

Bound by love: Marrying my Disabled Husband

Chapter 1786:

“When she chased after you, didn’t you push her away? Yet she kept at it,” Driscoll pointed out. “If you’re truly sorry and want her back, don’t throw in the towel—persist.”

Shaun’s expression clouded with confusion.

Losing patience, Driscoll barked, “Go after her, you dolt! What if something happens while she’s out there, pregnant and alone?” The words struck Shaun like a thunderbolt. Without another thought, he bolted out the door.

Tracy ambled along at a leisurely pace, barely a few hundred yards from home, when Shaun caught up.

“I asked you not to follow me,” she said, vexation palpable.

“I couldn’t help myself,” Shaun replied earnestly. “I’m worried about you. Even if you despise me, I need to be by your side.”

“There’s no peril lurking here. You’re just fishing for a reason to tag along.” She rolled her eyes with a huff.

“Alright,” Shaun admitted with a sheepish grin. “I’m clutching at straws. But since I’m already here, let me walk with you.”

Tracy let out a resigned sigh. “You used to be buried in work. What are you doing crashing at Jayden’s place every day lately? Don’t you have a business to run? Has your family fortune gone up in smoke?”

Shaun chuckled softly. “I’ve been hiding something from my dad—my memory is back. He’s been holding down the fort at the company for me.”

“I see,” Tracy replied flatly.

Shaun fell into step beside her, casting furtive glances in her direction. It had been ages since they shared a simple walk like this. His mind drifted back to Liverton, to those golden days of wedding plans and beachside saunters—moments that now felt like distant dreams.

“It’s been forever since we walked together,” he mused aloud. “It’s... more pleasant than I remembered.”

“Isn’t a walk always a treat?” Tracy quipped, sarcasm lacing her tone.

“In the past,” Shaun confessed, “when we strolled side by side, my head was always elsewhere—tangled in deals and deadlines.”

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Tracy let out a sharp, icy laugh. “Everything mattered to you except me.”

Shaun’s sigh carried the weight of remorse. “You have every reason to loathe me. I was a terrible partner and would have been a wretched husband. I would have dragged you through the mud.”

Tracy’s eyes widened in genuine astonishment. “What’s come over you? Why spill all this now?”

A wry, bitter smile curled his lips. “Because the weight of regret finally hit me. The fog has lifted, and I see clearly. I want to right the wrongs I’ve done you.”

Tracy snorted dismissively. “Save it. I’m not buying.”

Her retort was abruptly drowned out by the guttural roar of an engine. She stiffened, startled by the sudden noise. Shaun’s senses sharpened in an instant as he spotted a car barreling toward them—toward Tracy—with reckless intent.

Fear rooted Tracy to the spot. Without a second’s hesitation, Shaun sprang into action, wrapping her in his arms and yanking her out of harm’s way, taking the force of the impact himself.

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Chapter 1787:

He collapsed to the ground, still cradling her, as a warm, sticky sensation seeped between her thighs.

“Tracy, don’t be scared... This time, I’ll keep you safe...” His voice was a fragile whisper, trailing off as darkness claimed him.

Tracy shook violently, her mind reeling, until a surge of clarity jolted her into action. She fumbled for her phone and hit the emergency button—Elyse had insisted she program it, haunted by a gnawing dread of what might happen. One press summoned their family’s private security team.

Guided by the phone’s GPS, the security crew arrived to a grim scene: Tracy and Shaun sprawled on the pavement, a dark tide pooling beneath him.

Moments later, Elyse and Jayden swept onto the scene in a whirlwind of urgency. They bundled Tracy and Shaun into the security vehicles and raced them to the hospital without delay. Within minutes, both were ushered into the operating room, the doors swinging shut behind them with a decisive thud.

Elyse lingered outside the operating room, her nerves frayed as Tracy battled through surgery. The wait was agonizing, her stomach tied in knots.

Just then, her phone buzzed with Jayden’s call. She answered, her voice heavy with exhaustion, “Has Shaun’s surgery wrapped up?”

“Not yet,” Jayden replied. “The doctors are still fighting to pull him through. But I’ve uncovered the culprit behind the car accident—it was Dolores. The police are already on it.”

“What? Dolores?” Elyse’s temper flared like wildfire. “Has she lost her marbles? Does she think she’s above the law, plowing into them like that?”

“If the Ruiz family tries to throw a shield around Dolores...” Jayden began, but Elyse cut him off, her words sharp as a blade.

“No way we let them sweep this under the rug. Dolores has to pay for what she has done!”

Jayden’s voice steadied her. “Even if they try, they’re out of luck. I’ve rung Shaun’s folks—they’re racing over here now.”

“We’re not letting Dolores slip through our fingers, are we?” Elyse pressed.

Jayden gave a firm nod over the line. “Not a chance. She had the gall to pull this stunt right under our noses. We’re not about to let her off the hook.”

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Elyse ended the call, her heart sinking like a stone as she stared at the operating room doors.

“Tracy, you’ve got to pull through,” she whispered to herself, clinging to hope.

Lucille showed up at Dolores’s apartment, a food container in hand, ready to smooth things over. She planned to lift Dolores’s spirits, brush off the drama with Lowell and Tracy, and mend fences after their last spat. But she froze when she saw Dolores frantically stuffing clothes into a suitcase.

“Where are you off to in such a hurry?” Lucille asked, her brow knitting in confusion.

Dolores, jittery as a cat on a hot tin roof, muttered, “I’ve got a flight booked. Once I’m done packing, I’m hightailing it to the airport.”

“Why the rush? Your dad’s still laid up in the hospital, far from fighting fit,” Lucille’s tone soured.

“Mom, it’s urgent this time,” Dolores said, her voice trembling. “I’ll only be gone a little while. I’ll be back before you know it. Please tell Dad not to worry.”

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Chapter 1788:

Lucille’s instincts screamed that something was off, but she swallowed her doubts and helped zip the last bag. Just then, a sharp rap echoed at the door.

Lucille started forward, but Dolores gripped her arm. “Wait—don’t open it.”

“What’s the big deal?” Lucille asked, baffled.

Dolores didn’t answer. She tiptoed to the door and peered through the peephole. Relief washed over her when she recognized the delivery boy she’d ordered face masks from.

She cracked the door open—and a squad of police officers flooded inside.

Lucille stood frozen. “What on earth—why are the police barging into our home?”

Dolores went ashen, her suitcase forgotten at her feet. The lead officer scanned the room, his gaze settling on Dolores and the packed bags.

“Miss Dolores Ruiz, you’re under suspicion for attempted murder. You’ll need to come with us,” he declared.

Dolores recoiled. “Why? Where’s your proof that I tried to kill anyone?”

The officer’s voice was steely. “If you’re so keen to see the evidence, you can view it at the station.” He turned to his team. “Take her in.”

Lucille sprang forward, desperation in her voice. “On what grounds are you dragging my daughter away? Who did she hurt?”

The officer’s tone turned grim. “Shaun Kennedy and Tracy Bernard are fighting for their lives in the operating room right now. Ma’am, if they don’t pull through, your daughter is in deeper trouble than you can imagine.” With that, the officers hauled Dolores away.

Lucille stood in stunned silence, her mind spinning. Finally, she pulled herself together and fumbled for her phone.

The moment the call connected, Lucille’s words tumbled out in a frantic sob. “Lowell, the police just arrested Dolores! You’ve got to do something, fast.”

A heavy silence stretched over the line before Lowell finally spoke, his voice low. “What has she been arrested for?”

“They’re saying she tried to kill others,” Lucille choked out between tears.

A sinking feeling coiled in Lowell’s gut. He swallowed his rising panic and pressed, “Who did she hurt?”

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Lucille’s voice broke as she wailed, “Shaun and Tracy—they’re both in critical condition at the hospital. Please, Lowell, you have to help Dolores. She is on her way to jail!”

“She has earned her place behind bars!” Lowell snapped, his tone icecold. He hung up without another word and bolted from his office. But instead of racing to the police station, his feet carried him to the hospital.

As he scoured the halls for Tracy’s operating room, his eyes landed on Elyse. Relief flickered—he had found Tracy’s location. He hurried over, breathless. “Elyse, how is Tracy holding up?”

Elyse's gaze met his, a storm of emotions swirling within her. "Tracy is still in surgery," she replied, her voice measured. "But brace yourself, Lowell... the baby might not make it."

Lowell's face blanched, the color draining like water from a broken dam. His voice trembled as he forced out the words, "Our baby... isn't going to survive?"

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Message from Noah: Dear readers, new novel releases in a few hours. God loves you and Noah wishes you all the best. (๖O_ =)๖ ♥

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