Chapter 137 Failed Brakes

Loraine and Jennie became jolly as soon as Marco and his friends left. They went to the dance floor hand in hand.

In no time, they attracted the attention of countless men. These men surrounded them, all scrambling to dance and even strike up conversations with them.

After several rounds of dancing, Loraine stopped and rubbed her temples hard.

"Phew! I'm tired, Jennie. I want to go back home now."

Jennie, who was dancing with a group of handsome guys, replied casually, "Alright, you can go ahead. I'll have a little more fun here."

With a helpless smile, Loraine waved at her friend and walked out of the bar alone.

The cold wind blew on her face as soon as she stepped out. It made her a little sober.

Under the dim light, Loraine saw a man leaning against a black car not too far away.

Marco?

Why hadn't he left yet?

Was he waiting for her?

Loraine frowned subconsciously. She didn't want to talk to him, so she pretended not to see him and walked straight to her pink Bugatti.

She had just opened the door slightly when a big hand shut it hard.

"Don't go yet."

Marco's voice was hoarse. He was supposed to be polite, but his tone was domineering.

The hairs on Loraine's body sprang up as soon as she felt his heavy breath against her neck.

She turned around and pushed him away. "How many times do I have to tell you to stop pestering me, Marco? Can't you just leave me be?"

Marco didn't press on. He took two steps back. He looked up at her and said, "Loraine, I just want us to talk."

Loraine sneered. "We don't have anything to talk about!"

"Yes, we do, Loraine. I need to explain things to you. I won't let you go until I finish what I have to say." Marco refused to give in, staring at her with his deep-set eyes.

Loraine finally gave up after they stared at each other for a while.

What else could she do when he remained adamant? After all, she couldn't defeat him by fighting.

Loraine folded her arms and said impatiently, "Out with it! I don't have all night. And you must get out of my way once you finish speaking!"

Ignoring her unfriendly attitude, Marco got down to business. "I'm so sorry, Loraine. I take the blame for what happened before."

Loraine lowered her eyes to hide the irony in her eyes.

"No, I'm the one to be blamed. I shouldn't have tried to force a man who loves someone else to love me. It turns out that love can't be forced. I wish I knew that earlier on."

Marco shook his head. "No, you are not at fault at all! Everything is on me. I know how much my nonchalance hurt you during our three-year marriage. But I want you to know that the

relationship between me and Keely isn't what you think it is. I was never romantically involved with Keely. I only took care of her because I was obligated to. I never loved her that way."

Loraine's eyes widened as she was lost for words.

Did she hear him correctly?

He said he never loved Keely?

How was that possible?

Throughout their marriage, Marco abandoned Loraine again and again for Keely's sake. All his care and attention went to Keely.

Why was he saying that he never loved Keely but cared for her because it was his obligation?

Why was he obligated to do that? Was Keely his relative? Or did she save his life?

Gosh! This man was such a shameless liar.

The thoughts in Loraine's mind fanned her anger. Her hurt also grew.

She balled her hands and lowered her eyes to hide her emotions. She then uttered, "You are done, right? Now, get out of my way!"

It was Marco's turn to be shocked now.

Why was she still behaving this way? Didn't she believe him?

Ignoring Marco's shocked and confused reaction, Loraine quickly opened the door and got in.

She started the car and drove away.

On the way, she grunted as the fury in her heart burned more fiercely. She was sweating all over even though the air conditioner was on.

Loraine couldn't figure out how exactly she was feeling now.

Fury, unwillingness, hurt, and hatred were all in the mix. Everything she passed through while being married to Marco rushed into her mind, making her feel more annoyed and miserable.

"Fuck! Fuck!" Loraine cursed out loud as she hit the steering wheel severally.

Why!

Why was she feeling this way because of Marco? And why did his words get to her? Why couldn't she just let go?

No, she had to pull over to clear her mind.

Loraine hit the brakes, whilst trying to withdraw

🎁 +120 Points at most

herself from the conflicting emotions.

But something was wrong.

The brakes were stiff.

What was going on?

A thought suddenly popped into Loraine's mind, sending a shiver down her spine.

Someone probably tampered with her car.

It was almost midnight, so there weren't many cars on the road. Loraine's car drove at full speed and headed straight to the bridge.

Loraine spun the steering wheel sharply, but the car didn't move as she wanted. She had no control of it.

The bridge was over a deep sea. The car got to a curve on the bridge. Loraine couldn't control the car, so it was about to hit the railing and plunge into the sea.

Just as she screamed at the top of her lungs, a car suddenly appeared from behind. It moved like a black bolt of lightning and hit the side of her car.

Both cars collided with a loud bang.