

Chapter 138 The Car Accident

The collision affected Loraine, who was behind the wheel.

In an instant, the windows and windscreen were shattered. The airbag popped out and hit Loraine's face.

Everything suddenly went black. After she regained consciousness a little, her vision was still blurry. She could tell that the black vehicle that hit hers was badly dented.

Fortunately, the collision stopped both cars. They were currently hanging on the edge of the bridge.

It was a close call. They could fall into the sea at any time.

A tingling sound rang in Loraine's ears. She felt pain all over her body as she became more aware of her surroundings.

Suddenly, the pungent smell of gasoline wafted into her nose.

Oh no! The tank was leaking!

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The car could go up in flames any moment.

Loraine knew she had to get out immediately. She made up her mind to survive this accident.

But when she tried to get out of the seat, she realized that she was trapped between the

airbag and the seat. There was no way out.

The smell of gasoline was becoming stronger by the second.

Just as Loraine was at a loss, the door was yanked off the hinges with brute force.

"Loraine!"

A man's anxious face suddenly came into view.

Loraine squinted her eyes only to see that it was none other than Marco.

There was blood on half of his face. His bespoke suit was torn and stained. Marco looked like someone who had been through hell and back, not like the charming gentleman he usually was.

But physical appearance was the least of Marco's worries at this time. He reached out his trembling hands and carefully pulled Loraine out of the car. He then wrapped his arms around her body.

"You are safe now. Don't be afraid, Loraine!"

Leaning against Marco's chest, Loraine felt safe. She heaved a sigh of relief as she drifted into unconsciousness again.

In a trance, she saw Marco leaning over and checking on her as he called her name several

times.

Worry was written all over his bloodied face as if he was so concerned about her.

For some weird reason, Loraine felt butterflies in her stomach. Her heart also skipped a beat.

Suddenly, she heard a slight hiss.

Her drowsiness disappeared in a split second.

She shouted at the top of her lungs.

"Run! The car is about to explode!"

Before she finished speaking, Marco lifted her and ran to hide behind his car.

He wrapped his arm around her, shielding her away from what was to come without sparing a thought.

A deafening sound suddenly rocked the entire bridge. The next second, a huge flame went up the sky.

The Bugatti was blown off!

Loraine couldn't hear a thing after the blast. Her head just kept ringing. But once she felt the warmth of Marco's embrace, she soon heard his thumping heartbeat.

Marco was embracing her like a caring mother would do to her child.

It took a while before Loraine recovered from



the blast. She looked around and found that the whole place was covered with ashes and many burning parts of what used to be a pink Bugatti. There was also a strong burning smell in the air.

"Marco, it's over now. Get up."

Loraine pushed Marco hard, but he didn't budge or respond. She soon noticed that his breathing was becoming weaker and weaker.

Suddenly, her heart sank. She screamed, "Marco! What's wrong? Answer me!"

When Loraine put her ear to Marco's lips, she heard his low voice.

"I am okay... Don't worry about me." Marco's voice was weak. "How about you? Are you hurt?"

Loraine breathed a sigh of relief. To hide her panic, she pushed Marco away and tried to get up.

"Ouch!" Marco suddenly cried out in pain.

Loraine was stunned. She looked at Marco all over until her eyes fell on his back. Only a tiny fragment of his suit remained there. His bare back was visible and bloodied now.

Although Marco's vehicle blocked off most of the impact of the blast, some of the fragments of the Bugatti still found their way toward them.

If it weren't for Marco who protected Loraine with his body, she would have gotten injured. He bore the brunt all alone.

"You are wounded!" Loraine exclaimed. ①

Sweat mixed with the blood trickled down Marco's back. Nonetheless, he smiled through the pain and said comfortingly, "No worries. It's just a minor injury. It will heal in no time."

This was no small injury! Marco's back was mangled. The cuts were deep. A part of his back was burnt, while the other part was covered with deep cuts.

At the sight of the wound, tears welled up in Loraine's eyes. Her heart ached.

"You such an idiot! Do you know you could have died? Why did you shield me?"

Loraine burst into tears. She was so emotional and overwhelmed than she was when she faced death a while ago.

Marco raised his hand and wiped the tears on her face. In a soft voice, he responded, "I promised that I wouldn't let you get hurt again. And I intend to keep that promise." ②

Loraine was so astonished that her mind went blank.

Marco thought she was still panicking. He patted her back empathetically. "Don't be afraid, Loraine. The alarm unit in my car must have gone off. Someone will come to help us soon."

Loraine jolted back to reality and moved away from his hand.

She wanted to say, "My car has the alarm system as well."

But when she remembered that Marco was in a bad condition because of her, she swallowed her words immediately.

"Hang in there. I'll clean up the wound first."

Loraine had briefly received training on first-aid treatment while she was overseas, so she knew how to clean his wounds.

Marco sat there without moving an inch, allowing her to do her thing.

This was the first time they didn't get into an argument since their divorce. A bittersweet feeling surged in Marco's heart.

He stared at Loraine without blinking. The pain from his back occasionally seized him. But it was nothing compared to the joy and warmth he felt from being so close to Loraine now.

Marco wished this moment could last forever.
He was ready to pay any price for time to freeze.
Suddenly, the sound of an ambulance advanced
toward them.

Chapter 139 Stay In The Hospital

The moment Carl received the signal of danger, he immediately led a group to the scene of the accident, but unfortunately, he found that he had come a bit too late.

Lorraine and Marco had already been taken away by the ambulance. So, Carl decided to go straight to the hospital.

When he arrived at the waiting room of the emergency room, he saw Lorraine sitting there. She looked like someone who'd been through a lot.

Carl exclaimed in shock, "Miss Torres, what happened? Where is Mr. Bryant?"

Lorraine leaned back on the chair tiredly. Her cuts and bruises had already been cleaned and bandaged.

"Marco is still in the emergency room. Just wait," she said weakly.

Carl nodded, but he was still confused.

Had both Lorraine and Marco been in the

accident together? Or could it be that the two had a fight which had led to the accident?

Carl couldn't help but imagine all kinds of possibilities. But before he could ask about the details, the door of the emergency room was opened.

Carl peeped in from the outside and he could see Marco lying on a bed with a pale face and his upper body wrapped with bandages.

As soon as the doctor came out, Carl sidled up to him.

"Doctor, how is he?"

The doctor took off his mask and said, "The patient is not in danger for the time being, but his back was badly injured. He needs to be hospitalized for at least a month in order for him to make a full recovery."

As the doctor spoke, Marco suddenly woke up. He struggled to sit up on the bed and shouted, "No way! I'm fine. I can also rest at home. There's no difference. It was not an ordinary car accident. I have to find out who was behind it as soon as possible. Carl, help me get through the discharge procedure right now."

Marco was determined. He couldn't afford to put Loraine's life in any danger again. If he

hadn't been there today, it could have been a disaster!

But the doctor was very unhappy with his decision to leave. "Discharge? When you've only just been brought here? You don't care about your own life, do you?"

Carl lent his voice too. "Mr. Bryant, if you want to investigate anything, just let me handle it. You need to rest and be taken care of."

But no matter how the doctor and Carl persuaded Marco, he still insisted on getting discharged from the hospital.

"Marco Bryant, lie back on the bed now!" Loraine couldn't help but roar. "Why don't you care about yourself? Just stay in the hospital. Don't go anywhere until you recover!"

Loraine had wanted to say this to him for a long time.

Marco was always busy with work all day long. Even if he got sick, he never went to the hospital. When his illness became too serious, he would simply go home to rest. When he recovered a little, he would go back to work again.

Back then, Loraine was afraid that it would lead to a quarrel if she tried to persuade him to go to

a hospital, so she could only silently worry about him. But this time, she was fed up with his carelessness concerning his health and she had no choice but to shout it out at the top of her lungs.

Even Marco was shocked when he heard her. He wondered if his ears were deceiving him. Was it possible that Loraine cared about him? There was total silence. Everyone was staring at Loraine in surprise.

But it took a while for her to realize that it was a little strange for her to say something like that.

She quickly coughed to cover her embarrassment and added, "I'll investigate whatever concerns me. You don't need to worry about me. If you continue to act tough, you might kill yourself before you find out who the attempted murderer is."

Marco had been watching Loraine all this time, so he noticed when her ears turned red.

As a result, even though he was not one to be made to act against his will, he decided to go out of character and obediently lay back down.

"Okay, I'll rest for now."

Wow! Had he just agreed? So easily? Carl was so



shocked that his jaw dropped. Was this the same unreasonable and domineering man that he knew?

Now, everyone, including the doctor could tell that Marco only listened to Loraine.

So, the doctor asked her, "Are you his wife?"

Loraine shook her head. "No, I'm not."

But Marco nodded instead and said, "Yes, she is."

At this point, the doctor guessed that perhaps the young couple had had a quarrel.

Ignoring Loraine's answer, the doctor spoke to her. "Miss, the patient is seriously injured. He needs to rest for some time. Please help to take good care of him."

"Doctor, you're wrong. He's not my..."

But Loraine had hardly finished talking when Marco nodded enthusiastically. "Okay, doctor. Thank you."

The doctor was grateful to have found someone who could handle such a troublesome patient, so he didn't bother to say any more concerning the matter. He excused himself and hurried over to the next ward.

After the doctor had left the ward, Loraine turned to look around for Carl.

She had to get the task of taking care of Marco off her hands.

But to her surprise, she found that Carl had disappeared.

He had not only run away but also taken all of the bodyguards with him, leaving Loraine no one to assign the task to.

Now, there were only two people left in the ward: Marco and Loraine.

Marco was still staring at her.

His burning eyes seemed to pierce through her, making Loraine very uncomfortable. The ambience of the room was just not right, and her mind was in a complete mess.

"Marco, sorry for what happened today," Loraine said, fixing her eyes on the floor. "I'll pay for all the losses. The damaged car, clothes, medical expenses, hospitalization... If there's nothing else, I think I need to go."

With this, Loraine got up and was about to leave the ward. But before she could take a single step, she heard a painful cry from behind.

Loraine turned around without thinking. "What's wrong?" she asked in concern, quickly rushing back to the bedside.

Marco was trying to sit up on the bed. Perhaps he had put pressure on some of his wounds in the process. His face was pale and his forehead was covered with perspiration.

"Come on, lie back down! You're so badly injured. How dare you move? You're just risking your life!" Without hesitation, Loraine gently helped him lie back down on the bed.

Marco grimaced in pain as he went through the slow process of lying down on his back again.

"I just wanted to drink some water. You don't need to worry about me. I owe you, you know. You don't need to pay anything. You can leave if you want."

Loraine's heart softened and she couldn't bring herself to leave him anymore.