Chapter 142 Tending To His Wound

"It's none of my business!" Marina argued loudly. "You saw the records. It's all because of Keely! She was the one who instigated me to do it. I'm innocent!"

The evidence was irrefutable. Considering she couldn't deny it, Marina began blaming Marina.

Loraine was not surprised to know that Keely was the mastermind behind this.

After all, only a few people wanted her to die and had the potential to implement the plan.

"You did it because Keely asked you to? Do you think I'm a fool, Marina?" Marco reprimanded her. "It's obvious you wanted to do that too."

Loraine felt a sting in her heart when she heard that. She subconsciously turned to look at Marco and asked, "Are you trying to protect Keely again?"

Marco's breath caught in his throat. "No! Not at all. Loraine, I won't tolerate Keely anymore. I will make her pay the price for what she did to you."

To prove that he would keep his word, Marco handed the phone to Carl. "Keep the evidence and submit it to the police."

Then, he turned and looked at Loraine. "Are you happy now?"

Marco wanted to hand over the evidence against Keely to the police! His coldness toward Keely shocked Loraine.

Marco had several times declared that he never loved Keely and would never care for her anymore. However, his apathy still shocked Loraine.

Marina's eyes widened in disbelief.

Now that he didn't care for Keely anymore, she knew she would be doomed too.

Having lost all support, Marina had no choice but to beg for mercy.

"I'm sorry. I won't do that again. Please don't give the evidence to the police. I don't want to go to jail!"

Blue veins stood out on Marco's forehead.

"Shut her mouth and drag her to the police station right now."

"No! No..."

The bodyguards covered Marina's mouth with a cloth and dragged her out.

Once the farce ended, all the people left. Loraine and Marco were the only ones in the ward.

Marco was still seething with rage, but Loraine noticed his bloodless lips.

He looked menacing, and Loraine couldn't help but wonder if he was all right.

Loraine didn't think much and nervously walked up to him. "Let me see your back!"

Marco obediently turned around. Loraine lifted his shirt and found the bandage on his back had traces of blood. It looked like the wound opened again.

Loraine bit her lip. She was angry and frustrated.

She took Marco's hand and walked toward the bed. "I asked you not to get involved, but you came here in person. Your wound has opened again. You deserve it!"

"It's fine. I can bear it."

Ignoring his words, Loraine pressed Marco onto the bed, rang the bell on the wall, and glared at him.

"Just stay here for a while. They will change your dressing."

Marco silently sat back on the bed.

They waited a long while, but no one came.

Seeing the blood on the man's back increasing with time, Loraine decided to take matters into her hands. She feared the wound would get infected.

"Take off your shirt!" Loraine ordered.

Marco immediately unbuttoned and removed his shirt without arguing.

His eyes were fixed on Loraine the entire time. He was completely different from the cold, arrogant self he was when interrogating Marina.

Loraine's mouth popped open. However, she quickly shook her head and brushed off the strange thought.

Marco stood there like a Greek god. His bare chest and chiseled muscles caught Loraine's attention again. His strong, broad shoulders, narrow waist, and perfect abs made her dizzy.

Loraine swallowed; her cheeks flamed with embarrassment.

She didn't get along with Marco in the past three years. They didn't have contact of any sort.

This was the first time she had seen him topless.

She awkwardly cleared her throat and looked away.

"I haven't bandaged anyone before. Let me know if it hurts."

She gently placed her hand on Marco's shoulder. She trembled as her fingers touched his smoldering body.

Loraine suppressed the feelings in her heart and

untied the bandage soaked in blood. She winced as the frightening wound came to her sight once again.

She paused for a moment and quickly cleaned his wound.

However, Marco's expression remained the same as if he didn't feel any pain.

His body tensed up as Loraine's slender fingers touched his skin.

Her heart skipped a beat as Loraine felt his muscle contract. Thinking she had hurt him, she retracted her hand.

"Forget it... I'll better call a nurse."

Just as she stood up, Marco grabbed her hand.

"No need! It's already late at night. The nurse on duty is probably resting. Don't bother her. Come on, I trust you."

Loraine looked up at the clock. It was already 3 in the morning.

"Well, you're asking for it. I'm not sure if I can do it right. Don't blame me if the wound gets worse."

Although Loraine said so, she slowly tended to his wound, holding her breath.

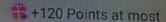Marco sensed that Loraine barely applied any pressure. Her fingers roamed across his back, leaving

a burning trail in its wake. His heart raced in his chest.

He turned around and looked into her eyes.

"I owe you. I will never blame you regardless of what you do."

Chapter 143 The Feeling Of Being Left Alone

Under the lights, Marco's eyes were as deep as the sea. The emotions swirling in his eyes forced Loraine to look into them.

Under his piercing gaze, Loraine felt like in a trance.

She could tell that he was serious.

Suddenly, Marco leaned forward, closing the distance between them, and said to her, "Loraine, I wasn't begging for forgiveness. I just hope you won't hate me anymore."

Loraine immediately came out of the daze. Picking up the clothes, she threw them in Marco's face and got up.

"The bandage is done. You should sleep now. I'm leaving."

She made for the door in a hurry.

Suddenly, Marco wrapped his arm around her waist and pulled her back with so much force that Loraine fell into his arms.

"Don't go," Marco begged, whispering with his lips against her ear.

His deep voice sent a thrill running through her entire body like an electric shock. Loraine quickly pushed him away and frowned. "Marco, what is it?"

"You promised to stay here and take care of me," Marco murmured, staring at her beautiful face.

Loraine quickly looked away to avoid his eyes.

Well, it was her own promise. He was only reminding her.

In the end, Loraine had no choice but to compromise. "Fine. Put on your clothes quickly. I'll stay."

Then she extricated herself from his arms and went to sit on the sofa.

Now that Loraine agreed to stay, Marco lay back on the bed and closed his eyes with a relieved sigh.

Loraine sat quietly on the sofa, but a lot of things were running through her mind.

When Marco fell asleep, she would sneak away.

But the thought had just entered her mind when Marco opened his eyes again.

"Loraine, you won't leave after I fall asleep, right?" he asked in a soft tone as if he could read her mind.

Loraine couldn't help but feel a little guilty and helpless.

Why was Marco suddenly acting like a child? Was it as a result of the car accident?

But when Loraine thought of the seriousness of his injuries, her heart softened.

She sat on the edge of his bed and gently coaxed him. "Don't think too much. I won't leave. I promised that I'd take care of you for a day. Go to sleep now. Or don't you want to recover?"

Marco took a deep look at Loraine and said nothing.

Even as time passed, the atmosphere in the ward remained quiet and peaceful.

Now that Loraine was with him, Marco was unwilling to fall asleep.

He felt as if he had returned to the time when they had not yet divorced. Back then, Loraine was still his wife and would always take care of him.

But little by little, Marco became more and more relaxed. Soon, tiredness crept in on him and he finally fell asleep.

For the first time in a long while, Marco slept peacefully through the night. Perhaps it was because Loraine was beside his bed.

She sat there, staring at his sleeping figure with complex feelings in her heart.

This was how they spent the entire night: one sleeping, one watching.

Eventually, when the sun came up, Loraine left.

When Marco woke up, he found that she had disappeared, leaving him with only a trace of her fragrance.

"Mr. Bryant, I'm sorry. I failed to stop Miss Torres," Carl explained nervously.

Marco didn't say anything. He remained silent for a while, feeling very disappointed.

He had woken up, expecting to see her, but he didn't. He just couldn't stand the loneliness and emptiness he was currently feeling. In the three years they had spent together as a couple, how had Loraine gotten through those lonely days?

This was the first time Marco was experiencing and understanding the feeling of being left alone.

After Loraine left, Marco didn't feel like staying in the hospital any longer.

Regardless of Carl's and the doctor's efforts to persuade him, he went ahead and got discharged from the hospital.

He changed into his usual black suit to cover his wound. He was still the invulnerable CEO of Bryant Group.

The expression on his face returned to coldness. And he went back to his home as if nothing had happened.

As soon as he entered the living room, a teacup was flung at his face. He dodged it swiftly enough and narrowed his eyes in anger.

The cup flew past him and landed on the floor behind him, and broke into pieces.

"Bastard! You still dared to come back!" Liza shouted in fury. She and Laura were sitting in the living room and staring daggers at him.

"What's wrong?" Marco demanded with a frown.

Liza glared at him as if she wanted to strangle him. Even after she threw a teacup at him, her anger did not abate. "Where the hell did you go yesterday? The Internet has been exploding with all sorts of comments against us!"

The butler, who was standing not far away, hurriedly handed a tablet to Marco and showed him the trending comments.

"Read them carefully and see what people are saying about our family!" Liza shouted at him.