

Chapter 104 Loraine's Past

It didn't matter how quickly Marco attempted to leave, it took time to go through the discharge procedure to get him discharged.

Jimmie and Slater arrived before he was able to leave, entering his ward together.

"Hey, Marco. We came to visit you."

Jimmie walked to Marco's bedside, dragging Slater behind him.

Slater still felt a little unpleasant since his last quarrel with Marco.

Even as he stood next to the hospital bed, Slater averted his gaze. He looked at the quilt and the nightstand but refused to make eye contact with Marco.

Marco was also silent, unwilling to make peace.

It seemed these two would never stop being at odds.

Jimmie sighed, beginning a conversation on their behalf.

"I don't know what's going on with you guys. Slater just got out of the hospital, and now you're injured and in here too?"

Slater still cared about his friend and, subconsciously, he looked at Marco's bandaged arm, complaining about whoever caused it.

"You must have been hurt by those demonstrators. I saw the news. It's all Loraine's fault. She made a mistake and got you involved. Now you're injured, but she still hasn't come to see you. What a cold-blooded woman!"

Hearing this, Marco raised his head and looked at Slater's indignant expression, frowning. "It's not her fault. The project is in a critical position right now. It's normal that she can't spare time to visit."

Slater was shocked to hear this. "Marco, how could you still speak nicely about that woman? Are you enchanted by her?"

For a moment, Slater forgot that he had beaten by Marco.

Afraid that they would fight again, Jimmie

quickly interrupted and changed the topic.

"Let's just stop there. Marco, I found something about Loraine recently."

The two stopped arguing immediately and focused their attention on Jimmie.

"What did you find?"

"Don't keep us in suspense!"

Taking a deep breath, Jimmie spoke slowly.

"I checked all the information about Loraine, but there are no flaws. She grew up in an orphanage, and relied on aid to go to school in a small town..."

"I knew it. That woman is from the countryside. There is nothing to investigate!" Slater concluded.

"It's not that simple." Jimmie shook his head. "Although Loraine was poor, her best friend is rich."

Slater was stunned. "What do you mean?"

"Do you remember Jennie Fowler? She's Loraine's best friend and the daughter of the jewelry tycoon, Adair Fowler. Jennie has received advanced education since childhood. It seems impossible for a lady like Jennie to

have any connection with Loraine, but they're best friends nonetheless. Isn't that strange?"

"Well..." Slater scratched his head, feeling doubtful.

"Loraine left her hometown before she was finished with middle school. She must have known Jennie before then." Marco spoke in a low voice.

"So, why did Loraine leave?" Slater asked.

Marco went silent again.

Jimmie stepped in to answer his question.

"Loraine dropped out of school because of personal reasons. She hasn't gone back since she left the countryside. As for the specific reasons, I could only find rumors. Some said that she didn't have money to continue her studies, so she left to find a job in a big city. Some said that she was pregnant and eloped with a man."

Hearing this, Slater showed a look of disgust.

"What the hell? Loraine's past is too messy!"

Marco's eyes darkened. He didn't show any disgust but felt a trace of pity.

He didn't think that Loraine was as bad as the rumors claimed. He guessed that people made those rumors to slander her.

Before getting married, Marco had already found something. But at that time, he didn't care about her, so he didn't pay attention to her past.

When he heard these rumors once again, Marco only felt sorry for Loraine because she had suffered so many grievances and no one had protected her.

Click.

Suddenly, there was a slight noise from the door.

Marco came back to his senses in an instant and winked at the other two. Jimmie and Slater immediately understood what he meant.

Then, Marco shot a look at Jimmie, telling him to go check the door.

Nodding slightly, Jimmie walked quietly to the door and opened it abruptly.

"Ah!"

The person outside was caught off guard. She

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leaned forward and lost balance, falling to the floor. Even the wheelchair under her almost fell.

"Keely? What are you doing here?"

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Keely fell onto the floor, crying out. "I'm hurt. Will you help me up?"

Jimmie looked down at the woman on the floor, hiding his mistrust behind his glasses.

After a moment, Slater walked over, helping Keely back into her wheelchair.

"Keely, why are you here?"

Keely felt the pain run through her leg as she sat up, smoothing her clothes and hair before she spoke. "I'm here to see Marco. Can I come in?"

Since she was here to see Marco, Jimmie couldn't stop her, so he allowed her to enter the room.

Keely rolled her wheelchair to Marco's bedside, worry etched on her face.

"I came as soon as I heard that you got hurt. How's your injury healing? Does it still hurt?"

Marco's eyes trailed to her leg, which was

plastered with a cast. "As a patient, you're quite informed."

How would Keely know that he got hurt?

The news only covered the protest, and he had kept quiet about his hospitalization to everyone except the people who were closest to him.

Marco shot a glare at Slater, assuming that he was the one who leaked information once again.

Slater felt wrong, shaking his head adamantly. He had done nothing this time!

Slater hadn't contacted Keely since Jimmie told him not to.

Not noticing the interaction, Keely bit her lip.

"Marco, I'm nervous. That's why I keep checking the news for anything about you. When the news mentioned what happened at the construction site, I couldn't eat or sleep. How do you expect me to recuperate in a time like this? My leg is getting worse."

Marco frowned, impatiently waiting for her complaining to cease.

Keely felt even more upset once she saw his

demeanor. "Marco, I came to see you despite my injured leg, and you won't even give me the time of day?"

Tears glistened in her delicate eyes like she might burst into a fit at any second. Unfortunately, that move wouldn't work anymore.

The three men looked away, ignoring her.

Keely did a lot of sad-fishing, but it didn't seem to work.

Gritting her teeth, she continued to complain, "I know it's Loraine's fault once again. Marco, I beg you, please stay away from that woman. It seems like something bad happens every time you get close to her."

"Enough!" Marco interrupted her unhappily. "Stop worrying about my personal business. You should get back to rest."

Keely said hurriedly, "I can endure the pain. Let me stay here and take care of you!"

"No, thank you." Marco refused her help immediately.

Keely, seeing that Marco wasn't budging on his opinion, pushed further. Her lips trembled,

and she burst into tears.

"Marco, do you hate me? I know I'm completely useless. My leg is so badly injured that I can't even stand. I couldn't possibly give you the care you need. Will you still take care of me if I stay like this forever?"

"Take care of yourself, then!"

Marco was simply annoyed by her tears. Ignoring the crying, he called for the nurse, who escorted Keely out of the room.

Slater's heart softened as he watched Keely cry.

"Marco, aren't you being a little heartless? Her leg is still injured, after all," Slater complained.

He thought that even though Keely might have done bad things, she loved Marco deeply. If it weren't for Jorge, Keely and Marco would probably have gotten married by now.

Marco sneered at Slater. "If you are worried about her, you can take care of her yourself. I'm not stopping you."

When the task was offered, Slater

immediately felt overwhelmed and sobered to the moment.

"No, no. You promised Jorge that you would take care of Keely. I won't interfere."

Seeing that Slater apparently forgot his lesson from last time, Jimmie felt obliged to remind him.

"Slater, Marco isn't a bad man. Marco paid for everything in Keely's life, such as her food, clothing and living, as well as her medical bills. He can't sacrifice his entire life to Keely just to return Jorge's favor, can he?"

Slater was silent for a moment before speaking. "I see. Do whatever you deem fit, Marco. I won't interfere anymore."

The three men finally made peace, but Keely, who was pushed out into the hallway, was furious.

She wasn't an idiot. She understood that Marco had been consistently removing himself from her life, but it was not like she could do anything about it.

Keely was beyond upset. If she couldn't get Marco to fall in love with her, her family

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would blame her.

She had to seize the opportunity while Marco was still in the hospital.

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