

## Bound love 1501

Chapter 1501:

His response came with a sardonic smile that didn't quite reach his eyes. "Oh, absolutely devastated. Better shower me with sympathy, or I might just break down right here."

The self-mockery in his tone worked its magic, dissipating the awkwardness as conversation gradually rekindled around them.

About twenty minutes later, the door burst open with enough force to make the glasses rattle. Every head in the room snapped toward the sudden intrusion.

Elyse's startled gasp caught in her throat as she recognized Jayden's figure in the doorway.

Gone was his usual polished exterior — the man who stood before them was a far cry from the impeccable businessman she knew. His designer suit hung askew, dark patches of sweat staining the fabric. He looked like he'd run through a storm, chest heaving, eyes wild with an almost feverish intensity.

Pearce's voice cracked through the air as he leaped to his feet. "I didn't invite you. What the hell do you think you're doing here?"

But Jayden was blind to everything except Elyse. In three desperate strides, he crossed the room and pulled her into his arms, his embrace fierce and protective. His voice broke with raw emotion as he pleaded, "Who is trying to steal you away from me? Please, explain this to me! If you're with someone else, what becomes of us?"

Elyse stood frozen in his arms, her mind reeling. Who in the world had fed Jayden this?

Her eyes flicked to Chloe, who remained pointedly silent.

Under Elyse's scrutiny, Chloe finally looked up with an apologetic grimace. "Ah... slight miscommunication. I might have... jumped to conclusions about you dumping Jayden and, well, told him about it. Though I never expected him to actually storm in here."

Pearce's expression soured. "Jayden, sometimes you truly baffle me."

Jayden glared at him. "You single men wouldn't understand. Stay out of our business." His hand found Elyse's, fingers intertwining possessively as he turned toward the door.

Elyse hesitated, her eyes sweeping across the room. These weren't just Pearce's casual acquaintances — they were influential figures in their social circle, people whose goodwill she couldn't afford to squander.

"Since you've made such a dramatic entrance," she said, softening the moment with a gentle smile, "why not stay and get to know Pearce's friends?"

Jayden's frown deepened, his reluctance obvious. The last thing he wanted was to spend his evening with this crowd, but one look at Elyse's hopeful expression began to crack his resolve.

He settled beside her with fluid grace, their bodies falling into a familiar rhythm born of long companionship.

The room buzzed with oblivious chatter, most guests unaware of the delicate dance between Victor and Elyse. Only later, when Pearce would reveal the truth, would they...

Victor understood how he had painted himself into a corner — proposing marriage as an escape route from his family's suffocating pressure to settle down.

Chapter 1502:

It would become one of those stories that time would transform into an amusing anecdote, shared over drinks with knowing laughter. But in this moment, the air crackled with tension as Jayden stood before them. Was he about to make a scene?

The room had settled into an uneasy quiet when Victor broke the silence, his pointed questions aimed at Jayden carrying the unmistakable care for Elyse.

Like a switch had been flipped, the whole party caught his spirit. These social elites, who moments ago were simply Pearce's friends, suddenly transformed into Elyse's self-appointed friend council, each eager to put Jayden through their own careful screening.

At first, Jayden navigated their interrogation with the smooth confidence that had served him well in boardrooms. But as the questions kept coming, relentless as waves, even his practiced composure began to crack.

Were they serious? Did they honestly think they were Elyse's good friends?

Jayden found himself surrounded by a group of men who were questioning him without mercy. Under the heat of their taunts and stares, he reluctantly shrugged off his jacket, feeling the pressure mounting.

Elyse, watching from the sidelines, quickly stifled a laugh behind her hand. But Victor, ever sharp-eyed, didn't let her off the hook. "What's so funny? Think you're off the radar? Spill it—why do you like him, huh?"

Elyse blinked, caught completely off guard. Weren't they grilling Jayden? How did this spotlight suddenly land on her?

All eyes turned to Elyse—Jayden's included. His gaze was especially pointed, a mix of curiosity and something like hope.

Clearing her throat, Elyse tried to buy herself a moment. "I'll need a second to figure out how to explain that to you all."

But Victor wasn't letting up. He leaned in, his smirk widening. "Oh, and while we're at it—what was the deal with your little divorce-then-rekindle saga? If you're so crazy about him, why'd you call it quits?"

Jayden raised an eyebrow, the anticipation in his eyes now dialed up to eleven.

Elyse bit her lip, thinking carefully. Finally, she said softly, "I do love Jayden. I realized it after the divorce. More than I ever thought possible."

Victor, relentless as ever, pressed on, “Then why leave him in the first place if you were so in love?”

Elyse’s response was cryptic but sincere. “Precisely because I loved him, I had to let go.”

The room fell silent, confusion thick in the air. If she loved him, why not stay and make it work? Was this some kind of twisted love game? A romantic cat-and-mouse?

Elyse sighed, deciding to lay it out. “I loved him so much that I started losing sight of myself. It’s fine to be in love, but not at the cost of losing my focus. My career, my passions—they’re part of who I am, and I couldn’t just abandon them.”

The room’s reactions were mixed—some puzzled, some thoughtful, others still lost. Victor, however, seemed to piece it together.

He turned to Jayden, a knowing look in his eyes. “So, back then, you couldn’t let her be herself, huh?”

Chapter 1503:

Elyse gave a small nod, then shook her head. “It’s more complicated than that. Neither of us really knew who we were. He leaned on me too much, and I wasn’t strong enough to carry us both. We couldn’t find balance, so I thought stepping away was the only way to save myself — and maybe even us.”

Victor raised an eyebrow at Jayden, who was looking increasingly flustered. “And you? The second you heard she might choose another man, you dropped everything and ran over, didn’t you? Are you that desperate?”

“If your beloved woman ran off with another man, wouldn’t you panic?” Jayden shot back, turning to Elyse with a cheeky grin. “Even if I were in the middle of a big meeting, I’d drop everything to win her back.”

Victor smirked. “You’d ditch the meeting? Isn’t that where you rake in the cash?”

Jayden waved it off with a scoff. “So, I miss one meeting — how much could that really cost me? What’s the point of making money if not to spend it on my beloved one? Without her, who would I even spoil?”

Victor gave Jayden a long, thoughtful look before letting out a quiet sigh. “Maybe Elyse really is meant for you.”

Jayden blinked. Of course, he deserved Elyse.

The evening dragged on, filled with laughter and banter, until the dinner finally wound down late at night.

As they left, Victor lingered on the steps, his eyes trailing after Jayden and Elyse as they walked hand in hand to their car. They didn’t look like people who had divorced—they could’ve been mistaken for newlyweds.

Pearce sidled up beside him, breaking the silence. “Why the long face? Upset?”

Victor nodded faintly, his expression clouded. “Yeah, a bit. I can’t help but think I’ll never have what Jayden has.”

“Why are you so hung up on Jayden’s love life?” Pearce raised a brow, baffled.

Victor let out a sigh that seemed to weigh heavy on his chest. “You just don’t get it. That’s what love is about—when you care so deeply, it’s like you’d move mountains for each other. Look at us. How could we even begin to talk about love like that? We’re just coasting through life with nothing close to that kind of passion.”

Pearce just couldn’t wrap his head around it. To him, Elyse and Jayden seemed utterly ridiculous—lost in their messy, painful entanglement.

But the thought lingered. Maybe Victor had a point. Maybe love wasn’t about avoiding pain but embracing it for the sake of something bigger. Pearce rubbed his nose, his voice tinged with resignation. “I’m not holding my breath for that kind of love. If I find someone I can get along with, that’s good enough for me. No point chasing after unicorns.”

Victor's gaze stayed fixed on the fading taillights of Jayden's car, a shadow of...

Victor's gaze lingered, longing in his eyes. "I still want it, though. I want someone who'd stick with me through thick and thin, who I'd hold onto no matter the storm. Someone I could love like that—and who'd love me back the same way."

Pearce's eyes widened in disbelief. "Are you serious? You'd hold out for that? What if it never happens? You'd grow old waiting for a fairytale."

Victor stroked his chin thoughtfully, a faint smile tugging at his lips. "You know, for a split second, I actually thought that staying single wouldn't be the worst thing in the world if I couldn't have a love like that."

Chapter 1504:

Pearce groaned, throwing his hands up in exasperation. "Get a grip! Love's like lightning—rare and unpredictable. Don't waste your life chasing something so fleeting."

Elyse sat in the car, scrolling through her playlist until she found a tune that fit the mood, humming softly as she started fiddling with her phone.

Behind the wheel, Jayden glanced over, catching her cheerful vibe. With a teasing smirk, he asked, "Do you really love me that much?"

Elyse looked up, eyebrows raised. "Huh?"

"You said you loved me so much that you lost yourself. Was it real?" Jayden clarified, his voice tinged with pride.

Without missing a beat, she nodded. "Of course. I meant every word. Why do you ask?"

A smug grin spread across his face. "Ha! I knew it. You're crazy about me."

Elyse's laughter bubbled up at his expression. "Feeling a little full of yourself, huh? My love's making you puff up like a rooster."

“Absolutely!” Jayden shot back, his tone dripping with bravado. “Every guy dreams of that kind of devotion. It’s like wearing a medal of honor. You get it, right?”

Elyse shook her head, grinning. “Not even a little.”

Jayden replied, tossing his head with pride, “Explaining it to you would be like trying to teach a fish to climb. Not worth the effort.”

Elyse tilted her head, curiosity sparkling in her eyes. “Alright, Mr. Proud. If my love’s a medal of honor, what’s your love for me, then?”

Jayden quirked an eyebrow. “What do you think it should be?”

“It’s my source of confidence,” Elyse said, her smile soft and warm, her gaze twinkling like the night sky.

Jayden’s lips twitched, trying and failing to hide the smile spreading across his face.

“You’re being sweeter than usual,” he said, his tone playful but laced with his usual swagger. “Once we’re home, I’ll spoil you properly.”

Her expression shifted, her amusement giving way to exasperation. “Oh, no, not again. I’ve got violin practice tonight, and you are not interrupting me.”

Jayden leaned into her words with a sly grin. “Fine, fine. After you’re done practicing, then.”

Elyse swatted him lightly on the arm. “Can’t you tone it down for once? Honestly, you’re like a dog with a bone.”

“Hard to resist, babe,” Jayden said, his voice low and teasing. “You wouldn’t want me to suffer, would you?”

Elyse huffed, her cheeks tinged pink. “You wear me out every time! You’re not exactly gentle, you know. I’m over it.”

Jayden's brow furrowed, and he leaned closer, his tone suddenly serious. "Why pretend? You always look like you're enjoying yourself. If it didn't make you happy, why would I even bother?"

Elyse glared at him, utterly flustered, before snapping her mouth shut. No matter how much Jayden teased her after that, she refused to say another word.

Chapter 1505:

Jayden sneaked a quick glance at Elyse, his eyes lingering just long enough to take in her expression. To him, she was practically flawless — if only she weren't so shy. She couldn't handle even the smallest tease; a few playful words, and her cheeks would flush crimson as she turned away to ignore him.

Besides, it was obvious she secretly enjoyed it, so he figured he wasn't entirely off the mark.

Jayden sighed to himself, a quiet determination settling in. Tonight, he resolved to step up his game—he'd make her feel so good, so undeniably cherished, that she wouldn't be able to ignore it.

When they arrived home, Elyse strode inside with her arms crossed tightly, her expression as cold as a winter frost.

Driscoll noticed Elyse's icy demeanor and cast a helpless glance at Jayden, who looked undeniably guilty. With a sigh, he asked, "Sir, did you upset Elyse again? Honestly, can't you try to make her angry a little less often? If you two start getting along better, you'll have another little one on the way in no time."

Jayden chuckled dryly. "You seem keener on having a child than I am."

Driscoll tilted his head knowingly. "Naturally. A child could smooth the waters—less bickering, more warmth between you and Elyse."

Jayden offered a curt nod, keeping his thoughts to himself.



Lately, he'd been giving it his all to start a family with Elyse, yet no signs of pregnancy had emerged.

Was he falling short somehow? The thought gnawed at him, leaving him restless. Determined, he trailed after Elyse, ready to double down on his efforts.

Elyse was in the bedroom, just about to change into something more comfortable, when Jayden walked in without warning.

As he stepped in, she whipped around, her voice sharp. "Out! Go sleep in the study."

He planted his feet firmly. "Not a chance. I'm staying right here with you."

She rolled her eyes, grabbed her pajamas, and made for the bathroom. Before she could get far, he swept her into his arms and carried her through the door.

Caught off guard, she stared at him. "What's gotten into you this time?"

"It's been ages since we had fun in the bathroom," Jayden said, his voice low and teasing. "Let's bring back those golden moments." He kissed her, his gaze brimming with longing.

His words stirred a memory for Elyse. She vividly recalled the time his fervor had left her breathless—literally. He'd carried her limp form back to the bedroom afterward.

Lowell slouched in his office chair, the pile of contracts on his desk steadily collecting dust. His fingers danced across his phone, frantically tapping out messages to Tracy, but there was no reply. Half an hour had passed since his last text, and she still hadn't responded.

They'd been talking every day for what felt like forever, and now, for the first time, she had gone completely silent.

He stared at the blank screen, the knot of anxiety in his stomach growing tighter with every unanswered ping. What was going on? Why the sudden silence? Did he say something to upset her? Or maybe she was caught up in something she couldn't tell him about? The thought gnawed at him, distracting him from the pile of work that seemed to multiply on his desk.

## Chapter 1506:

A soft knock broke the tension, and his assistant stepped into the office. “Mr. Bernard,” he said, his voice polite but expectant. “I still need that document signed.”

Lowell didn’t respond. His gaze was locked on his phone, oblivious to everything else.

The assistant called his name a few times before Lowell blinked, snapped out of his trance, and finally looked up. “Yes?” he asked, his tone snapping with a mix of impatience and distraction.

“Sir, I’m here to collect the document...” the assistant said quietly, his voice soft as he stood by the door, waiting for a response.

Lowell glanced at the untouched stack of papers on his desk and then looked up at the assistant. “Give me a few minutes,” he replied, his tone calm but firm. “I haven’t read it yet.”

The assistant blinked in surprise but quickly masked it, nodding politely before quietly leaving the office. How long had Lowell been sitting there, lost in his own thoughts? Was he daydreaming, too?

Lowell stared at his phone, waiting for a reply from Tracy, but it remained as silent as a tomb. With a frustrated sigh, he tossed it onto his desk, forcing himself to dive back into the work that had been piling up.

After what felt like ages, he finally wrapped things up and grabbed his phone again. An hour had passed. Still no word. A wave of frustration mixed with anxiety bubbled up inside him.

“Fine,” he muttered, snatching his phone up. “If you’re not going to reply, then consider this it. You won’t hear from me again.”

Just as the words left his mouth, his phone rang. Without checking the caller ID, he answered.

“Well, you’re quick to pick up, aren’t you?” Dolores’s sharp voice echoed in his ear. “I’m out of ICU, stuck in a regular room. Get me out of this hellhole. I need to see Shaun.”

For a split second, Lowell's first instinct was to hang up. But he held himself back. "Why are you calling me?" he asked, impatience creeping into his tone. "I'm at work. I've got stuff to do."

There was a pause on the other end before Dolores's voice cut through the silence. "Lowell, come on... Are you seeing someone? Is that why you've been ghosting me? Haven't even bothered to check in at the hospital?"

"I've been busy," Lowell repeated. "Work's been non-stop. That's my priority."

Dolores scoffed, not buying it for a second. She knew her brother too well. Even with his nose buried in work, he always made time for her. The fact that he hadn't even sent a text or called was all too telling.

Her gut twisted with suspicion. Lowell was in love.

"Are you out of your mind?" Dolores snapped. "So now you don't even care about me? Who is this woman who's got you wrapped around her finger? Spill it!"

Lowell's face contorted in disgust. "You're out of your mind," he sneered. "No one's got their hooks in me!"

Dolores shrieked in disbelief, "I'm out of my mind? Who was it that swore he'd love me forever when we were kids and promised to marry me? When I turned you down, you bawled your eyes out, whining that I didn't love you back. And now this is how you repay me?"

Chapter 1507:

Lowell winced, remembering. It was embarrassing, but he'd once been convinced—naively—that he was in love with Dolores, that no one else could ever take her place. He was obsessed, fixated on her. Then Tracy came along. Tracy was everything Dolores wasn't, and he found himself falling head over heels for her. The feelings for Tracy were deeper, more genuine, than anything he had ever felt for Dolores. Now, he felt nothing for Dolores.

"You're twisted," he snapped. "Don't even think about this possessive nonsense with me. If you keep it up, I'll have you locked away."

Dolores screamed, her voice raw and wild with rage, “You’ve lost it! You were the one obsessed with me! And now you’re—”

“Throwing me away like yesterday’s news? Who’s this tramp that stole you from me? Tell me her name! I swear I’ll end her!” The sting of betrayal hit Dolores like a sucker punch.

First Shaun’s memory loss, now this. The two men she thought she could control were slipping through her fingers. Dolores couldn’t wrap her head around it. She refused to accept it.

Lowell wasn’t in the mood to entertain Dolores anymore. “I don’t know where Shaun’s living now, and I’m not taking you to find him,” he said, his tone cold. “If you want to see him, you’ll have to figure it out on your own.”

Dolores was furious and screamed. “I’m stuck in bed, practically in a wheelchair! How do you expect me to just go and see him?”

“That’s your problem, not mine!” Lowell shot back. “I don’t owe anything when it comes to finding Shaun.” He paused for a moment before adding with a sneer, “And honestly, he’s probably forgotten all about you. No matter how many times you track him down, he won’t remember. You should just give up.”

Dolores’s jaw clenched, and she hissed, “Are you happy now that he’s forgotten me?”

“Nope, I’m actually enjoying it,” Lowell replied bluntly. “Sometimes I wonder if you even love him, or if it’s just his status you’re after. You’re so selfish. Do you even know how to love anyone?”

Dolores let out a sneer. “Oh, really? You’re going to lecture me on love? Let’s look at you for a second—do you know what love is?”

Lowell didn’t respond, but his silence said everything. Deep down, he knew she was right. He didn’t understand love. He thought Dolores—who had been by his side all these years—was the only woman he could ever love.

His hand instinctively went to his chest, where a constant emptiness seemed to live, a void he couldn’t seem to fill.

But then, a memory surfaced.

About a year ago, just months before Tracy and Shaun's wedding, he had seen them on a date at the mall. He'd watched them laughing, so happy, so in love, and it stirred something in him—envy, heartbreak, and bitterness, all at once. The intensity of those feelings unsettled him. They were foreign, strange, and frankly, a little terrifying.

When he found out Dolores wanted to sabotage their wedding, it felt almost like fate. He didn't hesitate to back her up. Their happiness, their perfect moments, all of it fueled his desire to ruin it.

Chapter 1508:

Taking a deep breath, Lowell finally spoke, his voice colder than ever. "If you don't know what love is, then go figure it out. Don't go around trying to ruin other people's happiness. You've got a wicked soul." And with that, he ended the call.

He couldn't bear the thought of dealing with Dolores's anger and disappointment anymore. What weighed on him most, though, was the silence from Tracy. Why wasn't she reaching out?

She wasn't answering his messages. Lowell finished up his work, but instead of leaving the office like usual, he lingered, waiting—hoping—for a message from Tracy.

Time ticked by, and by 8 PM, his patience was wearing thin. He started to wonder if he was coming off as desperate, clinging to something that was slipping through his fingers.

Maybe it was time to let go, to walk away and move on completely. Just as he was about to give up and drown in his own doubts, a ping from his phone broke the silence. Tracy had messaged him.

Relief washed over him like a tidal wave. But when he read her message, he couldn't help but chuckle at the absurdity of it all. Her phone had taken an unexpected dive into the water. She'd tried to fix it, but it was too far gone, so she had to buy a new one.

Lowell exhaled slowly and quickly replied, trying to mask his irritation with humor. "It's just a phone. Next time, don't waste time fixing it—just grab a new one. I'll cover it, no big deal."

A small sigh escaped him as he typed, “I was seriously starting to think you’d ghosted me. I waited forever.”

Tracy responded almost immediately, a hint of guilt in her words. “Please don’t be mad at me. I’m upset too. The repair guy totally ripped me off. If he had just told me it couldn’t be fixed, I would’ve bought a new one right away.”

Lowell’s frustration flared. He shot back a message, his frown deepening. “Next time, don’t bother trying to fix your phone, even if it’s just a tiny issue. Just get a new one, and I’ll pay for it. But please—don’t leave me hanging like that again. I was really mad.”

Tracy didn’t reply this time.

Lowell waited. And waited. The silence gnawed at him, making his heart race. He muttered aloud, “Why aren’t you replying? What’s going on? Is something up? Are you doing something behind my back?”

“So, you think I’m the kind of woman who’d do something shady behind your back?” Without warning, Tracy appeared at the office door, her face half-hidden by a mask, her presence like a sudden storm.

Lowell’s heart skipped a beat. “How did you get here?”

“I came to see you,” she said, her voice soft and sincere as she walked over to him, gently settling on his lap.

She placed a hand on his cheek and whispered, “I know I messed up, making you wait all day. I’m really sorry.”

Lowell’s mood darkened further. “You have no idea what kind of day I’ve had.”

Tracy blinked up at him, her arms wrapping around him in an attempt to comfort him. “Babe, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean for any of this to happen. That repair guy totally scammed me.”

Chapter 1509:

When Tracy noticed Lowell's somber expression, she gently lifted his chin and kissed him passionately.

When the kiss ended, his mood seemed to lighten. He wrapped an arm around her waist and, with a serious tone, warned, "Don't do it again."

She emitted a soft sound, snuggling into his embrace and whispering quietly, "What's wrong? Are you upset?"

"I lost a lot of money, and you're still scolding me. Yes, I'm upset," she responded with a pout. She managed to look cute even while showing her displeasure, which only made him find her more irresistible.

"How much did you lose? I'll give you ten times that amount."

"I don't need your money," Tracy murmured, wrapping her arms around his neck. "It's not about the money. What I want is your..." Her voice trailed off suggestively as her fingers teasingly moved toward his crotch.

Lowell cleared his throat, retreating. "Is that what you want?"

"Are you unwilling? Lately, every time I ask, you turn me down. Don't you love me anymore?" Tracy's question was laden with deliberate provocation.

"How could you think that? I'll always give you what you want, no matter how often you ask," Lowell responded swiftly.

"Then prove it now," Tracy demanded softly, pouting.

"Okay." Lowell cleared his throat again and suggested, "Let's go to my lounge."

"Not the lounge again. I want something different this time," Tracy countered, looking disappointed.

“So, where would you prefer? Should we get a hotel room?”

She paused for a moment before a mischievous grin spread across her face. “Let’s use the largest conference room at your office.”

Lowell automatically frowned. “No, that’s going too far,” he responded firmly.

Tracy looked surprised at first, then she looked at Lowell with a hurt expression, her lips quivering. “Are you scolding me?” she asked with a tinge of sadness in her voice.

His stern demeanor softened, and he gently reassured, “Honey, that’s really asking too much.”

With her arms crossed and eyes beginning to redden, Tracy stubbornly bit her lip and turned her head away, refusing to meet his gaze. Upon seeing Tracy ignore him, Lowell grappled with his thoughts. Eventually, he persuaded himself to accede to her daring request.

“Great!” she quickly responded with a bright smile when she heard his agreement. “I want you inside me while carrying me there.”

Lowell felt a flush of embarrassment. “Really?” he blurted out.

“Are you having second thoughts?” she snapped. “You don’t love me anymore!”

“No, it’s not that,” he quickly gestured with his hand. “I just think it’s a bit… never mind, I’ll do it.”

He wanted to explain how he had always been disciplined and was now the respected president of the company. But tonight, he was preparing to carry his girlfriend to the company’s conference room in a manner completely out of character.

Chapter 1510:

Tracy was well aware that her request was unreasonable, but she had made it intentionally. She wanted Lowell to break his usual boundaries for her and engage in behaviors he’d never even considered before.



As she watched him remove his jacket, she felt a surge of excitement. She had once been intimidated by him, thinking he was unpredictable and capable of anything. But now, she believed that kind of daring behavior should be directed towards Dolores.

Just as Lowell was about to unbuckle his belt, he turned to see her smiling. “What are you smiling about?”

“I’m just happy. I’m about to get intimate with my beloved one, and I’ve missed you so much,” Tracy responded, blinking playfully. “It’s just that you’re always busy during the day.”

After a brief pause, she asked innocently, “Don’t you have any vacation days? No breaks at all? I’d love to go somewhere with you to relax.”

Lowell looked surprised as he placed his belt on the table. “Do you want to go on a trip?” he asked, raising his brows. “I’ll arrange it, take you out, and get you something you like.”

Tracy beamed, opening her arms wide, and Lowell embraced her tightly.

“Okay, but I haven’t decided on a place yet,” she responded excitedly.

“Should I think about it?”

“Sure, take your time to decide. I’m not available right away either, but I promise to make it a special getaway,” he said before softly biting her neck and delivering a kiss.

Tracy giggled softly, her voice a whisper in his ear. “Oh, stop that. I want you so badly. Insert your fingers inside me already.”

Lowell let out a sigh, his fingers moving down to gently rub her. “Let’s take it slow. I don’t want to hurt you,” he murmured, his tone tender and cautious.

Tracy responded eagerly to Lowell throughout their heated makeout session. After all, he was the one putting in the effort.

Once she expressed her desires, all she had to do was relax and enjoy.

Lowell checked the time—it was just past nine, and the office had emptied by now.

With her clothes slightly disheveled, Tracy snuggled into him, seeking intimacy.

Lowell was more than willing to indulge her. He scooped her up, thrusting deep inside her as he carried her out of the office.

As they made their way, her soft, playful moans punctuated each of his steps. By the time they reached the conference room, she was glistening with sweat.

Lowell's gaze deepened with desire. He gently set her on the table, and their movements became more urgent.

Between breaths, she reached up, lightly touching his chin. "Are you all in with me? Will you be able to handle it?" she asked, her eyes twinkling mischievously.

He raised an eyebrow in amusement. "After everything, you're asking now?"

"I worry, you know." Her playful smile widened as she cupped his face, pulling him into a kiss. "I can be a handful. What if you develop feelings and keep them hidden?"