

## Bound love 1431

Chapter 1431:

Jayden frowned. "What are you doing here? You think you can just barge into our room?"

"I was bored, needed someone to chat with," Shaun explained lamely.

Jayden interrupted him, "Your dad's proposal has been accepted. I'm in charge of you until your memory comes back."

A spark of hope lit up Shaun's face. "So I can stick around with you guys?"

Jayden's face remained impassive. "You'll be staying in a nearby house. Someone will be there to look after you. And while you're getting your memory back, I expect you to keep out of trouble."

Shaun stared at him, his face a mixture of disbelief and frustration. "You're not seriously going to keep me locked up, are you?"

"Not locked up, but I do expect your full cooperation." With that, Jayden grabbed Shaun's arm and guided him downstairs with a firm grip.

In the living room, Velma and Hanley were seated, looking somewhat uneasy. Jayden checked his watch, breaking the slight tension. "It's already lunchtime," he suggested casually. "To celebrate our new arrangement, why don't you join me for a meal?"

Hanley and Velma exchanged hesitant glances. Before either could respond, Shaun was already bounding toward the dining room. "I was hoping you'd say that! I'm starving. Watching Elyse eat made me want to snatch her plate."

Hanley's expression soured at Shaun's lack of decorum. "You good-for-nothing! Where did you pick up such manners?"

Shaun tossed a cheeky look over his shoulder. "You said you're my father, so I guess I learned from you."

Hanley clutched his chest, momentarily winded by the retort.

Velma quickly intervened, “Let it go, Hanley. He doesn’t remember anything, not even us. How can we expect him to know proper manners?”

Taking a deep breath to calm himself, Hanley managed a strained smile. “Jayden, I’m so sorry,” he said, trying to smooth things over. “My son’s been quite the challenge lately. I really appreciate your patience.”

Jayden nodded, a gesture of understanding. “Don’t worry about it. I’ll handle it as promised.”

After all, Hanley was compensating him generously, and Jayden understood the language of money all too well.

Despite Shaun’s uncouth behavior, Hanley and Velma remained throughout the meal. He was still their son, after all, and their affection was evident. When Hanley and Velma finally left, Shaun showed no such attachment.

The moment the door closed behind them, he eagerly asked, “So, which room is mine?”

“Like I mentioned before,” Jayden responded firmly, “this is my house. You won’t be staying here. I’m taking you to your new place now.”

Elyse appeared at the foot of the stairs just then. Catching Shaun’s disappointed expression, she added, “I’ll come along.”

The three of them climbed into the car and drove to the house Jayden had selected for Shaun.

Located in the neighboring gated villa complex, the house was modest compared to a mansion but perfectly suitable for one person.

Chapter 1432:

As they toured the new residence, Elyse discreetly checked the property's value on her phone. A quick glance at the price made her quietly shut off the app, the figures far out of her financial reach.

Shaun lounged in the garden chair, surveying the lush surroundings like a monarch admiring his domain. He leaned back with a satisfied sigh and then glanced at Jayden. "I must say, you've outdone yourself with the arrangements. Quite impressive."

Jayden stood nearby, hands in his pockets, ever composed. "Family doctor, maids, butler, nutritionist, and bodyguards are all en route. They'll be stationed here around the clock to ensure your safety."

Shaun's relaxed expression tightened into a frown. "Round the clock? That sounds excessive. People might start thinking I'm under house arrest."

Jayden chuckled lightly. "Hardly. You'll have complete freedom, but the bodyguards will accompany you for protection. It's a precaution, not a prison."

His gaze flicked toward Elyse, who sat a few feet away, absorbed in her phone.

"Elyse, come over here," Jayden called, his tone warm yet firm. Startled, she quickly locked her phone screen and approached, her movements brisk. "What is it?"

Jayden's demeanor softened as he gestured to the untamed bushes at the garden's edge. "Don't wander off too far. The garden hasn't been cleared yet. There might be snakes."

"Snakes?" Shaun blurted, leaping to his feet as if the ground beneath him had turned molten. "You've got to be kidding me. You brought me to a house with snakes?"

Jayden raised a calming hand, suppressing a grin. "Relax. The gardener is on the way. By tonight, everything will be sorted. No snakes, I promise."

"And if a snake bites me, how exactly will you take responsibility?" Shaun grumbled, his tone a mix of sarcasm and genuine worry.

Jayden responded with an easy smile. "If it comes to that, I'll take full responsibility. You have my word."

Elyse, noticing Shaun's increasingly sour expression, coughed lightly and gave Jayden's hand a discreet tug—a silent plea for him to ease up. She quickly pivoted the conversation. "Don't worry, you'll be fine. Actually, we were thinking of going to the mall. Care to join us?"

Shaun waved them off with a dismissive gesture. "No, I'll stay here. Someone has to supervise the staff. It's the only way I'll feel comfortable."

Jayden chuckled softly, taking Elyse's hand. "Suit yourself. We'll leave you to your kingdom, then."

With that, the two set off for the mall.

Once inside, Elyse glanced at Jayden, who was walking beside her with his usual calm demeanor. "You don't have to come with me," she said casually. "I just need to grab a few strings for my violin. Nothing exciting."

Jayden tilted his head slightly, a faint smile playing on his lips. "We'll get those strings, but first, let's pick up some bags. I overheard the women at work talking about the latest seasonal designs yesterday. I realized I haven't bought you one in ages."

Elyse blinked, perplexed. "Jayden, I usually carry my violin case, not handbags."

"You should still have a few," Jayden replied firmly. "We're buying some today, no debate."

Chapter 1433:

Before she could protest, he guided her into a luxury boutique. Within minutes, Jayden had selected several designer bags, each more extravagant than the last. "Let's head to the next store."

On their way to the next shop, Elyse suddenly stopped mid-step, her gaze fixed on something—or someone—ahead.

Jayden noticed her hesitation and turned to her, puzzled. "What is it?"

Elyse pointed toward a couple near the elevator. “It’s... Tracy,” she murmured.

Jayden followed her gaze. There, standing arm-in-arm with a man, was a woman who bore a striking resemblance to Tracy. He squinted, his brow furrowed.

“Is that really her?” he asked, doubt coloring his tone. “She looks like Tracy, but I’m not sure.”

Jayden wasn’t very familiar with Tracy, and a passing resemblance wasn’t enough to confirm her identity. He glanced back at Elyse, who seemed frozen, her expression betraying shock and disbelief.

Her silence spoke volumes.

Jayden exhaled softly. “You know her better than I do. What do you think? Is it her?”

Elyse tore her gaze away, shaking her head. “I... I don’t know,” she said quietly, though her voice betrayed lingering doubt.

Elyse shook her head repeatedly, murmuring, “No. She’s not Tracy. She can’t be here. I must have been mistaken.”

Jayden pulled her into his arms, his tone soft yet firm. “You can’t lie to yourself. Tracy is alive. She’s entered our lives secretly, but she’s not targeting us.”

Elyse bit her lower lip, lifting her head with stubborn defiance. “No, she wouldn’t harm anyone. That woman just looked a lot like Tracy.”

Jayden wanted to argue but hesitated when he saw the resistance in her eyes. Reluctantly, he agreed, “You’re right. That wasn’t Tracy. Let’s go. I’ll take you shopping for more handbags.”

Elyse nodded without saying another word, following Jayden into the next boutique.

On the drive home, Jayden broke the silence. “I know it’s hard for you to accept, but I need to tell you something. Dolores isn’t dead, and neither is Shaun. If Tracy still holds a grudge about what happened before, she’ll make her next move.”

Elyse stared at him in silence. His serious expression made it clear he wasn't joking. She looked away, unwilling to confront the weight of his words.

Jayden continued, "What they did was well-hidden. The police never looked at Tracy because they didn't know she was alive. If she makes a move again, she will leave more clues behind. When that happens, she'll truly be in danger."

Elyse clenched her fists, her eyes shut as if closing them could block out the painful truth she didn't want to face.

Jayden crossed his arms, his tone earnest. "I plan to find Tracy and stop her before she acts again. At the very least, we can make sure she stays out of prison."

Elyse pressed her lips together, her silence speaking volumes. It seemed she wanted to say something, but the words wouldn't come.

Seeing the struggle on her face, Jayden stepped forward and wrapped her in a gentle embrace, holding her tightly.

When they returned home, Elyse headed straight to her bedroom. She locked the door behind her, grabbed her phone, and threw herself onto the bed, lost in thought.

Chapter 1434:

Though her old phone was long gone, Tracy's number was burned into her memory. Maybe Tracy would see it if she sent a message.

Elyse stared at the screen for what felt like an eternity, her fingers hovering over the keyboard. She typed a few words, only to erase them. In the end, she couldn't express what was on her mind.

Setting the phone aside, Elyse found herself lost in thought about the woman she had seen at the mall. She was sure it had been Tracy. She knew her too well. No matter how much time had passed or how much Tracy had changed, Elyse would recognize her anywhere.

Yet the fact that Tracy had come to Cambape and chosen to act in secrecy, avoiding her entirely, made Elyse hesitate. If she reached out now, would it ruin whatever Tracy had planned?

Elyse understood that Jayden's words made sense, but what he didn't grasp was the depth of her feelings. She carried a heavy sorrow for Tracy, an overwhelming empathy for everything her friend had endured.

Tracy's survival after being pushed off that cliff was miraculous. Elyse could feel the weight of her hatred, the fire of her need for revenge against those who had hurt her, and the unbearable despair that came with it.

It was that empathy—her deep understanding—that kept Elyse from even considering stopping Tracy.

As these thoughts consumed her, tears began to streak down her face. She buried her face in her hands, clenching her jaw tightly, and muttered, "I'm so useless. I can't help anyone, not even myself."

Her sobs were quiet. She couldn't bear the thought of Jayden seeing her like this.

The stark white ceiling of the hospital room seemed to trap Dolores's gaze. Her expression was vacant, her thoughts drifting far from the sterile walls around her. She lay motionless, a shadow of the fiery woman she used to be, her silence broken only by the creak of the door as it swung open. Lowell stepped inside, carrying her medication like a peace offering.

He placed it gently on the bedside table before sinking into the visitor's chair with a sigh.

Dolores's eyes shifted toward him, sharp yet clouded with longing. "Shaun hasn't visited me again today. Go find him for me, will you?"

Lowell froze for a moment, her words slicing through the air. A flash of bewilderment crossed his face. He struggled to make sense of her request.

Dolores had been infatuated with Shaun—so consumed by her obsession that she had nearly ruined his wedding. And Lowell? He'd been complicit, swept up in her frenzy, convincing himself that if her reckless scheme worked, and Shaun came running back to her, it might finally give her the happiness she desperately craved.

But here they were now, with Shaun robbed of his memories and Dolores nursing wounds from a reckless car crash. Her obsession felt off-kilter, almost grotesque. Could this even be called love? Or was it something darker, something that gnawed at her from the inside?

The silence between them stretched thin until Dolores's frown deepened. "Are you even listening to me?" she snapped.

Lowell snapped out of his thoughts. "Shaun's been discharged. There's nothing I can do."

Dolores's reaction was instant and volcanic—her eyes widened in disbelief before narrowing into venomous slits. "Discharged? Why didn't you stop him? Why didn't you make him come see me? What kind of brother are you?"

Lowell's patience thinned, like ice underfoot. His brow furrowed into a stern frown. "Do you even hear yourself? Why on earth would Shaun listen to me? Can't you see how he feels about you?"

Chapter 1435:

"I don't care how he feels right now!" Dolores barked, her face reddening. "He's got amnesia! When he remembers, he'll come back to me!"

A bitter laugh escaped Lowell's lips, dry and humorless. "Amnesia, huh? Sure, let's blame it all on that. But here's the thing—he sees you, Dolores, and there's nothing. No recognition, no spark, not even irritation. You're a stranger to him."

"Why won't you help me?" Dolores's voice rose, trembling with fury. Her cheeks flushed crimson, her anger spilling over like a dam breaking.

Lowell didn't answer, his silence more cutting than words. He watched as Dolores's breathing grew ragged, her fiery temper slowly giving way to a storm of sobs. Her rage ebbed, replaced by something quieter, more broken.

After the storm of her outburst, Dolores began to settle, the heat of her anger ebbing away like waves retreating from the shore. Slowly, clarity crept in, softening the lines of her tense face. Yet, as the fog lifted, a new tide of anguish washed over her. Clarity brought no solace—only the bitter



sting of reality. Fresh tears spilled down her cheeks, each sob cutting deeper, carving out the hollow ache in her chest.

“I love Shaun. Can’t you see that? I’m vulnerable, Lowell. Of course, I want him here. Why is that so wrong?”

Her relentless tears gnawed at Lowell’s patience, each sob like nails on a chalkboard.

Without a word, he reached into his pocket, fishing out his phone. He scrolled until he found a photo buried deep in his gallery. The image wasn’t much—just the edge of a woman’s waist, accidentally captured while he’d answered a call at work.

The dim lighting only hinted at her curves, a tantalizing sliver of bare skin.

But that sliver was enough. It stirred something in him, like a flame reigniting in a long-dormant hearth. Memories rushed back, vivid and heady, of her warmth beneath his touch. That fleeting connection, however brief, left him aching, filled with longing for her.

Thinking of her, he felt his throat tighten, his mouth uncomfortably dry. They’d only met twice, yet the intensity of those encounters lingered, haunting him. She was a mystery—no phone number, no email, nothing. It was as if she’d deliberately erased herself, choosing to remain an enigma, a fleeting dream he couldn’t chase.

Lost in the haze of his thoughts, Lowell barely registered Dolores calling his name. She called again, then again, her voice rising in frustration. Finally, her patience snapped. With an angry flick of her hand, she swept a glass off the bedside table.

The crash was deafening, the sound of shattering glass sharp and jarring—a perfect echo of Dolores’s fractured emotions.

The noise jolted Lowell back to the present. His gaze shifted from the shards scattered across the floor to his sister’s defiant expression. His annoyance flared. “You’re lying in a hospital bed, Dolores. Can’t you manage to stay still for a few minutes?”

Dolores’s eyes narrowed in disbelief. “Is that really how you’re going to talk to me?”

Lowell didn't rise to the bait. Instead, he pulled out his phone and called for a cleaner, his movements deliberate and unhurried.

Dolores's gaze followed him, sharp and unrelenting, her frustration bubbling over into suspicion. "Are you seeing someone? Is that what's got you so distracted? Were you thinking about a woman?"

Lowell sighed, shooting her a look of pure exasperation. "Is that the best you can come up with? Making up stories to entertain yourself?"

A brittle laugh escaped Dolores's lips, bitter and cutting. "I don't actually care who's on your mind. But as your older sister, I'll give you some advice. Heir to the family or not, love's a luxury you can't afford." Her voice dripped with disdain as she added, "Women are for fun, not forever. And for God's sake, don't go getting anyone pregnant. Bastards are a nightmare to deal with."

Chapter 1436:

Lowell's jaw tightened, his patience hanging by a thread. "Mind your own business. My life is mine to live, not yours to dictate."

Lowell finished his statement, his desire to linger completely extinguished. Pulling out his phone, he calmly announced, "I've fulfilled my duty by visiting you today. I'm leaving now."

Dolores froze, frustration crackling in her voice. "You're leaving already? Are you so sick of having me as your sister that you can't even sit and talk for a little longer?"

Lifting his gaze, Lowell replied firmly, "I need to earn money for your treatment. Without it, we can't afford the VIP room, the medication, or your surgery."

Dolores flared up, snapping back, "There's more than enough money at home. Why push yourself this hard now?"

"You're the one who said I need to take responsibility for the family. If I don't, everything will collapse," Lowell said, turning on his heels and walking away without a second glance.

Behind him, Dolores's voice rang out in anger, her words chasing him down the hallway. "I know you're avoiding me, Lowell! I'm your sister—how can you treat me like this?"

Lowell paid her no mind. Once outside, he got into his car and drove straight to the mall.

Uncertain when he'd see that mysterious woman again, his thoughts drifted to the gift he planned to give her. He hoped she'd be delighted. The excitement of this thought swept away the frustration from Dolores, replacing it with a sense of anticipation as he eagerly began planning the perfect gift.

Lowell wandered through multiple luxury boutiques at the mall, selecting treasures from each. He didn't know the woman's preferences, so he bought anything that caught his eye.

Imagining her reaction, his heart lightened. Would her face light up with joy? Would she be happy and hug him gratefully?

The image of her hug brought back the memory of her soft, rhythmic breathing that day. It was pleasant, and he longed to hear it again.

After collecting the gifts, Lowell was on his way back to the company when a recognizable figure caught his eye in the distance. It was the woman he had been missing.

But who was the man beside her? And why were they linking arms? A cold shock rippled through Lowell. He stood motionless, staring as the scene unfolded.

Moments later, the woman vanished into the crowd, and he hurried after her. But by the time he reached the spot, she had already disappeared.

Lowell's lips pressed into a tight line, frustration gnawing at him. Had he been misled by her all along? Did she already have a boyfriend or a husband, which was why she kept herself hidden?

Could his first love truly be unraveling like this?

His mind churned with these thoughts, his face darkening as he finally returned to the office with a heavy heart.

That evening, he worked late, the hours stretching on.

Suddenly, a knock at the door broke his concentration.

Lowell raised an eyebrow, irritation flickering in his eyes. "Come in."

Instead of entering, the knocking persisted.

Chapter 1437:

Annoyed, Lowell called out again, but still, no one came in. Reluctantly, he set aside his work and got up to open the door.

The moment he swung it open, a woman in sexy lingerie and a mask sprang into his arms.

"Surprise! Do you like it?" Tracy's voice was full of excitement, her eyes glowing with mischief.

Caught off guard, Lowell felt a brief spark of joy. He had been thinking about her lately, but then the memory of the scene in the mall resurfaced, dousing his enthusiasm.

His expression darkened as he frowned and asked, his voice colder than before, "What are you doing here?"

"I missed you, so I decided to sneak into your company to see you," Tracy said, releasing him and twirling with a playful grin. "Do you like my outfit? I even added stockings with suspenders."

Lowell's eyes drifted down to her legs.

Her long, slender legs were wrapped in black stockings, and her thighs subtly curved, exuding a mix of innocence and allure.

Lowell's gaze darkened as he scrutinized her, his voice steady but laced with confusion. "Why are you dressed like this?"

Tracy's response was candid. "To please you."

Taken aback by her directness, Lowell paused before his mind shifted back to earlier. "I saw you in the mall today."

Tracy furrowed her brow, scratching her head in confusion. "I didn't go out today. How could you have seen me there?"

Lowell blinked, his surprise evident. "You didn't leave the house?"

Tracy nodded calmly. "Yes, you must have confused me with someone else."

A frown crossed Tracy's face, her voice tinged with frustration. "If you can't even recognize my back, it seems like you don't like me that much. I've been trying so hard to be affectionate, and now this."

Lowell suddenly understood. He hadn't spent enough time with her to truly recognize her. It must have been Dolores's harsh words that had clouded his judgment, making him mistakenly believe anyone even vaguely resembling Tracy was her.

Realizing his mistake, Lowell swiftly lifted Tracy in his arms, carried her into the office, and gently set her down.

He gently reassured her, "Please don't be upset. It was my mistake. I hope you can forgive me."

Tracy pushed his hand aside, her voice tinged with impatience. "I've been planning a surprise for you at home, and you mistook me for someone else. You're not to blame—it's my fault. I've been overthinking everything."

Lowell, despite his hardened, merciless demeanor, was utterly out of his depth when it came to matters of the heart. Romance was an uncharted territory he had never dared to explore.

So, when Tracy turned up the charm and started to flirt, his brain might as well have short-circuited. Words failed him, and his thoughts scrambled to keep up with her teasing game.

All he knew was that she was upset, and appeasing her was like trying to calm a storm in full swing.

With a sharp push, Tracy shoved him away, her face full of disdain. “Don’t touch me. First, you mistake me for someone else, and now you’ve got the audacity to pin the blame on me? Coming to see you today was a complete waste of my time.”

Chapter 1438:

Lowell’s eyes lingered on Tracy’s outfit, his expression unreadable. After what felt like an eternity, he finally spoke, his tone as flat as ever. “You look sexy today. I really like it.”

Tracy let out a mocking laugh. “As if your opinion matters. Honestly, I regret bothering with this. I’m leaving.”

She rose to her feet, but Lowell acted on impulse, pulling her back into his arms with one swift motion. Before she could even process what had happened, his hands were on her chest, firm and unapologetic.

A sharp sensation rippled through Tracy, teetering on the edge between pain and pleasure. An involuntary sound escaped her lips, betraying the swirl of emotions she couldn’t quite suppress.

“Forgive me,” Lowell murmured, his voice low and gravelly. “I miss you. I miss you so much. Please, don’t go.”

Still bristling with anger, Tracy shot back, “Don’t touch me. We’re not that close.”

But Lowell wasn’t about to let her slip away. He trapped her legs with his own, pinning her in place. One of his hands slipped free, finding its way between her thighs like it belonged there.

Tracy’s sharp intake of breath betrayed her surprise. “What do you think you’re doing?”

“To make you happy,” Lowell replied without hesitation. Losing her wasn’t an option. She was the only woman who had ever made him feel this way, and he wasn’t about to—

Let her walk out of his life. Tracy put up a half-hearted struggle, but her resolve wavered. Eventually, she stopped resisting, her body surrendering to the electric pull of Lowell's touch.

As his fingers worked their magic, her hips began to move, almost involuntarily, betraying her growing need.

Lowell smirked, his voice teasing. "Impatient, aren't we?"

Tracy pouted, clearly unimpressed by his taunting. "You're the one who insisted on keeping me here. You promised to make me happy, and now you're dragging your feet? If you've changed your mind, just say so, and I'll be on my way."

"Where do you think you'd go, hmm?" Lowell murmured, spinning Tracy around effortlessly until she was perched on his lap, her legs draped on either side of him.

For a split second, Tracy's heart skipped a beat, fearing he might remove her mask.

However, she was reading too much into it—Lowell just wanted to get a clearer shot.

With a swift, deliberate motion, Lowell claimed her, sending a wave of ecstasy through Tracy that curled her toes in delight. Then, wrapping her tightly in his arms, he rose to his feet.

Thrown off balance, Tracy grabbed onto him, confusion flickering in her eyes. "What are you doing?"

"Switching things up. The couch isn't cutting it," he replied with a sly grin.

Tracy raised an eyebrow and asked, "So, where exactly do you want to take this?"

Lowell carried Tracy with slow, purposeful steps, savoring every soft moan that escaped her lips.

He loved teasing her like this; her moans were like a sweet melody to him, and he couldn't get enough.

Noticing his playful intent, Tracy pinched him and whispered, “If you keep this up, I’ll stop talking to you.”

Chapter 1439:

Lowell chuckled and gave her bottom a playful pat. “Message received. I’ll make sure you’re more comfortable in bed later.”

With that, he gently carried Tracy into the inner room of his office. It was his resting area, a place he had forgotten about during their last encounter, lost in the heat of the moment.

After a few days to clear his mind, he recalled the space and made sure to tidy it up properly.

As Tracy sank into the soft bed, she sighed, “It’s so soft. How many women have you brought to this bed?”

Lowell pressed his lips to hers, his voice soft yet sincere. “Only you.”

Tracy raised an eyebrow, a playful smirk tugging at her lips. “Oh really? I’m not buying it.”

Lowell, finding her underwear a hindrance, gently removed it before re-entering her.

Tracy was swept away once again by a wave of pleasure.

“Only you, just you,” Lowell murmured. “You drive me crazy, honey.”

Tracy’s body jerked violently under Lowell’s thrusts, her cries fractured and melodic, driving him wild.

They had long since lost count of how many times they had shared this intimate connection. As the moment built to a peak, Lowell, his breath quickening, murmured, “I gave in last time, but not this time.”

At his words, Tracy instinctively wrapped her legs around Lowell’s waist, pulling him closer.



Tracy's sudden move caught Lowell completely off guard.

His brow furrowed, confusion clouding his expression. "What?"

Tracy held her head high, her stance defiant. "If you refuse me, it just shows you don't love me enough."

Lowell paused, caution in his tone. "You could end up pregnant."

Annoyance sharpened her reply. "Are you in this with me or not? If you're not, let's cut our losses. I'm not sticking around with someone who can't commit."

As she attempted to stand, pushing against him, Lowell quickly drew her back into his embrace on the bed.

Tracy raised an eyebrow, challenging him. "What are you doing? You just implied no. Let go."

His voice dropped to a husky whisper as he held her firm. "I'm all in. Trust me, this is no game."

Tracy scoffed, her disbelief palpable. "Yeah, right. Enjoy your own company then."

Stung by her words, Lowell captured her lips with his, the kiss deep and almost overpowering. He lifted her hips, his movements sharp, coaxing a piercing cry from her.

A growl rumbled from his throat. "You're set on having my baby, huh? I get it now. You're so into me." He emphasized his point with another forceful thrust. "I'll surrender. You can have all of me."

Tracy was swept up by a tide of sensations.

Lowell felt every tremor of her response. "Damn," he muttered, his voice thick with desire as he reached his climax.

Tracy's outcry filled the room, her body quivering around him. Heavy and breathless, Lowell remained atop her, gasping for air. When the shaking subsided, he murmured roughly, "Did that feel good?"

Chapter 1440:

Lost in the afterglow, Tracy traced his jawline slowly. "Think a single round is enough for me to sing your praises?"

A wry smile played on Lowell's lips. "I'm worried you're not up for more."

She chuckled lightly. "Try me. I'm eager to see what I can take."

"Don't overdo it," Lowell warned.

"Oh, afraid you can't keep up?" Tracy teased, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

Lowell gave her cheek a playful pinch. "You cheeky thing. You have no clue what I'm capable of. Want more of my love, right? Consider it done."

He dove into another passionate round.

After four breathless encounters, Tracy finally signaled defeat. "Off, you're squashing me."

"You didn't seem to mind just now," Lowell retorted. Nonetheless, he rolled off obediently, drawing her in close so she rested against his chest.

In the quiet that followed, he said almost offhandedly, "I'm going to need your phone number."

Tracy half-opened an eye, her voice teasing. "Why, caught feelings already? Can't stand the thought of being apart?"

Lowell paused, a serious tone coloring his voice. "I'm worried you'll get pregnant and just vanish with my kid. I wouldn't know where to start looking for you."

Tracy feigned disappointment, her tone playful yet pointed. “Oh, so it wasn’t about daily chats? You just wanted to keep tabs on me in case I was carrying your child?”

Lowell cleared his throat, trying to smooth over the awkwardness. “Daily chats... certainly, that could be arranged.”

Tracy pressed further, a hint of a tease in her voice. “A busy man like you would find time to chat with me every day?”

“Why not? You’re my girlfriend, after all.” Lowell watched her reaction closely as he dropped this new label into the conversation.

Tracy’s eyes twinkled with amusement. “So I’m your girlfriend now? Just like that? I haven’t even heard a proper confession. I don’t accept such casual offers.”

In a sudden burst of energy, Lowell bolted upright, fetching a dozen or more luxury shopping bags from a closet and laying them at her feet.

Tracy looked at the pile of gifts, her surprise evident. “What’s all this?”

“Presents I picked up for you. I wasn’t sure what you’d like, so I grabbed a little bit of everything.” Lowell handed her a paper bag, then settled back beside her.

Tracy’s fingers delicately opened it, revealing a designer handbag. “Why would you get me this?”

“It’s pretty standard to buy gifts for my girlfriend, right?” Lowell motioned to the bags. “Take them. Consider this my... confession.”

Tracy’s face softened, then fell slightly. “A confession is supposed to be heartfelt words, not just gifts. I can’t accept these without a genuine, heartfelt confession.”

She tossed the bag back at him, her voice laced with frustration. “Who needs this stupid bag, anyway?”

Lowell looked at her, disbelief etched on his face. “It’s worth tens of thousands! You’re not even tempted? You’d just throw it back at me?”

Tracy’s voice grew thick with—

Genuine emotion filled her voice. “I want to hear how you feel. That’s what matters to me. Your money means nothing. I’d choose you even if you had nothing.”