

Bound love 891

Chapter 891:

When Elyse glimpsed his face, a shudder of terror seized her.

The man had the garish red lips and ghastly pale complexion of the walking dead, his slightly curled locks blurring the lines of gender from a distance. A grotesque scar marred his forehead, lending him an unsettling aura.

Shaking with fear, Elyse stammered, “Who—who are you? You’re clearly not with Jayden. How did you infiltrate this place?”

“Quite boldly, I might add,” the gardener chuckled darkly, revealing his sinister intentions. “After eliminating the real gardener and stealing his identity, I simply strolled in. Mr. Hudson sends his regards, along with an invitation for a meal. Would you be interested in joining?”

“No sane person would,” Elyse snapped, before racing off.

As she sprinted, her screams pierced the air, prompting the villa’s servants to converge on the source of the disturbance.

The gardener sauntered forward, his eyes fixed on the servants, all well-trained fighters. He declared menacingly, “It makes no difference whether you’re bodyguards or mercenaries. I’m going to end each of your lives.”

One of the servants urgently grasped Elyse’s hand, urging, “Ms. Lloyd, you must leave immediately! Mr. Owen has been absent for some time, and it’s necessary that you avoid capture!”

As they made their escape from the villa, the servant maintained a firm grip on her hand.

Elyse, taken aback, turned to her and inquired, “Aren’t you the maid at Jayden’s villa in Watscar? The one who regularly cleans the corridors? Is that really you?”

Tears welled up in the maid’s eyes as they continued to flee. Between breaths, she confirmed, “Yes, it’s me. I’m touched that you remembered. I accompanied Mr. Owen to Manfek to serve you. It’s been a long time since you were home, and everyone is longing for your return.”

In that moment, Elyse recognized the familiar layout and decorations of the villa. They mirrored those of their Watscar residence. She realized why she had navigated the villa effortlessly upon her arrival, from finding her room to locating the dining hall.

It dawned on her that Jayden had orchestrated everything in secret.

Elyse’s emotions were a tangled mess, barely settling when she spotted a parked car by the roadside not far ahead. A man stood silently beside it, cigarette dangling from his fingers, its ember glowing sporadically.

Taking a few steps forward, Elyse abruptly halted as the maid stepped protectively in front of her.

“Ms. Lloyd, you should escape. I’ll handle this. Nothing’s going to happen to you.” The maid, who had traveled to Manfek solely for Elyse’s sake, was resolute in her commitment to protect her, especially now in the face of danger.

Elyse eyed the man with a look of mixed emotions. “Brook, did you call me for this? Did you travel to Manfek just to capture me?”

Chapter 892:

Holding the cigarette, Brook’s initial urge to smoke faded away. He retorted, “Didn’t I warn you to stay put on Jayden’s turf? Why did you leave?”

With a forced smile, Elyse replied, “You do realize a killer has invaded Jayden’s territory, right? Was I supposed to just stay in the villa and get killed?”

Brook was silent for what felt like an eternity, leaving Elyse to wonder if he might just release her.

But suddenly, Brook pulled a gun from his pocket and aimed it directly at the maid. His voice was firm as he commanded, "Get in the car quietly, and I won't have to shoot. But if I do, two lives will be lost. Consider your options carefully."

The maid, rigid with shock and anger, snapped back, "Despicable! Ms. Lloyd, even if it costs me my life, I'll ensure your escape."

Overhearing this, Elyse sighed deeply. She then gently touched the maid's shoulder and responded with a sense of resignation, "Please, let's not talk of dying. It's too grim. You shouldn't sacrifice your life for me; it belongs to you." Turning to Brook, Elyse pleaded, "Please, don't shoot. I'll come with you."

Brook gestured toward the vehicle. "Get in first!"

The maid looked at Elyse with wide eyes, filled with disbelief. "Ms. Lloyd, you mustn't go with him. He's someone you can't trust."

Ignoring the maid's plea, Elyse continued to press Brook. "If I leave with you, can you assure me that the gardener won't harm anyone?"

"Sorry. That gardener is an assassin hired by the Hudsons. I have no idea what his orders are, nor can I countermand them," Brook confessed as he held open the passenger door. With a grave tone, he insisted, "Get inside. As long as you're with me, you'll be safe."

Elyse paused briefly before accepting what seemed inevitable and headed toward Brook's vehicle.

The maid didn't want Elyse to leave with Brook, as she was well aware of his connection with Enzo. Enzo had already caused Elyse to lose a child once. If Brook took Elyse away, the maid dreaded imagining what might happen.

Clutching Elyse's hand, she said weakly, "If anything happens to you, Mr. Jayden Owen won't survive it."

Elyse found this amusing and said, “That’s quite an exaggeration.”

Shaking her head, the maid persisted, “I mean it. After your divorce from him, he lost his spark and was in a sour mood for months. Even Driscoll mentioned that he seemed like a walking dead.”

Hearing this, Elyse felt a surge of emotions. She had never known Jayden’s condition post-divorce and simply assumed he would have been happy.

With a faint sigh, she gently freed her hand from the maid’s grip and said reluctantly, “He has a gun. If we resist, we’re both done for. He won’t hesitate to kill.”

Chapter 893:

Tears welled up in the maid’s eyes as she protested, saying, “No, you can’t go. If anything happens to you, Mr. Owen won’t make it.”

Elyse patted her shoulder in a bid to comfort her and said, “Try to contact Jayden, okay? Get him to come for me. The sooner he rescues me, the better.”

Unable to bear the tension, the maid trembled at the sight of Brook’s firearm and sobbed in fear.

Elyse, too, glanced at the weapon and firmly said, “I’ll come along. Just don’t harm her.”

Shrugging, Brook scoffed, “As long as you cooperate, there’s no need for bloodshed. I’m not looking to become a killer.”

Eventually, Elyse settled into the front passenger seat. Once inside, she shut her eyes, maintaining a composed demeanor, unshaken.

Noticing her calmness, Brook asked, “I’m abducting you, yet you show no fear? Aren’t you worried about where you might end up?”

Elyse slowly opened her eyes and replied in a drawn-out tone, “Of course, I’m scared. But you said you weren’t looking to kill anyone, so at least my life isn’t in immediate danger.”

“You truly are unfazed!” Brook sneered.

With that, they fell into silence. Any semblance of friendly conversation was out of the question given the circumstances.

But as they neared their destination, Brook noticed Elyse’s growing tension. Smiling, he taunted, “So you’re finally scared now, huh?”

Elyse furrowed her brows and retorted, “You’re a villain. Why wouldn’t I be scared walking into the lion’s den? You have no heart.”

Her remark rendered Brook silent. After a brief glance, he coldly replied, “You’ve grown even more headstrong since we last met.”

Rolling her eyes, Elyse retorted, “Has being kind ever gotten me anywhere? Are you telling me that you wouldn’t point that gun at my head if I were nice?”

Brook’s eyes narrowed, a dangerous gleam in them. “You’re remarkably brave to defy me even now.”

Seeing Brook always stirred up anger in Elyse. Remembering all the hardship she had endured with the Owens, she glared at him and said through gritted teeth, “What do you expect from me? Compliance?”

Brook chuckled bitterly, pitying Jayden for the challenge Elyse had become. To him, a peaceful life was something Jayden would never be able to experience.

When they arrived, Brook walked around to the passenger side and roughly pulled Elyse from the car. Not minding the fact that she was stumbling, he dragged her into a room. The space was furnished with basic amenities and included a bathroom.

Chapter 894:

Elyse turned to him and asked, "How long will you keep me here?"

"Until it's all over," he replied curtly. Just before closing the door, he added, "Remember, you're in my territory. I'll advise you to avoid going where you shouldn't."

Elyse remained silent, feeling a sense of relief as the door shut. Brook had taken her phone, so she lay on the bed, staring at the ceiling in boredom.

Meanwhile, when Jayden arrived at his villa, he found only a few injured staff members, who were mercenaries he had hired at a steep price. He hadn't expected to find them all wounded.

Jayden approached them, asking for an explanation, and learned that the Hudsons had sent people to take Elyse.

"Where was Elyse?"

Jayden searched frantically but found no sign of her. As he grew frantic, a maid rushed back into the house. Upon seeing Jayden, her eyes widened with hope. Walking up to him, she quickly told him what had happened, saying, "Sir, Ms. Lloyd was taken by Brook Owen. He had a firearm, and she had no choice but to leave with him."

Jayden couldn't hide his shock upon discovering that it was Brook who had taken Elyse. Under his breath, he murmured, "Brook... here as well? It looks like the man is panicking."

A somber expression clouded the maid's face as she questioned, "Sir, what's going to happen to Ms. Lloyd? Could she be in danger?"

Witnessing her distress, Jayden replied, his voice steady but serious, "Don't worry, I'm going to bring her back. You can't stay here. It's not safe anymore. Arrange your travel back to Watscar immediately."

Nodding solemnly, the maid withdrew to her quarters to prepare for her departure.

In the meantime, Jayden slid behind the wheel of his car and sped off, his mind racing with plans for his next steps.

Confined and isolated, Elyse endured four days in captivity without any means to communicate with the outside world. At last, she confronted Brook to demand a cellphone.

Throughout these tense days, Brook was visibly rattled, haunted by the looming threat of Jayden's unpredictable actions. This fear plagued his nights, robbing him of sleep.

Elyse strode into the living room, her arms folded defiantly, and found Brook motionless on the couch. She held out her hand and declared, "I'm so bored. Just give me a phone."

Brook clenched his teeth, veins throbbing on his forehead as he retorted, "You're a captive, a prisoner. How dare you demand a phone!"

Elyse pursed her lips and replied nonchalantly, "Just asking. I'm bored to death. But if not a phone, perhaps a violin? I need something to keep me occupied!"

Brook paused, his expression softening slightly before he conceded, "Alright, I'll bring you a violin later."

Chapter 895:

Satisfied, Elyse turned and made her way back to her room. In the end, she was still a prisoner.

Brook swiftly retrieved his phone and directed a subordinate to bring him a violin. Within the hour, not only was the instrument delivered, but it also came with an unexpected guest related to Charlie.

As Brook accepted the violin, he raised an eyebrow at the visitor and asked, "Might you be...?"

“I’m Rory Griffin, a friend of Charlie’s,” the man replied, extending a hand with a genial smile.

Brook was aware of Charlie’s notorious affiliations. He responded with due caution and respect, “It’s a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Griffin. What brings you here today?”

Rory’s smile didn’t waver, and his tone remained disarmingly calm.

“Charlie mentioned you might be holding Jayden Owen’s ex-wife. Is there any truth to that?”

Caught off guard, Brook wondered how Charlie had come to know about Elyse, given he had suppressed all news about her.

“You’re here about Elyse Lloyd?” he ventured carefully.

“Not personally,” Rory clarified, shaking his head. “Charlie wishes to see her. If she’s with you, would you consider letting us take her with us? Given the history between Charlie and your grandfather... well, you understand.”

After a brief pause, Brook spoke hesitantly. “I’m sorry, but I need to ask my grandpa before I can give you an answer. Elyse Lloyd matters a great deal to us, you know.”

“Of course,” Rory responded with a nonchalant shrug, his smile firm and confident, as if he had no doubts that Enzo would grant his request to take Elyse away.

Brook excused himself and stepped into a rarely used room. He picked up the phone to call Enzo, detailing the situation along with its advantages and disadvantages. Enzo’s response was curt. “Charlie wants to take Elyse away? Let him have her. You can’t disappoint him.”

Stunned, Brook tried to persuade him otherwise, but Enzo cut the conversation short, hanging up abruptly.

Brook pressed his lips tightly together, a realization dawning on him. He didn’t want to relinquish Elyse to Charlie. The situation was chaotic. Even if she stayed with Jayden,

her safety couldn't be guaranteed. That was the reason he had whisked her away and hidden her. It was the only way he could ensure her safety, at least for a while.

Why was he suddenly so determined to protect Elyse? Brook steered clear of reflecting on it too much, afraid his feelings might take over.

He spent some moments alone, lost in thought. Finally, he set down the violin he had been absentmindedly holding and made his way upstairs.

Elyse was perched on the edge of her bed. As he entered, she looked up, puzzled. "Why are you here? What's going on?"

With a pained expression, Brook murmured, "You need to move to another place."

Chapter 896:

Elyse didn't fully grasp what Brook was trying to say, so she asked calmly, "Where am I supposed to go? Is Jayden planning to come after you?"

"No," Brook replied awkwardly. "You have to leave with Charlie's friend. He came for you and wants to take you away."

Taken aback, Elyse smiled bitterly. "Of course. I knew you wouldn't let me stay here for nothing. You had a plan all along. Now I understand what it is."

Brook winced, feeling the sting of her words. This wasn't how he had wanted things to unfold. He genuinely wanted to protect her, but circumstances had spiraled beyond his control.

Elyse stood, feigning indifference. "I have no luggage. Should I leave now with that person?"

Brook nodded stiffly. "That man is waiting downstairs." Without another word, Elyse brushed past him and left the room.

As she walked away, Brook sighed, regret swirling in his chest. Everything had gone so wrong, and he couldn't fathom how word got out that Elyse was staying with him.

Elyse entered the living room and immediately noticed a man seated comfortably on the sofa. One glance at Rory told her he was dangerous. Though he smiled, his eyes were cold and calculating, like a predator's.

Rory scanned her from head to toe before turning to Brook, who descended the stairs behind her. "Is this Ms. Elyse Lloyd?" Rory asked.

Brook nodded. "Yes, it's her."

Rory gave a curt nod and stood up. "Thanks, Brook. After this is all over, we'll share a meal together." Brook forced a smile and nodded in return.

Elyse stood silently, showing no fear or hesitation as Rory led her out. She followed him to the car, calm and composed.

As Rory watched her, curiosity got the better of him. "Why aren't you afraid? Don't you know what kind of place the Hudsons' residence is?" he asked.

"Of course, I know," Elyse replied, her voice steady.

Rory laughed, but his amusement was laced with disdain. "Then why aren't you scared?"

"It's all pretense," she answered. She had known this day would come and had steeled herself for it days ago.

She had already accepted her fate, or at least appeared to. She wasn't about to give anyone the satisfaction of seeing her break.

Rory chuckled again, this time with more cruelty. To him, Elyse posed no threat. She was someone who could be killed and discarded at any time. No amount of mental preparation would change the fact that suffering awaited her.

After an hour-long drive, they arrived at a grand manor.

Chapter 897:

As Rory stepped out of the car, he realized something was wrong: Charlie was nowhere to be found.

He learned that Jayden had attacked Charlie's territory when he asked around. Without hesitation, Rory abandoned Elyse and rushed to support Charlie.

Elyse stood there, bewildered. She couldn't believe how careless Rory was to leave her—his supposed hostage—alone and unguarded. She scanned her surroundings, trying to gauge whether she could make an escape.

At that moment, a woman scampered out of her room. It was none other than Aarya, barefoot and standing at the stair entrance of the second floor.

The sight of Elyse seemed to rattle her; her entire body trembled as though she were on the verge of losing control.

Elyse frowned. "Are you sick or something? Why are you shaking like that?"

Aarya let out a dark, unsettling chuckle, her smile twisted with malice. "Sick? Yes, you could say that. It's a sickness called love—a sickness that makes me want to kill both you and Jayden Owen."

She turned to the two bodyguards behind her and sneered, "I don't like it here. Take her to my place. I want to play some games with her."

Elyse remained silent, her gaze fixed on Aarya, unflinching.

Aarya tilted her head, her eyes gleaming with madness. "I bet you want to play with me too, don't you?"

Elyse shrugged, her voice tinged with sarcasm. “Do I have a choice?”

“Of course not,” Aarya replied with a wicked grin. “You’re my prisoner now. By the way, I heard you won first place in the violin competition. Impressive. It was a tough contest, but you came out on top. You must be quite talented.”

Her smile grew more sinister. “I love torturing talented people. If you weren’t gifted, it’d be so boring.”

With a wave of her hand, Aarya ordered, “Tie her up. Make it tight. If she escapes on the way, I’ll have your heads.”

As the bodyguards approached, their steps slow but deliberate, Elyse felt a sinking hopelessness settle in.

Elyse and Aarya sat in the same car, but their moods were worlds apart. Elyse knew she was in deep trouble. Her face was clouded with dread as she imagined what Aarya had planned for her.

Meanwhile, Aarya practically glowed with happiness, humming and singing throughout the ride. The two bodyguards in the back seat remained stoic, wearing dark sunglasses and betraying no emotion.

Elyse stared out the window, wondering if she could make a run for it. She glanced at the burly bodyguards behind her but quickly abandoned the thought. They weren’t ordinary bodyguards; they felt more like statues—unblinking and unmoving.

Chapter 898:

“You’re scared, aren’t you?” Aarya asked, her voice dripping with mock sympathy. She relished watching Elyse squirm. Every time Aarya had seen Elyse before, she had been so full of herself.

Aarya despised women who pretended to be pure while hiding their true colors. But in the end, they always ended up squirming and pleading before her. Aarya was determined to make Elyse cave in.

“Don’t worry. I’ll take good care of you,” Aarya said sweetly, smiling the same way she had when they first met.

Elyse caught the fake smile and felt a chill run down her spine. Her heart sank deeper.

Fifteen minutes later, the car pulled up to a small, beautifully decorated villa, with plants covering the entrance. As Elyse stepped out, the two bodyguards grabbed her arms. Passing the plants, she caught a whiff of something foul and rotting. She held her breath, exhaling only after they had moved past.

Aarya noticed and smirked. “Is it really that bad? You’ll be smelling worse soon.”

Elyse’s expression darkened. “You’re insane.”

Aarya sneered, her voice dripping with disdain. “Who are you to judge me? You should worry about yourself instead.”

Elyse said nothing as she was dragged toward the garden, where a small door led to a basement. Her unease grew with each step.

Standing at the basement door, Elyse could already smell the stench emanating from behind it. When the bodyguards opened it, the full force of the disgusting odor hit her, and she couldn’t help but gag.

Aarya watched with amusement, tilting her head. “We haven’t even started, and you’re already feeling sick?”

Elyse glared at her, her voice trembling with anger. “How many innocent people have you killed?”

“Innocent?” Aarya scoffed. “Anyone who crosses me deserves what they get. They brought it on themselves.” With a twisted smile, she grabbed Elyse by the collar and whispered, “Elyse, you’ll end up just like them.” Then, she shoved Elyse down the stairs.

Elyse tumbled helplessly, her body hitting the steps until she crashed onto the cold basement floor. The stench of blood and decay enveloped her.

The basement was pitch-black, save for the faint light trickling in from the top of the stairs. Elyse didn't dare move, terrified of what might lurk in the darkness.

Aarya's high heels echoed as she descended the stairs slowly, arms crossed, watching Elyse struggle to get up. Aarya could already picture what was about to happen: seconds later, Elyse would be on her knees, begging for mercy, her arrogance shattered.

Chapter 899:

Hadn't Elyse always acted superior? Aarya couldn't wait to see how quickly that facade would crumble now.

She walked over to a wall and pressed a button. The lights flickered on in an instant.

"Ahhh!" Elyse screamed, covering her eyes, too horrified to look.

The basement was lined with torture devices, all stained with blood, some still holding decaying flesh. But what sent chills down Elyse's spine was the decomposing body slumped in the corner, strapped to a chair. The man had clearly been dead for a while, though not long enough to erase the horror of his fate. Elyse didn't know how he died, and she didn't want to find out. All she knew was that she might be next.

Aarya looked at the corpse and frowned, turning to the bodyguards behind her. "Didn't I tell you to remove that? Why is it still in my toy room?"

One of the bodyguards softly replied, "Miss Hudson, we did not receive any orders from you to dispose of the body."

"Then it seems I forgot. That explains the awful stench, even in the middle of winter. After I finish playing with Elyse, make sure you dispose of it."

Aarya quickly shifted her focus, pointing excitedly at the man's corpse. "Elyse, do you realize who that man is?"

“How would I know? You’re mad. You’re a murderer, a deranged lunatic!” Elyse was petrified, her eyes tightly shut as she yelled at Aarya.

Aarya took pleasure in watching Elyse break down and looked forward to the different expressions that would soon appear on her face.

Unfazed by Elyse’s insults, Aarya maintained her cheerful tone. “Can you believe it? That man snuck into my bed and fucked me. When I confronted him, he didn’t even apologize. He actually claimed he loved me.”

Suddenly, Aarya’s smile disappeared, her expression contorting into a furious scowl as if possessed by a demon. She hissed, “That vile man dared to say he loved me. He thought a one-night stand with me would make him my partner. How could I ever allow that? So I dragged him here, cut off his penis, and tortured him slowly until he died right in this room.”

Noticing Elyse still had her eyes shut, Aarya tapped her on the shoulder. “Don’t you want to look at his body? It’s remarkable art.”

Elyse screamed, “No! I don’t want to see it! Stay away from me, you monster!”

“Hahaha, Elyse, are you frightened? You must realize that here, you are powerless and cannot defy me. You are merely my prisoner.” Aarya was ecstatic, her face glowing with happiness.

“But don’t worry; I wouldn’t let you face death alone. My father is already on his way to seize Jayden. He promised me that he would deliver Jayden here. I’ll ensure you two go to hell together.” Aarya was so thrilled, as though Jayden had already been captured and was on his way there.

Elyse gritted her teeth, forced her eyes open, and tried to steady herself. “Can you really have the heart to kill Jayden? Didn’t you like him? Why are you doing this to him?”

Chapter 900:

“Because he is kind to you. How can I just watch him show affection to another woman?” Aarya responded with a scornful smile. “He had the audacity to betray me. He will suffer the consequences.”

Elyse wanted to respond, but Aarya was no longer interested in talking; she was anxious to begin her game.

“What do you think Jayden will feel when he finds you beaten and barely hanging on? Will his heart break, or will he be filled with terror? Will he regret betraying me? Will he regret choosing the wrong woman to love?” Aarya unleashed a flurry of questions before facing Elyse. “What do you think?”

Elyse bit her lip. “If you’re dying to know, why don’t you ask him yourself? Why are you questioning me?”

“You’re right. He’ll be here soon. My dad always keeps his promises.” With that, Aarya offered a deceptively sweet smile.

Aarya pointed her finger at the bodyguards and commanded, “You two, hold her up. I want to use my knife to create a little artwork on her.”

“As you wish,” the two bodyguards replied in unison.

One seized Elyse, while the other approached the cabinet and retrieved a dagger. The blade was blackened with oxidized blood, and even the edge was rusted. Aarya extended her hand toward the bodyguard holding the dagger, expecting it to be handed over to her.

However, the bodyguard came forward and placed a lighter in Aarya’s hand instead. Aarya held it, immediately sensing something was amiss. She glanced down, noticed the lighter, and her anger flared.

“Why are you giving me a lighter? I asked for the dagger. Ouch!”

Looking down, Aarya realized the dagger she had requested was now deeply stabbed in her abdomen. “Why you...” Aarya gazed up at the bodyguard in shock. She noticed he

was wearing sunglasses, and something was off about his face and mouth; they looked strangely warped.

Aarya stared at him briefly before grasping the truth. Shocked, she exclaimed, “That’s a realistic silicone mask! Who are you?”

Instead of responding, the bodyguard twisted the dagger deeper into Aarya and coldly asked, “Who were you going to torture? Say it loudly.”

This time, the bodyguard didn’t speak in a hoarse voice.

Aarya’s eyes widened as she was taken aback. “You are Jayden!”

Elyse also recognized Jayden’s voice and stared in disbelief.

Jayden removed his sunglasses, revealing the clear line where his eyes met the edge of the realistic silicone mask he was wearing, which explained why he had used sunglasses for his disguise.