

Chapter 1319 I'm Not Tired

After Jimmie's slap, Marco seemed to snap out of his daze.

The sting on his face helped him regain some composure. He remembered how he had once fled from the Cruz family and severed all ties. Loraine had been deeply hurt by his departure, her sadness lingering long after.

Recalling Loraine's sorrowful expression, Marco felt a pang of guilt and said, "I understand. I won't go there on my own."

Jimmie watched Marco's realization with a sense of relief. Nearby, Carl, who had been secretly listening at the door, also let out a quiet sigh of relief.

He had been lurking outside, catching bits and pieces of the increasingly heated argument between Marco and Jimmie. The sound of a sharp slap had left Carl frozen in place, shocked at the confrontation.

He reckoned that Jimmie had just slapped Marco.

Carl had never witnessed anyone handle Marco with such blunt force, except for Loraine, which had initially made him anxious for Jimmie. To his astonishment, Jimmie's bold intervention had worked. Marco seemed truly persuaded. "Jimmie really pulled it off," Carl muttered to himself, impressed.

Just then, Marco called out to him from inside.

Quickly shifting back into his professional demeanor, Carl cleared his thoughts, straightened up, and stepped into the room. "Mr. Cruz, what can I do for you?"

Marco's demeanor had returned to its usual composure. He turned to Carl decisively. "Utilize the authority of the Solar Company to sever all trade between Eplistan and our domestic markets. Immediately afterward, coordinate with our international branches to incite a trade conflict with Eplistan, aiming to manipulate the prices of their key resources."

Carl nodded in understanding and quickly departed to carry out the orders.

Jimmie, witnessing this, regarded Marco with a look of astonishment, yet Marco offered no explanations. Instead, he issued another directive. "Jimmie, could you investigate the ties between that airline and the Dury family for me?"

Jimmie's expression shifted abruptly, his gaze turning cold. "Are you suggesting..."

Marco's expression grew somber. Recalling Leif's words, he clenched his jaw and continued, "I personally escorted Loraine to the aircraft. Now that she's gone missing, it must have happened after she boarded. The only lead we have begins with that flight!"

Nodding in acknowledgment of Marco's words, Jimmie also left the office.

Marco settled back into his chair, closed his eyes, and massaged his forehead, weary yet determined.

He was resolved to do whatever it took to locate Loraine. Whoever was responsible for her abduction would surely regret it!

Soon after, Marco's phone buzzed with an incoming message.

It was Jimmie. He'd discovered that the Dury family had stakes in the airline.

As Marco read the message, his expression turned cold. It was clear that the Dury family was stirring up trouble. It was time they learned their lesson!

Marco immediately called Jimmie back.

Two days later, Jimmie arrived at Solar Company to meet Marco. He was taken aback the moment he walked into the office, Marco looked dreadful.

Marco's gaze was haunting, his eyes bloodshot and dark circles underlining them.

"What's going on with you?" Jimmie frowned, handing over a document as he said, "I've already directed the law firm to file a lawsuit against the Dury family based on the evidence you gave me yesterday. Between this and the ongoing suits with our previous business partners and the government, the Dury family will be caught up in legal battles. Their stock prices and their standing will take a hit."

Marco nodded slowly, his expression weary. "Good work. Keep it going. I want Leif on his knees, begging me."

Jimmie fixed him with a serious look. "Marco, you haven't slept in two days, have you?"

Marco remained silent, prompting Jimmie's anger to flare as he insisted Marco rest. But Marco simply shook his head. "There's still work to be done. I'm not tired."

"You're out of your mind!" Jimmie exclaimed, frustration lining his words. "You have worked two days without taking a break. Do you think you're invincible? You're going to end up in the hospital!"

Still, Marco shook his head. His eyes were dull from exhaustion, yet his resolve was clear. "I need updates on Loraine constantly. What if they find her the moment I fall asleep?"

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Jimmie was seething with frustration over Marco's obstinacy. "You're only getting worse!" he exclaimed. "Didn't we just talk about this a few days ago? How do you think Loraine would feel seeing you like this? Do you want her to feel responsible?"

The mention of Loraine caused Marco to stiffen, his assertive presence visibly deflating.

He was on the verge of conceding to Jimmie's advice to rest when the office door swung open abruptly. Carl stood there, buzzing with excitement. "Sir, we think we've located Ms. Torres!"

Marco leapt up from his desk and rushed toward Carl, grabbing him urgently. His voice was shaky. "Where is she?"

Jimmie was also taken aback. He swiftly grabbed the overly excited Marco, holding him back as he inquired, "Where did you find her? What exactly happened?"

Carl, scrolling through his phone with barely contained excitement, replied, "Our team in Eplistan found her near the coast. She's injured, but safe. We've rescued her and she's getting emergency care now. She'll be back in Kitay soon."

Relieved, Jimmie was about to suggest that Marco take a moment to rest, when suddenly Marco's strength gave out and he collapsed!

"Boss!"

"Marco!"

Jimmie and Carl cried out, catching Marco just before he hit the floor.

Marco was ashen, his eyes shut, his lips colorless, appearing barely conscious.

"Mr. Cruz hasn't had a moment's rest these past few days," Carl said, his voice laced with concern. "I tried to get him to take a break, but he wouldn't listen. Now he's completely exhausted."

"I knew he would collapse if he didn't take a moment to rest!" Jimmie exclaimed.

He quickly whipped out his phone to call an ambulance. After a brief moment, he asked Carl which hospital Loraine was being treated at and made arrangements for Marco to be taken there too.

The ambulance arrived in no time, and Jimmie and Carl assisted the paramedics in getting Marco safely onboard. Carl accompanied Marco, while Jimmie stayed back to update Jennie about Loraine's condition.

"What!" Jennie's voice pierced through the phone, laden with panic. "Why wasn't I informed sooner? I suspected something was wrong when I couldn't get through to Lorrie..."

Jimmie hastened to reassure her. "Loraine has been found and she's safe now."

Jennie's voice softened slightly as she requested the address of the hospital, preparing to leave at once.

She rushed out into the night, not even pausing to grab a coat. After a moment, she shared the news about Loraine with Wesley.

Wesley reacted with equal alarm and promptly passed the

information on to Vincent.

Before long, the Torres and Wilson families were hurrying to the hospital.

Marco was already in the same room as Keely, who had taken on Loraine's identity. Both lay on their beds, eyes shut. Marco was genuinely unconscious, while Keely was merely feigning her condition.

Upon seeing the two, anger washed over the members of both the Torres family and the Wilson family.

Jimmie took a deep breath and began to explain with composed clarity, "Marco asked me to look into this. It seems that someone from Eplistan is stirring up trouble, using the Dury family as their local operatives. I'll forward all the specifics to you later."

Vincent scoffed at the revelation. "The audacity of the Dury family targeting Loraine! Both the Cruz and Wilson families will ensure they regret this."

Tension filled the air just as Marco's eyes fluttered open. He abruptly sat up, scanning the room in panic. His gaze fell on Keely, and he stumbled toward her, clasping her hand.

The room gasped at Marco's sudden burst of movement. Jimmie hurried to his side, ready to catch him if he faltered, but Marco remained steadfast, fixated on Keely.


Staring at her face, so reminiscent of Loraine's, Marco felt a sharp twinge of sorrow.

Yet, something seemed amiss.

He couldn't pinpoint it, but there was something peculiar about her.

Keely then slowly began to simulate awakening, her eyes

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fluttering open as she asked in bewilderment, "Where am I?
Who are all of you?"



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