

Chapter 122 The Live Stream

In the deluxe presidential suite on the top floor of the hotel, Loraine was lying on the bed, vulnerable. The men stood around the bed, surrounding her.

The leader among them was Gilmore, a man who had tried to make a move on Loraine before during a business dinner.

"Weren't you so full of yourself then? You refused to even have a drink with me. Now you've changed your mind and invited us to this fancy suite. What a warm welcome!"

Gilmore's associates eyed Loraine with hungry expressions, their eyes eagerly traveling over her delicate skin as if they were on the hunt for their prey.

"Shut the fuck up!" Loraine was still sober. She attempted to reason with the men. "I'm not the one who invited you here. We were all tricked! Right now, this entire suite is being monitored

by cameras and being broadcasted live. So, listen to me and calm yourselves down!"

Gilmore was stunned at first. But then he was distracted by Loraine's breasts rising as she spoke.

How could these vile men resist such a tempting offer when it was presented right in front of them? Not only that, the entire suite was sprayed with an aphrodisiac that made them lose their heads.

Realizing that the situation was not in her favor, Loraine dug her nails into her palm so that the pain would keep her clear-headed. Then she discreetly stretched out her hand under the pillow and attempted to dial the emergency contact.

Unfortunately, she wasn't quick enough.

Gilmore pounced on her with a sneer and gripped her wrists tightly.

"Loraine, stop pretending to be pure. There'll be lots of benefits in the future as long as you cooperate!"

"Let go of me!" Loraine tried her best to fight back, but it was in vain.

Now that one of them had made the first move, the rest followed. They rushed up one by one and began to tear off Loraine's clothes.

The fragile cloth couldn't stand their force and was ripped to shreds. Soon, the white fabric was torn off to reveal her soft skin.

"Fuck off!"

Loraine's hands and feet were caught. She struggled as hard as she could, flailing desperately, but she couldn't get their filthy, groping hands off her.

Her face was flushed, her shiny, long hair scattered over her shoulders, and her clothes were torn to shreds to reveal her skin. Such a sight aroused her predators even more. They were completely controlled by their desire to taste the attractive creature in front of them.

And all of this was being captured by the cameras.

The live stream caused the viewers in an uproar, the comments surging in and turning more and more explicit. They were all waiting for the best part.

But just at the critical moment, the door of the



presidential suite was kicked down with a bang. The gruesome scene was suddenly interrupted. Before anyone could react, a man barged in and violently kicked Gilmore off Loraine.

The kick was so abrupt and brutal that it sent Gilmore flying for nearly two meters before he slammed into the wall. The sound of his bones cracking could be heard clearly, and the rest of the men were suddenly aware of what was happening.

Gilmore slumped onto the floor, unconscious. The others trembled and begged for mercy.

"Wait! Let's talk about this first... Ah!"

The fists rained down on them like a storm of fury. Even if they worked together, they were no match for this man.

The man's eyes were red with rage as he beat them to a pulp as if the devil had escaped from hell.

One punch after another, the vengeful man went on a rampage and showed no mercy. The deluxe suite was splattered in blood and echoed with screams and wailing.

At first, Loraine was in a state of shock. She

soon regained her senses and shouted, "Stop, Marco! Are you trying to beat them to death?"

"How dare they do this to you? They all deserve to die!" 2

Marco ruthlessly stomped on a man's hand. In his mind, it was that very hand that dared touch Loraine, so it had to be destroyed. With a cruel and frigid expression, Marco added force to his foot until a satisfying crunch of bones came from the man's palm.

The man lying on the floor grunted in agony, "Mr. Bryant, please forgive me! Please, let me go!"

"Stop it, Marco! Even if you finished all of them, then what? If you're really pissed, go to Keely. She's the one who plotted this entire setup! Will you be able to torture her like this?"

Loraine was swaying, on the verge of collapse. The drug was kicking, and her body felt as though it were burning. Her eyes blurred.

Noticing something was wrong with Loraine, Marco managed to calm himself down and quell his rage.

This was not the time for him to think about who was behind this. He hurried to the bed,

yanked off his coat, and wrapped Loraine in it tightly. Then he swept her off her feet and carried her out of the suite.

But someone stopped him at the door.

Marco's face was filled with cold rage as he snarled, "Get out of my way, Cayson!"

Sweat trickled down Cayson's forehead, and he was gasping for breath. He had found out about the live stream and run over here as fast as he could.

"Let me take over! I'll take care of Lorrie!" Cayson made a move to grab Loraine, but Marco jerked away.

"Fuck off! Don't touch her!"

Marco held Loraine securely, staring at Cayson with indignation.

"Marco Bryant!" Cayson roared, infuriated. He was also worried about Loraine's condition. He clenched his fists, suppressed his anger, and softened his tone. "Give her to me, please! I've brought a medical team with me. They'll give Lorrie the best treatment, trust me."

He reached out for her again, pleading with Marco to hand her over.

Marco lowered his head and gazed at the woman in his arms. Loraine's face was flushed, and her eyes were empty. She was losing consciousness fast.

Marco's heart skipped a beat.

This was all his fault!

He thought no one would dare hurt Loraine as long as he was around. ②

In the end, his arrogance put Loraine in danger. From now on, he would never let her out of his sight ever again. ②

Marco's expression darkened. He raised his head, avoided Cayson's outstretched hands again, and demanded sternly, "Where's the medical team? I'll take her there myself!"