

Bound love 1391

Chapter 1391:

“Precisely. We can pretend to be an item to silence our family. Privately, you deal with your complex relationship with your ex, and I’ll keep looking for the one. Does that sound like a good plan?”

Elyse and Victor celebrated their partnership with a cheerful high-five as they entered the living room, instantly catching the watchful eyes of Pearce and Felicia.

Felicia, observing their cheerful mood, commented warmly, “It’s lovely to see you two in such good spirits together.”

Contrastingly, Pearce seemed less than pleased and quickly pulled Victor away to the bathroom.

Inside, Victor expressed his discomfort.

“What’s with the bathroom conversation? That’s not really our style.”

Pearce sharply questioned him,

“What was all that laughing about with Elyse?”

With an innocent look, Victor replied,

“We were just having a good talk.”

“You really expect me to believe that?” Pearce, suspecting more, cornered Victor against the wall.

“Why is my grandma trying to set you up with Elyse?”

Victor straightened his clothes and explained,

“I’m not getting any younger, and my parents are eager to see me settled. It seems your grandma heard about it and tried to play matchmaker.”

Pearce released him, muttering,

“She’s getting too involved. Elyse isn’t going to like this at all.”

“Why don’t you believe that Elyse and I could fall in love at first sight?” Victor asked.

With a dismissive snort, Pearce replied,

“That’s laughable. She wouldn’t be interested in you.”

Temporarily silenced, Victor finally said,

“Both you and Elyse seem overly confident. Ever consider that I might not be interested in her?”

Pearce was unwavering.

“Whether or not you’re interested, she wouldn’t be interested in you anyway.”

At his breaking point, Victor was about to confront Pearce physically when Pearce quickly left the bathroom and returned to the group.

Elyse said,

“Dinner’s on the table. You two finally showed up.”

During dinner, Elyse ate quickly, planning her exit, but Felicia kept steering the conversation towards Victor.

Chapter 1392:

Felicia's intentions were clear, and even Victor was becoming uncomfortable with her relentless matchmaking.

After finishing her meal, Elyse remained seated on the sofa, enduring Felicia's continued chatter. Distracted, she checked her phone and saw Jayden's message about coming to get her.

Feeling a sense of relief, Elyse got up.

"Grandma, I have to head out now."

Felicia, understanding Elyse's hectic schedule, nodded in agreement.

"Be careful on your way out."

In a moment of concern, she turned to Victor and suggested,

"Victor, would you mind giving Elyse a lift? It's too late for her to travel alone."

Victor agreed readily and rose to his feet.

"Sure, I'll take her home."

As they exited the living room, Elyse replied calmly,

"That won't be necessary, Victor. I can manage on my own. Take care."

With a curious tilt of his eyebrow, Victor inquired,

"Oh? Someone coming to pick you up? Your ex?"

Elyse confirmed with a nod.

“Yes, so you’re free to go now.”

Their conversation continued as they approached the entrance of the building.

A car waited outside, hazards blinking.

Elyse quickly said goodbye to Victor and darted toward the vehicle. From the doorstep, Victor attempted to glimpse the driver through the tinted windows but couldn’t discern any details.

Inside the car, Jayden, unnoticed by Victor, took a final drag on his cigarette while observing him closely.

As Elyse slipped into the passenger seat, she eyed the cigarette in Jayden’s mouth.

Catching her look, Jayden promptly snuffed out the cigarette and switched on the air conditioner to dissipate the smoke.

The engine started.

Turning towards Elyse, Jayden stole a few glances her way and asked,

“What’s wrong? Did someone give you trouble?”

Resting her chin in her hand, Elyse replied vaguely,

“Something like that.”

Jayden let out a light laugh.

Chapter 1393:

“Really? Tell me who, and I’ll sort it out for you.”

Elyse gave him a sidelong look.

“It was my grandmother. Go ahead, deal with that.”

Suppressing his grin, Jayden inquired softly,

“What did she do that upset you? Please, tell me.”

Elyse merely shook her head, her voice tinged with resignation.

“You wouldn’t get it even if I explained. I really don’t want to discuss it.”

Pausing to reflect, Jayden responded with a hint of humor,

“You might be surprised. I understand more than you might think. I am a bit smarter than you, after all.”

Annoyed, Elyse jabbed him.

“Stop it! You’re so irritating! I need some time to think.”

Jayden complied immediately, lowering his voice and even softening his breathing.

Meanwhile, Elyse nervously bit her lip as she contemplated how to dodge the impending arranged marriage with Victor.

Beside her, Jayden remained silent, yet his attentive eyes never left her. He was aware that Felicia shared certain traits with Enzo. Elyse, always determined to chart her own course, would find it challenging to confront Felicia.

“Earlier today, Hanley and Velma reached out to me,” Jayden said gravely.

“Shaun is refusing to stay in the hospital any longer, nor does he want to go back to Liverton with them.”

Surprised, Elyse's eyes widened.

"What exactly are they suggesting?"

Sighing and massaging his temples, Jayden explained,

"They're asking if we can look after Shaun. It seems, at the moment, we're the only ones he trusts."

Puzzlement appeared on Elyse's face.

"Why does he trust us instead of the Ruiz siblings?"

"He doesn't remember the Ruiz family. Plus, Dolores has been unconscious since her accident," Jayden said.

Shocked, Elyse put her hand over her mouth.

"She's still not awake? Were her injuries that severe?"

Jayden explained,

"The police just released their investigation report. The brakes were tampered with quite a while ago, and they're still trying to determine exactly when."

"What exactly does that mean?" Elyse asked, looking confused.

Jayden said,

Chapter 1394:

"It means the brakes were tampered with initially just enough to cause damage. Over time, as Dolores continued to use the car, the wear and tear made the problem worse, eventually leading to the accident."

“That sounds like it was planned, like a premeditated murder!” Elyse exclaimed, taken aback.

Nodding, Jayden replied,

“Yes, it seems the perpetrator had a serious grudge against Dolores.”

Seeing his concerned expression made Elyse think of Tracy.

“You’re not suggesting Tracy is involved again, are you?”

“I’m not.” Jayden shook his head.

“I’m just concerned that if it’s traced back to her, the police might come to you.”

Elyse responded, “Since her supposed death, I’ve never once met her. I wouldn’t have anything to tell the police, even if they did question me.”

Sighing deeply, Jayden expressed his hope.

“Let’s just hope this is all resolved quickly.”

The night lingered on. In his office at the company, Lowell was still working late.

Lately, he had been feeling worn out, constantly commuting between his company duties and hospital visits. Dolores had been in critical condition twice, which kept his anxiety levels high. Then, a crisp, soft click interrupted the quiet of the night.

The office was suddenly swallowed by darkness as the lights flickered off.

Lowell was perusing some documents when the unexpected blackout made him pause, perplexed.

“It’s odd. Have the lights gone out?”

“No, I turned them off,” came Tracy’s voice, veiled within the shadows where she stealthily observed Lowell.

Straining his ears towards her voice, Lowell attempted to locate her, but the obscured moon offered no assistance, shrouded by thick clouds. Resigned to her antics, Lowell questioned with a hint of exasperation,

“Why must you always plunge us into darkness upon your arrival?”

With the click of her high heels, Tracy moved closer, her tone playful.

“Because I’m the mystery in your life.”

Her words were accompanied by her arms encircling his neck, her lips near his ear, breathing warmth that tickled his skin.

Lowell’s body reacted instinctively, stiffening as her fragrance enveloped him and her closeness stirred him. His throat constricted, his mouth parched.

With a flirtatious pull at his tie, Tracy teased,

“Why so stiff? Why not initiate something?”

Lowell hesitated briefly before inquiring,

Chapter 1395:

“Initiate what, precisely?”

“Like this...” Tracy’s voice trailed as her fingers ventured lower, towards his belt.

As she began to unbuckle it, Lowell caught her hands, their softness surprising him. He whispered urgently,

“Hold on.”

“Why? Don’t you want me?” Tracy’s gaze was unseen in the dark, but her blinking was felt.

Lowell found himself fumbling for words, awkwardly saying,

“You don’t begin by unbuckling a man’s belt. Please, behave.”

Her laughter was low and mischievous. Behave? Her intentions were anything but innocent tonight.

She gently unzipped her dress, pressing against him. She sensed his growing tension and rapid heartbeat.

In the pitch-black, her smirk was sinister, though her voice carried a feigned fragility.

“I’m so cold. Won’t you warm me?” she whispered.

Lowell visualized the scene where Tracy was partially undressed, her warmth beckoning yet overwhelming.

He said, “Get dressed again, please.”

Tracy huffed lightly, tightening her embrace.

Feeling his resolve waning as desire surged, Lowell’s thoughts scrambled.

Tracy, sensing his struggle, intensified her allure, her movements deliberate, her body pressing closer.

Her plea was urgent as she said,

“I want you now. Let’s not wait.”

Tracy's relentless actions were unraveling Lowell's carefully held composure, pushing his sanity to the brink.

After a charged silence, he finally caught her wrists, holding the restless Tracy firmly in place.

His voice, rough and strained, betrayed the battle within him as he leaned closer.

"Are you sure about this?" he asked, his words more than a husky whisper.

"Here, of all places?"

Tracy's lips curled into a sly smile, her fingers slipping free and finding their way to his belt. With practiced ease, she unbuckled it, her movements deliberate as she let her hand explore further, feeling the undeniable evidence of his desire.

She tilted her head, her tone dripping with mischief as she replied,

"Don't question my certainty. Question whether I can handle the intensity."

"Humph," he murmured darkly, his grip shifting to her waist. His breath hitched at her boldness, a low chuckle escaping as his restraint finally shattered. In one swift motion, he lifted her onto the desk, his eyes blazing with unspoken intent.

Chapter 1396:

"Even if you can't handle it—you'll have no choice but to try."

Tracy wrapped her arms around Lowell's neck, a soft laugh escaping her lips as his hands began to explore, undressing her with deliberate care.

But just as he slid her panties down, he paused, his breath hitching.

"Maybe we should go to a hotel instead?"

Though Tracy had always referred to herself as his “secret lover,” he didn’t mind the idea of something more. He wouldn’t mind making her his girlfriend.

Tracy rolled her eyes, a smirk tugging at the corners of her lips.

“You’ve already gone this far,” she chided, her voice light but firm.

“I’m not stopping to head to a hotel.”

Lowell chuckled at her determination, her fiery confidence leaving him with no room to argue. Without further hesitation, he leaned in, his weight pressing against her.

Tracy felt the shift, her playful nature surfacing as she pushed against his chest.

“Just make me feel no pain, okay?” she teased, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

He nodded, his gaze softening with reassurance. Yet, as he moved forward, the resistance he met made him pause, sweat forming on his brow. Despite his best efforts, her tightness made it challenging.

“You can’t handle even a little pain?”

“Humph! Not even a little,” she quipped, narrowing her eyes.

Lowell sighed, adjusting his approach, his movements patient and intentional. He worked carefully, ensuring she was comfortable before slipping inside her. Even then, a small wince escaped her.

She tapped his back lightly, a discontented frown on her face.

“I said gentle, remember? That hurts.”

“Sorry,” Lowell murmured, his voice uncharacteristically soft as he lowered his head. For a moment, he froze, waiting for her approval to continue.

Tracy, finally feeling a shift, let out a contented sigh, her discontent melting into something warmer.

“Alright,” she said, a teasing edge returning to her voice.

“Let’s see if you can redeem yourself.”

It didn’t take long for Lowell to find his rhythm, his earlier hesitation replaced by a growing confidence. Together, they moved in sync, their breaths mingling, the tension between them building with each moment.

Then, just as the air between them thickened, the unmistakable buzz of a phone pierced through the atmosphere.

Panting softly, Tracy teased him, “Answer it! What if it’s important?”

Lowell followed her gaze to the phone resting on the table across the room. For a fleeting moment, her words crossed his mind. Could it be the hospital again? The thought spurred a flash of hesitation, but it didn’t last.

Chapter 1397:

He quickened his movements instead, grumbling under his breath, “It’s not important! Keep your eyes on me!”

Tracy couldn’t help but laugh, her voice light despite the flush on her cheeks.

“I’m just looking out for you. What if you miss something important?”

Lowell silenced her with a kiss, his hands framing her face as he pulled her closer. His voice softened, rich with intensity.

“The most important thing right now is you. We’re having such a good time, and you still want me to answer the phone? I thought you didn’t want me to stop. Aren’t you afraid I might have to leave?”

Feigning a pout, Tracy replied,

“Well, since I’m just your secret lover, I guess I’d have to accept it if you did.” Her tone was mockingly pitiful, though the glint in her eyes betrayed her playful intent.

Lowell’s jaw tightened, her words stoking a fire in him.

“Don’t say that.” His voice dropped, almost a growl.

“If you don’t want to be left behind, behave—and let me have my way. I don’t care about the call, and neither should you.”

Before Tracy could respond, Lowell thrust harder, drawing a soft, unrestrained groan from her lips.

The phone continued to ring in the background, insistent and unyielding, until finally, it fell silent.

Unbeknownst to Lowell, the call had indeed been from the hospital. By the time he thought to check, nearly two hours had slipped away.

Now, he sat on the couch, Tracy curled against him, her energy thoroughly spent. The air between them was warm and languid, their breaths slow and contented.

Tracy noticed Lowell staring at his phone, his expression unreadable.

Her voice, soft and slightly hoarse, broke the silence.

“Who was it?”

“The hospital,” he replied calmly, though his tone carried a hint of tension.

Tracy frowned, a flicker of annoyance crossing her face.

“Why would the hospital be calling you so late?”

Lowell didn't respond right away. Instead, he grabbed a nearby shirt and gently draped it over her shoulders. Then, without a word, he tapped on the screen of his cellphone.

The line connected almost instantly.

“Mr. Ruiz, your sister has woken up,” said a voice on the other end.

Lowell froze, disbelief flooding him.

“Really? That's wonderful news.” The call ended quickly. He turned to Tracy, saying,

“I need to leave for a while. I'll take you back to my place first.”

Chapter 1398:

Tracy, already slipping back into her clothes, waved him off casually.

“Don't worry about me. Go to the hospital. It's fine.”

Despite her reassurances, he still didn't want to leave her behind. But by the time he'd hastily dressed and turned on the light, the room was empty.

Tracy had slipped out quietly, leaving no trace—except for her panties lying on the couch.

Lowell sighed, his emotions tangled. He picked up the delicate garment, hesitating before tucking it into his pocket. He then grabbed his keys and headed out.

The drive to the hospital was swift, his mind racing. He hadn't expected this. Dolores's condition had been critical for so long, with the doctors all but certain she wouldn't wake up.

Yet now, against all odds, she had. Relief and joy bubbled within him, but something else tugged at his thoughts—Tracy.

Her sudden departure gnawed at him. She hadn't even said goodbye.

He'd wanted to take her home, ensure she was safe, but she'd slipped through his fingers like smoke. For the first time, he felt an odd pang of vulnerability.

Frustration and simmering anger washed over Lowell as that mysterious woman's face remained hidden, leaving him with no options for action and no trace of her location.

Still, he decided to drive to the hospital.

Meanwhile, Tracy, the very person Lowell was searching for, parked close by in her car, observing his movements intently. She calmly straightened her outfit, checked her appearance in a handheld mirror, and made a phone call.

The recipient of the call picked up quickly, and she immediately shared her news, saying,

"Dolores Ruiz is awake now."

The voice on the other end expressed surprise, asking,

"Really? Are you sure?"

Visibly irritated, Tracy responded,

"Yes, I'm certain. I was with Lowell when he received the call. I heard everything."

After a brief silence, the person responded cautiously,

"I understand, but I'm under police surveillance right now, so I can't do anything rash."

With a calmer tone, Tracy replied,

“I understand. I’ll make sure not to involve you.”

The conversation then shifted.

“Now that Dolores is awake, will you change your plans with Lowell?”

After considering for a moment, Tracy replied with uncertainty,

Chapter 1399:

“I’m not sure yet, but we’ll continue as planned for now. He seems to be interested in me.”

The other person offered comfort.

“There’s no rush. We can afford to take our time.”

Tracy, reluctant to slow down, responded,

“I’ll proceed cautiously.”

“Get some sleep. It’s quite late.” The call ended.

Tracy set her phone aside, her nerves tingling with frustration. Her animosity towards the Ruiz siblings ran deep; she blamed them for a past threat to her life.

She had not expected Dolores to survive the car crash, yet the latter had awakened unexpectedly.

Anxiously biting her nails, Tracy struggled to calm herself for quite some time. Eventually, she turned on the radio, hoping to distract herself with some music.

By chance, she landed on a replay of Elyse's radio show.

Tracy's heart skipped a beat at the sound of Elyse's voice but soon settled down.

The discussion between Elyse and the host was winding down when the host asked for a musical performance.

Elyse responded thoughtfully,

"I'll play 'Lullaby.' I know everyone works hard and deserves a bit of comfort when they get home."

As the soothing melody of the lullaby began, Tracy leaned back, her gaze lost in the sparse, dimly lit street outside.

Whispering to herself, she said,

"This melody is hauntingly beautiful, Elyse. It stirs a deep yearning for home within me."

The soothing notes of the melody relaxed Tracy, slowly melting away her stress and replacing it with a sense of weariness and sleepiness. Fighting off multiple yawns in an attempt to stay alert, she eventually started her drive back home.

At the same time, Lowell had made his way to the hospital.

Dolores was gazing at the ceiling when she heard approaching footsteps. Turning her head, her eyes lit up with recognition and excitement at the sight of Lowell.

Noticing her excitement, Lowell gently cautioned her,

"Ease down. It's important not to get too worked up."

The doctor approached to brief Lowell on Dolores's condition, explaining that although she was awake, she needed to remain hospitalized for further treatment and was not ready for discharge.

Lowell nodded in understanding. Once the doctor departed, he moved closer to Dolores, his expression one of puzzlement.

“You seem worked up. Is there something you need to tell me?”

Chapter 1400:

Dolores gave a nod, prompting Lowell to assist her with removing her oxygen mask.

With a raspy voice, she inquired,

“Has Shaun visited me?”

Without even opening his eyes, Lowell responded indifferently,

“He has lost his memory. He doesn’t recognize his own parents, let alone visit you. Your focus should be on healing.”

Dolores’ eyes widened in shock.

“He doesn’t remember anything at all, not even me? What does he remember, then? Surely not just that Tracy?”

Dolores’s frustration manifested in a harsh coughing fit, each cough seeming to tear through her chest.

Lowell gently placed the oxygen mask over Dolores’s face.

The pallor on her cheeks faded as she inhaled deeply, and the feverish redness gradually disappeared.

After a moment, her breathing steadied, and Lowell carefully removed the mask again.

Dolores reached out, clutching his hand tightly. Her eyes, rimmed with exhaustion and desperation, brimmed with urgency.

“Please take—Shaun. He must be so scared and vulnerable right now. I need to be with him.”

Lowell sighed, frustration softening into concern.

“You just woke up. You need to rest and focus on recovering,” he said gently but firmly.

Dolores shook her head, her voice breaking with determination.

“No! He needs me. I can’t just lie here while he’s all alone.”

Lowell closed his eyes briefly, reining in his growing exasperation. Then, he leaned forward and carefully pressed Dolores back onto the bed, replacing the oxygen mask over her face. His tone turned serious.

“Dolores, listen to me. The police will be coming tomorrow. They need to ask you some questions.”

Dolores’s confusion was evident. She stared at him, her brows furrowing.

Lowell’s voice dropped lower.

“The car crash wasn’t an accident. Someone tried to kill you. The police will need your statement. But for now, you need to stay calm and rest.”

Dolores closed her eyes weakly, a mix of exhaustion and unwillingness clouding her expression.

Seeing her stubbornness, Lowell held back his irritation and softened his tone.

“I’ll go talk to Shaun. I’ll bring him here to see you,” he promised.

Her eyes flew open, filling with tears.

“Tell him,” her voice cracked as she whispered, “Tell him I love him more than anything.”

Lowell let out a bitter laugh. Without another word, he turned and left the room.