

Chapter 1327 You Don't Love Her Anymore

"Hey, stop!" Jimmie noticed Jennie was surrounded by men dressed in black. His heart beat faster. He picked up a wooden stick nearby and swung it, striking one of the men on the back of his head.

The man fell with a loud thud, but his companions quickly helped him up and escaped.

Jimmie's men followed them, while he dropped the stick, lifted Jennie in his arms, and hurried to stop a car. He needed to get her to the hospital quickly.

Jennie looked severely hurt, her body covered in bruises, and she was fading in and out of consciousness.

Feeling both pain and anger, Jimmie wiped her blood with some tissues. Suddenly, he remembered his meetup with Marco and promptly texted him to cancel their plans for the evening.

Shortly, Jimmie's men sent him a message regarding the updates.

They hadn't caught the men in black. Those assailants knew the area well and disappeared quickly.

In a burst of anger, Jimmie punched the car window, alarming the driver with his fiery gaze.

The driver, too frightened to say anything, just drove faster, hoping to get to the hospital quickly.

"Jennie, Jennie," Jimmie whispered gently, stroking her cheek.

"Hold on, we're going to the hospital. You'll be fine."

As he cared for her, Jennie appeared to be in pain, and she weakly mumbled something.

Leaning closer, Jimmie tried hard to understand her. Eventually, he made out that she was saying, "Loraine."

What was going on with Loraine?

Jimmie was puzzled but didn't ask Marco right away. Instead, he just kept it in mind.

Why was Jennie so concerned about Loraine, even in her unconscious state? And why was Jennie attacked right after she had asked about Marco?

Meanwhile, Marco had just reached the club and was drinking alone, bored. Suddenly, the door opened, and Jorge and Slater walked in.

"Marco, long time no see... Huh?" Slater raised his voice, anticipating a lively evening with his friends. However, he found only empty bottles and a sullen Marco.

Slater and Jorge looked at each other, confused.

They were aware of the recent trouble due to Loraine's disappearance and had been concerned. Now that she had returned, shouldn't that have been cause for celebration?

Jorge approached and took the wine bottle from Marco. "What's the matter, Marco? Loraine is back. Why do you still seem so upset?"

Slater took a seat, also appearing confused.

Marco was quiet for a bit before saying, "Two days ago, Loraine tried to kiss me, and I turned her down."



His friends looked at him, their expressions filled with surprise.

Marco gazed back, his face full of confusion. "I don't understand my reaction. I just couldn't bear her getting near me. But I do love Loraine! When she went missing, I was out of my mind with worry. Now that she's back and safe, we should be closer than ever. So why do I feel like this?"

Marco's expression showed his pain, the alcohol making his emotions even sharper. He ran his fingers through his hair, frustrated.

Jorge and Slater didn't know what to say. Jorge thought it over, while Slater straightforwardly said, "Sounds like you don't love her anymore. That's why you pushed her away. Marco, you're a jerk!"

Marco shot Slater a fierce look. "That's not true! I do love Loraine!"

"Then why did you pull away from her? If you truly loved her, you'd always want to be near her!" Slater pressed.

Marco fell quiet once more. He couldn't deny it.

He really didn't want to be near Loraine. Her presence was even becoming... irritating.

But why? He loved her so deeply. Was it all just an illusion?

Marco was baffled. Irritated by Slater's knowing look, he replied, "What do you know? You've never been in love. I'll wait for Jimmie to get here. He understands better than you."

Slater snorted, grumbling as Jorge chuckled and gave him a look to keep quiet.

However, Marco soon got a message from Jimmie, who said he couldn't come. He scratched his head, clearly annoyed. "Alas,



Jimmie isn't showing up."

He shared the news about Jimmie with Slater and Jorge, then took the bottle from Jorge and kept drinking.

Jorge observed Marco drinking by himself and suddenly asked, "If you can't get close to Loraine, what's going to happen at your wedding? Aren't you supposed to exchange rings and kiss? If you reconsider your wedding plans, the Torres and Wilson families will undoubtedly seek an explanation from you."



Chapter 1328 Unexpected Visitors

Jorge emphasized a critical point. Marco fell into deep thought.

He reminisced about the joy and excitement of preparing for his wedding with Loraine, feeling like a child who had rediscovered a lost treasure.

He had promised to always cherish Loraine and never let her slip away.

But now...

Marco's fists tightened as he was consumed by self-blame and sorrow.

He questioned himself for his inconsistency and for breaking their vow.

Now more than ever, with Loraine injured and suffering from amnesia, he knew he needed to care for her. He couldn't let himself cause Loraine any more pain!

Marco gazed at a photo of Loraine he was holding.

In the photo, Loraine looked vibrant, radiant, and confident, possessing the qualities that had always drawn him to her.

He thought back to all the moments he shared with Loraine—times of longing, sadness, disputes, and closeness. These memories brought him satisfaction and hope.

They acted like the best medicine, alleviating the distress within Marco.

The awkwardness he had felt around Keely almost seemed to melt away.

Marco took a deep breath, sipped the last of his drink, and faced his friends seriously.

Noticing Marco's renewed energy, Jorge continued to chat with him.

After a meaningful discussion, they agreed that Marco was probably just worn out and needed some rest.

With their conversation concluded, Marco, smelling strongly of alcohol, made his way home and slumped onto the sofa as soon as he entered.

Just as he was about to go upstairs to clean up and rest, the butler came to him.

The butler bowed with respect. "Sir, there are guests waiting for you in the living room."

"Guests at this hour?" Marco expressed his surprise. "Who would come to see me so late?"

It seemed they were already here.

Marco splashed his face with cold water to clear his mind and headed towards the living room.

There, he was surprised to find three unexpected visitors: Damon and Edwin, with Keely disguised as Loraine standing quietly behind them.

Confused, Marco approached, intending to question Keely about her presence.

Before he could reach her, Damon stepped in front of him.



Marco noticed the evident anger on both Damon's and Edwin's faces.

Damon looked at Marco with a smirk. "Marco, you failed to protect Lorrie, and that's why she lost her memory! Had it not been for your negligence, she wouldn't be in this state! Now she's safe and recovering, yet you treat her so poorly? Do you even have a heart?"

Edwin was equally enraged. "We thought Lorrie would be safe with you, but clearly, we were mistaken!"

Marco was taken aback by Damon's and Edwin's harsh words. It took him a moment to grasp the reason of their anger, and he turned to Keely, shocked.

Just then, Keely moved closer, gently tugging at Damon's and Edwin's sleeves, her expression one of distress. "I've told you it's fine. Please, don't be harsh on Marco."

"Lorraine, you..." Marco stuttered, nearly speechless. He stared hard at Keely's face, searching for any sign of the real Lorraine. No matter how intensely he looked, she just didn't seem familiar.

Marco felt as if he had been hit hard, the pain nearly overwhelming.

The scene before him made it hard not to overthink.

Had Lorraine really complained about him to the Wilson family?

