

Chapter 517 Severing Ties With Her

Marco watched in agony as Loraine faded from his view.

He acknowledged that chasing her now would only stoke her disdain for him. A realization filled with regret dawned on him.

If only he had told Loraine the truth, as Carl had advised, they might not be in this predicament.

Suddenly, a gentle pair of arms enveloped his body. Keely's voice, soft yet comforting, whispered, "Cheer up, Marco. If Loraine chooses to leave, let her be. It's heartless of her not to consider your side of the story. I promise, I would never treat you this way..."

Abruptly, Marco pushed Keely aside, his frown deepening as he reproached, "Is your dramatic performance over, Keely?"

Caught off guard, Keely responded with a forced smile, "Marco, what do you mean?"

With an icy tone, Marco retorted, "Do you believe I'm blind to your manipulations? I had planned not to give you a hard time for Jorge's sake. But since you don't appreciate it..."

Marco shut his eyes, inhaled deeply, and then declared, "I'll arrange for your departure tonight."

He had shown restraint with Keely, in gratitude for Jorge's

heroic deeds. Despite Keely's increasingly deplorable actions, Marco had prepared a comfortable life overseas and a considerable sum of money for her — enough to last her lifetime.

But Loraine was Marco's breaking point. Keely had crossed that line repeatedly and without remorse, hence Marco saw no reason to continue his leniency.

His gaze, cold and detached, fell on Keely. "From this point forward, all my support and care for you ends. Your fate is no longer my concern."

Keely paled, frantically pleading, "But Marco, you promised Jorge you'd look after me!"

"Enough! You often wield Jorge's name as a weapon, but ask yourself. Do you truly deserve his affection? Your greed has outweighed the favors I've extended over the years."

Keely finally understood that invoking Jorge's name no longer held sway. Panic set in.

In the past, even when imprisoned overseas, she lived comfortably. Marco's consistent care came in the form of regular supplies. She even had the resources to post bail.

Once released, Keely cunningly reached out to Leopold under the guise of Marco, seizing an opportunity to return home.

But if Marco genuinely stopped caring, hardship was inevitable!

Indeed, if the Powell family deemed her worthless, they wouldn't spare a second thought for her. She'd be left utterly helpless, with nothing to fall back on.

"Marco, I admit my mistakes. I promise not to repeat them. For Jorge's sake, please forgive me!"

In desperation, Keely fell to her knees, clutching Marco's leg as her tears flowed freely.

Marco recoiled, his frown deepening. "I've afforded you multiple opportunities, Keely. But you chose to squander them. This is the end. There are no more chances."

He didn't spare Keely a second glance, instead he turned his eyes towards the rain outside. His concern for Loraine overwhelmed him, and he rushed out in the direction she had taken.

Meanwhile, Loraine trudged through the rain, her heart heavy with despair. Her face was streaked with either rain or tears. It was hard to tell.

Her eyes held a vacant expression. She didn't seek refuge from the rain. Instead, she hoped that it would intensify and that the cold would somehow soothe her.

But things rarely went according to plan, and the rain slowly turned into a drizzle.

Loraine laughed bitterly at herself, the sadness deepening.

She felt foolish for allowing herself to trust Marco time and again.

When they divorced, she had vowed not to let Marco sway her again. But repeatedly, she had faltered under his influence.

The rain slowly ceased, leaving the world around her refreshed and green. Loraine realized she had

unconsciously made her way to a cemetery.

Nearby was a tombstone that looked recently visited, fresh flowers neatly arranged in front of it. Intrigued, Loraine glanced at it, only to freeze in shock.

The name etched into the stone was "Jorge Riley".

A collection of photos was also laid out.

Among them was a group picture of four young men, all smiling broadly.

In the center stood Marco, his handsome face adorned with cold eyes.

Loraine could identify two other men in the photograph. The one wearing a pair of gold-rimmed glasses and a sly smile, resembling a wily fox, was Jimmie. The second man, with his hand on Marco's shoulder and a broad grin showing his pearly white teeth, was Slater.

The only stranger was a man with a timid demeanor and a shy smile.

Loraine was taken aback. Could this be the Jorge Riley that Marco had mentioned?



Chapter 518 Jorge Riley

Loraine was unfamiliar with Jorge, yet she recognized Jimmie and Slater without fail.

Her sentiments for Jimmie and Slater left much to be desired. She often pondered why Marco would associate with them, particularly with someone like Slater. They shared no common interests.

Upon observing the photograph, she somehow felt a connection between them.

Marco, raised in an environment of high expectations from his tender years, was reserved and aloof. His skills in social interaction were not his strong suit. Only a handful of loyal companions surrounded him throughout his childhood.

Was it possible that Marco had genuinely come to pay respects to his deceased friend?

Up to this point, Marco hadn't falsified anything regarding Jorge.

But was Keely truly Jorge's fiancée?

Loraine's thoughts wandered to the rumors concerning Keely and Marco, rumors that Marco never bothered to refute.

And even if Keely was the fiancée of his close friend, had Marco taken too much care of her?

Dismissing the flurry of thoughts, Loraine decided she



didn't want to ponder over anything connected to Marco.

Henceforth, she resolved that whatever Marco chose to do held no relevance to her. The moment she witnessed Marco and Keely together, she accepted that reviving her past relationship with Marco was unfeasible.

She paid her respects to the tombstone in front of her before turning around to depart the graveyard without a second thought.

Surprisingly, she bumped into Slater and Jimmie just as she was leaving.

The duo seemed equally surprised, sharing a brief look of confusion.

Regaining his composure, Slater glanced past Loraine and asked with a mischievous wink, "Loraine, did Marco bring you here? It seems like things are moving pretty quickly between you two. He even brought you here. Where is he?"

Observing Loraine's cold expression, Slater's voice faltered, and he turned to Jimmie for help.

Loraine retorted coldly, a scornful smirk playing on her lips, "I regret to inform you that you are mistaken. I didn't come here with him. As for Marco's whereabouts? I suggest you pose that question to Keely. They came here together."

Jimmie and Slater shared a look of bewilderment, struggling to make sense of Loraine's words.

"Marco brought Keely here?" Jimmie asked cautiously.

Loraine merely sneered, unwilling to engage further. She attempted to sidestep the two and continue on her way.

But Jimmie hastily blocked her path, anxiously clarifying, "Lorraine, you've got Marco all wrong. He came here today to honor our mutual friend, Jorge Riley. Keely is Jorge's fiancée, which is why he escorted her here! Marco usually maintains his distance from her!"

Coming to his senses, Slater nodded in confirmation.

"Exactly, Lorraine. I, too, misconstrued Marco and Keely's relationship. In reality, Marco looks after Keely solely due to a promise he made. Once we deciphered Keely's intentions, we severed ties with her. Marco only brought her here out of respect for Jorge. There's absolutely nothing going on between them!"

As the two men anxiously justified, a flicker of doubt passed through Lorraine's heart. She found herself asking, "Is Keely truly Jorge's fiancée?"

Slater affirmed energetically, a hint of annoyance flitting across his face.

"Indeed! Keely and Jorge were engaged, but it seemed she always had eyes for Marco. With Jorge gone, she wasted no time getting closer to Marco. Marco was merely honoring Jorge's dying request to look after Keely, which he couldn't refuse. And since Marco isn't one to clarify matters, when we saw Keely becoming one of the few women close to him, we mistakenly assumed he reciprocated her feelings..."

Slater's words were cut short by a sharp jab to his side. He winced in pain, shooting a furious glare at Jimmie. "What's your problem?"

Jimmie wore an expression that conveyed a mix of amusement and exasperation as he explained to Lorraine, "That's all in the past. It's only Slater who believes that.

Marco doesn't have any romantic feelings for Keely. His connection with her is solely based on a sense of responsibility."

Slater realized his blunder. Fearful of further tarnishing Marco's image in Loraine's eyes, he quickly added, "Right, right. It's a fact that Marco isn't fond of Keely. He doesn't like women at all!"

Jimmie couldn't resist rolling his eyes in response. Seizing Slater by the collar, he forcefully pulled him back. Regaining his composure, he clarified, "What this clueless fool is attempting to convey is that Marco has abstained from romantic involvement. He has intentionally kept women at a distance for years. You were the only exception. He agreed to marry you."

Loraine's eyes flickered at this, but memories of her past marriage caused her to scoff, "He married me merely to appease his family's expectations."

After a moment of silence, Jimmie sighed, "Loraine, he singled you out. If he truly didn't want to marry you, no amount of family pressure would have made him. Perhaps he himself didn't grasp how crucial you were to him back then."

Loraine's heart throbbed at these words. She recalled how, three years ago, Marco had confirmed her identity during AI system development and registered her as his wife. Otherwise, Qbot wouldn't have recognized her as Mommy.



Chapter 519 Fever

At this point, cold rain trickled down her damp temples, causing Loraine to shiver abruptly.

Her hesitation lasted only a moment before she regained her composure. She then cast a cold glance at the two men, stating, "That's your interpretation, but it doesn't imply it's the truth. Please step aside. I'm leaving."

Slater was even more perplexed. In truth, he hadn't yet grasped what had occurred.

Was it because Marco brought Keely here, and Loraine was upset seeing it?

But why was Loraine here?

Despite finding the situation peculiar, Slater knew something was amiss. He rushed to intercept Loraine, trying to vouch for Marco.

"Loraine, we all acknowledge Marco's numerous contributions for you. Are those all false? You are leaving in a huff without uttering a word. What exactly happened? Have you given Marco a chance to explain?"

Upon hearing this, Loraine turned away, replying coldly, "I don't trust a word he says to me now. You mentioned what he's done for me. But the pain he's caused me is also very real."

Listening to Loraine, Slater's expression shifted.



In that moment, he recalled his past treatment of Loraine. He didn't dare say another word.

Loraine let out a sigh of relief and scoffed, "As for him pursuing me post-divorce, isn't it because I'm now a Torres, and it benefits him to align with me?"

Upon uttering those words, Loraine felt a piercing pain in her heart.

Slater's face turned ashen with anger. "That's your perception of Marco? Loraine, even we can see his genuine love for you. Reflect on it. Beyond work, he's done so much for you. He's a rational and level-headed man, yet he's repeatedly gotten drunk over you, sacrificed business profits for you, and even Solar Company..."

Jimmie abruptly coughed and cut him off, "Loraine, we're truly ignorant of what transpired between you and Marco, but you shouldn't overlook his endeavors for you. Do you believe he pursued you for profit? Forget questioning if he harbors such a malicious intent, the operation robot that Mr. Torres needed was procured by Marco who contacted Sullivan. Was that for commercial gain?"

Loraine's heart fluttered, filled with complex emotions.

She was aware that Slater and Jimmie's words held truth, but she couldn't persuade herself to accept them.

If it were any other woman, she wouldn't have overreacted so much, but the fear of Marco hurting her for Keely was overwhelming.

Loraine closed her eyes. At that moment, she desired nothing more than to eliminate the root of all chaos. She coldly stated, "Enough talk? I'm leaving now. Please move."

Slater instantly lost his cool. He sprang forward to halt her. "Lorraine, how can you be so cruel?"

Before Lorraine could respond, a cold and stern rebuke echoed from behind her, "Slater, shut up!"

Taken aback by the voice, Lorraine turned around to find Marco standing not far from her.

She wasn't sure when he had arrived or whether he had overheard their entire conversation. All she noted was his damp hair, indicating he had been walking in the rain for some time, appearing fragile and isolated.

Marco, noticing her gaze, seemed to want to say something to her and began approaching. Observing this, Lorraine's expression subtly shifted, and she immediately spun around, intending to depart.

Suddenly, a wave of dizziness swept over her. She felt her strength draining, causing her to stagger.

Lorraine had already started to feel a little unwell from getting drenched in the rain, but she didn't anticipate that her emotional turmoil would exacerbate her weakness.

As dizziness took hold, her primary concern was the prospect of collapsing into the mud, which would be far from ideal...

Fortunately, she didn't land in the dirt but fell into a solid embrace instead.

The moment Marco saw Lorraine faltering, he instinctively rushed to catch her, disregarding everything else.

Looking up at Marco's anxious face, Lorraine felt a wave of



indignation wash over her. She bit her lips and attempted to stand. "Let go of me."

Marco's frown deepened as he admonished her in a low tone, "Stay still."

He then placed his hand on her forehead, his frown intensifying.

"You're running a fever. I warned you not to get soaked in the rain. You..."

Marco heaved a sigh, his tone indicative of treating a wayward child, filled with exasperation yet laced with helplessness.

Loraine sniffled, retorting stubbornly, "It's none of your concern. Put me down. I can walk by myself."

Marco remained silent, ignoring her protest. Instead, he assertively cradled her in his arms and strode away without a word.

Watching this unfold, Slater and Jimmie shared a look of astonishment.



Chapter 520 I Won't Leave

With gentle strength, Marco carried Loraine away from the cemetery, yet she fought relentlessly to slip from his grip.

"Put me down, Marco!"

Like a feisty feline, Loraine flailed, scratching and kicking Marco. Feverish weakness, however, made her resistance futile.

With minimal effort, Marco caught her flailing hand, nestling it within his own. In a hushed yet worried tone, he pleaded, "Stop struggling. We're headed to the hospital."

Once Loraine was well, she could batter and belittle him all she wanted. But in this moment, Marco would not relinquish his hold.

Loraine seethed with anger, but her strength waned in that very instant. Overwhelmed by exhaustion, she gasped for air, growing increasingly uneasy as her vision blurred.

His hold was oddly comforting, a firm and steady haven. Loraine chose to overlook him, nestling herself in his embrace for a brief moment of tranquility.

Sensing Loraine's fevered heat against him, Marco's heart stumbled. Her silence unsettled him. "Loraine, are you still with me?"

He hastened his steps towards the parking lot.

Loraine emitted a soft, weary hum in response. Despite



their destination being just a short ten-minute walk away, Marco persisted in his concern, fearing that she might succumb to unconsciousness.

Loraine grew weary of his incessant questioning. She wanted to silence him but lacked the strength. Her throat was ablaze, dizziness taking hold.

Eventually, sleep claimed her. She remained oblivious to their hospital arrival.

Upon awakening, the scent of disinfectant filled her nose, the sterile white of the hospital ceiling meeting her gaze.

Marco was a blurry figure at her bedside, deep in conversation with a doctor. Loraine wanted to call out to him, but her throat throbbed with pain.

As she strained to decipher their conversation, she noted Marco's nervous repetition.

"Is she truly okay, doctor? When will she come around? Doesn't she need specialist attention?"

The doctor began by answering stoically, much like an automated response system. As Marco persisted, the doctor's responses were reduced to head nods and shakes. Eventually, he snapped, "Sir, your girlfriend merely has a fever, she's not critically ill. I've prescribed her antipyretics and hydration. She'll be fine."

Marco's worry persisted. "What should I do?"

After a pause, the doctor advised, "Keep a close eye on her diet. And avoid letting her get soaked in the rain..."

At this, Loraine coughed involuntarily, alerting Marco to her consciousness. He rushed to her side, a worried inquiry on



his lips, "How are you feeling, Loraine? Are you feeling better now?"

Before she could respond, he was already expressing his regrets.

"I'm sorry. I hurried to the hospital and forgot a few things. Is the environment unsuitable? Would you prefer a private VIP room?"

Loraine's eyes met Marco's, the recent events flooding back. Coldly, she averted her gaze, not ready to engage with him.

Seeing her impassive behavior, Marco felt a pang of disappointment. Just then, a nurse entered the room carrying medicine, her knock disrupting the tense silence.

On noticing Marco, the nurse's eyes bulged in surprise. Looking at Loraine on the bed, she clasped her hand over her mouth, barely concealing her shock.

"You, you, you... Oh my! The real Marco and Loraine in the flesh!"

Marco's brows furrowed as he positioned himself between the nurse and the bed. He eyed her suspiciously, wondering if she was mentally stable.

After a brief coughing fit, the nurse regained her composure. Her smile was as bright as ever. "Apologies. I'm a fan of both Mr. Bryant and Miss Torres. It's a bit thrilling to see you two here."

Although he'd promoted the relationship with Loraine, Marco wasn't familiar with their fans. Ignoring the nurse's excitement, he responded icily, "Could you start her infusion?"



"Of course, right away."

As the nurse prepared Loraine's infusion, Marco's intense gaze made her nervous.

Once the infusion was in place, she sighed in relief. Loraine had turned away, seemingly avoiding Marco, who sat motionless by the bed's edge.

The nurse guessed they were going through a rough patch.

With a knowing smile and a nod of encouragement to Marco, she exited the ward.

Marco was puzzled by her expression. However, before he could decipher its meaning, Loraine's cold voice broke his thoughts. "Still here? Planning on spending the night?"

The IV drip was set to complete by morning.

Yet, Marco nodded earnestly, without a second thought.

"Your fever's not yet under control. I won't leave."

Loraine was taken aback. After a moment, she looked back at Marco, scolding him in a soft voice, "I'd recover faster without your interference."

Marco was lost for words. After a pause, he replied in a disappointed tone, "I won't bother you then. I'll wait outside."

He stood up, heading out as he'd said. As his footsteps receded, Loraine felt a mix of relief and sadness.

Loraine, weak from illness, soon fell asleep again.

When she awoke, it was evening, a blanket draped over her that slid off as she sat up.



Catching the blanket as she regained her balance, she wondered who had covered her.

Suddenly, the curtain beside her bed swished aside. A young girl peeked out, her eyes shining brightly at Loraine as she said, "Ma'am, you're fortunate to have such a caring husband. He's been looking after you! Your husband is handsome and considerate. That's a real catch!"



Chapter 521 Having Nothing To Do With Him

The word "husband" instantly reminded Loraine of Marco. Instinctively, she looked around for him, but there was no sight of the familiar man.

The girl gave a soft chuckle and said, "Don't bother looking around, ma'am. Your IV drip was about to finish, so he stepped out to get a nurse."

Hearing this, Loraine glanced at her own IV bag and indeed, the liquid had almost run out.

It dawned on her then - the strangeness of the girl referring to Marco as her husband, and how she hadn't found it odd initially...

As this thought crossed her mind, Loraine's cheeks flushed, and she quickly corrected, "You misunderstood. He's not my husband."

Although he used to be, she silently added in her heart.

The girl seemed quite talkative and asked curiously, "If he's not your husband, is he your boyfriend?"

Loraine quietly shook her head.

"He and I... we have nothing to do with each other."

But the girl didn't seem convinced, pursing her lips, "I'm sure you two were arguing, weren't you? That man looked



so worried and caring for you. You must have some relationship."

Loraine had no rebuttal, so she just shook her head helplessly.

The chatty girl kept rambling even when Loraine wasn't engaging. Thankfully, after a while, she stopped, probably realizing she'd spoken too much and needed rest.

Loraine sighed in relief. At that moment, the discomfort of her awkward sleeping position and fatigue from the IV drip overwhelmed her. As she shifted uncomfortably, her arm went numb.

Just as she was about to reposition herself, a concerned voice rang out, "Loraine, how are you feeling?"

Then, she saw Marco rush over to her, his eyes filled with worry.

Loraine tensed for a moment, intending to push him away and retract her hand, but Marco had already gently grasped her hand. He admonished softly, "Don't move, you might displace the needle."

Loraine wanted to argue, but she watched as he tenderly examined her hand, his fingers lightly caressing the back of her hand as if confirming something.

She followed his gaze and noticed that her hand, wrapped in gauze, showed a faint bluish tinge against her otherwise pale skin, an effect of the prolonged IV infusion.

Heartache filled Marco's eyes, and despite knowing it was a normal occurrence, he couldn't help but gently blow on her hand and ask tenderly, "Does it hurt?"



His warm breath on her hand triggered a shiver, an uncomfortable tingling sensation. Loraine quickly withdrew her hand.

Marco looked at her, concern etched on his face. "What's wrong? Did I hurt you?"

Loraine's throat felt dry, she shook her head, and then frowned, speaking in an impatient tone. "Why are you still here? Besides, I had the IV drip, not you. I didn't even wince. Why are you acting so concerned?"

Marco's fussing was making her uncomfortable.

Who was he putting on this considerate act for, anyway? When he deceived her earlier, had he considered her feelings if she discovered the truth?

As these thoughts raced through her mind, Loraine felt a wave of irritation. She wished Marco would just stay far from her, out of sight.

Marco seemed about to say something, but then he stopped, likely fearing he'd upset her further, and remained silent.

Fortunately, the tension was interrupted when the nurse who had been in earlier came into the room pushing a medical cart.

Summoned by Marco to change the IV drip, she noted the strained atmosphere between the two. Clearly, they hadn't made up yet.

Internally, the nurse sighed. These love-struck fools were really giving their supporters a tough time!

The nurse then turned to Loraine, a smile on her face. "Miss

Torres, Mr. Bryant is right to be worried. Although the risk of infection or inflammation during an IV infusion is minimal, it does exist. It's best to exercise caution, especially concerning the needle puncture and infusion tube. Any contamination could allow bacteria to directly enter your body, and that can be quite serious."

The nurse's earnest words were daunting, causing Loraine to freeze. She didn't even realize that Marco had quietly taken her hand again.

Marco smirked, "Did you hear that? Listen to the nurse."

He appeared to delight in her disquiet.

Feeling irked, Loraine turned her head to glower at him. "It's none of your concern!"

Marco, however, was unfazed by her scolding. On the contrary, he seemed pleased that Loraine was willing to engage with him, accepting her rebuke with calm.

Seeing this, the nurse smiled contentedly. She then proceeded with her tasks, replacing Loraine's almost empty IV bag and checking her temperature, which had lowered.

Expertly, she swapped it with a new bag of medication and reassured Loraine, "The fever has subsided. You should start feeling better once you receive the saline drip."

Loraine coughed and thanked her.

The nurse glanced at Marco and suggested to Loraine with a knowing smile, "Perhaps you should be thanking him."

Loraine was taken aback and unsure how to respond.



Chapter 522 Aren't You Just Jealous

The nurse's words lingered in Loraine's ears, complicating her feelings further.

"Mr. Bryant brought you to the hospital during the heavy rain, and he's stayed by your side all afternoon, attentively caring for you. Your rapid recovery from the fever is also thanks to his diligent and thoughtful attention."

Hearing this, Loraine glanced at Marco and indeed noticed his rumpled clothes and missing coat. It was clear he had stayed by her side ever since they returned from the cemetery.

She felt a twinge of irritation. Couldn't he take better care of himself? Wasn't he worried about getting sick?

She found herself remembering when Aldo had been in the hospital, and when Rowan had been injured and admitted, Marco had stayed quietly by her side, keeping vigil throughout the night.

Just like Jimmie and Slater had suggested, if Marco's intentions had been purely self-serving, would he have gone to such lengths?

With her mind already in turmoil, her illness further muddled her judgment. Her thoughts tangled up, making it difficult to untangle them.

She knew what kind of person Marco was. Her harsh words



had been born out of anger. When it came to understanding his treatment of her, she knew him better than anyone else.

But the issue with Keely remained an inescapable thorn in their relationship.

This was the crux of their discord.

Reflecting on this, she fell into a sort of denial, avoiding confrontation and refusing to ponder further on the matter. She retreated into silence.

Marco cast a glance at her, and instead of waiting for her to speak, he addressed the nurse in a soft voice, "These are things I ought to do. After all, I am the reason Loraine fell sick."

His words, brimming with sincerity, revealed his deepest feelings. His gaze on Loraine was intense and regretful, his brows furrowed in self-reproach.

As if making a solemn promise, he asserted, "If anything were to happen to Loraine, then I... I should die."

Loraine, taken aback, stared at him, her lips trembling. She met his gaze, filled with suppressed emotion.

She bit her lip, a surge of anger and helplessness welling up within her. "Stop with the nonsense, Marco! If you can't speak sensibly, then just stay quiet!"

Given her parents' circumstances, she had always been sensitive to the word "death." Coupled with Aldo's recent severe illness, she was extremely anxious about her loved ones leaving her.

And here he was, tossing that word around casually!

Marco wanted to explain that he was serious. However, seeing Loraine's anxious state, he relaxed a little. At least, it was evident that Loraine still cared about him.

Yet the subtle shifts in their interaction went unnoticed by others.

The nurse, thinking they were on the brink of another argument, quickly suggested to Marco, "Mr. Bryant, you've been here all day. Miss Torres still has a while to go with her saline drip. Perhaps you should take a break?"

She attempted to paint Marco in a pitiable light, hoping to stir sympathy within Loraine. However, Marco immediately refused, saying, "No need, I'm fine. I'll just wait here."

The nurse sighed, and the girl in the neighboring bed suddenly interjected, "Miss, they're having a disagreement. Let's leave them to sort it out on their own."

Loraine's eyes widened, and her ears reddened.

Realizing she couldn't remain and oversee this troubled couple's reconciliation as she still had her rounds to attend to, the nurse reluctantly exited.

Before leaving, she glanced back at the pair several times from the doorway, her gaze lingering on Marco.

Marco, usually indifferent to others except Loraine, failed to notice the nurse's unusual interest. The girl in the neighboring bed, however, narrowed her eyes, casting a meaningful glance at Loraine.

"Miss, no matter why you and your boyfriend had a falling-out, you need to hold onto him tight. Don't let such a great man be snatched away by other women. Look, he's already





caught the attention of a young nurse! If you continue like this, what do you think will happen?"

Hearing her words, Marco quickly affirmed his faithfulness, "Lorraine, I didn't even notice what the nurse looked like. I..."

Lorraine scoffed, "No need to explain. You've already been entangled with other women, haven't you? A few more won't make any difference to me."

Taken aback by Lorraine's retort, the girl turned a condemning gaze on Marco.

Of course, Marco understood that Lorraine was referring to Keely, and he felt a growing urgency to explain. However, Lorraine simply turned away, pulled the quilt over her head, and refused to listen.

Observing this, the girl seemed to grasp something and burst into laughter. "Miss, aren't you just jealous?"



Chapter 523 I Only Love You

Loraine suppressed her emotions when she heard a playful taunt from the young girl. Even though she was hidden beneath her cozy blanket, Loraine couldn't shake the feeling that Marco's watchful gaze was fixed on her, unrelenting.

Pulling off her blanket, she responded with a hint of anger in her voice that she couldn't quite hide. "I'm not jealous. It's just that I can't stand someone who keeps lying to me. I can't tolerate his presence anymore!"

A melancholic cloud hovered over Loraine as she voiced these sentiments.

She had been Marco's wife for three years and the only thing she got out of it was a broken heart.

After getting divorce, Marco's attitude towards her changed drastically from frosty indifference to an increased display of care and concern.

She started to believe in him once more, yet...

With her back turned towards Marco, Loraine held her tear-brimming eyes, bit her lower lip and managed to say, "My life's biggest regret is crossing paths with him!"

If she hadn't developed feelings for him in the past, she wouldn't have made the foolish decision to marry into the Bryant family, despite her family's disapproval.



Consequently, she could have avoided the subsequent events and wouldn't be facing such significant troubles at present.

Unbeknownst to Loraine, the man behind her suddenly froze, his complexion draining of color.

Her words felt like a punch to his gut. His attractive face was expressionless, but a profound sadness filled his eyes.

Marco gazed at Loraine's back, swallowed the lump in his throat and expressed his remorse in a raspy voice, "Loraine, I know I messed up badly. I hurt you, and I don't expect you to forgive me easily. But could you possibly grant me another chance? Allow me to provide an explanation."

Loraine's breathing quickened momentarily. Before she could decide whether to comply or reject his plea, his low, deliberate voice started to fill the room once more.

"I'm to blame for not dismissing Keely. But I promise you, there is no affection for Keely. Apart from you, there has never been another woman in my heart."

Loraine was taken aback by Marco's sudden declaration of love.

She found herself recalling Jimmie's words from before.

Out of all the potential candidates for marriage, Marco chose her instantly with just one look.

Had her affection for him been reciprocated all along? Did she hold a special and unique place in Marco's heart as well?

But with Keely in the picture, Loraine was uncertain whether to trust his words.

In a whirlwind of emotions, she felt a pressure in her chest that made it hard to breathe. She found herself interrupting Marco, "Enough! No more words!"

Witnessing the heated exchange, the girl beside them retreated to her bed, not daring to make a peep.

Marco immediately fell silent, complying with Loraine's request while maintaining a deep gaze at her.

As Loraine turned her head, she felt her heart flutter upon encountering such a stare.

"Loraine, if my presence irritates you, I can stay silent. If I'm a bother, I can remain hidden. Your wish is my command. Just don't push me away, don't dismiss me."

Marco was now a humble figure in front of her, unlike the authoritative CEO of the Bryant Group he used to be. If he had a tail, he would have been like a well-groomed pet dog lying beside Loraine, ready to endure the force of her fury.

Loraine had no doubt that if she demanded him to kneel, he would do so without a second thought.

How was he doing this? Each of his actions would almost push her to the edge. Yet, the moment he revealed his vulnerability, she would lose all her steam.

Loraine sighed inwardly. She genuinely didn't know how to deal with Marco.

When she showed him her mean side, he clung onto her like a stubborn adhesive; when she showed indifference, he would give her such a pitiful look that she would be the first to cave.



Before she could decide on a strategy, an unexpected sound echoed.

"Grrr..."

Marco was taken aback. His gaze then drifted to Loraine's stomach.

Of course, Loraine noticed where Marco's attention had landed. Her cheeks flushed instantly as she snapped, "What are you looking at? I've had a fever and been on an infusion for a while. Isn't it normal for me to be hungry?"

Marco stood there, dumbstruck. After a moment, he responded, "Of course, it's normal."

He just found her overly adorable in that moment.

Angrily, Loraine bit her lips. Although she lashed out at him, embarrassment washed over her so heavily that she wished the ground would swallow her up.

She hadn't expected that after such a lengthy argument, her hunger would humiliate her in such an embarrassing way!

Marco's gaze softened as he gently asked, "What would you like to eat? I'll have it arranged right away."

Loraine turned her head, clearly sulking. It was evident she didn't want to respond.

But Marco was very patient. He simply stood there and waited. As he had mentioned earlier, he was comfortable with silence. But he wouldn't leave until she provided an answer.

In her sulky mood, Loraine listed a series of high-end



restaurants and their signature dishes. It was clear she was trying to make things hard for Marco.

Marco's brows knitted together as he hesitantly said, "Your fever has just subsided. The doctor advised you to eat light food."

At this, Loraine couldn't help but laugh and playfully retorted, "Didn't you just say you would listen to my words?"

A man's promise, indeed, could be quite deceptive.

Stunned, Marco didn't counter her statement. He merely sighed, turned around, and exited the ward.

