

Bound love 1361

Chapter 1361:

Tracy raised her hand and pinched his cheek firmly. When his skin turned red, she finally let go—but still, he didn't react.

Reassured that Shaun was out of sorts, Tracy dropped her guard. She stroked his cheek casually, her touch light at first but soon more playful. When that didn't amuse her enough, she gave his face light slaps, watching the skin flush under her hand.

"I have to admit, I like this version of you. I hope you stay clueless forever," she said mischievously, her grin widening.

After speaking, she slid her hand under the blanket and pinched him hard.

A faint wince crossed Shaun's otherwise blank face as the pain registered.

Satisfied, Tracy straightened up, her frustrations vented, and walked out of the ward without another glance.

Shaun's family arrived at the hospital in a frenzy the following morning.

Velma, Shaun's mother, burst into tears as soon as she saw her son lying in bed.

The noise stirred Shaun from his groggy state. Blinking slowly, he opened his eyes to see two strangers hovering over him.

"Who are you? And can you take your crying outside? It's too loud."

Velma gasped, her tears flowing even faster. "Shaun! My boy! Don't you recognize your mom? How can you be so heartless to me?"

Shaun frowned, clearly puzzled. “My mom? I don’t feel anything for you. Are you sure you’re really my mom?”

Velma clutched her chest as if his words had physically struck her. Her face twisted with pain.

Hanley, Shaun’s father, quickly stepped in to steady her, his voice trembling as he addressed Shaun. “What about me? Do you know who I am?”

Shaun tilted his head, studying him for a moment. “No idea. Who are you?”

Hanley’s lips quivered, his voice breaking. “I’m your dad! How could you forget your own parents?”

Shaun scratched his head in confusion. He had no idea. They could be his parents, but he didn’t feel any connection.

Velma’s breathing grew shallow as her emotions spiraled. “Call Jayden! Now! Someone has to explain this!”

Hanley sighed heavily and pulled out his phone to contact Jayden.

When Jayden arrived, Velma was in a chair, recounting stories of Shaun’s childhood in a desperate attempt to rekindle his memories. But Shaun wasn’t listening. He yawned several times, his boredom evident as he fought to stay awake.

Hanley watched the scene unfold with a heavy heart, his concern deepening with every moment.

As Jayden walked in, Velma rushed to him, her voice shaking angrily. “How did my son end up like this? You owe us an explanation!”

Chapter 1362:

Jayden’s expression darkened as she grabbed his arm. Irritated, he shoved her hand away. “Don’t touch me. I don’t like it.”

Velma staggered back, shocked by his indifference. “If my son doesn’t recover, I’ll sue you!”

“Enough!” Hanley barked, pulling his wife back.

Turning to Jayden, Hanley asked gravely, “What happened to my son?”

Jayden sighed and replied, “He lost his memory. His car was sabotaged, and it took the doctors hours to save him.” The mention of sabotage made Hanley’s jaw tighten. As a prominent businessman, he had his share of enemies, but he hadn’t expected anyone to go this far.

Shaun remained detached, lying quietly on the bed. Eventually, he turned to Jayden and asked, “Are they my parents?”

Jayden glanced at him and nodded.

Shaun furrowed his brows. “I don’t feel like they are. She’s been talking a lot about my past, but I don’t feel any love from her.”

Velma’s eyes widened in disbelief. “What did you say? How could you not feel my love? I’m your mother! I’ve done everything for you!”

Shaun’s gaze was calm, almost cold. “You always claim to love me, but you never encourage me. Whenever I do something, you’re never happy for me. You act like I’m wasting my time. Is that love?”

Velma’s face turned pale. “I’ve been hard on you because it’s your responsibility to carry on the family legacy! Without discipline, how could you be qualified to take over the company?”

Shaun shook his head, his voice firm. “You may be a strict mother, but that shouldn’t mean you can’t love your son. All I feel is pressure. You treat me like a robot programmed to prioritize the family above everything else.”

Jayden, standing silently by the side, glanced at Shaun. He too had once been treated like a robot. He could understand Shaun’s feelings.

Shaun glanced at his mother, who was crying uncontrollably, his face etched with disgust. “Why all the tears? I’m still here, not dead. Why such sorrow?”

After a brief pause, he continued bluntly, “Really, should I be the one crying? You’ve suffocated me with your so-called love, pushing me into things I hate. I’m the truly pitiful one. What reason do you have to cry?”

“You ungrateful brat!” Hanley snapped, unable to hold back any longer, and punched Shaun in the face.

Shaun absorbed the blow and lay on the bed, taking a long while before he looked up again, his gaze distant. “I had almost forgotten about you. As my father, do you love me?”

“Of course I love you. I’m your father. How could I not?” Hanley said bluntly.

Chapter 1363:

Rubbing his swollen cheek gently, Shaun sneered. “Yet, in her narrations, you were conspicuously absent. You’ve never shown me care or concern since my childhood. You claim you love me? Ridiculous.”

Hanley, seething with anger, shouted, “How dare you speak to me that way! You’re in desperate need of a lesson.” Hanley raised his hand to hit Shaun again, but Velma held him back.

She pleaded, “Don’t hit him! He’s suffering from memory loss. He doesn’t remember us.”

Hanley sneered. “Memory loss? I believe he’s just pretending, using it as an excuse to attack us! Look, Shaun, whether you truly have amnesia or not, I remain your father. You’re still under my control.”

Shaun scowled. “That sounds more tyrannical than fatherly. Am I merely a slave to you? Do you truly see me as your son?”

Hanley was about to explode in anger once more, but Velma stepped in.

She pleaded, “Shaun, please, stop this. Don’t provoke your dad further! Just apologize, and let’s move past this.”

Confused, Shaun said, “Why should I apologize? I haven’t even confirmed you’re my parents. What if you’re impostors, scheming to make me care for you in your old age? I’ve lost my memory, not my sense. Don’t try to deceive me.”

Velma, utterly taken aback by his words, fainted.

Hanley swiftly caught her, muttered a few more curses about Shaun, and then hurriedly took her to find a doctor. The room fell silent, leaving only Shaun and Jayden. Jayden studied Shaun intently, catching every nuance of his expression.

It had slipped his mind that Shaun might be pretending to have amnesia, a suspicion reignited by Hanley’s comments. Oblivious to Jayden’s watchful eyes, Shaun scratched his head, yawned, and casually asked, “Could you ensure no more odd visitors? I’d prefer not to have strangers in my room.”

Jayden drew nearer, settling into the chair beside the bed. “Do you genuinely feel nothing for them? They are your parents, after all. Shouldn’t even amnesia spare some affection for them?”

Shaun leaned against a cushion and paused to reflect before responding, “You make a valid point, yet I feel absolutely nothing. What that woman expressed didn’t resonate with love to me. She claimed her love, but it lacked sincerity. To her, it’s not about who her son is; she loves any son who brings the family honor.”

Jayden commented, “Your perspective is surprisingly lucid. Are you sure you have amnesia, or might you be using it to avenge?”

Frustrated, Shaun said, “How could I possibly fake amnesia? Look at the bruises I got from being hit.”

He then showed Jayden his swollen, bruised face.

Jayden grimaced, pulling back slightly. “Keep your distance.” While speaking, Jayden’s attention was caught by bruises on the back of Shaun’s hand.

Chapter 1364:

He seized Shaun's hand, noticing more bruises on his wrist. Lifting Shaun's sleeve revealed an arm full of bruises, as though gripped too firmly.

"Why are you so bruised?" Jayden asked, bewildered.

"I'm not sure," Shaun responded, equally confused. He began to inspect his body, discovering additional bruises across his abdomen, chest, and thighs.

He reacted with shock. "Who did this to me?"

"You don't recall who caused these?" Jayden asked.

"Why would I lie about that? I genuinely have no idea!" Shaun insisted.

Jayden remained silent, observing Shaun's genuinely puzzled demeanor.

Frowning deeply, Shaun said, "I'm feeling quite uneasy. Could you ask your girlfriend to come and keep me company?"

Jayden opened his eyes wide, glaring intensely at Shaun. Unbothered and thick-skinned, Shaun retorted, "Your girlfriend makes me feel more secure than you do. That's the truth."

Jayden mocked, "Having trouble keeping your own fiancée, so you're setting your sights on someone else's girlfriend?"

Shaun's interest spiked at his words, and he eagerly responded, "I have a fiancée? Really? Where is she? I want to see her!"

Jayden chuckled softly and said bluntly, "Oh, I forgot. She isn't actually your fiancée now."

"Really? How could you forget something like that?" Shaun asked, puzzled.

Jayden laughed. “That’s because during your wedding, your other lover showed up and your fiancée dumped you.”

Shaun scowled, instantly protesting, “That can’t be true! I’m very faithful; I’d never cheat or have another lover.”

Reflecting on previous discussions between Tracy and Elyse, Jayden said, “You weren’t unfaithful during your relationship. You just let another woman disrupt your wedding. Ultimately, you didn’t love your fiancée enough.” Elyse had once carefully dissected Shaun’s shortcomings with him on a particular night, so Jayden understood perfectly why Tracy felt so devastated and hopeless.

“That’s unthinkable! I would never do that to my fiancée.” Shaun was stunned.

Jayden responded, “Believe it or not, that’s the truth.”

Shaun became quiet, grappling with the possibility that he might have treated his fiancée so harshly. This thought troubled him, particularly because it might explain why she hadn’t come to see him.

After some thought, Shaun, not ready to concede, asked, “Who can confirm that I was so horrible to her?”

Just then, Hanley entered, visibly worn out from dealing with his wife’s hospitalization.

Jayden gestured toward Hanley and said, “Before your wedding, your father made cutting remarks that upset your fiancée and played a role in her leaving.”

Chapter 1365:

Hanley stopped, puzzled by the discussion.

Shaun appeared troubled. “I was almost married once. Why were you so harsh to her?”

“Almost married? To whom? Tracy?”

Hanley immediately caught on when he saw Shaun's serious expression. He retorted with a sneer, "You're suggesting I drove your fiancée away? You should know, you were the one who drove her away, not us."

Jayden bit his lip and added, "That's the reality. You didn't value or respect her, so why would your family?"

Shaun fell silent for a while, then finally asked, "What's her name?"

"Tracy Bernard? I think that's her name," Hanley replied with some uncertainty.

He never really approved of Tracy as a daughter-in-law. He believed she didn't seem like the right fit for Shaun. Shaun sought a powerful alliance to ensure his family's ongoing strength and prosperity.

After a brief pause, Hanley added instinctively, "Tracy isn't the right one for you. She offers no benefit to our family. You might want to look for a different wife material. If Dolores isn't to your liking, there are plenty of other affluent women out there."

After speaking, he realized that Shaun hadn't replied. Sitting on the hospital bed, Shaun visibly shuddered at the mention of Tracy's name.

Seeing Shaun like this for the first time, Jayden asked tensely, "Are you alright? Do you feel ill?"

Shaun raised his hands and gazed at his palms. His lips trembled as he stuttered, "Tracy? Who is Tracy, and why does the name sound so familiar? Have we met?"

Jayden responded, "Tracy was the love of your life. You almost got married to her."

Shaun's lips quivered, and he whispered faintly, "Tracy... my love..."

Suddenly, he cried out in agony, clutched his head, and started banging it against the wall repeatedly.

Hanley froze in horror as Shaun smashed his head repeatedly against the wall. The bandages wrapped around his forehead were darkening with fresh blood, each impact soaking through another layer.

“Shaun, stop! Please, stop!” Hanley snapped as he lunged forward, gripping his son’s shoulders in desperation.

But Shaun didn’t respond. He kept going, as though he couldn’t feel the pain—or perhaps, as though he welcomed it.

Jayden, standing at a distance, was quicker to act. He jabbed the emergency call button on the wall, and within moments, the door burst open, and a flurry of white coats swarmed in to restrain Shaun and administer a sedative.

Shaun stopped resisting. His body slackened, his head drooping before he collapsed onto the bed, slipping into a heavy, drug-induced slumber.

Chapter 1366:

Hanley stood motionless, his hands trembling as they hovered uselessly by his sides. His wide eyes reflected helplessness, and his breath was shaky with residual fear. The doctor, busy assessing Shaun’s injuries, turned toward Jayden with a firm, measured tone.

“The patient has just regained consciousness. Don’t force him to recall anything yet. His body needs time to heal.”

With that, the medical team filed out, leaving the room cloaked in an oppressive silence.

Jayden crossed his arms, his gaze hardening as he turned to Hanley. “You heard the doctor. Stop pushing him.”

Hanley let out a long, weary sigh, the weight of guilt etched into his face. “I just... I never thought Tracy would be the one to drive him to this point. But she’s already...”

Jayden cut him off, clearly losing patience. “I’ve done all I can for Shaun. Take him back to Liverton. He needs to recover there. This isn’t my responsibility anymore.” He had already invested

too much of his time and energy into Shaun's situation, and it was clear he wanted no part of it anymore.

"I'll handle it from here. Thank you." Hanley's shoulders slumped in defeat.

Jayden didn't wait for a reply. Without looking back, he strode out of the hospital.

Back home, he walked straight to Elyse's room. She was seated by the window, her fingers lightly plucking at her violin strings in an absent rhythm.

She looked up briefly when he entered and settled into a chair nearby. "How's the situation at the hospital?"

"Same mess," he replied, rubbing his temples. After a pause, he added, "Shaun only reacts to Tracy. He doesn't even recognize his own parents."

Elyse frowned, setting her violin down. "That's strange. What happens if he never regains his memory?"

Jayden stared at the floor, his thoughts clearly elsewhere. He picked up an old violin string that lay discarded and rolled it between his fingers. "If this continues, the Kennedy family is finished."

Elyse's lips parted in surprise. "Things could've been so different if Shaun didn't have amnesia..."

Jayden wasn't interested in hypotheticals.

He leaned back and frowned as a fresh thought surfaced. "There's something else. I saw bruises on Shaun—finger marks. Someone's been hurting him at the hospital."

Elyse stiffened, alarm flashing in her eyes. "Bruises? That's disgusting. Do you know who did it?"

"I'll ask the hospital staff to check the surveillance footage," Jayden replied curtly. Pulling out his phone, he typed a quick message, then tossed it onto the bed before lying back beside her.

Elyse glanced at him warily as he shifted closer. She hesitated, her hand twitching, but she didn't pull away. Jayden closed his eyes. His voice dropped low and probing. "Can we?"

Chapter 1367:

She shot him an exasperated look. "I'm not in the mood."

"But if you were..." He tilted his head, a playful smirk tugging at his lips.

Realizing his game, Elyse smacked his arm lightly. "I said no, and that's final!" she huffed, though her tone lacked real heat.

Jayden chuckled, rubbing the spot where she'd hit him. But before he could respond, his phone buzzed loudly on the bed.

He sighed, picking it up lazily—until his expression froze. He scrunched his face and jerked his hand slightly as he held the screen toward Elyse. "Is this Tracy?"

The mere mention of Tracy's name sent Elyse's thoughts spiraling into chaos. She snatched the phone, her heart pounding, as her gaze landed on the surveillance footage. The video was composed of several clips, but it centered on one figure—a woman in a hat, standing outside Shaun's hospital room with her head lowered.

Moments later, the woman entered the room, lingering briefly before slipping out again.

As she exited, the camera caught a fleeting glimpse of her face. Elyse froze. The resemblance was unmistakable. It was Tracy.

Her hand flew to her mouth as a gasp escaped her lips. "It's really Tracy? She's alive? She's back?"

Jayden's expression turned pensive. "Shaun swore he saw her in Cedarvale a few days ago. Could he have been telling the truth? Maybe he wasn't lying or imagining things after all."

Elyse's eyes remained glued to the screen, her disbelief thick in the air. "Tracy is alive... She didn't die."

Jayden's voice broke through her haze. "Should I find her?"

Elyse hesitated, a storm of emotions flickering across her face. If Tracy was alive, why hadn't she come to her? Why visit Shaun of all people?

Frustration bubbled to the surface. "I don't know. If she doesn't want to see me, what right do I have to go looking for her?"

Jayden let out a wry chuckle. "I should probably track her down anyway. She left a few bruises on Shaun. Looks like she still has plenty of anger toward him. What if she's back for revenge?"

Elyse shook her head firmly. "That doesn't add up. If Tracy wanted revenge, she wouldn't waste her time on Shaun. She'd go straight for Lowell and Dolores."

Dolores was at the mall when she received news that Hanley and Velma were at the hospital. She saw it as an opportunity she couldn't let slip away.

Hastily, she threw her shopping bags into her car, jumped into the driver's seat, and sped toward the hospital.

The journey was smooth until she approached the hospital. Out of nowhere, a car lost control and swerved into her lane.

Reacting swiftly, she yanked the steering wheel and stomped on the brakes, but they failed to respond.

Chapter 1368:

The resulting collision was harsh, the impact reverberating through the busy intersection.

As tires screeched and horns blared amidst the ensuing chaos, a figure wearing a baseball cap watched the scene unfold with calm detachment.

Dolores was quickly taken to the ER, suffering from severe injuries. The hours dragged on with no updates on her condition.

Lowell arrived at the hospital and slumped into a seat to wait.

Upon learning of the accident, Hanley rushed from the patient ward to find him.

“Mr. Kennedy! When did you arrive here?” Lowell expressed his surprise.

“We came this morning to visit Shaun, and then... well...” Hanley struggled to finish, worry creasing his face.

Concerned that Shaun’s condition was grave, Lowell asked, “Is he going to be alright?”

“He will recover, though it will be a long and difficult journey. He’s dealing with amnesia, and it’s uncertain how long it will persist.”

“Shaun has amnesia?” Lowell, previously unaware of Shaun’s condition, was shocked.

“Poor Dolores. It’s terrible. She should have been more cautious on the road. How did she end up in an accident? What a bad day.” Hanley comforted Lowell, placing a reassuring hand on his shoulder. “I’m here with my wife. Let us know if you need anything.”

“Will do,” Lowell replied with a nod.

Hanley lingered a moment longer before leaving.

As Lowell sat back, he pieced things together: Shaun and Dolores both had car accidents, one resulting in amnesia and the other in critical injuries.

How could both of them have ended up in car crashes? Could it really be just a coincidence?

A feeling of unease twisted in Lowell’s stomach. Everything seemed off.

After a long and exhausting day, Dolores's condition was finally stabilized, though she remained in intensive care.

Relieved that Dolores was stabilizing, Lowell set up extra security at the hospital before returning to his office.

Upon his arrival, he flipped the switch, but the darkness persisted. Puzzled, he turned to investigate when suddenly, arms encircled his waist.

Startled, he tensed. Before he could respond, a playful voice whispered in his ear, "Did I scare you?"

"Is that you?" Lowell exhaled deeply, recognizing the voice.

"What are you planning now?"

"Just a bit of fun," the woman whispered, her tone ripe with flirtation. "Think of me as a spy sneaking into the president's office, intent on capturing his heart." She punctuated "heart" by tapping Lowell playfully on the chest.

A chill trickled down Lowell's spine. He grasped her hand, his fatigue evident in his sigh. "Can we not play games today? I'm really not up for it."

Her voice grew softer, laced with feigned hurt. "Why are you so distant? I thought you'd be glad to see me."

Chapter 1369:

Lowell's heart softened. He turned and drew her into an embrace, murmuring softly into her hair, "Don't be upset. I couldn't bear that." She relaxed fully into his arms.

"What have you been up to today? You look so exhausted."

"Do you care?" Lowell asked.

She laughed gently. "Of course, I care. Seeing you so worn out is heartbreaking."

"It's nothing to worry about," Lowell assured her, trying to ease her concern.

Tracy looked up at him, mischief sparkling in her eyes. Slipping her hands under his shirt, her fingers began tracing his muscles.

Lowell caught his breath. "What are you up to?" he managed, his voice tight.

"Testing a new massage technique. How does it feel?"

"Relaxing?" Tracy's voice was playful, her smile teasing as her hands explored further.

A warmth began to spread through Lowell's body. He drew in a few quick breaths, struggling to control the growing wave of desire, but it was a battle he couldn't win. At last, he captured her hands, halting their movement. "Enough. I have to work."

Tracy's voice, soft and smooth like silk, brushed against his ear, dripping with temptation. "If you're not interested in a massage, that's alright. How about a kiss instead?"

Lowell gazed down at her, her features hidden in the dim light, yet every instinct told him of her charm.

"How long should I kiss you?" Lowell's voice grew husky, his Adam's apple bobbing with anticipation.

"Just keep going until I say stop," Tracy responded, her voice laced with mischief.

"But I'm not really feeling it today. Just one kiss," Lowell confessed.

Tracy shrugged with a carefree smile. "Start with one, then let's see where it takes us."

Heeding her light-hearted challenge, Lowell leaned in, and their lips met—a simple touch that shattered his composure. His thoughts, once clear and orderly, now swirled chaotically, all focused on the singular, irresistible urge to keep kissing her.

Wrapped in Lowell's arms, Tracy felt the intensity of his passion as it swept over her, wild and unrestrained.

Their embrace deepened, and gradually, they relaxed into the moment. Lowell, overcome by emotion, sat down against the wall, pulling Tracy into his lap.

Forget everything else—his mind echoed the need to explore every type of kiss with her, from deep, fiery exchanges to gentle, teasing pecks.

Tracy reveled in the familiarity growing between them, her heart pounding with each deliberate, exploring kiss.

Time slipped away unnoticed, and when Lowell finally paused, his voice was a raspy whisper. He reached up to gently wipe away a smudge from her lip, his touch tender.

“Maybe we should turn on the light. I want to see you,” he murmured, a playful tone in his raspy voice.

Tracy laughed softly, leaning into his hand. “And blow my cover as a spy? I can’t let that happen.”

Chapter 1370:

“You might not be a spy anymore, but perhaps my wife?” Lowell teased, his eyes gleaming with humor.

Tracy laughed, her hands framing his face. “I’m not ready to settle down yet.”

“Not ready, huh? So, are you seeing other guys?” Lowell’s question carried a hint of jealousy.

Tracy pressed her lips to his in a light, teasing kiss. “I’m just not done having fun with you yet.”

His mood lifted instantly at her playful response.

Standing up, he cradled her close. “Stay put. I need to check the circuit breaker.”

Lowell stepped out, only to discover the power had been cut intentionally. A frown flickered across his face, but the puzzle quickly gave way to resignation.

He frowned slightly but quickly pushed the concern aside.

When Lowell returned to the office, it was empty.

On his desk lay a note. He picked it up.

“Bye. See you when I see you.” A bright red lipstick mark was attached to the note.

Lowell’s fingers traced the lipstick mark, memories of their lips locked in a passionate embrace flooding his senses.

He licked his lips, the lingering taste of her bringing a smile to his face, and murmured, “Next time, I’ll make sure you stay.”

After leaving Lowell’s office, Tracy drove to the riverside for some fresh air.

She gazed at the calm river, her heart as serene as the gentle flow of water.

“Shaun’s lost his memory, and Dolores is laid up pretty bad. Lowell, what should I do with you?” Tracy murmured, her words scattered by the wind.

In that instant, Elyse, previously deep in sleep, felt a stir within her and snapped awake, her sudden movement rousing Jayden as well.

Reaching out to calm the rattled Elyse, Jayden asked softly, “What’s up?”

Elyse’s voice trembled a little. “I had a nightmare where Shaun, Lowell, and Dolores—they were all dead.”

Jayden rubbed his eyes, still groggy. “How did they die in your dream?”

Silence hung in the air as Elyse gathered her thoughts, finally murmuring, “I dreamt Tracy killed them.”

Jayden paused, eyebrows raised. “You think Tracy’s behind the accidents with Dolores and Shaun?”

Elyse bit her lip, hesitating. “No, that can’t be right. She doesn’t have it in her.”

Jayden let the silence linger a bit before shaking his head lightly.

“But what if she wasn’t alone? Could someone have helped?”

Elyse shook her head firmly. “No way. None of Tracy’s friends would be in on something like that.”