

Bound by love: Marrying my Disabled Husband

Chapter 1761:

Lowell seized the opening. “Even you can’t promise that, can you? So why should I put my future in the hands of strangers when I can build something stable on my own terms?”

Silence hung in the air. For the first time, Leon truly looked at his son—not just as an heir, but as a man with his own convictions.

After a long pause, his voice softened, but his stance remained firm. “Life is unpredictable, Lowell. Your sister’s future is ruined. Now, all my hopes rest on you. A wealthy, influential wife can offer you a level of support that an ordinary woman never could.”

Lowell’s lips curled into a wry smile. “And in return, I’d be doomed to a lifetime of misery. Is that really what you want for me?”

Leon frowned. “Do you really like that woman that much?”

Lowell didn’t answer immediately. He let the weight of the moment settle before speaking. “After meeting her, I realized... building a family could actually be something beautiful.”

Lucille, who had remained quiet until now, finally lost her composure. “You’re blinded by love! You’ve let this so-called romance completely cloud your judgment!”

Leon’s expression remained unreadable, his silence stretching unbearably long. Then, at last, he let out a slow sigh and said, “Fine. We’ll meet her.”

Lucille folded her arms. “Yes! We need to see for ourselves. If she’s truly exceptional... maybe we’ll reconsider.”

Lowell hadn’t expected this outcome, but he wasn’t about to squander the opportunity. He studied their expressions for a moment before nodding. “Alright. I’ll set up a time and let you know.”

Dolores had been watching the entire exchange unfold, but nothing had prepared her for this outcome. “Mom? Dad? Weren’t you here to scold him? Why are you meeting his girlfriend instead? This isn’t fair!”

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Lowell shot her a sharp look as he fired back, “Don’t lump me in with you. What I did is nothing like your mess. And unlike you, I’m actually capable of handling things.”

Dolores felt as if all her efforts had been for nothing. The anger simmering inside her built up like a pressure valve ready to burst.

Propping herself against the table, she seethed for a moment, then suddenly erupted. “No! Mom, Dad, you can’t meet his girlfriend!”

Lucille turned to her, brows knitting in confusion. “Why not? What is it about this woman that bothers you so much? Lowell is serious about her.”

Lowell didn’t say a word. He only watched his sister with a knowing gleam in his eyes. He was gambling on one thing—that she wouldn’t dare spill the truth about what she had done.

But then, to his utter surprise, she did.

Dolores bit her lip, then blurted out, “You can’t meet her because I tried to kill her! She’s only alive because she survived—and she’s back for revenge! Lowell wants to marry a woman who hates our whole family. I won’t allow it!”

Silence crashed down like a landslide.

For what felt like an eternity, no one moved. No one breathed. Lucille was the first to recover, though her voice trembled with disbelief. “You... you tried to murder someone?”

Dolores panicked as she scrambled to defend herself. “It wasn’t intentional! And Tracy Bernard didn’t even die! She’s alive and well—and she’s carrying Lowell’s child! That hardly qualifies as murder!”

“It was murder. I was there. I saw you push Tracy off that cliff with my own eyes.” Lowell’s voice was maddeningly even.

Dolores paled. “I—I didn’t push her on purpose! It was... it was the wind! A gust of wind blew her off the cliff!”

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Chapter 1762:

Lucille was at a complete loss for words, her emotions tangled like a ball of yarn.

Out of the corner of her eye, she suddenly caught sight of Leon clutching his chest, his face contorted in agony.

A jolt of panic shot through her. “Leon! Leon, what’s wrong?” she cried, rushing to steady him.

Leon’s face turned a deep shade of red as he struggled to hold on, but within moments, his strength gave out, and he collapsed to the floor.

“Dad might be having a heart attack!” Lowell’s brows knitted together in alarm as he pulled out his phone and swiftly dialed for an ambulance.

Meanwhile, Dolores stood frozen, paralyzed with fear. It was as if she had turned to stone, incapable of reacting. Not until the wail of sirens filled the air and Lowell gave her a firm shove did she snap out of her stupor.

“Go with Mom in the ambulance. I’ll follow in my car,” Lowell ordered. Noticing Dolores still standing there, dazed, he couldn’t hold back his frustration. “Dolores! You’re not a kid anymore. Snap out of it and take some responsibility!”

Dolores flinched at his sharp words but said nothing. Wordlessly, she climbed into the ambulance with Lucille.

Inside the tight, suffocating space, the air was thick with tension. Leon lay motionless before them, an oxygen mask covering his face, while the heart monitor beside him beeped out an anxious rhythm.

The numbers on the monitor spiked dangerously high, sending a chill down Dolores’s spine. A gnawing fear took hold—any second now, her father’s heart could give out.

A deep sense of unease crept over her. She couldn’t quite put her fear into words, but an overwhelming urge surged within her—to curl up in her mother’s arms and shut out the world.

In her mother’s embrace, it felt like she could escape the weight of everything—the suffocating fear, the unspoken burdens, the darkness pressing in from all sides.

Just as Dolores drifted deeper into her thoughts, Lucille's words struck like a lightning bolt, snapping her back to reality with a jolt.

With her voice heavy with exhaustion and resignation, Lucille murmured, "I'm beginning to wonder if Leon and I went wrong somewhere in raising you."

"Mom, what do you mean by that?" Dolores asked, her voice rough and unsteady.

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Lucille cast a weary glance at her daughter, unspoken words swirling in her eyes. At last, she sighed heavily. "Forget it. We'll talk about it later." Her gaze lingered on Leon and a flicker of pain crossed her face before she added, "You'd better hope your dad makes it through this."

Dolores's expression remained unreadable as she stared at her father, frail and vulnerable. After a long pause, she finally whispered, "The doctors will save him."

When they arrived at the hospital, Dolores took a seat beside Lucille outside the operating room, the air thick with tension. Lowell returned shortly after handling the hospital bill.

The moment Dolores saw Lowell, she stood, brushing imaginary dust from her coat. "Perfect timing. I have an appointment with my beautician. I'm off for a facial."

Lowell froze mid-step, shock and disbelief flickering across his face. "Are you seriously walking out on Dad's surgery to get a facial?"

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Chapter 1763:

Dolores arched a brow. "And? The surgeons are the ones with the skills to save him. Sitting here won't change anything. I'd rather do something productive."

Lowell shook his head, speechless for once.

Before Lowell could react, Lucille, who rarely raised her voice, snapped, “You’re not going anywhere! Your dad is in there fighting for his life, and all you can think about is a facial. You’re staying right here until he’s out of danger.”

She marched over, seized Dolores’s hand, and pressed her advantage. “If you dare leave now, I’ll cut ties with you. You ungrateful girl—your father’s love for you was completely wasted!”

Dolores looked bewildered. “Mom, what’s the big deal? There’s nothing I can do here. Why shouldn’t I go get a facial?”

Seething, Lucille hissed, “Forget the facial! Sit down and stay put!”

Twisting toward Lowell, Lucille ordered, “Cut off her access to funds. This is outrageous—she has absolutely no sense of decency.”

The instant Dolores heard her mother’s threat, her composure shattered. “Mom, ”

“I’m just getting a facial! It’s not like I’m committing some horrible crime or disgracing the family. Why are you making such a big deal out of this?” Dolores challenged, crossing her arms.

Lucille’s eyes flashed with fury. “Because your dad is in surgery, fighting for his life, and you don’t seem to care one bit!”

Dolores’s eyes turned red with emotion as she protested, “What did I do to deserve this?”

“Because I’m your mother! And the man lying in that operating room is your father! Isn’t that reason enough?” Lucille’s voice sharpened with frustration.

Overwhelmed by anger, Dolores spun to leave, but Lucille grabbed her firmly and pulled her back toward the operating room doors. Lowell froze, stunned—he had never seen his mother this enraged.

Thankfully, after urgent medical intervention, Leon was no longer in immediate danger. He remained weak and pale as he lay motionless in his hospital bed.

Once Leon regained consciousness, Lucille sent both siblings away, insisting she needed to speak to him alone.

Dolores fumed at her mother’s decision. As they walked out of the hospital, she grumbled, “I knew Dad was fine, but Mom just had to keep me there, wasting an entire day stuck in that place.”

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She continued complaining, but Lowell stayed silent. Frustrated, she turned to him. “Why aren’t you saying anything? What’s wrong with you?”

Lowell glanced at her, his voice weary. “You just don’t know when to stop.”

Dolores’s anger flared. “Even you’re against me now?”

Lowell frowned. “If everyone in the family says the same thing about you, maybe instead of complaining, you should think about why.”

“I know my responsibilities! I’m not running away from anything,” Dolores snapped.

Lowell gave her a cold stare, then turned and walked away. Dolores stood there, stomping her foot in frustration.

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Chapter 1764:

The next day, Tracy sat in the backyard chatting with Elyse when her phone rang. It was Lowell. After hearing him out, she let out an annoyed huff and ended the call.

Elyse raised an eyebrow. “What did he want?”

“He told his parents about us and wants me to meet them to discuss our marriage!” Tracy scoffed. “I never agreed to marry him.”

Elyse sighed. “Maybe he genuinely wants to build a life with you because of the baby.”

Tracy rolled her eyes. “He’s delusional. Everything I did was just an act, and he actually believed it?”

Elyse nodded knowingly. “He’s never been in a relationship before. You’re his first. He probably thinks this is some dramatic lovehate romance.”

Tracy fell silent, her mouth parting in disbelief.

Elyse chuckled softly. “You thought you had everything under control, but he’s not playing by your rules. For you, this is revenge. For him, it’s fate.”

Tracy’s lips pressed into a thin line, her expression sour.

Elyse's smile faded as her thoughts drifted elsewhere. Shaun was lurking in the shadows, waiting for the perfect moment to act. So far, he'd done nothing—because Elyse had assured him that Tracy's feelings for Lowell were purely vengeful. At most, she was only troubled by the baby. But if Tracy softened because of the child, there was no telling what an impulsive, unstable Shaun might do.

After a long silence, Tracy sighed. "When people reach their breaking point, they end up doing things they never imagined."

Elyse offered a reassuring smile. "I know. You've fought hard. You're just trying to make things right."

Tracy gave a small nod, but deep down she knew there was no easy way out of this mess.

Just then, Driscoll hurried over, holding his phone. He leaned in and whispered, "It's Jennie."

"Jennie?" Elyse blinked in surprise. She'd only helped Jennie once, and they hadn't spoken since.

Driscoll shrugged. "She's calling now."

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Elyse's brow furrowed. Had something happened? She took the phone, her voice gentle. "Hello, Jennie. What can I do for you?"

There was a long silence before Jennie's trembling voice came through. "If I did something terrible, does that make me a terrible person? Would you still help someone like me?"

Elyse's heart sank; something didn't feel right. "Please, Jennie—tell me what happened. I can help you."

"It's too late," Jennie whispered, her voice trembling with guilt. "I already did it. I'm sorry, Elyse. I've become someone I don't even recognize. Don't help me anymore. I'm not worth it."

Before Elyse could respond, the line went dead.

Elyse wanted to dig deeper, but Jennie had already hung up. The abrupt silence left her unsettled.

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Chapter 1765:

Sensing something amiss, Tracy leaned in, her voice edged with concern. “What happened?”

Elyse exhaled sharply, shaking her head. “I don’t know. Jennie just called, sounding rattled, and said she did something bad.”

Tracy’s eyes widened. “Wait—could she have followed Corrie’s orders? Didn’t you say Corrie had her wrapped around her finger?”

A wave of realization crashed over Elyse. “That’s right. How could I have overlooked that?” She sprang to her feet. “I need to find Brook. Maybe he knows what’s going on.”

Meanwhile, Jennie slipped her phone into her pocket with a sigh, frustration weighing heavy on her shoulders. She sat in a quiet café nestled within the shopping mall, the usual buzz of patrons strangely absent.

A moment later, Camille returned, practically bouncing into her seat across from Jennie. She took a sip of her coffee and beamed. “Jennie, the coffee here is amazing! But isn’t it weird that we’re the only ones here?”

Jennie forced a small, feigned look of surprise, sweeping her gaze around the empty space. “Yeah... weird.”

Of course, she wasn’t actually surprised—she knew full well that Corrie had booked the entire café.

Camille, blissfully unaware, took another sip of her coffee before noticing the anxiety brewing behind Jennie’s eyes. Her brows knit together. “Jennie, you look exhausted. If you’re not feeling well, we can head home.”

Jennie parted her lips, as if about to say something, but the words withered on her tongue. Instead, she mustered a bitter smile and shook her head. “No... I can’t go back.”

As the weight of her own words settled, she buried her face in her hands, anguish rolling off her in waves.

Camille didn’t pry any further. Seeing Jennie in so much pain made her heart ache.

She eventually finished her coffee, setting the cup down with a satisfied sigh. A sudden wave of dizziness crashed over her. Pressing her fingertips to her temples, she murmured, “Jennie, don’t beat yourself up. I’m not as fragile or clueless as you think. Don’t carry all this guilt—I trust you. And when I wake up, we’ll still be friends...” Her voice trailed off as her body went limp, her head tilting to the side before she collapsed onto the table, completely unconscious.

Jennie clenched her fists, her stomach twisting. She couldn’t bring herself to look.

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Then came the sharp click of high heels against the floor—Corrie’s signature entrance. Corrie strode up to Camille, gripping a handful of her hair and tilting her head this way and that, inspecting her like a prize on display. Once she was convinced Camille was truly out cold, Corrie smirked and turned to Jennie. “See? I told you you’d pull it off. Good job. I always keep my promises.”

Jennie, still choking on regret, lifted her gaze and demanded, “What are you going to do with her?”

Corrie chuckled low and shook her head in amusement. “Look at you. You’re not even the type to stomach doing something wrong, yet here you are, demanding the fate of the very person you just betrayed. If I were you, I’d play dumb and walk away. In a few days, I’ll hand your best friend back to you.”

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Chapter 1766:

Jennie slowly lowered her hands, her fingers curling into fists as she fixed Corrie with a defiant stare. Her voice was steady, her resolve unshaken. “I’m not leaving until you tell me exactly what you’re planning to do with Camille.”

Corrie arched an eyebrow, a sly smile playing at her lips. “You really want to know?” she teased, amusement lacing her tone.

Jennie's eyes blazed with determination. "All you want is to marry Brook. Don't take out your misplaced anger and resentment on her. If that's what this is all about, then focus on getting married to him."

Corrie threw her head back and laughed, mockery dripping from her words. "So this is how you good people think?"

Jennie slammed her hand on the table, the sharp sound cutting through the air. Her voice rose, thick with frustration. "Stop laughing! Just tell me already!"

Corrie smirked, amusement dancing in her eyes. "You really want to know what I'm going to do to Camille? Fine. Come with me, and you can see for yourself."

Jennie flinched at the suggestion, her breath catching as a chill ran down her spine. She had been trapped by Corrie before. Although she escaped without physical scars, the psychological wounds ran deep. The very thought of returning to Corrie's world sent a shiver through her and dredged up memories she had fought to bury.

Sensing Jennie's hesitation, Corrie's smirk widened. She tilted her head and taunted, "What's the matter? Scared now? Not so brave anymore?"

Jennie's gaze flickered to Camille, slumped over the table and oblivious to the danger closing in. A sharp pang of guilt twisted her chest, but she forced it down. Squaring her shoulders, she met Corrie's eyes. "Fine. I'll go with you. Why should I be afraid of you?"

"Impressive," Corrie said, nodding. "Loyal and brave—quite the combination. Let's go, then. I'll show you exactly what awaits Camille."

At her words, a bulky man emerged from the kitchen, wheeling a large suitcase behind him. Without a word, he unzipped it and, with practiced precision, lifted Camille's limp form and tucked her inside as if she were a fragile doll.

Jennie's face paled in horror. "She won't suffocate in there, will she?"

Corrie waved a dismissive hand. "Relax. It's a specially designed case with air vents on every side. She won't die."

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Jennie crouched beside the suitcase and traced the small vents with trembling fingers, searching for any sign of deception. When she found them where Corrie said they'd be, she let out a shaky sigh—but the unease in her chest remained.

Corrie watched her with a bemused expression, arms crossed. "You're such a mystery to me. Camille is Brook's girlfriend—she's the woman you love deeply. And yet here you are,

fretting over whether she can breathe. Tell me, Jennie: are you truly this selfless, or is this just another performance—a grand display of kindness?”

Seeing Jennie’s furious expression, Corrie teased, “You see, that angry look suits you. You’re yearning to hit me, but you’re too scared. You know well that I could shatter you effortlessly.”

Jennie took a deep breath. “I’ve finally figured out why you’re always by yourself.”

Corrie’s confident look wavered. “What did you say?” she demanded, her voice sharp with annoyance.

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Chapter 1767:

Jennie said firmly, not breaking eye contact, “You will never have genuine friendships. No one will truly love you. You hold onto this delusion that Brook might fall for you, but he’d choose anyone over you. Isn’t that just sad?”

Corrie’s face hardened. “Who says no one loves me?”

“What about your parents?” Jennie challenged, her tone piercing. “Aren’t you supposed to be their little princess? Your boyfriend is cheating on you openly, and instead of intervening, your parents have left you to handle it on your own. And your best plan is to use me to eliminate your competition? I almost feel sorry for you.”

As soon as Jennie stopped talking, Corrie threw the contents of her coffee cup at Jennie’s face.

The hot coffee cascaded down Jennie’s face and neck. The pain was intense, but she refused to give Corrie the pleasure of seeing her react. She stared back at Corrie, her eyes ablaze with defiance.

Jennie had clearly touched a raw nerve, and although Corrie’s emotions surged momentarily, she quickly collected herself.

With a sinister grin, Corrie leaned closer. She said in a quiet, threatening whisper, “You’re brave to speak to me that way. Now, tell me, do you want your best friend to die?”

Jennie froze, her eyes filled with both anger and helpless fear.

Corrie set the cup down on the table. “However,” she began, her voice eerily calm, “it’s good that you’ve aired your true feelings. Now I understand just how deeply you despise me.”

She lightly lifted Jennie’s chin with her finger. “I was actually prepared to let you go. I thought, once I handled Camille, I’d free your friend and you could both go back to...”

“...your lives. But now... I see that freeing you would be like leaving a knife in my back.”

Jennie looked at her cautiously. “What are you planning to do?”

A subtle smile emerged on Corrie’s face. “Follow me. Stay in line until this is settled. Don’t defy me, and perhaps I’ll spare your life.”

Thus, Jennie once again became Corrie’s captive.

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Sitting in the back of the car, Jennie’s face turned pale. She was certain Corrie would not honor her word. She also knew she was Corrie’s rival in love. Corrie and her bodyguards drove Jennie and Camille far from Watscar; the journey lasted a grueling seven hours.

As they neared their destination, the effects of the drugs given to Camille began to fade, and she stirred.

Stretching with a yawn, Camille pushed herself up, feeling heavy and sluggish. She peered out the window at the unfamiliar scenery and frowned. “Where are we? Why are we here?”

“We’re no longer in Watscar,” Jennie said in a low voice.

Camille’s mind felt empty. After a pause, she cautiously scanned their surroundings. “So... we’ve been abducted?”

Jennie let out a rueful laugh. “Yes. And it’s because of me. You have every right to be angry.”

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Chapter 1768:

Camille looked at her friend, noticing the dirt marring her clothes and skin. With a small frown, she said, “Stop being a pessimist. Remember, I told you everything would turn out fine. Just trust me.”

Jennie offered a dry chuckle. “You don’t understand, do you? I’m the reason we’re in this mess. Corrie kidnapped you. She’s not going to simply let you walk away.”

“Corrie?” Camille snorted dismissively. “She doesn’t scare me. She’s all talk. Just wait until the real players enter the game; she’ll regret her actions.”

Jennie glanced at her, confused by her confidence.

They arrived at their destination, and Jennie had no chance to probe further.

Corrie stepped out of the lead vehicle and opened their door. Jennie and Camille sat side by side, both fixing Corrie with looks of clear disdain. Excitement surged through Corrie—she delighted in the sheer dominance she wielded over her captives, who could do nothing but stare at her with helpless anger. The

The feeling was intoxicating. “Get out,” Corrie commanded, a menacing smile curling her lips. “I’ve arranged everything for you.”

As soon as Camille stepped from the car, she unleashed a furious tirade, hurling crude insults. Jennie, standing behind her, watched in stunned silence.

For a moment, Corrie froze, unaccustomed to such harsh words. Then she regained her composure and shot back incredulously, “What does Brook even see in you? You’re nothing but a crude shrew!”

Camille curled her lips into a sneer. “Why Brook loves me is none of your business. Ever heard of ‘different strokes for different folks’?” She leaned forward, eyes glinting with hostility. “Knowing that won’t help you. Brook will never like you, so stop wasting your energy.”

Jennie noticed Corrie’s expression darken and grabbed Camille’s arm. “Enough. She’s getting angry. If you keep pushing her, you’ll only dig your own grave.”

Camille threw back her head and laughed. “Afraid of Corrie? Don’t make me laugh! She’s nothing but a bitter, spiteful woman.”

Corrie’s glare turned icy. “I’ve warned you before. If you’d listened, I could still offer you a way out. But no—you insist on walking into disaster.”

Camille’s smirk deepened. “Let me be clear: if you touch either of us, someone will make you regret it.”

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Corrie scoffed. “Regret? This is my family’s turf. I’d like to see who dares challenge me here.”

Just then, the distant roar of engines shattered the tense silence. Corrie snapped her head toward the sound. “No one should be able to get in!”

Jennie instinctively pulled Camille behind her, heart pounding.

Camille froze, then leaned in. “Relax. They’re with us.”

Jennie blinked. “Who?”

Before Camille could answer, the convoy screeched to a halt. Doors swung open and Elyse stepped out, her sharp gaze sweeping over Jennie and Camille. She exhaled with relief. “Thank God you’re both safe.”

Corrie’s face twisted with rage and disbelief. “Elyse?! How dare you show up! Get out of here, now!”

Elyse smirked, arms crossed. “Corrie, resorting to kidnapping shows how desperate you are. Do you know who you’re dealing with? Jennie and Camille are under my protection. Lay a hand on them and you’ll regret it.”

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Chapter 1769:

Corrie held her stare for a long moment—then, to everyone’s surprise, she laughed. “Since you’ve come all this way, why not stay? I could always use more... guests.”

Elyse’s smirk was razor-sharp. “Oh? Kidnapping me too? Be my guest.”

She took a step back. “Though, I hope you have enough room—you might need to kidnap a few more people.”

As if on cue, the doors of two cars behind her swung open. Brook and Jayden stepped out.

Corrie’s confidence shattered like glass. She burst out, her voice nearly a shriek, “How did you even find this place?! This is my family’s territory!”

Camille smirked, tilting her head with unmistakable arrogance. “Shocked, aren’t you? This is all thanks to me. I told you not to mess with me—the price of crossing me is more than you can afford.” Positioned behind Brook and Jayden, she folded her arms, radiating satisfaction. Her eyes gleamed with triumph, and the sheer delight in her expression made it clear she was reveling in the moment.

Jennie, however, remained frozen in confusion. A tremor ran through her as she turned to Brook. “How... how did you know?”

Brook exhaled softly, stepping forward before wrapping her in a reassuring embrace. “Because I knew you had no choice,” he murmured. “You don’t have to be afraid anymore.”

Jennie stiffened at his warmth, her chest tightening as emotion swelled within her. A sharp sting prickled her nose, and her vision blurred with unshed tears. “But... how did you know?”

Brook exchanged a glance with Jayden before explaining, “For starters, Jayden knows Corrie well. He said she’s ruthless—she never plays fair and always resorts to underhanded tactics. Since you were in her grasp, it wasn’t hard to guess she’d use you.”

He paused, studying her face with a small smile. “And second... you’re a terrible liar, you know that?”

Jennie blinked, utterly lost.

Brook gestured toward the elegant ruby brooch fastened to her chest. “That brooch of yours? It’s not just jewelry—it’s a listening device. I heard every word between you and Corrie.”

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Realization dawned on Jennie’s face, the weight of it crashing over her. “So... you knew all along?”

Brook nodded. “That’s right. I tried dropping hints, hoping you would confide in me, but you were too afraid. I didn’t want to push you.”

Jennie’s gaze fell to the floor, her voice thick with regret. “Corrie has my best friend under her control. I couldn’t risk her life.”

Brook slid his hands into hers. “I know. That’s why we didn’t come alone today. We’ll find your friend. You’re not alone.”

Brook directed his bodyguards with practiced efficiency, issuing precise orders over the radio as the search began.

Watching him coordinate the operation, Corrie completely unraveled. Her body trembled as she stammered, “So the woman you love isn’t Camille but Jennie? Was all of this just an elaborate lie?”

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Chapter 1770:

Camille stepped forward, adopting a dramatic pose. “Of course! I was a wellpaid actress hired by Brook. Deceiving you wasn’t just my job—it was my talent and my skill!”

Brook offered Camille an appreciative nod. “Indeed, you have remarkable talent for acting. Study diligently, and next year apply to drama school to refine your abilities.”

Camille returned his smile with a playful salute. “Got it! I’ll follow whatever guidance you give me!”

Jennie stood frozen, disbelief widening her eyes. “You’re in love with me, not Camille?” she asked, voice barely above a whisper.

Brook's expression softened with surprise. "Did you honestly think I had feelings for Camille? Since you returned, I've spent every waking moment by your side. I only popped back to my villa now and then to grab a change of clothes."

Jennie's mind raced. "But Corrie told me you cared for Camille."

Brook reached out to pinch Jennie's cheek affectionately. "What does Corrie really know? My interest in Camille was just a guise. I never imagined you'd believe her when I've been here with you all along."

Camille, worried Jennie might still be confused, chimed in cheerfully, "Jennie, please don't fall for that nonsense. I'm still too young—how could I be interested in a man approaching thirty? I prefer someone closer to my own age, young and full of energy."

Brook rolled his eyes with mock irritation. "I still have a few years before I turn thirty."

Camille giggled and darted behind Elyse for protection.

At last, the truth hit Jennie—this entire ruse had been Brook's plan all along, devised just to help her.

She turned to Corrie with newfound understanding. "You once said no one paid attention to you. Isn't this entire situation proof to the contrary?"

Corrie watched Jennie and Brook embrace, her heart burning with jealousy. The question tormented her—how could they find love while she remained alone?

"I'm supposed to be your bride!" she shouted, her composure shattering completely. "You should be embracing me, not her!"

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Brook gently stepped back, keeping his voice calm. "I've already asked my mother to speak with your parents about canceling our marriage. We should have their response soon."

Corrie staggered backward as if struck. "What did you say? You want to cancel it? No! Absolutely not! I must marry you! I have to marry you!" Desperation colored every syllable.

Brook's patience finally snapped. "Can you be rational for just one moment? Do you truly want to marry me out of love, or is it only for the power and privilege my family provides? You can't even say what you genuinely desire, so how can you value anything else?"

Corrie's lips trembled, but her voice tore from her throat. "I know exactly what I want! Marrying you guarantees me a good life. Why shouldn't I marry you? You show kindness to these other women—why never to me?"

Elyse could tolerate no more. She stepped forward deliberately, placing herself between Corrie and Brook, her gaze locked on Corrie. "What precisely constitutes this 'good life' you speak of? How many moral compromises have you made in pursuit of this imagined paradise? If achieving that life demands sacrificing your conscience, why continue this relentless pursuit?"

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Message from Noah: Enjoy the weekend dear ones. God loves you and Noah wishes you all the best. (=◡=) /

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The Novel will be updated first on this website. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!