

## **Bound love 1741**

Chapter 1741:

Corrie stood there, her hands planted firmly on her hips, struggling to process the humiliation of being dressed down by someone so much younger. It was downright unbearable.

She couldn't contain her rage. Back in her office, she began smashing everything in sight. After wrecking everything she could, she summoned her assistant and spent the next three hours berating her.

The moment the assistant stepped out of the office, she broke down in tears. Word quickly spread throughout the company that Corrie had berated her assistant for hours. Employees began whispering behind her back, murmuring that she was merely holding a position without making any real contributions and was unfit for the role.

When those words reached Corrie's ears, her anger flared even hotter. As the end of the workday approached, she grabbed her phone and called Brook. However, he didn't answer. She called him multiple times before he finally answered, his tone laced with anger.

Fuming, she snapped, "Brook Owen, have you lost your mind? Why the hell are you firing me? I'm your future wife! How could you do this to me?"

With an impatient sigh, Brook snapped, "What's the big deal if you get fired? You're not some penniless woman. As the daughter of the Bates family, you shouldn't be acting like you have no choice but to work."

Corrie's grip tightened around the phone. "Absolutely not! I can't lose this job. Do whatever it takes to keep me at Owen Group!"

Brook let out a lazy sigh. "And what exactly do you expect me to do? Jayden made the call to fire you. You know as well as I do that once he makes a decision, no one can change it."

Corrie's temper flared. "So you're just going to sit back and let him do this? We're an item now! By firing me, he's humiliating you. Are you even a man?"

Brook hummed in thought before replying, “You make a valid point. But I can always have Camille take your place at the company.”

Corrie froze, blindsided. She couldn’t help but ask, “What did you just say? Are you serious? You would actually let that woman work at the company?”

Brook chuckled and replied, “Why not? She’s eager to learn and will do whatever I ask. Moreover, she is more capable than you.”

Corrie’s breath hitched as realization dawned on her. She asked through gritted teeth, “So you knew Jayden was going to fire me all along? You didn’t stop it because you wanted to bring Camille to join the company. That was your plan, wasn’t it?”

Brook burst into laughter. “Well, you figured it out. I was starting to think you never would.”

Corrie was livid. Her whole body trembled as she sucked in a slow, deep breath, trying to keep herself from completely losing it. “So, that’s it? You want to break off our engagement. Does your family even approve of this?”

Brook replied, “Even if they don’t, they’ll have to accept it. Aside from Jayden, I’m the only one who can support the Owen Group.”

Corrie felt that she had been played for a fool by Brook and Jayden, but no matter how hard she searched, she couldn’t find a shred of evidence to prove it.

Forcing herself to stay composed, she clenched her fists and shouted into the phone, “I won’t let you have your way. You will never marry anyone but me!”

Brook scoffed. “We’ll see about that. We’ll soon find out whether my bride will be you or Camille.”

As soon as the call ended, Corrie let out a piercing scream right in the middle of the street.

Chapter 1742:

After venting her fury, Corrie still felt restless. With nowhere else to channel her emotions, she stormed into a bar, determined to drown her sorrows in liquor. In her drunken haze, she pulled out her phone and called Jennie.

By the time Jennie arrived, she found Corrie completely plastered, reeking of alcohol. Wrinkling her nose in disgust, she asked, “Why did you drag me out here?”

Corrie glanced up at Jennie, scoffing as she poured herself another drink. With a smirk, she said, “You are really pathetic. To Brook, you are nothing compared to that Camille.”

Jennie stiffened, caught off guard. She hadn’t expected Corrie to say that. Her expression turned cold. “So what? I couldn’t care less.”

Corrie sneered, her words sharp. “You are really useless. You don’t know how to make a man love you. If you can’t hold his heart, how do you expect him to treat you well?”

She downed her drink in one swift motion before adding, “Did you know Brook is planning to bring Camille into the Owen Group?”

Corrie scoffed, arms crossed as she leveled Jennie with a smug look. “You’ve been living with Brook for weeks, but that’s nothing compared to what Camille has achieved in a month. Has Brook ever hinted at bringing you into Owen Group? No? Thought so. You’re nothing to him.”

Jennie’s fingers curled into fists, but she kept her irritation masked behind a cool expression. “He never mentioned anything like that, and frankly, I don’t care,” she said smoothly. “But look at you. You’ve been chasing after him for so long, yet he doesn’t even spare you a glance.”

Corrie threw her head back with a burst of laughter, the sound sharp and mocking. When her laughter died down, she flicked her gaze to Jennie’s chest, her lips curling. “You don’t care? I don’t buy it. That ruby brooch—Brook gave it to you, didn’t he? No need to deny it. The last time we met, you weren’t wearing anything remotely valuable.”

She leaned in slightly, her voice dripping with derision. “If it weren’t from Brook, why are you flaunting it like a prize?”

Jennie met her gaze without flinching. “He did give it to me. And what of it? Did he ever gift you anything?”

Corrie poured herself another glass of wine, swirling it lazily. “Gifts? Please. I don’t need trinkets from men. I aim for things you can’t even dream of having.”

Jennie tilted her head, a playful smirk tugging at her lips. “Oh? But the things you crave, Camille gets with a flutter of her lashes and a few sweet words. Meanwhile, you have to scrape and claw for everything. You call it being independent—I call it being unloved.”

A dangerous flicker crossed Corrie’s eyes. “You’ve certainly got a sharp tongue today.”

Jennie feigned innocence, blinking at her. “Why shouldn’t I speak my mind? Poor me, the man I love is nice to everyone but me. Shouldn’t I be allowed to lose my mind a little?”

Corrie let out a sharp laugh. “I sure hope that’s all this is.”

Jennie rolled her eyes. “Honestly, why did you even drag me out here? Don’t you know I’m busy?”

Corrie arched a brow. “Busy with what?”

Jennie sighed dramatically. “Trying to win back a man’s heart, obviously. Unlike you, though, I know when to change my tactics. Maybe you should try that. Brook doesn’t even look at you anymore, and yet here you are—drinking yourself into oblivion, not even bothering to put in the effort.” Her gaze flickered over Corrie with blatant disdain, but the latter barely heard the insult. She had long since given up on Brook—their so-called “connection” had fizzled into nothing but a stubborn refusal to admit defeat.

Chapter 1743:

Jennie’s words, however, struck a nerve. If Brook didn’t want her, fine. She’d find someone who did.

The next day, without so much as a text or a phone call, Corrie arrived at Jordy’s house. She carried a large designer bag filled with delicate lingerie and an assortment of sex toys. She was certain that Jordy wouldn’t be able to turn her away once he saw what she had brought.

Except this time, she had miscalculated.

She didn't even make it past the doorstep. His security blocked her before she could set foot inside.

Outrage flared in her chest. "What do you mean I can't go in? Do you even know who I am?" She shot them a glare before calling out, "Jordy! It's me—Corrie! Your girlfriend!"

The butler was utterly furious. "You deranged woman! How dare you slander my employer? He is an upstanding man, devoted to his wife only! Do you think you can smear his name with such shameless lies?"

Corrie let out a sharp, mocking laugh, as if she had just heard the most ridiculous joke in the world. "Jordy is faithful? Then tell me—who the hell have I been in bed with these past few nights? A ghost?"

The butler's face twisted with disdain. "Who knows what kind of man you've been rolling around with, but I assure you, it wasn't Mr. Jordy Owen. If you're looking to stir up trouble, take your madness elsewhere. You're not welcome here!"

Corrie's temper flared, her eyes blazing as she jabbed a finger at him. "Excuse me? What did you just say? The only man I've been with is Jordy Owen—no one else! Now get him out here! I want to hear from his own mouth what his stance on this is!"

The butler, fed up with the spectacle, shoved her back roughly, his voice cold and stern. "I told you—take your nonsense somewhere else! Do you even know whose house you're trying to enter?"

"Do you even know whose house this is?" The butler's voice was cold, his patience clearly running thin. "Keep this up, and you'll be facing more than just a locked door—you'll be dealing with the law!"

But Corrie had reached her limit. Fury surged through her as she tossed her bag aside and lunged forward, shoving past the butler with raw determination. She was done waiting. She was going to confront Jordy herself and demand the truth straight from his lips.

The butler, however, had his orders. Jordy had made it clear—Corrie was not to set foot inside this house.

And he was resolute in carrying out that order, no matter how much of a scene she made.

Corrie lashed out at the butler in a sudden burst of anger when he attempted to block her path.

The elderly butler, with his fragile frame, couldn't withstand her furious assault. His pained wails quickly attracted the attention of nearby security personnel, who rushed to the scene. The guards swiftly restrained Corrie by pinning her down and dragging her away from the butler.

The butler gingerly touched the fresh scratches marring his face, inhaling sharply as his expression contorted with indignation. "You deranged woman!" he bellowed. "With such unhinged behavior, you still expect to meet with Mr. Owen? You've completely lost your senses." He turned to the security guards, commanding, "Remove her from the premises immediately!"

"I need to see Jordy!" Corrie shouted back, her voice trembling with determination and desperation. "I won't leave until I get answers directly from him!"

Chapter 1744:

The unexpected volume of her voice startled the butler—her shouts nearly shattered his eardrums.

Meanwhile, Jordy was relaxing in the backyard with his wife, savoring drinks and intimate conversation. The butler feared that Corrie's vociferous outbursts might reach Zoe, prompting her to investigate the commotion. "Silence her and escort her out now," the butler ordered frantically. "Ensure she doesn't set foot in the house under any circumstances!"

Following his instructions, the guards forcibly removed Corrie from the property.

Denied access to Jordy—her main pillar of support—Corrie felt her spirit crumble. She was suddenly adrift, without direction in her life.

Her family had meticulously planned her future: marry Brook, integrate into the Owen Group, and thereby strengthen her own family's position.

Now, however, Jayden threatened to terminate her employment, while Brook intended to abandon their marriage plans. She appeared to be failing at fulfilling every expectation her family had placed upon her.

Leaning against her car door, she contemplated possible strategies to salvage the deteriorating situation. A thought suddenly occurred to her—perhaps Brook's mother might help.

Without hesitation, Corrie drove to Brook's mother's residence, only to discover that she wasn't in Cambape. The caretaker explained that she had retreated to her hometown, where the cleaner air would benefit her health.

A wave of despondency washed over Corrie once again.

As the sense of dread and uncertainty enveloped her, her phone rang—it was her mother, Bertha Bates. She answered absentmindedly.

"Corrie," Bertha began, "Mitchel graduates from college this year. Could you arrange a position for him at the Owen Group?"

The request caught Corrie off guard. "Why should he join the Owen Group?" she questioned. "Doesn't our family have its own company?"

Bertha's tone turned coaxing. "You don't get it. If Mitchel joins the Owen Group, he'll be your support. You won't have to fight your battles alone anymore. Besides, he's graduating. It's time to think about marriage. Once you marry Brook, you can help him find a good match within the Owen Group. I was thinking of Debora Owen. She's a couple of years older, but that's not a problem. She has the right qualifications. As Mitchel's sister, you should help him."

Corrie's expression darkened. A tense silence stretched between them before she finally spoke. "Mom, you're always looking out for him. You make sure everything is set up perfectly for him."

Bertha let out a light laugh. "Of course. He's my only son. Who else would I do it for?"

Corrie's stomach twisted. Her voice was quiet but sharp. "What about me? Have you ever thought about what I need?"

Bertha's tone flattened. "What are you talking about? Of course, I've thought about you."

Corrie let out a bitter laugh. "Really? What have you ever done for me? Did you ever help me build my career or connections? When Mitchel took a liking to Debora, you immediately wanted me to play matchmaker. When I told you things with Brook weren't going well, did you ever step in to talk to him?"

Bertha's voice turned stern. "Haven't I always told you to be accommodating? To please him and strengthen your relationship? Do you even want to marry him or not?"

Corrie's fingers tightened around the phone. "Was that ever my choice? You and Dad decided I should marry into the Owen family. Did either of you ever ask if that's what I wanted? You told me to marry Brook, and I listened. You told me to put our family's interests first, and I did. But have you ever once asked me what I want?"

Chapter 1745:

Bertha spoke sharply, her impatience clear. "Are you going to help, or will you just keep making excuses? After all this endless talking, it's clear you have no intention of helping Mitchel. Why waste your breath pretending otherwise? And then you even turn around and blame us for not helping you!"

Corrie's frustration erupted into a scream. "Is that really what I mean? Why is it that you never understand me? Are you deliberately acting clueless, or do you truly not get it?"

Bertha, still brimming with impatience, snapped back. "Fine, if you refuse to help Mitchel, so be it. But you must marry Brook. The Owen family has wealth and influence. Can you really let such a good opportunity slip away?"

Corrie's voice trembled with emotion. "You just don't understand. Brook is constantly surrounded by women. Every time I drive one away, another appears to take her place!"

Bertha's irritation grew. "Then find a way to make sure his heart belongs to you alone. Do you have any idea how much our family has gained from your marriage to him? Your life has improved beyond recognition because we secured this match for you."



Corrie's composure suddenly cracked. "And then what? Am I supposed to handle everything alone from here on out?"

Bertha's tone turned cold, her displeasure clear. "When have we ever left you to fend for yourself? Didn't we arrange a perfectly good marriage for you? Brook is exceptional. If you can't win his heart, that's your failing—not ours."

Something inside Corrie gave way. Her mother's words struck a nerve, shattering something fragile within her. Without another word, she ended the call, her hand trembling as she set the phone down. Sitting in her car, she stared blankly ahead.

She couldn't quite grasp what was happening to her. It felt as though her soul had slipped free from her body, leaving her hollow and weightless, floating somewhere beyond reach. The world outside blurred, time rushing past like a cold, merciless wind. In that strange, suspended moment, every sound faded, and the presence of the world around her dissolved into nothingness. She existed, but it no longer felt as though she belonged to this world.

She had no sense of how much time had passed, but slowly, she reclaimed control over her trembling limbs. She drove home in silence, then sat alone in the dark, her teeth sinking into her lower lip until it stung. Over and over, she whispered to herself.

Corrie muttered to herself, "I will find a way. No one will stand between me and marrying into the Owen family—not even Brook!"

At his office, Lowell sat at his desk, his gaze fixed blankly on the documents before him. His work was done. In the past, he would have already left for home, eager to see Tracy.

Even though she always hesitated to reveal herself in the light, they would meet in the darkness. Strangely, when he held her in that quiet space, it never felt unnatural. Instead, it felt comforting. It was a warmth unlike anything he had ever experienced within his home.

Over time, he came to understand that the warmth he longed for wasn't just physical—it was the warmth of two people holding each other, offering solace, support, and an unspoken sense of belonging.

The exhaustion of his workday would gradually dissolve in her embrace, replaced by a calmness he had never known.

He never imagined himself capable of such sentimentality. Love and tenderness had once seemed like luxuries of the poor—things he had regarded with quiet disdain.

Chapter 1746:

And yet, here he was, seated alone in his office, long past working hours, unwilling to return to a house devoid of warmth, affection, and the comfort of a familiar presence.

As he pondered, a sudden pain gripped his heart. He clutched his chest, puzzled. “Why does thinking about Tracy make my heart ache?” he murmured to himself. He had no answers. No one had ever explained such feelings to him. Love and affection were foreign concepts, absent from his upbringing and entirely beyond his understanding.

But a voice within him continuously murmured, “Look upon her, gaze upon her, and your heart will find tranquility.”

He tried to suppress that voice, but the more he tried, the stronger the feeling grew. He needed to see Tracy now!

The realization struck him so suddenly that he stood abruptly, grabbed his car keys, and strode out of the office. He knew exactly where to find her. Without hesitation, he drove directly to Jayden’s villa.

When Elyse heard that Lowell was at the gate, demanding to come inside, she was momentarily stunned. She hurriedly asked, “What does Lowell want here?”

Driscoll’s response was just as surprising. “He said he wishes to see Tracy. He claims there’s something important he needs to discuss with her.”

Elyse’s mouth fell open in disbelief. After a brief pause, she stammered, “He... he doesn’t intend to take her away for an abortion, does he? No, no, we can’t let him in!”

At that moment, Tracy appeared at the top of the stairs, her expression blank but resolute. “It’s alright,” she said quietly. “I’ll see him.”

Elyse stared at her in disbelief. “How did you know Lowell was here? I haven’t told you yet!”

Tracy lifted her phone, the screen still glowing. “He called me. I agreed to meet him.”

Elyse’s expression darkened with concern. “I don’t want you to face him alone.”

Tracy offered a faint, reassuring smile. “It’s alright. This is something Lowell and I need to settle once and for all.”

Elyse’s face was clouded with worry.

After descending the stairs, Tracy gently clasped Elyse’s hand and offered a tender smile. “It’s alright,” she reassured. “I’m carrying his child—there’s simply no avoiding that reality.”

Elyse’s lips tightened into a thin line. “He’s a real piece of work. I wouldn’t put it past him to whisk you away and pressure you into ending the pregnancy.”

Tracy, absorbing these words, instinctively rested her palm against her belly, her thoughts drifting inward. The silence stretched between them before Tracy finally spoke. “You know, when you advised me to abandon thoughts of revenge these past few days, I genuinely considered it. But truthfully, I struggle to envision a life without that purpose driving me forward.”

She inhaled deeply, her shoulders rising and falling with the effort. “My path ahead feels clouded. I remain torn about whether to bring this child into the world.”

Elyse contemplated this before responding thoughtfully, “That’s understandable. Life’s intricate challenges can’t be solved easily. You can take your time.”

Tracy’s lips curved slightly upward. “Don’t fret, I’ll watch out for myself.”

With that declaration, she strode purposefully toward the villa’s entrance. Elyse, recognizing her inability to detain Tracy, felt emotion swell unexpectedly within her. “I’ve always strived to shelter her, but witnessing her departure just now illuminated something important—she’s matured into an adult. Whatever decisions she makes, I should respect her autonomy.”

Driscoll nodded approvingly. “You’ve experienced personal growth yet again. It brings me genuine pleasure to witness your evolution.”

Chapter 1747:

Elyse scratched her head, somewhat flustered by his observation. “I’ll go see what’s unfolding,” she announced.

When she hurried to the doorway, she discovered Tracy already standing face-to-face with Lowell.

Tracy examined Lowell, whom she hadn’t encountered in days, and remarked with subtle mockery, “What’s happened to you? Your appearance suggests exhaustion. Is the mighty Ruiz family facing difficulties?”

Lowell disregarded her sarcasm, focusing intently on her condition. “Is the baby healthy?” he asked with unexpected earnestness.

Tracy arched an eyebrow. “The baby’s perfectly fine, but why should that concern you?”

Lowell responded firmly, “I’ve reflected extensively. The child you carry shares my blood. I cannot permit anyone to harm it. Come with me, and I’ll ensure your protection until the child is born.”

She laughed, as though she’d heard something absurdly comical. “Are you being serious? Now you claim you won’t terminate the pregnancy? That contradicts everything you’ve said.”

He stated with conviction, “My mind is made up. We should keep the baby. Please return with me.”

Tracy maintained her silence, her expression revealing nothing.

Lowell persisted, “We’ve experienced conflicts in the past, but since our lives are now intertwined, surely we can find a resolution.”

Tracy fired back, “So you expect me to erase our history and start over with you?”

Lowell declared emphatically, “You’re carrying my child. We should forge a fresh start together.”

Tracy released a soft, derisive chuckle. “Are you delusional? I still have the option to end this pregnancy. What makes you think I must remain bound to you forever?”

Lowell momentarily froze at her mention of abortion. Indeed, she might not truly desire to keep this child. She could choose to relinquish it. Yet, why did the mere thought of her aborting the child fill him with such... distress? He couldn’t articulate the feeling stirring within him.

Tracy continued coldly, “Lowell, don’t imagine a few honeyed words will convince me or dissolve my hatred. True sentiment between us remains an impossibility.”

Lowell suppressed his discomfort, his brow furrowing deeply. “Let’s avoid extremes. If grievances exist, direct them at me alone.”

Tracy replied firmly, “I understand your motives for coming here, but my decisions regarding this child remain exclusively mine. You have no authority to interfere.”

Witnessing her unwavering stance, anger flared within Lowell. He marched toward her determinedly. “I’ve made myself clear—the child in your womb is equally mine. You may wish to abort it, but I refuse to consent. You must bring it into this world!”

Tracy began struggling vigorously against his approach. “Why should I follow your dictates? This child has no connection to you. Leave immediately and stop this madness!”

She attempted to push him away, but her strength proved inadequate.

With minimal effort, he lifted her off the ground. He had made up his mind to leave, and he intended to take her with him.

Elyse, witnessing the scene, quickly sprang into action. She rushed forward and grasped Tracy firmly, exclaiming, “Lowell, can you stop this madness? Tracy has clearly stated she’s not leaving. Go on your own.”

Chapter 1748:

Lowell clenched his jaw tightly. “Elyse, you’re the one being unreasonable. Tracy carries my child. She belongs with me!”

Elyse countered passionately, “She has every right to choose to separate from you!”

Lowell felt a storm brewing inside him after hearing Elyse’s accusations. It was as if she was accusing him of disrespecting Tracy, but all he wanted was to bring Tracy back into his life, back to their shared space where he could feel her warmth after a long day, lean on her, and hold her in his arms.

“Stay out of our business!” he shouted, his voice a mix of frustration and desperation.

Elyse held Tracy tightly, her voice sharp and unwavering. “You need to stop being so presumptuous. Don’t think just because she’s pregnant, you can control her.”

Tracy found herself caught in the middle, torn between Elyse and Lowell. A strong resistance rose within her, unwilling to go with Lowell. Just then, Shaun returned. As he stepped out of the car, he noticed Lowell gripping Tracy’s arm. Rage flared instantly within him.

Without a second thought, he charged forward and landed a punch squarely on Lowell’s jaw.

Taken by surprise, Lowell couldn’t react in time and felt the impact resonate through him, forcing him to release Tracy.

Shaun shook his throbbing hand and turned to Tracy, concern etched on his face. “Are you okay?”

Tracy shook her head, casting a cold look at Lowell as she spoke softly. “Regardless of your intentions, I won’t go with you.”

Lowell touched his bruised cheek, defiance flickering in his eyes. “Tracy, you are mine, and no one can change that.”

She shook her head firmly. “No! I belong to myself, and neither of you can take me away.”

“Then let’s wait and see,” Lowell replied, his voice laced with challenge.

Shaun’s frown deepened, his displeasure growing. He seized Lowell by the collar, his voice low and fierce. “What are you doing here? What makes you think you can just take her away?”

Lowell met his glare with unwavering intensity. “I am the father of Tracy’s unborn child. I have more right to be here than you.”

His words struck a nerve, sending Shaun’s fury into overdrive. “So what? Don’t think that gives you the right to bind her to you forever.”

Lowell let out a soft laugh, laced with sarcasm. “That’s rich. At least Tracy and I have a baby on the way. What do you have?”

Shaun’s expression hardened, a flicker of violence in his eyes.

Elyse, sensing the escalating tension, stepped between them. “Enough! Both of you need to calm down.”

Separated by Elyse’s intervention, neither man spoke as they turned away from each other.

Elyse turned to Lowell, her voice firm. “You need to go home. Even if Tracy was with you before, your relationship is too tangled. You can’t just take her back with a few words. If you try to force her, I won’t let you.”

Lowell shot back, “I don’t need your permission. She will have this baby. I’m ready to give her and the child a future.”

Elyse glanced at Tracy, who remained silent. With a sigh, she continued, “You can’t decide whether this baby will be born. That’s a choice only Tracy can make.”

Chapter 1749:

Lowell froze, shock washing over him as he turned to Tracy. “Do you really want an abortion? Why?”

Elyse interjected, “Don’t be hasty. She hasn’t made up her mind yet. If she decides to keep the baby, I’ll come to you to discuss the next steps.”

Lowell’s expression darkened. He longed to say something to Tracy but found himself utterly at a loss, words failing him.

Elyse urged, “Go home. It’s late, and you need to rest.”

Lowell’s gaze lingered on Tracy for what felt like an eternity before he finally turned to leave.

Once he was gone, Shaun rushed to support Tracy, who looked utterly drained. “Tracy, are you alright?” he asked, concern flooding his voice.

Tracy looked drained, the kind of exhaustion that settled deep in her bones. “I’m fine,” she muttered, though the fatigue in her voice betrayed her. “I just want to go back to my room and rest.”

She withdrew her hand from Shaun’s and trudged into the villa, dejected. Alarmed by her obvious distress, Shaun immediately sought out Elyse. “What’s wrong with her? Did Lowell really say he wants to keep the baby?”

Elyse confirmed with a nod. “If he wants the baby, then you’ll never have a chance with Tracy.”

Shaun recoiled. “Why?”

“Consider this,” Elyse explained earnestly. “If both Lowell and Tracy decide to keep the baby, they’ll remain permanently connected. Your hopes of taking her and her child away will crumble.”

Shaun stood motionless as the implications sank in. Elyse’s logic was undeniable. If Lowell succeeded and raised the child together with Tracy, his own position would become unbearably awkward.

He couldn’t separate her from her child, and would be forced to witness them becoming a family unit—all because of the baby.



Noticing the shadow of worry darkening Shaun's features, Elyse asked gently, "What's troubling you? Are you beginning to feel the weight of this situation?"

Shaun exhaled deeply, pulling his thoughts back to the present. "I'm just concerned about certain possibilities becoming reality."

Elyse gave him a perceptive look. "You're afraid Tracy and Lowell might reconcile because of this child."

Shaun acknowledged this with a heavy nod.

"I don't believe that will happen," Elyse reassured him. "Even with a child binding them, they won't truly become a family."

Elyse's perspective offered Shaun a glimmer of hope. As his anxiety partially subsided, he ventured, "So you think there's still potential for Tracy and me?"

Elyse's expression grew cautious. "That depends entirely on your performance."

The brief smile that had begun to form on Shaun's lips disappeared instantly.

After seeing Tracy, Lowell avoided going home. He headed back to the office instead. The house felt desolate and empty, making the company lounge seem a preferable sanctuary for the night.

As he pulled into the company garage, Lowell spotted Dolores walking toward the elevator, bag in hand.

Puzzled, he sprang from his car, hurried after her, and called out, "Dolores! What are you doing here?" he demanded. "Aren't you supposed to be grounded?"

Chapter 1750:

Upon seeing him, Dolores plastered an artificially sweet smile across her face. "I've been reflecting deeply these past few days at home. I know I crossed a line. Could you help me out?"

Lowell sensed insincerity behind her words. He asked bluntly, “What scheme are you trying to pull now?”

Lowering her voice conspiratorially, she confided, “Can you help me find a path to marriage?”

Lowell’s expression darkened. “Who would want you? Your reputation lies in ruins. Even those privileged heirs wouldn’t consider you wife material.”

His harsh assessment struck her like a physical blow, unleashing a wave of panic within her. “I must get married! Without a marriage, my entire life’s purpose vanishes.”

Lowell scoffed dismissively. “Now you’re desperate? I thought your plan was set with Shaun. Didn’t you attempt to manipulate him into intimacy? What happened? Why did you end up with someone else?”

Dolores bristled, her voice rising sharply. “Don’t forget I’m your sister. How could you mock me? If I had succeeded with Shaun, wouldn’t that have benefited your situation too?”

“That’s pure delusion,” Lowell shot back. “Had you married him, you likely would have created even greater chaos, leaving me to resolve your mess.”

Dolores’s resentment bubbled dangerously close to the surface. “Enough with the criticism. Will you help me or not?”

Lowell’s patience visibly waned. “How exactly am I supposed to help you now? You’re embroiled in scandal. What rational person would marry you? Even if I found someone, could you accept marrying someone of lower status?”

Dolores shook her head vehemently. “Absolutely impossible! I refuse to marry beneath our family’s standing!”

Lowell released a sardonic laugh. “If your standards remain so lofty, why destroy your own reputation?”

Dolores fixed him with a withering glare. “Are you genuinely going to continue berating me about this?” Then, her attention caught on the cut marring his lip, where a dark bruise was forming.

She gasped, reaching toward the injury. “My god! Someone struck you! Who did this?”

Lowell jerked away from her touch, his voice sharp. “Save your concern for your own predicament! You can’t even secure a husband!”

“It’s entirely Shaun’s fault!” Dolores erupted, her voice thick with frustration. “He barely qualifies as a man! I’m an attractive woman standing right before him, yet he remains completely indifferent!”

Lowell sighed heavily. “He has feelings for someone else. Naturally, he has no interest in you. Why can’t you maintain some dignity and stop pursuing him so desperately?”

Dolores angrily asked, “Tracy is dead! So, who else could Shaun possibly love?” Lowell stood frozen, his mind reeling. Seconds stretched into what felt like an eternity before he finally spoke, his voice barely above a whisper. “Right...” The realization settled over him like a dense fog. “It’s always been Tracy. She was the only one he ever truly loved.” He wondered if Shaun had been by her side the whole time.

Noticing her brother’s odd reaction, Dolores pressed further, her brows knitting together. “What are you talking about? I don’t understand.”