interrupt her immediately. Instead, he sat on the sofa and observed her for a while. He realized that she wasn't truly focused on practicing; she was engrossed in browsing manicure styles on her phone while holding the violin.

With a serious expression, Gavin approached her and asked sharply, "Don't forget you are a violinist. How could you even think about getting a manicure?"

Fiona was startled. Upon realizing it was Gavin, she quickly put away her phone, offered an awkward smile, and then started to play the violin.

"Answer me. Are you planning to get a manicure?" Gavin pressed further.

Fiona shook her head. "No, I was just looking. I don't actually want to get a manicure. It would interfere with my ability to play the violin."

Chapter 587:

No sooner had Fiona finished speaking than she noticed several bottles of new nail polish resting unopened on the table.

It seemed that Gavin had spotted them too, the moment he walked in.

Fiona could feel the intensity in Gavin's gaze, which made her turn her face away in discomfort, unable to meet his eyes.

Gavin fixed his stare on Fiona, tapped on the table, and said with a harsh tone, "Come over here and sit down. We need to talk."

Fiona was hesitant. She suspected that nothing positive would come from this conversation, and the last thing she wanted was another lecture.

Despite her reluctance, she couldn't simply dismiss Gavin.

With a sigh, she dragged a chair over and sat down across from him, arms crossed, deliberately avoiding his gaze.

Gavin, clearly annoyed, looked at her and demanded, "What's been going on with you lately? You seem distracted. You've even been neglecting your violin practice."

Fiona responded dismissively, "I really don't know what you mean. My passion for the violin hasn't changed, and I'm not distracted."

Pointing towards the items on the table, Gavin retorted, "Really? Your passion is the same? Then explain the nail polish, nail art rhinestones? Decorations? How do you expect to play the violin with all that on your fingers?"

Fiona frowned and reasoned, "I just bought them to take a look. I won't actually use them. I understand that doing my nails could interfere with playing the violin, but you never said I couldn't just buy them to look, right?"

Gavin retorted, "And that manicure kit scattered all over the table? Just for looking too?"

"I got a set. It was a better deal," Fiona responded, her voice faltering with the weak defense.

Frustrated by her justifications, Gavin raised his voice. "Do you not grasp the gravity of this? Your focus on music is slipping. Why the sudden interest in nail art if you're committed to the violin?"

Gavin's words stung, and Fiona's embarrassment morphed into defiance. "I am committed! I practice, don't I? Is it wrong to glance at something else during my break?"

In that moment, Gavin realized Fiona was far from acknowledging her missteps, repeatedly justifying her actions instead.

He spoke more gravely. "I've avoided serious talks before because I didn't want to discourage you. But honestly, your performance in the previous competition was subpar. You seemed less like the dedicated professional you are and more like a hobbyist."

Fiona blanched, her lips tight, as she absorbed his words.

With a stern look, Gavin continued, "If you were merely a hobbyist, I'd leave you be. But you're not. You're a professional, and Cody Tucker's apprentice at that. You represent his teaching. Do you think your recent performances reflect that?"

After a tense pause, Fiona replied sharply, "I'll do better next time. Why can't you let the past be the past? Or are you just trying to hurt me by bringing it up because you simply look down on me?"

Gavin scowled. "Why would you think that? I'm discussing this for your benefit."

"For my benefit? Really? You only look out for Elyse. She's everyone's favorite, and I'm just another face in the crowd. She might win first place, but I'm struggling to even make eighth. You clearly don't like me. You're trying to push me out," Fiona shot back, her voice laced with anger.

She unleashed a torrent of pent-up frustration, reflecting her resentment that had built over time.

Breathing heavily, her cheeks flushed with emotion, Fiona challenged, "You don't honestly believe you and Irving treat everyone fairly, do you? It's always Elyse this, Elyse that. I'm just a spare to you. Neither of you truly care about my progress."

Gavin felt a sting of accusation.

How had Fiona harbored such misconceptions? She seemed to believe they favored Elyse unfairly, which was not the case.

Locking eyes with an irate Fiona, Gavin probed, "So, you think we favor Elyse? You resent her, and that's why you didn't help her when she was in trouble?"

Suddenly calmer, Fiona retorted, "What are you implying? That I left her in danger?"

Gavin, noticing her avoidant gaze, pressed on coldly, "Aren't you going to confess? Weren't you claiming you weren't at the hospital the day Elyse had a miscarriage?"

With icy defiance, Fiona responded, “You accuse me of not helping Elyse. Shouldn’t you be presenting some proof instead of just taking her word for it?”

“Then explain what really happened that day,” Gavin insisted.

Chapter 588:

Fiona shook her head, “I can’t clearly recall that day. Elyse was terrified and imagining things. That was why she claimed I didn’t try to save her. I distinctly remember assisting her, but those burly men were incredibly strong.”

Gavin sneered. “Your statements are inconsistent and scarcely believable.”

Fiona bristled at his comment. She retorted, “Why can’t my words be convincing? It’s obvious you’re biased. You only want to hear Elyse’s perspective; you don’t care about my side.”

Gavin’s anger intensified. His tone turned icy. “Fiona, do you even realize what you’re saying?”

Gavin was very conscious of his conduct toward his violin fellows. He feared showing too much favor to one might lead to jealousy and dissatisfaction among the others.

For Fiona to speak like this was to question his competence and demeanor.

With a stern expression, Gavin continued, “You accuse me of treating you poorly and favoring Elyse. Then why are you allowed to shout at me now?”

Fiona laughed icily. “What a hypocrite. If you don’t wish to engage with me, then don’t. I have no desire to converse with you either.”

Gavin remained unfazed by Fiona’s remarks.

After a brief pause, Fiona suddenly grasped the implications of her words and regretted her hasty speech.

Observing Fiona's evasion, Gavin discerned her genuine emotions. He icily stated, "To you, I'm utterly inadequate, right? When Mr. Tucker returns, I'll inform him personally that I won't concern myself with you anymore."

Fiona wished to apologize, but the moment had passed. Even if she wanted to express remorse, she couldn't bring herself to do so.

However, she still believed she wasn't entirely wrong.

Gavin and Irving both highly favored Elyse, treating Elyse with exceptional kindness while ignoring her. They all indulged Elyse's feelings, and she had grown tired of being overlooked.

After reflecting on the situation, Fiona resolutely refused to yield to Gavin.

Gavin chose to disregard Fiona from then on. He noticed the nail polish on the table and contemplated discarding them.

However, understanding that Fiona didn't mind if these items interfered with her violin playing, he decided there was no need for concern.

After another glance, Gavin averted his eyes, grabbed his coat, and prepared to depart.

Taking a few steps, he suddenly paused and turned back to Fiona. "Regardless of your feelings towards us, Elyse doesn't deserve such treatment. You should visit the hospital and apologize to her."

Without waiting for Fiona's reaction, Gavin exited the studio.

As he stepped outside, he encountered Freda approaching.

Freda assured him she would help him and visit daily to assist.

Noticing Gavin's displeased expression, Freda immediately sensed his anger.

Surprised, Freda, who always perceived Gavin as a composed gentleman incapable of quarreling, was taken aback by his evident frustration.

Gavin stood at the entrance of the studio, barring Freda's entry.

Blinking innocently, Freda said, "What's troubling you? I'm here to help. You can give me any instructions."

Speaking suggestively, Freda even extended her finger to playfully lift Gavin's chin.

Gavin remained composed, contradicting her expectations of impatience or aggression. His already grim expression grew even darker.

Realizing the severity of Gavin's mood, Freda moderated her actions, feigning calmness as she inquired, "What's troubling you? Are you in a bad mood? Do you need assistance today? I'm happy to help you."

Gavin cast a frosty glance at her, replying, "You've got way too much free time. Just go home and stop lingering around me."

Undeterred, Freda hurried after Gavin, pleading, "Where are you going? Take me along; I genuinely want to assist."

Gavin scrutinized her and retorted, "You want to help me? Or is there another motive? If I don't mention it, do you think I can't discern your intentions?"

Chapter 589:

Freda's lips pursed tightly; her eyes fixed on Gavin as a wave of resentment surged through her.

Glancing at his watch, Gavin said with a tint of impatience, "Please leave. I don't need your help, and I'm not deserving of your time and efforts."

Inside, Freda scoffed at Gavin's self-awareness. Despite his words, she was not prepared to simply do as he said.

With eyebrows arched, Freda retorted, anger tinting her voice, "What gives you the right to dismiss me? You should feel honored that I'm willing to help you!"

A faint chuckle escaped Gavin as he observed Freda's commanding presence. "You're quite the nuisance, aren't you? We are worlds apart, and your relentless pursuit is beginning to test my patience."

Stunned by Gavin's blunt dismissal, Freda felt her mind whirl from the audacity of his words. Freda Jimenez, rejected? Not just by anyone, but by the man she had once considered beneath her notice.

Sensing Freda's hesitance, Gavin pressed on, "Spending time with you has clarified why you were rejected by Theo Ward. Your temper is atrocious."

His words hit Freda sharply, like a dagger. Being scorned by Theo was already a deep wound, a memory she desperately wanted to forget. Yet, here was Gavin, appearing to relish hitting her where it hurt.

Freda reached her breaking point. With force, she pressed her stiletto heel into Gavin's leather shoe, leaving a noticeable gray mark on its previously sleek surface.

"I hate you!" she seethed, her voice quivering with the intensity of her anger. "A man like you is beneath me. I offered my assistance only out of pity!" With those final words, Freda stormed away.

As her figure faded into the distance, Gavin exhaled deeply, relieved to escape the relentless pressure of her presence.

Freda had been hounding him for days, her presence an unwelcome shadow in his life.

The root of her relentless pursuit was trivial—she believed Gavin had shown her insufficient respect during the last competition. Her behavior mirrored that of a spoiled princess; however, Gavin steadfastly refused to acquiesce to her demands.

Now, he felt a wave of relief at having finally driven her away, hoping now for a few days of peace.

From the safety of her home, Morgan sent a text to Tobin.

She was aware of the tragic events involving Elyse and Jayden but had deliberately avoided visiting the hospital. Her presence there could endanger their meticulously planned strategy.

Engaging in such an act would likely catch Lanny's attention, who had been stalking her relentlessly. Given the circumstances, it was unpredictable what desperate actions he might take if he discovered the plight of Elyse and Jayden.

To prevent this, Morgan continued her usual routine, unintentionally providing Lanny with the clues on the best time to strike.

Morgan hadn't been in a hurry, aimed at keeping Lanny at bay while preparations were underway. However, her focus had shifted now: her main goal was to detain Lanny quickly so she could reach Elyse and Jayden.

As Morgan awaited an update, her phone vibrated with Tobin's message, signaling that it was time for her daily outing.

Responding with a simple "OK", she grabbed her handbag and exited her apartment. Upon stepping outside the gated complex, her phone rang again; Tobin was calling.

"Morgan, we just saw Lanny leave after a phone call. It seems he's heading home," Tobin relayed, his tone laced with confusion.

Morgan considered Lanny's unexpected departure. "Why would he leave now? What does this mean for our plan?" she pondered aloud.

Tobin sighed. "We're not certain why he left, but his departure means you're no longer under his watch. You can visit the hospital and see Elyse and Jayden now."

Morgan weighed his words carefully; they resonated with her. Immediately, she hailed a taxi and headed to the hospital.

Morgan proceeded directly to Elyse's room. Nearing the door, she heard Elyse's subdued sobs. The sounds were agonizing, and Elyse appeared to stifle her cries by biting her arm.

Aware that Elyse had suffered the loss of her baby, Morgan took a deep breath but hesitated at the door. Unsure of how to offer comfort, she lingered outside, torn between wanting to be there for her friend and fearing she might say the wrong thing.

Chapter 590:

Morgan ultimately couldn't muster the courage to push open the door to Elyse's room. Instead, she turned and walked away, heading to Jayden's room.

Upon entering, she saw Jayden sitting on the bed with a laptop in front of him. She closed the door and quickly approached him, disapprovingly asking, "Why don't you take better care of yourself? You should be resting if you're injured. Can't this work wait?"

Jayden briefly glanced at the screen before replying calmly, "Work doesn't interfere with my rest."

Morgan sighed and pulled up a chair to sit beside him. "I'm truly concerned that you're pushing yourself too hard and exacerbating your injuries."

Jayden didn't respond to her concern, his mind drifting to Enzo.

Enzo had failed to kill him and now saw him as a thorn in his side. As Enzo's actions had irked certain members of the Owen clan, he wouldn't openly target him currently but could potentially take covert actions against him.

Most of Bayzee Group's projects were carried out overseas, with only a small portion being local. Enzo was unaware of this and had been trying to sabotage these local projects. To counter Enzo's schemes, Jayden had to remain alert and persistent.

After closing his laptop and noticing Morgan's dejected expression, Jayden inquired, "Has there been any progress with Lanny's attack?"

Morgan sighed and looked up. "Out of nowhere, Lanny stopped following me today. I'm truly scared something unexpected might occur. I really want to throw him into prison!"

With his hands clasped, Jayden responded serenely, "Don't dwell on it too much. He won't stop trying to kill you. After all, you pose the only threat to him."

Morgan's frown deepened.

Jayden added, "Perhaps an urgent matter called him home."

Morgan's expression turned steely, her hatred for Lanny burning unwaveringly hot.

Watching her anger, Jayden said, "I once suggested we hire someone to kill Lanny and his family quietly. But you thought a quick end was too easy; you wanted them to suffer for longer. That's why we came up with this plan."

He paused before saying, "If you've changed your mind, we can still go with my first idea."

Morgan's fists tightened, her nails pressing into her skin. Through clenched teeth, she declared, "No! I'm not letting them off the hook that easily! They must suffer the consequences. How else can I honor the years of agony Elyse and I endured? How can I forsake my mother's vendetta?"

Jayden nodded. "Then we must be patient. We can't control Lanny's actions."

Morgan, clearly frustrated, said, "I've been keeping up this facade for days, and he hasn't made a move. I really don't understand."

Jayden responded, "Who can say? Lanny and his family are all odd. They're difficult for even me to understand."

Meanwhile, Lanny rushed home following a call from Glenda about a possible divorce.

Upon arriving, he found Glenda seated on the couch, her face set with determination.

Behind her, Mabel stood, her eyes burning with hatred.

Lanny dismissed Mabel's feelings; her anger over being sold by him was palpable, but he figured money would soften her eventually.

Lanny fetched a beer from the refrigerator, took a long gulp, and asked with a smirk, "What's this about? Why bring up divorce so suddenly?"

Glenda, clearly irritated, slid a document toward him. "Here's the divorce agreement. Review it, and if it's acceptable, sign it."

Lanny laughed, picking up the papers.

He read them slowly, his expression turning cold when he reached the asset division section.

With a menacing grin, Lanny inquired, "You want half of everything? As well as this apartment?"

Feeling the weight of Lanny's stare yet emboldened by thoughts of her future, Glenda straightened and countered, "I've stood by you all these years. Why shouldn't I get half of our marital property?"

Lanny scoffed, flinging the papers at her, cursing, "You want a divorce? Forget it!"

The papers struck Glenda's face, igniting her fury. "Sign them! I can't stand a man like you anymore!"

