

Bound by love: Marrying my Disabled Husband

Chapter 1751:

Lowell snapped back to reality and said sharply, “Listen to me, Dolores. You need to stop holding on to these feelings for Shaun. If you keep pushing, he might end up doing something reckless. Your reputation is already in shambles. I will help you find someone else in a few years. But if you keep provoking Shaun, and he does something stupid, I might not be able to help you.”

A heavy silence hung in the air. Dolores finally swallowed her frustration and resentment before saying, “I understand. I won’t act recklessly anymore.” Lowell gave a firm nod. “That’s for the best. Now, go home and get some rest.” Dolores hesitated, her gaze flickering to the corner of his mouth with concern. “At least come with me to the hospital. You need to get that treated.”

Lowell waved her off, shaking his head. “There’s no need. It’s nothing serious. Go home, and don’t worry about me.”

She frowned and said, “Why are you so stubborn? I’m just asking you to go to the hospital with me—it’s not going to hurt you. Your mouth is injured.” As she spoke, she reached out to grab his arm. “At least get some ointment. You can’t just ignore the wound.”

Lowell sidestepped her hand and said, “It’s nothing. I’m heading back to the office. Drive home safely.”

Dolores let out a resigned sigh. “Fine. But tomorrow morning, I’m going to the hospital to pick up some ointment for you.”

Lowell smirked, shaking his head. “Busybody.” Without another word, he pressed the elevator button and stepped inside. Their conversation had helped Dolores calm down a bit.

Back home, she slept soundly through the night. The next morning, she went straight to the hospital to pick up the ointment for Lowell.

After buying the ointment, she texted him to let him know she was on her way to the office. His response was brief—he was in a meeting.

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Rolling her eyes, she tucked her phone away and hurried out of the elevator. As she moved through the hospital lobby, she brushed past a woman.

After a few hurried steps, she suddenly stopped, an inexplicable force compelling her to turn around.

Her gaze locked onto the woman's back, and an unfamiliar sense of familiarity sent her heart racing. Something felt off. Without thinking, she rushed forward.

Engrossed in her phone, Tracy was caught off guard when a firm grip latched onto her arm.

"Tracy! It's really you! You are alive!" Dolores cried out, gripping Tracy tightly as soon as she recognized her face.

But the relief was fleeting. Her expression twisted into disbelief. "What are you doing here? You were supposed to be dead! You fell into the sea. Why are you still alive?"

Her voice rang out, sharp and incredulous, drawing the attention of bystanders who paused to watch the unfolding drama.

Tracy stiffened in surprise at the sight of Dolores but quickly regained her composure. A flicker of malice stirred within her.

With a flick of her wrist, she shook off Dolores's grasp. "Are you out of your mind? Do you want to announce to the world that you're a murderer?"

Dolores's face darkened like a brewing storm. "This doesn't make sense. How did you not die? That cliff was treacherous, and the currents below were deadly! No one could have survived that fall."

Tracy's lips curved into a slow, taunting smile when she saw the disbelief on Dolores's face. "You are such a fool. Did you really think I was like you? If you had fallen, you would have been beyond saving. But I survived because I'm blessed."

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Chapter 1752:

Dolores could hardly believe Tracy's luck. She angrily asked, "Did you do something to prevent it?"

Tracy smirked, tilting her head. "I told you—you're crazy. You should see a psychiatrist. Delusions are an illness too, you know."

But Dolores refused to back down. "Tell me the truth! How could you possibly be alive?"

Without warning, Tracy slapped her, her voice turning ice-cold. "Why are you screaming at me? Whether I live or die has nothing to do with you. You've already made a mess of your own life, even without me in the picture."

Dolores cradled her stinging cheek, her gaze brimming with venomous hatred. Tracy met her glare without flinching. "No one is going to clean up your mess for you or carry the weight of your miserable choices. Let's see how long you can keep this up."

Dolores straightened, her expression cold. "I'll outlive you."

Tracy threw her head back and laughed. "Your life is an absolute joke, and you think you'll outlive me? That's priceless!"

Dolores clenched her jaw, her voice seething with venom. "Tracy, don't fool yourself into thinking that just because you're still alive, you can do whatever you please in my presence. I could still end your life."

"You think you can kill me?" Tracy replied, her tone laced with amusement, before delivering another swift slap to Dolores's face.

Instantly, Dolores's cheek swelled, turning a deep shade of red. As the pride and joy of the Ruiz family, Dolores had never been subjected to such treatment. In a blind rage, she lunged forward, intent on striking Tracy.

But Tracy was no longer the same person; her body was now powerful and resilient. She saw through Dolores's attack in an instant and deftly countered it. She looked at Dolores, who was retreating repeatedly but refusing to surrender, and let out a quiet laugh. "You want to kill me? Then you better succeed before I kill you, because if not, it'll be your funeral soon, not mine."

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A flicker of unease passed over Dolores's face. She realized that with Tracy still alive, her life wouldn't be so peaceful.

Grimly, she said, "Just wait, I'll make sure you're dead soon enough."

Avoiding Tracy's unwavering gaze, she hurriedly left the crowd.

Watching Dolores retreat in a panic, Tracy couldn't help but find the situation amusing. She muttered to herself, "How could I have ever thought Dolores was frightening? She's just a pathetic coward. I must've been too weak before to let her bully me!"

With a final chuckle, she turned and stepped into the elevator.

When Dolores arrived at the Ruiz Group's headquarters, Lowell was still in a meeting, so she waited in his office.

Lowell's assistant entered with a cup of hot coffee, and upon seeing Dolores's swollen face, he asked with concern, "Did someone strike you? Should I inform Mr. Ruiz and have him defend you?"

Dolores shook her head. "No, there's no need for that. This is serious. I need to speak with Lowell after his meeting."

The assistant nodded in understanding. "The meeting is only halfway through. You'll need to wait a little longer."

Dolores nodded. "It's fine, you can go. I'll wait for him."

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Chapter 1753:

Nearly two hours passed before Dolores finally saw Lowell. She handed him a tube of ointment and, with a serious expression, said, "Lowell, I ran into someone at the hospital today, someone I least wanted to see."

Lowell glanced at the ointment and then at her face. "I heard from my assistant that someone struck you. Why haven't you used the ointment since it's here?"

Dolores dramatically pointed to her face. "Do you know who hit me? She even threatened to kill me! How dare she?"

Lowell raised an eyebrow. "Who did you run into?"

“It was Tracy! That manipulative bitch!” Dolores slammed her hand on the table, her fury rising. “She fell off a cliff and didn’t die. She’s got nine lives!”

Lowell’s expression shifted instantly, his concern evident. He glanced at the ointment in his hand, now looking stunned. “Where did you see her? At the hospital?”

Dolores, puzzled by his sudden reaction, nodded. “Yes, I ran into her there. Do you think she might have some lingering injuries? A broken arm, maybe? Or needing regular check-ups?”

As she speculated, Lowell’s expression changed dramatically. Without another word, he grabbed his coat and rushed out of the office.

Dolores stared after him, her confusion deepening. “What’s gotten into him? Has he lost his mind?”

Lowell drove to the hospital in a panic, heading straight for the gynecologist’s offices, where he found Tracy sitting on a bench, absorbed in her phone.

Sensing someone’s gaze, Tracy looked up and saw Lowell standing before her. Surprised, she stood up and asked, “How did you know I was here?”

He ignored her question entirely. Instead, he seized her shoulders, his voice laced with anger. “Why are you at the hospital? Are you planning to get rid of the baby without telling me? I’m warning you—this child in your womb is mine too. You can’t abort it without my consent!”

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Tracy rolled her eyes and retorted sharply, “I’m not feeling well, so I came to the hospital for a check-up. And you think I’m here to get rid of my baby?” As she spoke, she pushed Lowell aside with force, her voice dripping with anger. “If I truly wanted to get rid of the baby, what makes you think you have a say in it? Who do you think you are?”

Lowell felt a wave of relief wash over him, realizing she wasn’t planning to terminate the pregnancy. But before he could fully relax, her words hit him again like a slap.

“This child isn’t just yours, it’s mine too!” he shouted, his voice growing louder.

Then, unable to suppress his concern, his tone softened slightly as he asked, “Then again, what’s wrong with you? Let me arrange for a doctor.”

Tracy found his behavior utterly unhinged. Just moments ago, he had been interrogating her, and now he was acting concerned and gentle. She responded coldly, “I don’t need your arrangements.”

Lowell pressed further, “Where’s Elyse? Isn’t she your best friend? Why didn’t she come with you to the hospital?”

Tracy shot back, clearly irritated, “I’m just pregnant, not seriously ill. I can come to the hospital by myself.”

Lowell caught on quickly. “So, you didn’t tell her you weren’t feeling well?”

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Chapter 1754:

Tracy sighed, her frustration mounting as she realized that he was as stubborn as Shaun. She explained with surprising patience, “In the early stages of pregnancy, there are all kinds of symptoms. Just because I’m not feeling well doesn’t mean I’m sick. It could be a normal pregnancy reaction, or it could just be mental stress. It’s nothing serious.”

Lowell finally understood, his expression softening. He rubbed the back of his neck awkwardly and asked, “So, what did the doctor say?”

“It’s just a mental reaction, nothing serious,” Tracy waved the test results dismissively in her hand before tossing them to him. Then, her gaze sharpened. “So, who told you I was at the hospital?”

“It was...” Lowell trailed off as the realization hit him. He turned sharply and spotted Dolores standing nearby, her face frozen in shock.

His frown deepened, his eyes locking onto Dolores. “How much did you hear?” he asked, his tone laced with displeasure.

Dolores fixed her gaze on Tracy for a prolonged moment before slowly turning her attention to Lowell. Her voice trembled with disbelief as she asked, “Tracy is pregnant? And the child is yours?”

Lowell remained silent, caught off guard by the situation, having momentarily forgotten to deal with Dolores first.

Dolores persisted, her voice escalating in frustration. “The girlfriend you mentioned earlier—was it Tracy? How could you possibly be involved with her? Are you out of your mind?”

Lowell’s expression hardened, his annoyance evident. “I’m not out of my mind. This is none of your concern. I can manage it on my own.”

Dolores’s tone became increasingly sharp. “Manage it on your own? How exactly? Do you plan to allow her to keep this child? Have you forgotten who she is? Considering the history between the three of us, do you honestly believe she will cooperate and carry this child to term?”

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Tracy raised an eyebrow at Dolores’s remarks. “Well, it seems you’re not utterly clueless; you have some capacity for thought.”

Dolores glared at her, her anger flaring. “Don’t delude yourself into thinking you’ve won. Just because you’re carrying his child doesn’t mean you’re entitled to a life of luxury as a wealthy wife. I will never allow you to marry him.”

Tracy dramatically threw herself into Lowell’s arms, her voice laced with feigned sweetness. “Lowell! Your sister is so terrifying. She’s scaring me and stressing the baby out. Please, hold us close!”

The familiar, mocking tone triggered a wave of nostalgia and familiarity in Lowell. Without hesitation, he embraced her, one hand resting gently on her shoulder and the other covering her abdomen protectively. His voice softened as he reassured her, “Don’t worry. I won’t let her harm you or our baby. I will protect both of you.”

Tracy let out a soft whimper. “But I’m still so frightened. Do you think she will hold a grudge against me forever just because I’m carrying your child?”

Dolores, seeing through Tracy’s act, seethed with fury. “Are you out of your mind? What nonsense are you filling my brother’s head with?”

Tracy feigned innocence, blinking her eyes and turning to Lowell. “Well, at least I have someone who cares for me, unlike your sister. Do you think she’ll resent me for that?”

Dolores’s face flushed with indignation as Tracy struck a nerve. With a furious stride, she advanced on Tracy, her voice trembling with rage. “What makes you think no one cares about me? How dare you insult me?”

Lowell stepped between them, his patience wearing thin. “Stop directing your aggression at Tracy. Besides, she’s not entirely wrong. No man has ever wanted to be with you, has he?”

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Chapter 1755:

Dolores's pride crumbled under his words.

Her voice shook with fury as she shouted, "Lowell, I'm your sister! How can you take her side against me?"

Tracy blinked innocently once more. "Since you are his sister, why didn't you consider his career before doing something so disgusting? And yet, you haven't even apologized. Instead, you left him to clean up your mess and handle the company's crisis."

Dolores stood speechless, completely disarmed by Tracy's remarks. Her mind raced frantically, searching for a cutting response but finding none.

Lowell's brow furrowed as irritation crept into his voice. "That's enough. Stop talking and leave immediately. Don't interfere with our conversation!"

Dolores regained her composure and lashed out, "Can you please return to reality? Why would you bring a child into the world with Tracy? Have you considered how our parents will react when they find out?"

Lowell pinched the bridge of his nose, exhaling sharply with growing impatience. "I've already explained that this matter concerns only Tracy and me. Please stop inserting yourself into our business, and do not inform our parents."

Dolores glanced toward Tracy, who wore an expression of smug satisfaction. Her face soured as she retorted, "So, you're planning to raise this child in secrecy? Why not resolve this situation before the pregnancy progresses further? Terminate it! The two of you could never sustain a relationship. It's destined for failure!"

"Shut the fuck up!" Lowell erupted, his eyes flashing with dangerous intensity. Her words had penetrated his defenses. Destined for failure? Absurd! If anything, he felt more determined than ever to build a future with Tracy, challenging any obstacles that stood in their way.

Seeing his genuine anger, Dolores reluctantly stormed away, though her retreat did not signify surrender.

She had no intention of helping maintain this secret. She needed to inform their parents and let them intervene.

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Tracy had always occupied a place of inferiority in Dolores's estimation—someone unworthy of her brother and beneath her own social standing.

After Dolores left, Tracy abandoned her flirtatious demeanor and adopted a more serious tone. "Your sister won't remain silent about this. She'll undoubtedly tell your parents. Soon, your entire family will know I'm carrying your child."

She had anticipated that Lowell would panic, erupt in anger, or at the very least, display visible anxiety. His volatile emotional responses typically provided her with amusement.

However, to her astonishment, he simply regarded her with unexpected calmness.

She felt an unexpected wave of discomfort wash over her. "Why are you looking at me like that? What's behind that stare?"

Lowell responded thoughtfully, "I haven't truly examined you carefully since you removed your mask."

Tracy grew increasingly agitated under his steady gaze. "Stop staring! I don't belong to you. Your gaze won't alter that reality."

Lowell challenged her assertion, "If you're not mine, then to whom do you belong? Shaun? Do you still harbor feelings for him?"

Tracy released a bitter laugh. "This is preposterous. I don't belong to either of you. Stop these manipulative tactics. I won't succumb to them."

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Chapter 1756:

Observing her defiant stance, Lowell actually experienced a sense of relief. Evidently, she no longer had feelings for Shaun. This suggested he possessed a more intimate connection with her—after all, they shared an unborn child.

Tracy declared firmly, “Enough discussion. I’m returning home. Don’t follow me.”

Lowell grasped her arm, his voice resolute. “I’ll escort you home.”

She resisted his offer, but his stubborn persistence proved impossible to overcome. Unable to dissuade him, she reluctantly entered his vehicle and allowed him to drive her home.

When Elyse emerged to greet her friend, she immediately noticed Tracy’s reluctant expression and rushed forward with concern. “Driscoll mentioned you went out to clear your thoughts. Why has Lowell returned with you?”

Tracy glanced briefly at Lowell before explaining with resignation, “I visited the hospital and encountered him there. He insisted on driving me back.”

Lowell added, “Dolores was present as well. She’s aware that Tracy is alive and carrying my child.”

Elyse gasped in shock. “What? Are you alright, Tracy? That callous woman didn’t harm you, did she?”

“She intended to, but lacked the opportunity.” Tracy took Elyse’s arm, her exhaustion evident. “I need to rest. Will you accompany me to my room?”

Elyse nodded, then turned toward Lowell with a stern expression. “You should leave and address the situation with your sister. If you fail to manage her, I’ll find a way to deal with her myself.”

Lowell frowned deeply. “What exactly are you implying?”

Elyse arched an eyebrow, her tone unapologetic. “Don’t pretend you’ve forgotten what you and Dolores orchestrated. I’ve encouraged Tracy to release her resentment, but that doesn’t mean I’ve abandoned mine. Neither of you will escape accountability. For now, I’ll refrain from acting against you because you’re...”

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“The father of Tracy’s child. However, regarding your foolish sister, expect no clemency from me.”

Lowell felt overwhelming fatigue wash over him at Elyse's ominous warning. He had always recognized that, eventually, he would face consequences for his actions. The irony was that fate had orchestrated this complex entanglement, binding him and Tracy together in this unexpected way.

Elyse concluded coldly, "Mark my words, Lowell."

Elyse followed Tracy into the bedroom, watching as she settled under the covers.

After tucking her in, Elyse finally asked, "Why did you go to the hospital? Are you feeling unwell? You should have told me. Jayden and I could help you."

Tracy pulled the blanket up to her chin, her voice muffled beneath the fabric. "Honestly... I don't even know if I'm actually sick. I just felt off and thought I should get it checked out."

Elyse reached out, smoothing a hand over Tracy's hair, her touch gentle and comforting. "You're overthinking things again. This pregnancy has shaken you more than you realize. You tell yourself you're treating this child as nothing more than a tool for revenge, but deep down, that's not true. Back then, you were hurt—so deeply that you needed something to hold onto, something that gave you a reason to keep moving forward."

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Chapter 1757:

She let her words settle before continuing. "But now, you're not alone anymore. You have me. You have people who care about you. Even if you feel lost, even if you struggle to find meaning in all of this, you're no longer paralyzed by fear. That's why this child is making you feel conflicted."

Tracy stared at her for a long moment, then let out a soft laugh, eyes filled with something between amazement and disbelief. "That's incredible. How do you understand me so well?"

Elyse smiled, warmth in her gaze. "Peyton and I put our heads together. We wanted to help you, so we analyzed everything."

Tracy frowned slightly, intrigued. “But Peyton’s a surgeon, isn’t he?”

Elyse nodded. “He is. But he’s been studying psychology on the side.”

Tracy looked puzzled. “Why? Is he planning to quit surgery?”

Elyse hesitated for a beat before answering. “At first, he just wanted to understand Jayden better. He noticed how much Jayden had buried himself behind walls, how unhealthy his mindset had become. So he started reading, learning, trying to figure out what was really going on... from scratch.”

Tracy absorbed that, surprised. “Now that you say it, Peyton and Jayden really are close, huh?”

“They are,” Elyse confirmed with a small nod.

As Tracy’s thoughts drifted, another realization struck her. Elyse had been discussing psychology with Peyton just to understand her.

A lump rose in her throat. She parted her lips, but for a moment, no words came out. Then, in a voice thick with emotion, she whispered, “We are still best friends, right?”

Elyse chuckled, amused. “Of course we are. We’ve always been.”

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Tracy pouted, her voice carrying the smallest trace of vulnerability. “That’s exactly why I didn’t want to see you back then. Every time I do, I can’t keep it together. I just want to lean on you. But the revenge is my own battle. I want to handle it myself, settle everything before I come back to you. But in the end...”

Elyse pulled a tissue from her pocket and dabbed at Tracy’s tears with gentle care. “It’s a good thing your plan didn’t work out,” she murmured. “It gave me the chance to be here for you. Can you even imagine the weight of that guilt if you had gone through with it? Tracy, you’re the kind of person who stops to feed every stray animal you see. If you had really done something like that... it would have destroyed you.”

Tracy broke down again, but this time, her sobs carried a different weight—one of release. The dam inside her, the one that had held back all the pain, the fear, the uncertainty, finally cracked open. She cried until her chest ached, until there was nothing left to spill.

When she finally caught her breath, she sniffled and wiped her face. “I’ve made such a mess of things. I don’t even know where to go from here. Lowell’s reaction... it blindsided me. And this child... I don’t know what to do.”

Elyse’s voice was soft but steady. “What’s on your mind?”

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Chapter 1758:

Tracy rested a hand on her stomach, her gaze drifting to the ceiling as if searching for answers in the cracks. “Should I end this pregnancy and free myself from Lowell for good? Or should I keep this child—an innocent life caught in all this mess? I need to decide soon. If I’m going to end it, this is the safest time. But I just... I just can’t make up my mind.”

Elyse’s chest tightened. “Tracy,” she said softly, “no matter how much you try to act tough, I know who you are inside. You have a heart too soft for this world. Now that this baby is growing inside you, could you really bear to end your pregnancy?”

Tracy shook her head, her voice raw with pain. “This time is different. I have to make up my mind, or else...”

Elyse reached for her hand, squeezing it. “You don’t have to decide right away. Take your time. And if you do choose to keep the baby, I’ll be here. We’ll raise it together.”

Tracy went still, staring at her in disbelief. “Is it really okay to rely on Jayden’s money for that?”

Elyse’s lips curved into a small, reassuring smile. “Then I’ll work hard and take care of you and your baby myself.”

Lowell returned to the company to find Dolores perched in his office chair, waiting with a stony expression.

His face darkened immediately at the sight of her. “Didn’t I explicitly tell you to go home? What are you doing in my office?” he demanded, frustration evident in every word.

Dolores fixed him with an icy stare. “I want to know exactly how you plan to handle the child Tracy is carrying. Are you going to pressure her to terminate the pregnancy?”

“No, I am not,” Lowell replied without hesitation, his tone leaving no room for argument.

Since Dolores had already uncovered Tracy's pregnancy, he saw no purpose in maintaining the secrecy. He fully intended to inform their parents about the situation promptly. More importantly, he wanted them to understand his intention to marry Tracy and provide both her and the child with a stable home environment.

Full story available at galnovels.com

"What sort of power does she hold over you that you would even contemplate keeping this child?" Dolores demanded, her voice trembling with barely contained fury.

Lowell sighed, visibly irritated by her persistence. "I've already reached my decision. Attempting to dissuade me is pointless."

Dolores slammed her palm against the desk, her anger finally erupting. "Have you completely forgotten? I pushed her off a cliff, and you stood by without offering

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Chapter 1759:

His tone shifted, becoming glacial. "Weren't you the one who recently abandoned all hope with Shaun? You even solicited my help to sabotage his wedding. Did I ever utter a single criticism against you?"

"HOW dare you equate these situations?" Dolores countered vehemently. "You're only pursuing this because Tracy carries your child. You're being pathetically sentimental!"

She yanked out her phone and began typing frantically. "Just wait. I'll find a woman from an impeccable, influential family for you. I'll ensure she becomes pregnant too, and then Tracy will fade from your thoughts!"

In one swift motion, Lowell seized the phone from her grasp and tossed it aside. His voice was unwavering. "My decision is final. I will marry Tracy, and her child will inherit our family legacy."

Dolores scrutinized him intently, the gravity of his determination finally registering. She snatched up her phone and bag before storming toward the door. "Fine. Just wait. I'll bring Mom and Dad to deal with this nonsense."

Lowell made no move to stop her. He knew she was heading directly to their parents. Having firmly resolved his course of action, he saw no reason for continued secrecy. The sooner the marriage arrangements proceeded, the better for everyone involved.

Whether his parents approved or objected no longer concerned him. In fact, the prospect of Leon and Lucille confronting him about the situation almost brought a sense of relief. At least it would spare him the trouble of initiating the conversation himself.

Dolores made a beeline for her parents' residence.

When Leon and Lucille observed her arrival, their expressions immediately soured.

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Leon, particularly displeased, set his cup down with a resounding thud. "Didn't I explicitly instruct you to remain at home and avoid going out? Are you deliberately trying to piss us off?"

Dolores, her rage surpassing even her father's, retorted sharply, "You're upset about my leaving home? Wait until you hear what Lowell has done—you'll be absolutely livid!"

Leon's brow furrowed deeply. "He has consistently proven more dependable than you. What could he possibly have done?"

Lucille interjected, "Whatever trouble he's caused surely pales in comparison to yours."

Dolores rolled her eyes dramatically. "He's impregnated a woman."

Leon and Lucille exchanged glances, their expressions surprisingly composed. Lucille responded with surprising composure, "So, he has finally entered a..."

"This must be his first, isn't it? No wonder he became carried away and conceived a child with her."

Dolores threw up her hands in frustration. "That completely misses the point! The woman carrying his child is my sworn enemy! She'll never show me any mercy!"

Lucille dismissed her concerns with a casual wave. "Whatever conflicts existed between you two previously will naturally resolve once you become family."

Dolores clutched her head, her frustration mounting visibly. "She harbors a profound hatred for me! Forgiveness is impossible! And Lowell stubbornly refuses to convince her to terminate the pregnancy—he's determined to marry her!"

Leon's expression remained remarkably neutral. "From which family does this girlfriend of his come? If he holds such strong affection for her, we should endeavor to facilitate their relationship."

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Chapter 1760:

Lucille nodded solemnly, her expression reflecting serious consideration.

Dolores exhaled sharply, exasperation evident in every movement. “She’s merely a woman with no significant family connections or social standing.”

Leon’s countenance darkened immediately. “That’s entirely unacceptable. I cannot permit this union. Both of my children must establish connections with influential families!”

Lucille couldn’t resist interjecting. “You understand our son’s stubborn nature. Opposition will only strengthen his resolve.”

Leon slammed his palm against the table, his patience evaporating. “This situation is preposterous! I am his father—he has no alternative but to comply with my wishes!”

He rose abruptly from his seat. “Take me to him immediately. I shall address this matter personally!”

Observing her parents’ mounting anger, Dolores finally experienced a sense of vindication. There existed no possibility that Lowell would successfully pursue his intended course.

Tracy represented everything she despised, and the prospect of her brother marrying such a woman was utterly intolerable. His actions suggested a complete disregard for her—his own sister!

Dolores returned to the company with Leon and Lucille, only to be met with unexpected news—Lowell was gone. He had left for home.

Without hesitation, they rushed to his house, determined to confront him.

The moment the door swung open, Leon didn’t bother with pleasantries. His voice came sharp and commanding. “Lowell, it’s office hours. Why aren’t you at work? What exactly are you doing here?”

Unbothered, Lowell took a slow sip of his coffee before replying, “I needed a break after cleaning up the mess my sister left behind, so I came home for a few hours. Or is that a crime now?”

Leon’s jaw tightened. His gaze flicked to Dolores, the ever-present thorn in his side.

Sensing the shift, Dolores chimed in, “Dad, he’s just trying to dodge the real issue!”

Lowell exhaled, setting his cup down with a quiet clink. “I know why you’re here,” he said evenly. “I chose an ordinary girl to be my partner—so what? I’ve handled Ruiz Group’s affairs just fine. Even when my sister’s mistakes threatened the company, I stepped up and turned things around.”

Leon folded his arms, unimpressed. “So what you’re saying is, you don’t need a marriage alliance because you’re capable enough to safeguard the Ruiz Group on your own?”

Lowell met his father’s gaze without flinching. “The whole point of a marriage alliance is to safeguard against risks. But what if I never let the Ruiz Group face those risks in the first place?”

Leon let out a sharp scoff. “Ridiculous. Trouble always comes. And when it does, who’s going to stand by you then?”

Lowell leaned back slightly, unshaken. “And if that time comes, can you guarantee that the family behind my future wife won’t betray me instead of helping? That they won’t try to swallow the Ruiz Group whole?”

Leon faltered. He had no answer. He knew all too well that powerful alliances were just as capable of treachery as they were of loyalty.

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Message from Noah: Hope you liked the chapters dear readers, this week I will release new novels in mass, so I hope you like the new content I bring to gal. God loves you and Noah wishes you all the best. ☺(◡ ◡)☺

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Lowell's voice remained measured yet resolute. "That's precisely why I'm prepared to devote the remainder of my life to making amends to her. If she harbors hatred toward me, I'll accept it all. I owe her that much, and I intend to make restitution personally."

Dolores gaped at him, thoroughly appalled. "You've lost your mind! How could you possibly desire a woman like her?"

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