

Chapter 1317 Close Call

Keely left Mr. K's place, fully briefed and prepared. At that moment, the butler knocked on the door.

"Sir, as instructed, Ms. Torres has been placed in your room," the butler announced, pausing at the doorway without entering, bowing slightly. "What will your next steps be?"

Mr. K, without turning away from the view outside, his eyes reflecting a hint of satisfaction, said, "Since we are going to eliminate Loraine, I suppose it's only proper I bid her farewell."

The butler nodded quietly and withdrew.

Mr. K adjusted his attire in the mirror, checking every detail of his appearance. He then raised a sneer of triumphant satisfaction as he locked eyes with his reflection.

Finally, his plan had reached this crucial moment.

Marco couldn't afford to be arrogant for much longer.

Mr. K then entered the next room and found Loraine unconscious on the bed.

The once exquisitely beautiful woman had been roughly handled.

Her body showed signs of bruising. While these were just minor injuries, the butler had reported that Loraine had fiercely resisted during her abduction, even managing to kick one of the captors in the ribs.

It was Mr. K's directive to keep Loraine alive without causing severe harm, compelling his men to exert considerable effort to

restrain her.

Mr. K walked over and sat on the edge of the bed, his eyes sizing up Loraine like a predator.

She was stunningly beautiful.

Even in her injured and unconscious state, Loraine remained as beautiful as ever. Her strong personality made her even more attractive. The wounds she bore felt like badges of honor from her fight.

In contrast, the substitute Keely had not captured Loraine's true essence.

Mr. K observed Loraine's furrowed brow and sighed.

He admired the unconscious woman as though she were a perfect piece of art and then murmured softly, "Loraine, there are no personal grudges between us. I want to deal with you because of Marco. He loves you deeply, and you're the one he cherishes most... It's a good bargain chip. I can't afford to let you go if I intend to deal with Marco."

Observing the anguished expression on Loraine's face, as if she was still concerned about someone despite being in a coma, Mr. K sighed once more and said, "I must admit, you are indeed a very captivating woman."

He pulled a shimmering dagger from beside the bed and waved it in front of the unconscious Loraine. The gleaming blade mirrored Loraine's distressed face alongside Mr. K's smile.

He bowed slightly towards Loraine, as though offering a final farewell.

"Now, it's time for you to meet your end." Mr. K lifted the dagger, his eyes showing a hint of regret. "I hope in your next life, you won't fall for Marco, so you won't have to die because

of him..."

The dagger flashed as it sliced through the air with a faint sound, heading straight for Loraine's throat.

Just then, the sound of a child's laughter and giggles burst through from outside his room, followed by a young woman's slightly embarrassed voice scolding gently, "Don't run around, babe. This is Mr. K's room. You can't go in there!"

Mr. K's pupils shrank suddenly, and the image of Ariadna flashed in his mind. Abruptly, he angled the dagger away.

The blade cut through the air, narrowly missing Loraine's skin but clipping some of her long hair.

Almost simultaneously, the door suddenly opened, and the child's laughter grew louder.

Mr. K quickly hid the dagger under the bed, then bent down as though he was inspecting Loraine's wounds.

Ariadna's gentle voice came from behind, softening Mr. K's heart and making him momentarily pause. She said, "Sir, I'm sorry to interrupt. Is everything alright? We're heading out now."

Mr. K collected himself and inhaled deeply, turning to face Ariadna with a feigned gentle expression. "It's fine. I was just checking on this patient's injuries."

Chapter 1318 Keeping Her Alive

Ariadna held the child who had wandered in by mistake, gazing at Mr. K with a puzzled expression as he bent beside the bed.

There was someone lying on the bed, but Mr. K's figure obscured the individual's face, preventing Ariadna from seeing clearly. Concernedly, she asked, "Do you need any help?"

Mr. K responded with a silent shake of his head.

Ariadna noticed that Mr. K was reluctant to continue the conversation. She quietly apologized once more and then turned to leave.

As she left with the child in her arms, she continued to softly soothe her.

Mr. K watched this tender scene, his typically stern gaze softening slightly.

He admired the evident love Ariadna had for her child. Maternal affection was indeed precious.

After Ariadna closed the door, Mr. K stood in a daze for a long time.

Eventually, he glanced at the still unconscious Loraine and seemed to come to a decision. He retrieved the dagger from under the bed, slipped it into his pocket, and called out, "Butler!"

Footsteps approached swiftly, and the butler appeared shortly.

He bowed deeply to Mr. K, maintaining his respectful attitude.

"How may I assist you, sir?"

"Have a doctor examine Loraine." Mr. K stood up, thought for a moment, and added, "Check with the research institute to see if they have any hallucinogenic drugs that can selectively erase specific memories."

The butler wasn't surprised by these unusual requests.

He had long learned that his master's demands were unpredictable; he simply carried out the orders.

He arranged for a doctor, who arrived at Mr. K's mansion shortly.

Mr. K let the doctor in. Moments later, the butler said gently, "Sir, we haven't located any such hallucinogenic drugs yet, and the research institute is currently working on developing them."

Mr. K acknowledged this with a nod, but the butler asked further, "Sir, why not eliminate Ms. Torres? We could handle it on your behalf if you prefer not to do it yourself."

After a brief pause, Mr. K replied, "That won't be necessary. Have the doctor treat her. I have other plans for her."

Indeed, Mr. K felt it would be a waste to kill Loraine. He suddenly realized that it might be possible to keep Loraine alive. According to the new plan, it would be better for Loraine to stay alive rather than die.

Meanwhile, in Kitay, Marco was still seething after Loraine's disappearance. He insisted on traveling to Eplistan to find Loraine himself, but Carl stopped him.

"Mr. Cruz, please reconsider!" Carl, sweating with worry, faced the desperate Marco and firmly blocked the doorway. "Calm down! Not just Ms. Torres, but the Solar Company needs you too!"

If he let Marco go to Eplistan now, Marco might act on impulse and end up in danger!

Carl had already called Jimmie, who was on his way. For now, he had to keep Marco from leaving.

At that moment, Marco ignored Carl's words. All he could think about was saving Lorraine. He believed he needed to save Lorraine immediately!

He shoved Carl aside and made for the door, but just then, Jimmie arrived.

Seeing Marco about to leave, Jimmie hurriedly pushed him back toward his office.

"Marco, don't be so impulsive," Jimmie urged, then followed him into the office. Carl took the opportunity to exit, leaving them alone to talk.

"Jimmie, you're trying to stop me too, aren't you?" Marco, too upset to listen to Jimmie, found his calm behavior irritating. "If it were Jennie missing, would you still be standing here so calmly?"

Jimmie's face was stern as he tried to reason with Marco, but it was useless.

He couldn't calm Marco down and only succeeded in preventing him from leaving the office.

Marco finally yelled in frustration, trying to shove him aside, "Stop trying to hold me back. I'm going today, no matter what!"

In that instant, Jimmie's expression hardened. He slapped Marco across the face, causing him to stagger. When Marco turned around to face him, he saw the redness in Jimmie's eyes.

Jimmie said angrily, "Marco! Where did your former calm self disappear to? In this state, you could be in danger, let alone finding Loraine!"

He gave a sarcastic laugh and continued, "Fine, I won't stop you. Go ahead if you want! But if Loraine returns and you're the one missing, you'll just make her suffer with worry and fear again!"