

Chapter 301 Accident

The vibrations happened so suddenly that Loraine instinctively held on to the wall to avoid falling.

But the plane's turbulence was so heavy that she still fell. It was at this point that a strong arm reached out and grabbed her and she fell against a hard chest.

Loraine took a deep breath. But her heart was still racing wildly.

It took almost a minute, but the feeling of security from being held against a hard chest finally helped her calm down. But then, she began to have a strange feeling.

Just then, she heard the worried voice of her protector. "Loraine, are you okay?"

It was Marco!

Loraine quickly broke away from his arms and looked up at him. But she regretted it immediately and hurriedly looked away.

The whole incident had happened suddenly. So, Marco never had time to put on clothes. He only had a towel around his waist and there were still water droplets flowing down his muscles.

Loraine had been leaning against his bare skin all

along.

Unconsciously, her palm closed in a soft grip as if she could still feel those hard muscles. When she realized what she was doing, she blushed in embarrassment.

The last image she had of Marco was one where he had on his suit and looking his usual serious self. But this new image of his was now stuck in her mind.

Loraine blushed again and made sure to look away from him.

Marco didn't notice it. He frowned at her, as if he wanted to scold her, but he quickly changed his mind. Instead, he asked her, "Why didn't you just stay in your seat?"

Loraine didn't want to admit that she came here to see him because she was worried about him.

She glared at him angrily and said, "You've been in there for too long, delaying my use of the bathroom."

Marco's eyes darkened and he asked in a hoarse voice, "Do you want to use the bathroom now?"

At this point, the smell of shower gel and sperm hit Loraine's nose.

Thinking of the sounds she had heard, Loraine blushed again.

Did he just masturbate in the bathroom?

Loraine stammered, "No... I'll use it later. Put on your

clothes!"

With that, she turned around and hurried off.

Marco smiled as he stared after her retreating figure. Then he turned and went back to the bathroom.

Loraine went to a corner and breathed a sigh of relief, glad that she had left his presence.

She took several deep breaths and patted her hot cheeks in an effort to make herself look normal so she could go back to her seat as if nothing had happened.

But all of a sudden, there was another turbulence, but it was milder this time. Loraine quickly stood against the wall, frowning.

What happened?

This plane was known for its comfort. And before she even boarded the flight, she had checked the weather forecast. It was supposed to be a normal weather.

She looked out of the window and saw that the sky was clear and blue.

The atmosphere was sunny and the few clouds around were white and sparse. Clearly, the plane's turbulence was not being caused by the weather.

Cautiously, Loraine tiptoed away from the window and toward the cabin.

She leaned against the door and looked through the

glass panel.

Her eyes widened in shock at what she saw.

There were three people in the cabin.

Two burly men in black ski masks surrounded Kristy, who was kneeling on the floor.

Her usually beautiful face was now filled with fright and covered with tears. One of the men was pulling her hair and cursing angrily.

"Bitch, didn't you say there were two rich people here? Where are they?"

Kristy raised her head with difficulty and said fawningly, "Sir, I didn't lie to you. There are a man and a woman here. The two of them booked the whole first-class cabin. I promise you, they are very rich!"

The hijacker pinched her chin and smiled evilly.


"Why are you in such a hurry to lead us to them? Do you have any ulterior motives?"

Kristy involuntarily grimaced at the offensive smell that emanated from the man's mouth.

But to save her life, she swallowed the nauseous feeling that his bad breath inspired and touched his arm pleadingly.

"Sir, what can I do? I just feel that instead of wasting time on ordinary people like me, you can gain a lot of money by kidnapping rich people. I'm telling you, that

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 +120 Points at most

woman is Loraine Torres," Kristy said with a malicious gleam in her eyes.

"Really? Then we must find her!"

When Loraine heard this, her heart jumped to her throat.

Clearly, the plane had been hijacked.



Chapter 302 Crisis

Loraine watched as the hijacker approached the cabin door. She retreated slowly in deathly silence.

All of a sudden, her back slammed into a strong chest.

Loraine's heart jumped and she nearly screamed.

A hand went over her mouth just in time, and she heard a familiar voice whisper in her ear, "It's me."

Loraine instantly felt a wave of relief wash over her. She felt safe.

It was Marco.

Marco drew her into the bathroom with him. The smell of the bath was still strong, but it didn't matter to Loraine.

She whispered an explanation of the current situation to Marco.

Marco's expression was serious as he listened to her. He tightened his grip on her arm and patted her gently.

"It's alright. I'll protect you."

Loraine calmed down and said in a firm tone, "Now is not the time to have one person protect another. We have to find a way to save ourselves."

The instant the last words left her mouth, they heard the sound of the doorknob being twisted from outside.

Someone was trying to get in.

Marco and Loraine exchanged glances.

Marco nodded and tiptoed to the back of the door.

Someone pushed the door open and a head poked in.

The instant the guy poked his head in, Marco launched an attack. His long arm wrapped around the hijacker's throat, instantly silencing his screams.

The hijacker's eyes widened in panic and his tongue stuck out like that of a dog's.

While both men struggled, the hijacker was suddenly hit in the head with something hard. Shock passed through his eyes and he passed out immediately.

The shower spray dropped from Loraine's hand as she gasped. She then crouched down on the hijacker and took off his ski mask.

She was met with a common face that could easily blend in with the masses.

She began searching the man's body and quickly found a stack of passports that had names on it.

Gregg Wilson, Brett Stanley... They were likely in the same group.

Lorraine went on to start stripping him of his clothes. Marco's eye widened the instant he saw this. He grabbed her hand and asked, "What are you doing, Lorraine?"

Lorraine rolled her eyes. "What does it look like I'm doing? You and the hijacker are similar in build. You can wear his clothes and pretend to be one of them."

The hijackers were in control of the plane. At this moment, the most important thing was safety.

Starting a fight with the hijackers was risking all the lives on the plane, and Lorraine and Marco had to look for a smart way to save themselves and everyone else.

Marco knew her actions made sense, but he was still upset that she was undressing another man. He swallowed and said, "I'll do it."

Lorraine lifted a brow and stepped aside.

Quickly, Marco removed the hijacker's clothes and tied him in the bathtub with a bath towel.

He then stared at the stinky ski mask and clothes in disgust.

Lorraine began to tease him about it.

Marco gritted his teeth and changed into the hijacker's clothes. Then he went to the first-class cabin alone.

As she watched him walk away, Lorraine couldn't help but call out, "Marco..."

Marco turned to face her. His face was shrouded in the mask and the only thing that could be picked out was his deep-set eyes.

Loraine mouthed, "Be careful."

A smile formed in his eyes. Then he nodded at her.

Back at the first-class cabin, the leader of the hijackers, Brett, impatiently pressed himself against Kristy, rubbing his hands all over her body.

The instant Brett saw Marco coming in, he called out, "Have you found them, Gregg?"

Marco remained silent and shook his head. Brett gritted his teeth and smacked Kristy hard across the face.

"You're lying to me, aren't you?"

The ruthless man did not know how to properly treat a woman. Kristy's face swelled up instantly.

"That's not possible. They aren't in the cabin, so they have to be in the bathroom." Kristy groaned in pain. "He has to be lying! How come it took him so long to check? He probably saw Loraine and couldn't control himself, so he hid her to enjoy her by himself. I'll take you there with me!"

Brett's face scrunched up and his eyes turned suspicious.

"Damn it!" Marco cursed inwardly. Loraine was in the

bathroom. He couldn't let them go there.

He had to attack Brett first!

Immediately, he stepped forward and grabbed Kristy's collar, yanking her up.

Her eyes darted to his instantly and she recognized him. However, before Kristy could scream, he shoved her into the hijacker, making Brett fall to the floor.

Before Brett could react, Marco kicked him with force.

Brett screamed curses. He pulled out the gun at his waist, pointed it at Marco, and fired.



Chapter 303 I Have A Plan

Bang!

The shot rang across the cabin and even sent the plane into a slight jerk.

Brett intended to shoot at Marco, but a towel suddenly landed on his face. As a result, he missed the target.

"What the fuck was that?" Brett cursed beneath his breath in confusion and threw the towel off his face.

The first thing he saw was a pretty woman standing at the door, looking at him warily.

She was the one who rushed out and threw the towel on him.

This woman must be Loraine Torres.

Brett immediately raised his gun again, but this time, Marco was faster than him. He rushed at him, kicked the gun out of his hand and knocked him out with an elbow.

Loraine hurried to secure the gun as soon as it landed on the floor.

"How did it even pass the security check?" Marco asked with narrowed eyes. Then he turned his attention to Loraine. "Didn't I tell you to wait in the

bathroom? Why did you come here alone? Do you want to get killed?"

His voice was filled with anger as he scolded her.

Loraine, on her part, was just as annoyed and she retorted sharply, "Are you blaming me? If I hadn't come here in time, you would have been shot dead!"

Marco was left temporarily speechless. Seeing the horrible bullet hole in the seat behind him, he couldn't deny what she had just said.

He sighed and softened his tone. "Loraine, I'm not blaming you. I just don't want anything to happen to you."

In response, Loraine scoffed, "Thank you for your concern, Mr. Bryant. But you don't have to worry about me. I've learned from a professional how to protect myself."

When she said the word "professional," her chest puffed out proudly.

Marco's heart sank. He thought the so-called professional had a special relationship with Loraine.

Immediately, a long list of suspicious names began to flash through his mind. Before long, he picked Rowan as his top suspect.

"Is it Rowan Torres?" he asked in a tone filled with jealousy.

But before Loraine could answer, Kristy stood up from the floor and shouted at them, "Are you fucking insane? He had a gun! If you want to die young, that's your problem. But I want to live longer!"

But Marco quickly silenced her with a withering glare.

Loraine looked at the hijacker lying on the floor and turned her attention back to Kristy, whose face was quite swollen. "Thank you for inviting them here," she sneered.

Kristy froze for a moment when she heard this. But she quickly recovered her composure and retorted, "Who would have thought that the plane would be hijacked? I brought these men here so more passengers would be safe. By the way, Mr. Bryant has proven to be so capable. He has clearly solved the problem and now, everything is alright."

She spoke with the intention of pleasing Marco. She even winked at him.

Marco looked away and ignored her, leaving her ashamed and embarrassed.

Suddenly, the intercom in Brett's hand started to vibrate and a voice sounded through it.

"Brett, what's wrong? Is everything okay? We heard a gunshot."

Kristy narrowed slightly.

Obviously, Loraine and Marco didn't care about her life

and the other criminals most likely had guns.

The plane had been hijacked. Even though Marco was a billionaire, she was sure that he wouldn't be able to defeat a group of armed hijackers, not to mention the fact that he didn't care about her at all. Now, she would have to rely on the hijackers to survive.

Having made up her mind, Kristy rushed to grab the intercom and exclaimed excitedly, "We—"

She screamed in pain when Marco mercilessly grabbed her neck and pushed her aside.

Loraine also stepped forward and gave her a slap in the face.

"Brett? Is something wrong there?"

Marco lowered his voice and tried to speak in the same way Brett spoke. "Damn it! Bitch, why are you so disobedient?"

The criminal on the other end of the line chuckled in amusement. "Brett, you shouldn't be softhearted to women. If a woman doesn't listen to you, just teach her a good lesson!"

Marco didn't say anything in response.

"Brett, so you don't need our help? There are so many people in the cabin."

"It's fine."

The entire conversation was loud enough for Loraine

to hear both sides clearly. She knew that Marco was just putting on an act, but when she saw his eyes fixed on her, she felt as if he was talking to her. A strange feeling began to rise in her heart.

At this point, Marco ended the call. Then he pulled off the ski mask and threw it aside. "Stay here and don't move," he ordered Kristy.

She nodded in understanding and squatted down, still quivering in fear.

Loraine, on her part, bent down to search Brett's body. Her mobile phone had been left on the seat earlier, but it had disappeared after she came out. It was probably taken away by the hijacker.

As expected, she soon found it on Brett and turned it on. Then she called Obot in a low voice.

But there was no response. Loraine frowned anxiously.

Apparently, there was no phone signal on the plane. It seemed the hijackers had blocked the signal to prevent passengers from calling for help. As a result, she had no way to contact other people.

Meanwhile, Marco tied up the hijackers and Kristy.

"I'll go to the other cabins to check the situation," he said.

"Wait!" Loraine quickly stopped him. "Look, Marco, I have a plan. Do you want to have a try?"