

Chapter 106 Go Back To Where You Belong

After Slater and Jimmie left, Keely headed back to Marco's ward.

This time, she was well prepared. She even brought food specifically catered to Marco's taste.

"Marco, you must be hungry. Who don't you have a bite? The hospital food may not be fit for you, so I made this myself. Have a taste."

With an amiable smile, Keely leaned forward in her wheelchair and opened the lunchbox.

The food looked delicious, and the mouth-watering aroma wafted into the air and filled the ward.

But Marco was not in the least bit appreciative. Without even raising his head to look, he kept his eyes steadily on the company report in front of him and refused curtly.

"No, thanks."

Marco's stone-cold demeanor caused Keely's eyes to well up with tears again.

She mumbled sadly, "Marco, do you hate me that much? I poured my heart into preparing this meal for you, but you don't even want to look at me. Have you ever considered how hard it is for me?"

Marco raised his gaze to meet her eyes. He replied stonily, "I never asked you to do anything for me. So why are you blaming me for your feelings? Doesn't that sound a little ridiculous?"

Marco's reaction flustered Keely. Since her first attempt didn't work, she quickly switched her strategy to the next move.

"I know it's just my wishful thinking, but all I ask is that you have a bite. That's all I want. Then I won't bother you anymore. I promise. Will you try some now?"

Keely picked up the lunchbox again, but this time, she was more aggressive. She even raised the food to Marco's mouth and tried to feed him herself.

Marco was suddenly alert. His gut told him

that something was wrong.

Why was Keely insisting that he eat this meal?

He was about to raise his suspicion of her when there was a knock at the door.

"Mr. Bryant, I've spoken with the doctor. You are free to leave after I deal with the discharge formalities." Carl's voice came from outside the door.

"Very well," Marco responded and pushed Keely's lunchbox away. "You can go back to your ward since I'm leaving."

She was almost there, so close to achieving her goal. How could Keely give up now? There was no way she could.

If Marco left now, she would lose her last chance.

She had to keep him here today!

Keely leaned forward in her wheelchair and embraced Marco with all her strength. She wrapped her arms tightly around his waist and buried her face in his shirt, pleading desperately.

"Please don't go, Marco! I just came, and

you're leaving already. Why? Are you annoyed that I'm here? If you are, then I'll leave. You're still recovering. Don't be in a rush to leave the hospital, for your own sake!"

Marco forcibly broke away from Keely's hold and glared down at her tear-stained face. He questioned flatly, "Then, let me ask you something. How did you know I was injured?"

Keely's pitiful expression froze in an instant and she looked away.

She had bribed Eliza to spread the rumor about the signal tower to sabotage Loraine's project. She had even discreetly hired someone to create a disturbance at the construction site.

Unfortunately, her plan failed. Instead, Marco was injured during the riot, but Loraine emerged safe and sound due to his heroism.

As soon as she heard what happened, Keely rushed to Marco's ward to offer her consideration. However, she made one vital mistake. She forgot that he did not tell anyone about his injury.

Marco had been speculating over the matter. Now that he noticed Keely's evasive look, his face darkened in realization.

"Keely, I've warned you about it before. You have been testing my patience and prying into my matters over and over again. I assure you, I will show you no mercy if you dare try to interfere in the project again!"

Shaken by his threat, Keely quickly tried to cover for herself. "Don't get me wrong, Marco. I'm just worried about you."

"Save it. I've heard enough of your excuses. Go back to where you belong." Marco had run out of patience. He called the nurse and ordered, "Keep an eye on her. Don't let her wander around."

The nurse nodded, took to the handles of Keely's wheelchair, and steered her out of the ward.

Afraid of inciting more of his anger, Keely didn't dare protest. She knew whatever she tried to say at that moment would be of no help anyway, so she remained silent and let the nurse guide her out of the ward.

Carl was stationed outside the door, his eyes fixed steadily forward. He didn't dare move until Marco called him in.

Marco glowered at Keely's lunchbox. He still had a lot of doubts about the food, so he pointed at the box and ordered, "Carl, get this stuff tested."

"Copy that, Mr. Bryant."

Carl gathered up the lunchbox and took it to the laboratory.

Marco went to the front desk to go through the discharge procedure. At this moment, a familiar figure suddenly appeared in the distance.

Lorraine?

Why was she at the hospital?

Marco couldn't help but think that Lorraine had come here to see him.



Chapter 107 Pretend To Be Sick

While Marco thought Loraine came to the hospital to visit him, she went to the medication dispensary.

"Hi there, I'm here to get Wesley Torres ' medicine."

Loraine hadn't noticed Marco, but when he stepped beside her with a burning gaze, she couldn't pretend to not see him.

As she turned, her eyes landed on Marco's handsome face and bandaged arm.

Loraine's heart skipped a beat. She couldn't help but ask, "Are you all right?"

"Are you caring for me?" Marco stepped closer, raising his eyebrows.

Suppressing her emotions, Loraine spoke politely. "Thank you for protecting me. You can send all of your medical bills to my company, I wouldn't want you to pay for any expenses that happened because of me."

Marco was suddenly annoyed. He wasn't looking for any kind of compensation. Just a few caring words were enough.

Marco was obviously upset.

Carl approached the scene, unaware of the tension. "Mr. Bryant, I'll go through the discharge procedure..."

Before he could finish, Marco lost his balance, looking like he could fall at any moment.

"I seem to be a little dizzy. Help me back to my ward."

Carl grabbed at his boss instinctively, shocked to see him like this.

Wasn't his only injury on his arm? Why was he suddenly feeling dizzy?

Although Carl was confused, he followed orders immediately.

"Of course, Mr. Bryant. I'll get you back to the ward right away!"

Marco leaned against Carl as he stumbled away.

Lorraine felt guilty. She didn't expect to see Marco in such a bad condition.

The memory of Marco protecting her in his arms came back to her, and she realized she didn't know how badly he was injured.

He got injured to protect her, after all. She should visit him.

After battling her judgment, Loraine decided to follow them to his ward.

Upon seeing Loraine, Carl realized why Marco pretended to be ill. He smartly found an excuse to leave.

"Rest up, Mr. Bryant. I'll call the doctor for you."

Carl immediately left the ward and closed the door, giving the two a moment to be alone.

Loraine spoke awkwardly once they were alone. "Are you okay?"

Marco took in the view of the charming woman in front of him. "Not great. Loraine, what are you going to do if my wound can't heal?"

Loraine wondered if he had injured his head. Otherwise, why would he say something like that?

"Don't worry. I will try my best to

compensate for your loss. How much do you want?"

Marco suddenly felt frustrated.

He felt like their roles had been reversed. Was this how Loraine felt when he tried to compensate her with money?

Marco's face even darkened, and Loraine thought this was because he was seriously injured.

Unconsciously, her attitude softened tenfold.

Loraine stepped closer, speaking with genuine concern. "Since you aren't fully recovered, you should stay here and rest. I will handle the project. You don't have to worry about it."

Marco took her statement in, letting it take him back to when they were still married.

Back then, he drank too much during social engagements. Loraine would sit on the edge of the bed, nagging him while taking care of him.

Marco suddenly felt a surge of tenderness in his heart, and he grabbed Loraine's hand. "I don't want you to deal with work for me. I

know I made a lot of mistakes in the past, but I didn't mean to."

"What are you doing? Let me go."

Loraine wanted to resist his touch subconsciously, but Marco loosened his grip and his body shook.

"I'm sorry. I feel so dizzy..."

As he spoke, he fell on Loraine. The intimate contact made her heart drop with unease.

But believing that Marco was still injured, Loraine held back her anger and continued to stand there.

Loraine attempted to help the seemingly weak man to the bed.

"You lie on the bed for now. I'll go out and find a doctor."

Half of Marco's body was leaned against Loraine, and her faint scent was permeating his nose, making him obsessed.

It was the first time that they had been this close since their divorce.

Every time before now, Loraine guarded her personal space heavily, and he never had a

chance to be near to her.

Marco got closer to Loraine. Losing his mind in such an intimate state, he couldn't help but press almost his entire weight against her.

But he was an adult man, and Loraine struggled to hold him.

As he put more weight on her, Loraine was unable to hold him up any longer. She staggered and lost balance, falling to the floor with the man on her.

"Watch out!"

