

## Chapter 160 Half-transparent Bathroom Door

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Loraine was sitting in the living room, waiting for Marco to come out of the bathroom so she could ask him to go home.

But just then, she heard the sound of running water coming from the bathroom.

What the hell? Was he taking a shower?

Without hesitation, Loraine jumped up to her feet and rushed to the bathroom with the aim of stopping him.

When she got to the bathroom door, she saw his naked body through the half-transparent glass door.

His tall, strong and sexy body got her mesmerized.

No woman would be able to resist the temptation of such a perfect body.

Loraine blushed in embarrassment and quickly looked away.

Her heart was beating faster and her body was already beginning to respond to what she had just seen.

She shouldn't have installed such a glass door in her bathroom in the first place. The view was so clear

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that even the drops of water rushing down his muscular body could be clearly seen.

Loraine tried to stop thinking about it, but it was easier said than done.

The harder she tried to forget it, the more she remembered it.

Her face was getting hotter and hotter in embarrassment.

It was not her fault that her body usually reacted like this at the sight of him.

During their three-year marriage, she was just Marco's wife by name. He mainly saw her as his tool to stop the pressure from his family to get married.

Other than taking care of his daily life, Loraine had no chance of having intimate interaction with Marco.

So Loraine was still a virgin.

She never expected to see her ex-husband's nakedness after they had divorced.

Loraine was embarrassed and annoyed that Marco was taking a shower in her bathroom without permission. She quickly went back to the living room and found something else to do to distract herself.

But it was all in vain.

Loraine stared at screen of the tablet she was holding, but she couldn't concentrate on what she was seeing.

After a while, the sound of showering stopped.

Lorraine's heart skipped a beat.

"Lorraine, there is no towel here. Please help me bring it," Marco called from the bathroom.

Lorraine shivered. To hide her embarrassment and expel the dirty thoughts in her mind, she shouted back at him, "You're so good at giving me orders. Do I look like a maid to you?"

In spite of her sharp retort, she didn't want the man to catch a cold. So, she picked up a towel and went over to the bathroom.

Lorraine knocked on the door first, then opened it a crack and pushed in the towel.

"Your towel," she said to him.

Feeling it being drawn out from her hand, Lorraine was about to pull out her hand, but a big hand suddenly grabbed it and held it firmly.

Before she could respond, she was pulled into the bathroom and found herself trapped in Marco's arms.

"Lorraine, believe it or not, I've never seen you as a maid. I married you, and you are my wife."

The lower part of Marco's body was wrapped with a towel, but his torso was completely naked. In the hazy steam of the hot shower, his face looked even more handsome. Drops of water dripped from his hair and



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ran down his cheeks, through his neck, his chest, and  
all the way to his crotch.

Being in such an unexpected situation, Loraine could  
only feel sour and angry.

What she wanted was not just to be called his wife,  
but that was what Marco had given her so far.

Loraine wanted to yell at him to vent the anger and  
dissatisfaction that had accumulated in her heart over  
three years.

But everything was over. There was no need for her to  
dwell on the past.

"Marco, we're divorced. I'm not your wife anymore. It's  
not appropriate for us to be like this." Loraine calmed  
herself down and pushed Marco away, looking at him  
calmly. "Put on your clothes and leave my place.  
Don't dawdle."

With that, she turned around and walked out of the  
bathroom without looking back.

Marco stared at her retreating figure with sadness in  
his eyes.

Having no other choice, he got dressed and walked  
out of the bathroom.

"How should I send back the clothes to you?"

Marco wanted to use the excuse of returning the  
clothes to make an appointment to see her next time.

But Loraine didn't give him the chance. Without looking at him, she said in a casual tone, "No need to return it. Just throw it away. I don't want clothes that you've worn."

Marco was stunned.

Did Loraine hate him so much? She wouldn't even touch her clothes because he had worn them.

Marco walked up to Loraine and was about to say something when he caught sight of some information about the car accident on the tablet she was holding.

Apparently, she was investigating the incident and searching for the perpetrator.

Marco's heart sank. He suddenly understood why Loraine had talked with that artist for so long.

They were working together to find the attempted murderer.

"Why did you ask Mr. T to help you investigate the car accident instead of me?" Marco suddenly blurted out. "I can give you better assistance."

Loraine put down her tablet and responded, "You are helping me as long as you don't make trouble for me."

Marco frowned. He was going to try again, but Loraine suddenly stood up and started walking toward him with a smile.

Seeing that she was getting closer and closer, Marco

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stepped back instinctively.

But Loraine still didn't stop. She kept walking toward Marco, forcing him to retreat all the way to the door. She put her hand on his chest, almost clinging onto him.

Marco looked at the pretty face in front of him, and his nose perceived a sweet peachy scent, which was the smell of Loraine's body wash.

His mouth went dry and he swallowed uncomfortably.

What was she up to? Did she change her mind and want him to stay for the night?

"Goodbye, Marco!" Loraine beamed at him. The next second, she pushed him out.

Bang! The door was slammed in his face.



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Marco was unprepared. He had not expected that he would be pushed out. As a result, his nose was almost hit by the door as Loraine slammed it in his face.

The sound of the door being locked from inside felt like a hammer landing on his heart.

But almost immediately, Loraine's voice came from inside.

"Remember to go to the hospital to change the dressing. Don't kill yourself and cause more trouble for me!"

Marco felt relieved to hear this. He didn't think her tone sounded bad or angry in any way. He just felt that the way she cared about him was awkward. Nevertheless, he was very happy to hear her show concern for him.

"Okay, I'll do that," Marco murmured and leaned against the door. He knew Loraine could hear him.

After a while, Marco heard the sound of her footsteps as she walked away from the door. Then his eyes returned to their usual cold and hard manner.

Now that Loraine was investigating the accident, he

"Vickie?" Loraine gasped in shock as she stared at the saleswoman in front of her.

How could she meet this woman here?

Wearing a uniform, Vickie was about to welcome them to the office when she recognized Loraine. Immediately, the smile froze on her face and her eyes widened in astonishment. She was even more shocked than Loraine.

"Loraine Torres! What are you doing here?"

She was already beginning to suspect that Loraine had come to mock her.

Vickie recovered from her surprise and glared at Loraine, feeling angry and humiliated.

Allen was confused. He didn't understand how this sales woman could ask them such a stupid question.

"What else would we come to do here? Of course we came to buy an apartment."

It was at this point that Vickie noticed Allen. Though he was not as handsome as Marco, he was also very outstanding. He even brought Loraine to buy an apartment.

No one knew the housing price here better than Vickie. Anyone who could afford it must be from a very wealthy family.

When did Loraine find herself another rich handsome



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man?

Noticing the closeness between the two of them, Vickie became even more jealous.

She was only a salesperson while Loraine was buying an apartment with such a rich and handsome man.

"Loraine, the last time I saw you, you attended the auction with Marco. You get yourself a new boyfriend so soon. I must say I'm impressed,"

Vickie sneered, giving Allen a meaning look, indicating that Loraine was a slut.

Unfortunately for her, Allen and Loraine were not in a relationship. Moreover, he was quite simpleminded, so he didn't understand what Vickie was implying at all.

Vickie became disappointed and angry.

Why was he not reacting in any way after hearing what she had just said about Loraine?

Vickie's attempt to smear her didn't go unnoticed. Loraine quickly retorted, "Vickie, aren't you with Curran? Where's your sugar daddy?"

With just one sentence, Vickie was defeated.

"It's none of your business!" Vickie shouted angrily.

If Curran was still with her, would she be forced to work as a salesperson?

Allen frowned in displeasure and grumbled, "What the

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would surely go out of his way to solve the problem  
for her.

He would find and catch the person behind the car  
accident.

When the weekend came, Loraine kept her promise to  
Allen by showing him round the city. She even took  
him to see the smart city she had designed and built.

Allen was impressed. He kept exclaiming in surprise  
as Loraine showed him round.

The beautiful buildings with high-end technology  
attracted all his attention.

"Loraine, this place is awesome. You're so talented. I  
want to live here right now!" Allen said excitedly.

Seeing how much he loved her work, Loraine couldn't  
hide her smile.

"I'm glad that you like it, but these houses are still in  
the acceptance stage, and we can't move in for the  
time being."

"Doesn't matter. I can book one right now!" Allen  
offered.

"That's great!"

Loraine immediately took him to the sales office, so  
Allen could get the apartment he wanted.

But it never crossed her mind that she would meet an  
acquaintance here.

hell are you doing? Are you sure you're here to sell houses? We are here to buy an apartment, not to listen to your nonsense."

"I..." Vickie just didn't know what to say. The scolding had come unexpected.

Lorraine found it funny and chuckled in amusement.

Though Allen did not look like a smart person, he was good at winning arguments.

Lorraine quickly echoed his statement. "Yes, Vickie. How can you disrespect your clients like this while claiming to be a salesperson? If you're not qualified, then get someone else to attend to us now."

Vickie was furious, but she didn't dare say anything.

Though she hated Lorraine, she knew she need to support herself. If she could sell an apartment, she would get a lot of commission.

Vickie had no choice but to apologize albeit reluctantly.

"I'm sorry. I'm going to show you the apartments. Please follow me." In an attempt to get back at her, Vickie recommended several apartments with incredibly high prices. "I think only apartments worth ten million and above can match your current status. Am I right?"

Lorraine glanced at the apartments Vickie had recommended and refused.



"No. Not these."

Vickie became angry and practically shouted at her in a mocking tone, "Aren't you a billionaire now? Can't you even afford such a small amount of money?"

Vickie was trying to shame her into buying one of these apartments. Loraine frowned and her face darkened in anger.

"Is this the kind of attitude a salesperson should have? Get me your manager right now."

Vickie stiffened. But before she could think of what to say in response, the manager hurried into the office.

"I'm sorry, Miss Torres. What can I do for you?"

Loraine pointed at Vickie and said, "This salesperson of yours is taking me for a fool. She introduced some not-so-good apartments to me and inflated the prices. Is this how your company serves its customers?"

Even though Loraine didn't lack money, she would never allow herself to be fooled like this.