

## Bound love 931

Chapter 931:

But Jayden simply turned back to Elyse with a look of irritation. “Why didn’t you tell me that playing the violin could be dangerous? You could have hurt your fingers all this time.”

Noting his accusatory tone, Elyse couldn’t help but scoff. “Please, it’s a rare occurrence. I’ve never been injured by a broken string.”

“Just because it hasn’t happened to you doesn’t mean that it never will,” Jayden replied, a part of him already wishing Elyse would give up the violin altogether.

That finally made Elyse snap. “Even if I get hurt, I can handle myself perfectly fine. I don’t need you to fuss over me. If you’re going to keep talking like this, you might as well never show up in front of me again!”

Jayden’s expression darkened at her threat. He only wanted her to be safe and healthy—what was so wrong with that? He wished to stay by her side forever, keeping her away from harm, no matter how minor it might seem.

Meanwhile, Fiona watched their exchange, feeling increasingly neglected with every passing moment. She was the one who had been injured, yet Jayden barely spared her a glance. Why did he only care about Elyse?

Numb with humiliation, Fiona stood up with her head hung low.

Her action caught Jayden’s eye. Still stinging from Elyse’s reprimand, he barked at Fiona, “What are you doing just standing there? Are you giving up the competition? If so, we’re leaving.”

Truth be told, he was eager to take Elyse away. Before anyone could protest, Jayden strode over and grabbed Elyse’s hand. She frowned at him in puzzlement as he began to pull her away. Were they not competing after all?

“Stop!” Fiona shouted, her eyes brimming with tears. “I never said you could leave!”

She ran over, leaving her violin case behind, and grasped Elyse’s other arm. “You can’t leave!” she screamed. “You have to stay and compete with me! I never gave you permission to go!”

Elyse shook her head helplessly. She knew that Fiona was having an emotional outburst. “Do you really think you can compete in your current state?”

“Why not? Are you saying that I am no better than you? I’ll have you know that I’m considered a promising talent as well!” Fiona’s voice was filled with unmistakable despair as she practically panted, glaring at Jayden.

“I want you to see that I am not inferior to Elyse. If anything, I’m much better than her! You made a huge mistake not choosing me. I’m going to show you today, and you’ll regret that decision for the rest of your life!”

Jayden looked Fiona up and down, his anger and impatience palpable in the air. He wondered how he had ever gotten entangled with someone so delusional. One thing was for sure: if Fiona’s rants caused any misunderstandings with Elyse, he wasn’t going to let her off easily.

Chapter 932:

As for Elyse, she was thoroughly confused by Fiona’s behavior at this point. “What are you talking about, Fiona? Stop being so stubborn. Open your eyes and wake up.”

“You shut up!” Fiona screeched, her voice rising in anger. “How dare you lecture me? Are you trying to pretend to be kind again? Ha! I know you too damn well. You’re nothing but a self-centered brat.”

Elyse’s gaze grew colder, sharpening with each passing moment. Her feelings toward Fiona were complicated. She had once admired Fiona, who used to be gentle and had a talent for making exquisite desserts and brewing the perfect cup of coffee.

But now, even the music they once shared seemed distant—Fiona had given up on her violin.

Breaking free from Jayden's hand, Elyse said in a stern voice, "Didn't you want to compete with me alone? Let's start. Change the string, and I'll give you a wake-up call."

Fiona's confidence faltered under Elyse's ice-cold stare. Her heart jolted as frustration bubbled up, thinking Elyse had two sides to her: one for her and another for the men around her.

Fiona couldn't comprehend how someone as brilliant as Jayden could be fooled by Elyse's charm. How could he not see Elyse's true colors? She firmly believed she was the only woman who truly loved Jayden.

Anger and unspoken grievances built up inside her. She had to wait; sooner or later, Jayden would realize he had been in love with the wrong woman, and then he would pay—double. That thought rekindled Fiona's spirit. She clung to the fragile fantasy, believing that persistence was key.

Steadying herself, Fiona held out her hand. "Give me the string. I need to change it and tune my violin."

Elyse, clearly annoyed, handed over the new string, thinking that once this competition was over, she could finally rid herself of Fiona's tiresome presence.

Fiona took her time restringing her violin.

Ten minutes later, she approached Elyse, her instrument ready. "I'm ready. We can start now."

Elyse eyed her coolly. "How do we determine the winner?"

Fiona hesitated, caught off guard. She hadn't thought that far ahead. Glancing at the nearby crowd of passersby, Elyse came up with an idea. "Let's see who can draw the larger crowd. Whoever attracts more people wins."

Fiona's face lit up as she nodded in agreement. "That's a good idea."

“We’ll play the same piece, one after the other. You can pick the music,” Elyse offered, giving Fiona the advantage.

Without hesitation, Fiona suggested, “Let’s play ‘Liebesleid.’”

Chapter 933:

“Fine by me,” Elyse said, unfazed. She knew Fiona had chosen a piece she was particularly good at, but Elyse wasn’t worried. Did Fiona really think playing that would guarantee her victory?

Fiona could play it just as well, if not better. Confident that going first would give her the upper hand, Fiona set up her violin and threw a triumphant look at Jayden. “Now you’ll see what an amazing woman you’ve lost out on.”

Jayden’s expression darkened with impatience. If only he’d known he’d be tangled up with someone as delusional as Fiona, he would’ve let her be that night instead of offering help.

Fiona, oblivious to Jayden’s growing irritation, began playing. The notes of “Liebesleid” flowed from her violin—sad yet beautiful, filled with yearning and bittersweet emotion. She felt the music mirrored her own turbulent feelings toward Jayden.

But what she didn’t realize was that her love for him wasn’t as pure or noble as she believed. Her performance, while technically sound, was shallow. The audience could feel the self-absorbed nature of her emotions.

Elyse stood quietly, listening. She scanned the reactions of the passersby. As expected, music that didn’t truly connect with the heart couldn’t captivate an audience.

Seven or eight people stopped, but most were simply curious. They moved on once they’d heard enough, leaving no intention to stay.

Fiona's confidence wavered as her performance neared its end. Panic crept in as only two people remained watching. How could her beautiful music fail to hold the crowd? She told herself it had to be a technical issue—maybe the sound wasn't carrying far enough.

But the truth was simple; her playing lacked depth, and as she grew more flustered, mistakes started piling up. She struck a wrong note, so painfully out of tune that even Jayden, who didn't know much about music, noticed her error.

Elyse saw that Fiona had frozen in place. "Keep going," she couldn't help but encourage her. "Mistakes are a natural part of the journey. Have you forgotten our rules?"

Fiona was in a foul mood as it was, and she was tempted to snap at Elyse for meddling. But she couldn't do that in front of Jayden. She had no choice but to swallow her emotions and finish the piece.

Just as she neared the end, the two people who had come to listen turned to leave. No one else stayed, which meant that Fiona's music had failed to capture any passersby.

She bit her lower lip in frustration. The piece "Liebesleid" was her signature piece. How did things turn out like this?

Chapter 934:

Elyse could see that Fiona was confused and on the verge of panic. "Do you want me to tell you where you went wrong?"

Fiona jerked her head to glare at her. "I don't need you to teach me anything. Don't forget—I was once your senior. Who do you think you are?"

Elyse shrugged. "Alright, then. Well, it's my turn to perform." She took the spot that Fiona had vacated and picked up her violin. Closing her eyes, she took a deep breath and began to play.

Elyse loved this piece. For her, “Liebesleid,” meaning “love’s sorrow,” was very apt. She wasn’t sure how it was for others, but love had certainly brought her a lot of pain and suffering.

Jayden had become someone she wanted to let go of but never could. He was someone she disliked, even hated at times, yet still cared for deeply. Sometimes, she found herself wondering just what he meant to her.

But Elyse could never find the answer. Pondering it alone left her feeling lost and suffocated. Why did love have to bring sorrow? Couldn’t there be love that was all joy and warmth?

Jayden stood to the side, watching Elyse perform with rapt attention. Although he didn’t consider himself knowledgeable about music, he could sense the haunting mix of love, confusion, and heartache in the notes she played.

He understood the emotions the music conveyed. A lump formed in his throat. He had always been loyal to Elyse and had done all he could to support her. So why did he always end up hurting her?

Meanwhile, Fiona still couldn’t understand what Elyse had that she didn’t. However, upon seeing the crowd that had gathered to listen to Elyse, panic set in. She never imagined Elyse would attract so many people. It didn’t make sense to her.

Elyse played the last note and opened her eyes, surprised to find herself surrounded by an avid audience. Startled, she took a step back and glanced at them nervously.

“I know you!” someone from the crowd suddenly exclaimed. “You’re the first prize winner of this year’s Swan Cup, the most prestigious music competition! I watched your performance; you were amazing! Truly, your music healed my heart.”

“Please play another one! I want to hear more.”

“Can you play ‘Salut d’Amour,’ please? My girlfriend and I are getting married soon!”

The crowd was enthusiastic, urging Elyse to play again. She couldn’t bring herself to refuse, so she simply nodded and began to play another piece.

## Chapter 935:

As Elyse played, Jayden approached Fiona. “Compose yourself,” he said in a low voice meant only for her. “If you keep glaring at her like you want to murder her right here and now, I assure you, this will be your last day on Earth.”

Fiona shuddered in fear and cast a wary glance at Jayden. This was the closest they had ever been, yet far from the sweet nothings she had hoped to hear, he had just given her a chilling threat.

“I— I have no such intentions,” she stammered. “Are you seriously threatening me right now? Do you care about her that much? What’s so great about her, anyway? I’m better than her in every aspect.”

Jayden curled his lips into a sneer. “You claimed to like me, didn’t you?” he asked mockingly. “Are you sure it’s me you’re after, not the power and wealth that the position of being my wife could give you? Do you still remember the look on your face when you first saw me? Because I do—it was awe and greed. I saw how your eyes darted to the watch on my wrist. It was a luxury brand, and you could barely hide how much you wanted it.”

“No! It’s not like that at all! You’ve misunderstood.” Fiona’s denial was fierce and immediate.

In truth, she might have forgotten all about their first official meeting if Jayden hadn’t brought it up. All she knew was that she had fallen hopelessly in love with him afterward. But Jayden only saw the guilt that flickered in her eyes.

“Do you still want my watch? Why don’t I convert its value into cash and give it to you in full? You can buy anything you want with that kind of money.”

Fiona swallowed hard. “No, I don’t want your money,” she insisted. “It’s you I want! I love you, Jayden.”

Jayden halted mid-sentence and stepped back, putting distance between himself and Fiona.

Fiona, unaware of his retreat, felt the weight of his stare, as if a predator lurked in the shadows, watching her, the prey. He had accused her of being interested only in his wealth.

She denied it fiercely. She believed her feelings were genuine; she loved him more than anything else. To calm herself, she repeated these assurances in her mind until her anxiety subsided. She rationalized that Jayden's recent actions were likely a test of her sincerity. When he had casually offered her the watch, it was his way of gauging whether she was money-minded. Fiona was convinced she had passed this test, proving her indifference to his wealth.

Holding her chest, she contained her excitement. If not for her restraint, she might have leaped for joy. She was glad that Jayden finally took notice of her. The joy was palpable, and for the moment, even Elyse seemed less annoying.

Chapter 936:

Fiona glanced at Elyse, now the center of attention among the onlookers, and arched an eyebrow. She thought to herself that Elyse should enjoy her moment, for once she won Jayden's heart completely, Elyse's favorable days would come to an end.

As Elyse casually surveyed the crowd, she caught Fiona's challenging look, noting the malice behind it. Recalling past competitions, Elyse realized that Fiona had transformed into someone far more callous and unscrupulous than before.

Elyse sensed that Fiona's challenge today was not merely about competition; there was undoubtedly a deeper motive. With a subtle lowering of her gaze, she concealed her growing wariness and the chill settling in her eyes.

After her performance, Elyse exited the crowd, with Fiona doggedly trailing behind her. Carrying her violin case, Elyse eyed Fiona with suspicion. "The competition's over. What more do you want?"

Fiona glanced at Jayden, who was standing protectively beside Elyse, then bit her lip, desperation flickering across her face. "I'm broke. I need money, or at least a place to stay."



Elyse recoiled, puzzled. “You’re out of money? Where did it all go?”

Fiona clenched her teeth, her situation more dire than she could admit. She couldn’t possibly reveal that Kaelyn had taken all her funds or that Kaelyn had threatened her life should she divulge anything to Elyse.

With feigned righteousness, Fiona declared, “You have to help me find somewhere to stay, or I’ll let everyone know you abandoned me when I needed you most.”

Elyse’s frustration boiled over at Fiona’s audacity. “You think so lowly of me, yet you expect me to help you? Why would I do anything for you?”

Fiona shot back defiantly, “If you won’t help me, I’ll expose your true character right here, right now.” She eyed the bystanders, calculating, ready to tarnish Elyse’s reputation among the onlookers.

Elyse, overwhelmed by Fiona’s relentless manipulation, exclaimed, “How did you become like this, Fiona? What is it you really want?”

Meanwhile, Jayden’s patience had worn thin. His view of Fiona as a greedy, never-satisfied pretender solidified into disgust. Fiona’s unrelenting greed made her repugnant in his eyes.

“Enough,” Jayden snapped decisively. “I’ll find someone to handle her. She’s caused enough trouble. Let’s go.” He had little patience for individuals like Fiona, who floated through life with a deluded sense of entitlement, believing themselves to be above the fray.

Elyse caught the edge in Jayden’s voice, the barely concealed threat sending a chill through her. “Jayden, no matter how repulsive Fiona is, please, let’s not resort to anything drastic.”

The atmosphere was already tense in the town, rife with unrest and the lurking threat of violence. Elyse feared that in the chaos, Jayden might find it all too easy to justify severe actions against Fiona. But she couldn’t bear the thought of Jayden tarnishing his conscience with violence.

## Chapter 937:

Holding his arm to steady him, Elyse looked at Jayden with pleading eyes. Jayden exhaled sharply, his irritation palpable, but he nodded reluctantly.

Turning back to Fiona, Elyse asked, “How long do you need the room?”

Fiona, unabashed as ever, responded, “I’ll stay until your tour ends.”

Elyse frowned, puzzled. “What does my tour have to do with your situation?”

“That’s none of your concern,” Fiona retorted brusquely. “I just want to see the tour through. You’re going to help.”

Despite her frustration, Elyse managed to keep her composure. She resignedly booked a hotel room for Fiona.

With her immediate needs met, Fiona’s demeanor brightened considerably. “Take me there now. I need to ensure it’s suitable.”

Elyse escorted Fiona to the hotel and didn’t leave until Fiona confirmed she could secure a room.

Standing at the entrance, Fiona watched Elyse and Jayden disappear into the distance, a frosty smile playing on her lips. “Elyse, you must feel pretty smug for snagging Jayden’s heart, huh? Enjoy it while it lasts, because I’m going to make sure you lose it all.”

Her goal was clear—to destroy the man who adored Elyse and the career she cherished. She wanted to witness Elyse fall from her pedestal, stripped of her fame and influence.

With a satisfied sigh, Fiona turned and headed up to her room.

The moment she stepped inside, she eagerly dialed Kaelyn's number.

Kaelyn was lounging in her study, half a bottle of wine already gone, her cheeks flushed from the alcohol. When her phone rang, she lazily swiped to answer, her voice slightly slurred. "What is it?"

Fiona's tone was deferential. "Kaelyn, just like you asked, I've attached myself to Elyse. I'm staying at the hotel she arranged for me."

Kaelyn raised an eyebrow, then poured what remained of the wine into her glass, adding ice and swirling it around. "That's a start, but not enough. I want you to get into the concert hall. Watch her during rehearsals, keep tabs on her every move," she said, her tone casual but firm.

Fiona couldn't help but wonder why Kaelyn wanted her so close to Elyse, but Kaelyn had promised that Elyse would fall hard. Trusting her once more, Fiona swallowed her doubts.

This time, Fiona was fully aware of Kaelyn's frightening tendencies, making her more cautious and eager to please her.

Chapter 938:

Still, Fiona couldn't suppress her curiosity. "Kaelyn, why do you need me to stick so close to Elyse? If we want her to lose everything, why not just tear her down straight away?"

Kaelyn scoffed. "You fool. Sure, taking her down directly would be quicker, but it would also make you an obvious suspect. I'm doing this to protect you from suspicion. Honestly, you really are dense sometimes."

Realizing she had overstepped, Fiona immediately backpedaled. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to offend you. I was just confused, not questioning you."

Kaelyn's voice softened, though it carried a hint of condescension. "It's fine if you don't understand. We're not on the same level, after all. How could someone like you grasp my full plan?"

Fiona's face burned with embarrassment. "I'm sorry, Kaelyn. I know I'm not as sharp as you. I'll follow your orders and keep my mouth shut."

"Good. Now, get some rest." With that, Kaelyn hung up, taking a final sip of her wine, the ice clinking softly in her glass.

Mabel, who had been quietly listening to the conversation, sneered. "Fiona's so dense. She doesn't have a clue. I honestly thought she'd call to question our plan."

Kaelyn lazily removed the ice cubes from her glass, popping one into her mouth before reclining back. Chewing thoughtfully, she said, "If she had any sense, she wouldn't be in this mess. She's the perfect pawn for us."

Mabel's grin widened, brimming with arrogance. "Just thinking about how that clueless idiot is going to help me get rid of Elyse makes me giddy."

She hopped off her chair and skipped over to Kaelyn, her curiosity piqued. "Kaelyn, when Elyse's downfall finally comes, can I finish her personally? After all, she's the reason my mother is dead. I can never forgive her."

Kaelyn opened her eyes, observing Mabel's fierce expression with a fond smile. She gently tapped Mabel's nose and replied, "Of course. Like I've always told you, when Elyse's time comes, you can have your moment. I've got your back."

She laughed softly, adding, "You're always like a little sister to me. I won't let anyone wrong you."

"You're the best, Kaelyn!" Mabel squealed, hugging her. As they embraced, Mabel's phone buzzed with a new message. Her face lit up with excitement, and she quickly began typing a reply.

Kaelyn raised an eyebrow and asked with a teasing smirk, "Are you seeing Hyde Clifford?"

Mabel blushed, momentarily flustered. “Yeah... Hyde and I made it official yesterday. I chased after him for over a month, and finally, I got him.”

Kaelyn propped her chin on her hand, chuckling. “Well, they say a woman chasing a man is like pulling a thread through water. Plus, with how sweet and adorable you are, how could any man resist?”

Chapter 939:

Mabel, clearly embarrassed, mumbled, “Kaelyn, stop teasing! To me, you’re the perfect woman. You’re my role model.”

Kaelyn gave her a reassuring smile. “You’re also great, Mabel. Don’t underestimate yourself.”

“Yeah, I know.” As Mabel spoke, her eyes flickered to her phone. Her happy expression quickly shifted to one of concern when she saw the message from Hyde.

Kaelyn raised an eyebrow. “What’s up? Did something happen?”

Mabel shook her head slightly. “Nothing major. I’ve got it covered, but I need to leave now. I’ll catch up with you another time.”

With that, she rushed out the door. Kaelyn didn’t try to stop her.

Not even ten minutes later, a man stormed into the room, his presence cold and unsettling. Hearing the disturbance, Kaelyn glanced up at Hyde, then casually closed her eyes again. “Shouldn’t you be with Mabel right now?” she asked, her tone relaxed.

Hyde smirked. “I figured I’d drop by and see you first before dealing with her.” His eyes were magnetic, impossible to look away from. Any woman who fell under his gaze would feel instantly desired.

The intensity of his stare made anyone feel special. It was that very look that had drawn Mabel to him in the first place. What started as a simple work collaboration quickly became Mabel’s infatuation. She convinced herself that he shared her feelings. After

weeks of trying to win him over, Hyde finally agreed to be with her just yesterday. Mabel was thrilled, believing her persistence had won him over.

Regrettably, she was unaware that Hyde only agreed due to Kaelyn's instruction.

Hyde removed his coat, set it on a nearby chair, and casually walked up to Kaelyn. Bending at the knees, he used his fingers to lift the edge of her black lace dress. He located her inner thigh and discovered the most sensitive spot between her legs, then started rhythmically stroking her.

Kaelyn reclined on the chaise longue, instinctively spreading her legs, relishing his attention. Observing Kaelyn's pleased expression, Hyde jokingly asked, "Imagine how your younger sister would react if she found out you only made your partner her boyfriend."

Breathing heavily, Kaelyn lazily replied, "To clarify, she's not my younger sibling, merely a pawn I've retained. Due to her loyalty to me, I am prepared to offer her a reward to keep her services."

While speaking, she gradually opened her eyes, gazing at the man with a smug expression. "Additionally, I have found a new submissive partner for you. You must be pleased to have a new outlet for your cruel methods, right?"

Chapter 940:

Hyde crouched down, pushing his fingers into Kaelyn, moving quickly. "I prefer to apply those techniques to you," he said with a chuckle. "After all, you are the precious gem of my soul."

Kaelyn couldn't resist moaning, her voice growing louder as Hyde's fingers moved with increasing intensity. Finally, she reached her climax. Her wetness covered Hyde's hand. Without hesitation, he licked it clean, then removed his pants and positioned himself atop Kaelyn.

With her eyes halfway shut, Kaelyn reveled in the aftermath of her climax and asked, "So, how did you manage to make Mabel go away?"

“I sent her on a wild goose chase for some unique chocolate. There’s a low chance she’ll find it and she’ll return home late. In the meantime, let me have my fun. I haven’t seen you in a long time.” As he spoke, Hyde seamlessly thrust inside Kaelyn. “Who did you spend time with while I was gone?”

At first, Kaelyn seemed to enjoy herself, but then she frowned, irritation creeping into her voice. “Who I’m with is none of your business. Either focus on what you’re doing or leave. You’re not the only one.”

Her coldness only made Hyde’s actions more forceful. Most women, after a few nights with him, would listen without question, eager to prove their devotion. Kaelyn, however, was different. He had been involved with her for years, ever since her days as a student, but he had never come close to winning her over. To her, he was nothing more than a tool for pleasure, someone she called upon when needed.

Hyde, on the other hand, found her unattainable nature enticing. It was the challenge he craved. That was why he always returned, driven by a desire to conquer her.

Amid their heated encounter, Mabel’s name flashed on Kaelyn’s phone. She hesitated for a moment, then decided to answer, steadying her voice. “Why are you calling? Did something happen?”

Mabel’s voice wavered over the line. “Kaelyn, Hyde was craving chocolate earlier, but I couldn’t find the shop he frequents.”

At the mention of his name, Hyde’s spirits lifted. He playfully squeezed Kaelyn’s waist, his movements charged with a mischievous energy. A soft moan escaped Kaelyn’s lips, a delicate sound muffled by her restraint.

Mabel, catching the subtle change in Kaelyn’s tone, probed gently, “Is someone with you? I hope I’m not interrupting anything.”

Kaelyn shot Hyde a warning glance; he always thrived on the edge of risk, even hoping that they’d get caught in the act.