

Chapter 123 The God Of War

Marco's embrace was so comforting and tight. One of Loraine's cheeks was pressed against his broad chest. She could even hear his heartbeat.

"Put me down, Marco."

Once Loraine became a little conscious, the first thing she did was ask him to let go of her.

She wriggled just to get away, but her efforts were futile because the drug made her so weak.

"Don't be stubborn, Loraine. Stay put."

Marco's embrace became even tighter despite her struggle.

"Hey, let me..."

Loraine raised her hand to hit his chest, but her blow was as light as cotton. She became dizzy and weaker. Her face burned with the rising heat of her body. Her lips were parted as she struggled to breathe. At the same time, her drowsy eyes were misty and unsteady. She lost consciousness again a second later.

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Cayson was almost losing his mind now that he could only stand aside as Loraine was in her ex-husband's arms.

"Lorrie's condition is worsening. She needs urgent medical attention. Come with me!"

Cayson's top priority was Loraine's health, not arguing with Marco. He decided to lead him to the medical team first.

On the way, they met Klein, who was running in their direction.

Klein stopped and breathed a sigh of relief when he saw Loraine in Marco's arms.

He knew that he would have been in hot water if Loraine had been harmed in this business dinner.

"Thank goodness! She is safe now. Mr. Bryant, could you dismiss the bodyguards that surrounded this place before you leave?"

The only thing on Marco's mind now was getting Loraine to the hospital to receive treatment. He

didn't give a damn about anything else.

"Get out of my way! I have to have Loraine treated. No one is permitted to leave here until she's all right. It's not over until I say so!"

Afterward, Loraine hurried away with Cayson leading the way.

Klein held his chest as he stared at them with his mouth agape.

Although he felt wronged, he couldn't help but admit that he was partially to blame for what happened to Loraine today. He had no choice but to stay back to clean up the mess.

Klein walked into the presidential suite, only to meet a shocking scene. A bunch of men were crying and whining on the floor. He felt perplexed, shocked, and confused all at the same time.

"Oh my God... How could Mr. Bryant be so impulsive that he beat all these men black and blue?"

It was a known fact that all the guests at this business dinner were wealthy and powerful people. Most of them had strong connections and special identities.

Offending any of them would be like courting death. However, Marco beat them up without hesitation. His actions today could spell doom for him later on. There was no denying that these men would want to have their pound of flesh.

Nonetheless, Klein sighed as he admired Marco's courage in his mind.

Never did it cross his mind that Marco would be willing to sacrifice so much because of Loraine.

But was it really worth it to offend so many powerful people just for an ex-wife?

Shortly after, the men held their sore spots and managed to sit up on the floor. Once they regained a little strength, curses and groans filled the room.

"Fuck! It hurts like hell! That son of a bitch! How dare he hit me so hard? Marco has crossed the line. I must get back at him!"

"Where is that bitch called Loraine? I'll kill her once I'm done with Marco!"

"Those two won't get away with this. They will rot in jail!"

Klein's anxiety worsened as he listened to the men vow to take revenge.

Suddenly, there was a rumble hovering outside the deluxe suite. Curiosity drove the groaning men to stop whining and look out of the window.

They saw three military helicopters flying in their direction.

The helicopters landed on the rooftop. The next second, the cabin doors of all the helicopters swung open. A group of well-armed soldiers jumped out and marched into the suite fearlessly.

The battered men who had been so bold a few minutes ago quaked in their boots.

Why did these soldiers come here? Who sent them?

The soldiers rounded up all the men roughly without uttering a word.

"Hey! What do you think you are doing? Do you know who I am? I'm Gilmore McCoy. My father-in-law is a government official. If you dare lay a finger on me, you will be doomed!" Gilmore threatened in a loud voice. However, the soldiers didn't give a shit about what he said. One of them gave him a knock on the head and seized him like a criminal.

His identity wasn't important to them. They were

only concerned about carrying out the order of their superior.

Like everyone else, Klein was also confused. He inquired politely, "What department are you from? Who sent you to arrest them?"

The leader of the soldiers glanced at him with a frown before responding, "We are members of the third squad of the Cheetah Command. We came here on Commander Rowan Torres' order. These criminals must come with us!"

The Cheetah Command? Rowan Torres!

This revelation blew Klein's mind.

The Cheetah Command was widely known by people who had some knowledge of the nation's military. The commander of them was referred to as the God of War because of his outstanding combat ability.

Klein knew that Rowan was a top government official who was once in the military, but it came as a surprise to him that the latter was actually the revered God of War.

While Klein was still in a daze, the soldiers went about their mission.

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 +120 Points at most

They bundled up the battered men, leaving only Klein. The mouths of the men were stuffed with pieces of cloth so they couldn't brag anymore.

Chapter 124 One Last Time

From the suite next door, Keely had been watching the live stream of what was happening in the presidential suite.

She was so happy when she saw the men tearing apart Loraine's clothes. Just when the scene was becoming more interesting for her, the signal jammed and the live stream ended out of the blue.

"No! What's wrong with this damn equipment? Not now out of all times!"

Keely slammed at the monitor furiously, assuming there must be something wrong with the signal.

Nonetheless, she took out her phone to check the public's reaction.

As she expected, the comments online were nothing but curses aimed at Loraine and complaints about the interrupted live stream.

"Shit! Why was the broadcast cut off? Come on, show me that bitch!"

"Eww! Loraine is so gross. Her slutty lifestyle is

being broadcasted live. She's a shame to womanhood!"

"Humph! I guess she sells her body to rich men regularly."

Keely's joy knew no bounds as she read all the negative comments aimed at Loraine. Her hunger for revenge was gradually satisfied. She cackled as the comments flooded in.

But her joy didn't last for long. The halted live stream suddenly jarred back to life, but it had been tampered with.

"I, Keely Haywood, swear to God that I will destroy you today, Loraine. You like seducing men, yes? Then I'll let you have all of them at once!"

"I have invited several of the guests here on your behalf. They will have fun with you. You can't even imagine how excited they were when they received your invitation. I'm sure they can't wait to get here."

"I had cameras installed in this suite in advance. When I press the button, the live stream will begin. By that time, you'll be doomed, Loraine!"

Keely was stunned.

When were her words recorded? And now many

people heard them!

Keely's face turned deathly pale as the realization hit her.

She tried to shut down the live stream, but failed.

Her voice continued to play. People soon realized how vicious she was.

In a state of panic, Keely called her men to cut off the broadcast by all means.

"Turn off the stream immediately! Like right now!"

"I'm sorry, miss. That won't be possible. The live stream platform has just been acquired by Starlight Entertainment. They won't take our orders!"

"What the hell?" The news dropped like a bombshell on Keely. Her phone slipped off her hand and fell to the floor. She became hysterical.

"I'm finished. Oh my God! I'm finished!"

As the recording looped on air, the comments took a different turn.

"Oh my! This is unbelievable. It appears that Keely set up Loraine!"

"How could Keely do such a vicious thing to

another woman? She's a devil!"

"That's a crime! She must be arrested and jailed!"

At this time, Keely's name was being dragged in the mud.

When she saw that the criticism was getting out of hand, she knew that she had to go into hiding immediately. She got up and began to pack up her things, but it was already too late.

"Open the door! You are surrounded!"

The soldiers Rowan sent had found out that Keely was hiding in the next suite. They pounded the door heavily.

Keely's heart was in her mouth at this time. She shivered like a jellyfish as she decided to call Marco for help.

She lay with her belly on the floor, picked up her phone, and dialed Marco's number. The line didn't go through.

It finally connected when Keely was about to give up.

"Marco, help me!" Keely cried out pitifully.

"Fuck you, Keely! How dare you call me again?"

The anger and hatred in Marco's tone were undeniable. "I already know what you did. Why do you have to say to me now?"

Staring at the door, Keely pleaded with a shaky voice. "Please help me, Marco. I was forced to do that. I didn't mean to harm Loraine. I had no choice but to do it because those evil men threatened to harm me."

Marco retorted immediately, "Bah! Spare me your lies, Keely. You can't fool me. I know you are the brain behind this. In the recording, you clearly said that you were going to destroy Loraine. Why are you still denying it now?"

Keely knew lying was useless now, so she resorted to crying pitifully.

"I'm so sorry! Everything I did was because of you. I love you, Marco. You were so nice to Loraine, so I decided to teach her a lesson. I didn't want things to turn out this way. Please understand and forgive me, Marco."

As Marco listened to Keely's cries, he shut his eyes and found it ridiculous.

How could he be so stupid?

He blamed himself for indulging Keely all this time. The more he tolerated her, the more her actions became presumptuous. She had attacked Loraine more than once. And every time, she became more aggressive.

Marco was fed up with it all. Anytime the image of Loraine being surrounded by those perverted bastards flashed in his mind, Marco wished he could snap Keely's neck with his bare hands.

His heart was closed off to her now. "Enough is enough! You must face the music. Save your silly explanation for the cops and the judge. I have had it up to here with you. That was the last straw. I won't come to your aid this time!"

At this moment, the soldiers began to smash the door open since Keely refused to respond to the knocking.

"No, you can't do that to me, Marco!" Keely was scared out of her wits. "Have you forgotten how Jorge died? He died trying to save you. You promised him that you would take good care of me. How can you go back on your word now?"

Marco didn't utter a word for a long time.

The silence drove Keely nuts.

She was just about to shout again when Marco finally spoke.

"I'm sure Jorge would have been devastated to see his fiancée turn into a vicious monster if he was still alive. For his sake, I will help you one last time, Keely. Once everything is over, you must leave this country and never come back!"

As soon as the call ended, Keely collapsed to the floor, crying and laughing at the same time.

She was happy that she would be let off the hook easily since Marco had promised to save her.

She was sad because it seemed she had lost him forever.

