

Chapter 530 Wiping Her Lips

A tender touch followed the curve of her lips, bringing a sensation that rendered Loraine still as a statue.

The tip of Marco's finger, bearing the rough texture of a mild callus, moved across her dewy lips that mirrored the rich, luscious hue of ripe cherries, eliciting a faint shiver to ripple between her slightly parted lips.

As Marco's gaze intensified, deliberately or not, he gently swiped around her lips before applying pressure to the gleaming petal of her lip, his finger caressing it softly.

Loraine's face flushed crimson, akin to a ripe shrimp, her eyes welling up with tears. Unconsciously, she recoiled, gripping the blanket with force, her pale hand straining due to the discomfort from the needle.

Loraine abruptly came to her senses, swiftly shifting away to avoid his touch. Her breaths became shallow and erratic from a mixture of embarrassment and annoyance. "Haven't you finished wiping yet?"

However, Marco appeared innocent, displaying his palm to her which held evidence of crunchy bread crumbs.

Loraine's face deepened in color. She felt feverish and disoriented. How did she end up like a child struggling with basic eating habits?

The sight of his hand served as a reminder of the recent

events. Loraine felt upset, and stuttered out a command, "Go wash your hands now!"

In response, Marco nodded and boldly licked his hand in front of her.

The fine bread particles adhered to his slender fingers, and his actions seemed provocative under his intense gaze. His tongue moved leisurely over the crumbs, from the base to the tips of his fingers, before he collected them into his mouth and swallowed.

Had anyone else exhibited such a gesture, it would have been unpleasant and awkward. However, when Marco did it, it was filled with an inexplicable allure.

Loraine's eyes went wide, and then she shut them tightly, her cheeks blushing as she berated, "Marco, what on earth are you doing? Is it not unhygienic?"

Marco gave a blink, seemingly innocent, and showed her his cleaned palm, retorting, "Weren't you the one who asked me to clean it?"

Feeling flustered and frustrated, Loraine wished she could dismiss the man in front of her. With a note of anger, she exclaimed, "I wanted you to wash them! Use a cloth or tissue to clean it! Who asked you to use your tongue!"

And to do it in such a tempting manner...

A sudden warmth spread through Loraine's body, her throat contracting involuntarily. A thought dawned on her, causing her to tense, and she instantly regained her composure.

How could Marco, with his trademark cold and detached demeanor, suddenly engage in such flamboyant actions?

He was doing it on purpose!

But where did he acquire such antics?

Before Loraine could wander too far into her bewildering thoughts, Marco leaned in closer, his gaze aflame as it focused on her lips.

A jolt of anticipation shot through Loraine as she braced herself, expecting him to lick her the way he had done to his fingers.

A vivid scenario flashed in her mind, prompting Loraine to instinctively shield her mouth with her hand. How could she be so easily teased by him?

Her cheeks burned and her heart pounded, as she chastised him, "Stop, remember to respect personal space!"

However, Marco, with the guise of a chivalrous gentleman, pointed out calmly, "There's a little spot on the other side of your mouth that I haven't wiped yet."

His eyes sparkled with amusement, a suggestive chuckle escaping his lips. "Such an intense reaction... Loraine, what exactly do you think I'm about to do? "

Swirling emotions washed over Loraine. She inhaled deeply, unable to stifle her irritation and embarrassment. She scrubbed at her lips with the back of her hand, shot him a glare, and challenged, "Is it clean now?"

Recognizing that he had teased her enough, Marco didn't dare to continue. He dutifully retreated, offering her a warm damp cloth, his voice soft. "Use this."

Loraine felt a mixture of embarrassment and anger, her

body trembling slightly. With relief, she noted her last IV bag was almost empty. Recalling Marco's words, Loraine hastily rang the bell to summon the nurse. Once she was released from the hospital, she could finally get away from him.

Marco suppressed a cough, quietly tidying up the leftover food, his gaze never straying from Loraine.

However, despite her incessant ringing, no nurse appeared, whether due to the hustle and bustle of the hospital or not. Marco finally offered, "I'll go fetch the nurse for you."


But Loraine, not wanting his assistance, merely grunted and brushed him off. Spotting a nurse passing by their room, she hurriedly called out, "Miss! I need this needle out!"

At the same time, she urged Marco, "The nurse is here now. You can go!"

Hearing Loraine's call, the nurse outside the door promptly entered. To Loraine's surprise, it was the same nurse who had assisted her with the injection earlier!

Noticing the peculiar and eager grin on the nurse's face as she walked in, Loraine felt a chill run down her spine, a sense of foreboding creeping in.



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Chapter 531 Eating Leftovers

"Still at it, eh, Mr. Bryant? Miss Torres has had your company for quite some time now. Bet you're worn out." The nurse approached, her smile more pronounced.

Turning to Loraine, she spoke with a sense of concern. "Miss Torres, seeing how Mr. Bryant's been by your side all this time, cut him some slack..."

The nurse sighed internally, feeling sympathy for Marco. Why were they still quarreling? She hoped they would soon reconcile.

Loraine felt that the way the nurse looked at Marco didn't indicate any romantic interest. There was something strange about it, but she could not put her finger on it.

The nurse's eyes, observing them, seemed to envelop the both of them, not just focused on Marco.

Maybe Marco kept her around because he felt she meant well.

Loraine observed the nurse attentively and discovered that her name was Angela Christine.

Catching Loraine's gaze, Angela was momentarily taken aback, but soon responded with an even brighter smile. "What's up, Miss Torres?"

Marco maintained his frosty expression and spoke in a

frigid voice. "We need you to remove the needle."

Angela nodded repeatedly. "Oh, okay."

An exasperated sigh escaped Marco's lips as he fretted over Angela's competence. "Check on Loraine, will you? She's been on the drip for ages. Could there be any side effects?"

Loraine shot him an irritated glare and retorted, "If you hadn't insisted on bringing me to the hospital, I wouldn't be stuck on this damn drip!"

What could have been solved with a simple fever pill turned into a wasted day in the hospital.

Unfazed by her reprimand, Marco remained steadfast, pressing Angela, "Please do another check-up. Loraine's neglectful of her health and it worries me."

Ensuring Loraine's well-being was his primary concern. He could rest easy only when he was sure she was perfectly fine.

Today, however, Loraine was extra upset with him and without much thought, she snapped back, "So quick to keep tabs on me, but when it comes to self-care, you're clueless? Who's the one getting hurt in fights? Who is the one neglecting his health? You are the one who doesn't take good care of yourself."

Marco was taken aback and struggled to respond. He then smiled again, feeling touched. "Oh really? Good to know you still worry about me."

Loraine instantly regretted her words. She simply turned her face away and shut her mouth, choosing not to add anything else.

As Angela assessed Loraine, she paid close attention, her eyes sparkling.

Unable to join in their conversation, her enthusiasm soared nonetheless, her heart teeming with joy. She would love to watch this duo continue their love spat for each other!

Absorbed in her musings, Angela was interrupted by Marco's stern voice. "Miss."

Jolted back to reality, Angela stood up. "What seems to be the problem?"

"Could you remove the needle first? Loraine needs proper rest," Marco voiced out his worry.

Loraine shook her head, trying to sit up. "My fever's gone, I'm feeling much better, and I've got my strength back after eating. I need to head home. My family will be worried!"

Marco's eyebrows creased as he gently pushed her back onto the bed, saying, "There's no rush. Let the nurse handle the needle first."

Angela nodded, her gaze shifting towards the lunchbox Marco had prepared for Loraine. Unable to resist a playful remark, she commented, "Oh, you've shared a meal! How lovely! It seems like you two have such a wonderful bond. No more disagreements, okay?"

Feeling a blush creep up her cheeks, Loraine retorted, "We didn't eat together. Marco, aren't you still hungry? You can leave and have your meal. Once I'm done, I can head home by myself..."

She intended to use this as an excuse to get rid of him, but Marco cut her off before she could finish.

"There's no need, I was never hungry to begin with. I'll just fill up on your leftovers."

At this, Angela's eyes went wide as she stared at Marco, stupefied.

The thought that the flamboyant, authoritative, billionaire CEO would happily consume leftovers was beyond belief!

Was this not an act of love? She couldn't deny what was unfolding before her!

Taken aback and slightly embarrassed, Loraine objected, "Don't make it sound like I'm starving you!"



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Chapter 532 Angela's Peculiar Behavior

Marco's lips curled into a shy grin, his voice barely audible. "Care to join me for a midnight feast?"

Loraine's agreement was unlikely. In her state of mild irritation and discomfort, she felt an unexpected tingling run down her hand. Glancing down, she saw that Angela had silently pulled out the needle. With a cryptic grin on her face, Angela was now cleaning the area with a sterile cotton ball, watching Loraine and Marco with a knowing look.

Seeing that odd expression, Loraine finally noticed that she and Marco had been squabbling like playground children, under Angela's watchful eyes!

In the presence of Angela, her embarrassment reached new heights.

Theoretically, this was her first visit to this hospital, and her first encounter with Angela. So, why was Angela so warm towards her, inducing this peculiar feeling?

After the sterilization process, Angela's face broke into a smile. "All done. Keep the injection site dry and try to consume lighter meals for a while. Stay calm and steer clear of anger."

With an awkward nod, Loraine averted her eyes from Angela. The only thing on her mind now was escaping this place.

Marco, however, was either unaware of the discomfort in the air or simply indifferent to everything but Loraine.

He continued his probing about her health, "Is it safe for her to leave now? Any other precautions we need to take?"

Loraine was at a loss for words. She wanted to clarify to Marco that it was just a fever and she was alright now.

Fortunately, Angela showed no signs of irritation. Quite the opposite, she replied enthusiastically, "She can leave without a worry. Just ensure she doesn't catch a cold again."

Gazing at Marco and then at Loraine, Angela flashed a mysterious smile and remarked, "Miss Torres, considering your recent recovery from an illness, it would be more advisable for Mr. Bryant to drive you home, wouldn't it?"

Loraine's eyes widened in surprise.

Angela was playing cupid! And her intentions were glaringly obvious to all!

Quick to decline, Loraine was about to make her exit, but before she could step away, Marco gripped her hand.

"Loraine, the nurse has a point. You've just recuperated from a fever. You may feel better, but you might still be weak. It's not wise for you to head home alone. Plus, I wouldn't be able to relax if I let you go alone."

Loraine's reflex was to resist. "Enough! You promised you'd leave me alone once I finished eating!"

Caught off guard, Marco scrambled for a reason. "But you just ate my food. How could you abandon me so soon?"

What an audacious way to keep her by his side!

Loraine was utterly flabbergasted. When she gathered her thoughts, she quickly offered, "I'll just send you the money..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Marco was already leading her out of the room.

In terms of physical strength, Loraine was clearly outmatched by Marco. Not to mention that she was still recovering from her illness. It was more apt to say he was practically carrying her.

Feeling a mixture of frustration and irritation, Loraine turned around to see Angela rooted to the spot, her eyes glittering. With a wave full of excitement, Angela bid Loraine farewell.

Loraine couldn't help but wonder if Angela knew her personally.

Was Angela perhaps a fan from her time as Alice, the female vocalist?

As this thought flashed across Loraine's mind, she promptly dismissed it. The majority of Alice's fans were pragmatic, preferring her to abandon the pursuit of romance and concentrate solely on her music. But Angela appeared to be hell-bent on bridging the gap between her and Marco.

Baffled, Loraine couldn't resist questioning in a hushed tone, "Marco, didn't you find the nurse a bit odd?"

Holding her hand, Marco glanced at her, his smile gentle. "What's so peculiar about her?"

"Everything! She's odd all over." Loraine was convinced he had noticed. As she caught sight of Marco's smile, an idea

struck her. "Did you bribe her in secret?"

Chuckling, Marco shook his head. "No, not at all. But she could be shipping us."

Loraine was taken aback. She wasn't well-versed with fan culture, and the term shipping was relatively new to her. But she understood what it meant.

In the past, there were fans who yearned for a romantic connection between her and Godwin, the band's guitarist. Some shippers went so far as to ship her and her uncles, Wesley and Rowan, together. Wesley, amused, even shared those debates with her.

Loraine was dumbstruck. "So, Angela was shipping you and me? Come on! That's unbelievable."

A slight change in Marco's expression was followed by a soft cough. He clarified, "There are quite a lot of shippers who ship us together."

Initially, he had paid for their shipping to be spread across the internet, which was later blacklisted and filtered by Loraine's family. Nevertheless, he had succeeded in amassing a small group of genuine shippers.

Lost in thought, Loraine let the issue slip from her mind. Instead, she was perplexed. "How did you know that Angela ships us?"

"Her hairpin, it's an abbreviation of our names..."

Stunned, Loraine was left in disbelief. Did they really have a shipping community? Had they actually run into one of them just now?

"How did you figure that out?" Incredulous, Loraine blurted

out her question. When did Marco, a notorious workaholic, gain such insight into fan culture?

She was slowly recognizing this transformation in Marco. Once a man as cold as ice, seemingly forever untouchable, he had gradually begun to change. His current behavior had caught her off guard.

"Lorraine, my desire is to be with you, which is why I strive to know everything about you."

Marco locked eyes with her, his voice filled with sincerity. "I realize that we can't be together presently, but even if it's through these imaginative fan creations online, I'm willing to lose myself in them."

Chapter 533 Trust Issues

As Marco uttered those words, Loraine felt a sharp twinge of bitterness and a suffocating wave of emotions from her past, which engulfed her in an instant.

Marco, the man who had never shown consideration for others' feelings, seemed to have the uncanny ability to read her thoughts, whispering gently, "Loraine, you're the only one who holds a place in my heart. Even if I seek refuge in hollow comforts, I would never allow myself to be with another woman, including Keely."

Hearing this, Loraine's eyes wavered with emotion.

With a sigh, Marco continued, "In truth, I settled this matter in my heart long ago. My obligation is to Jorge, not his fiancée. I pledged to look after Keely and I've fulfilled that duty over the years, perhaps too well. I won't put up with her antics anymore, nor will I let her treat you poorly."

He paused before continuing sincerely, "I brought Keely on this visit to honor Jorge and seek closure. I kept it from you to spare you any potential drama concerning Keely. But in doing so, I've upset you. I was wrong."

Loraine listened, taken aback. Marco gripped her hand tighter, saying affectionately, "Loraine, can you find it in your heart to forgive me?"

Her heart fluttered.

In reality, her anger had long since cooled. But she was torn by their tangled past and mutual misunderstandings.

Their three-year marriage ended in failure, and she was uncertain if they could truly wipe the slate clean and make it work a second time.

Their relationship was fraught with uncertainty, and Keely was just a spark in their underlying issues of trust and honesty.

Looking at Marco, Loraine asked, "Will you... be completely transparent with me and not keep secrets? Will you stop deceiving me?"

Marco nodded instantly and relayed his plans concerning Keely to Loraine. "I've made arrangements. I'm sending Keely overseas tonight. She won't be coming back. Loraine, since the incident where Keely hurt you, any lingering kindness because of Jorge has been utterly destroyed. If it weren't for my wish to allow her to pay her last respects to Jorge, I wouldn't have allowed her to come back this time..."

Loraine placed her hand on his lips, halting his words mid-sentence.

"I don't want to hear anything more about Keely. I just need to know if you'll be open with me and stop keeping secrets."

In the past, she had been like a moth drawn to a flame. She married Marco and concealed her identity out of love. Despite her trials in the Bryant family, she refrained from burdening Marco with complaints, aware of his demanding schedule. She was merely a decorative wife.

She dared not seek too much of his attention, nor burden him. In their three years together, her biggest hope was for him to spend time with her, to notice her more.

This also resulted in their limited communication over the

years and their tendency to bury misunderstandings deep within themselves.

This was the heart of their problem.

It wasn't until she reclaimed her status as the Torres family's daughter that Marco slowly learned to express his affection for her, bringing them closer together.

Yet now, due to Keely, they had reverted to their old ways.

Ultimately, they lacked trust in each other.

Marco held her hand, placed it on his chest, and gave a solemn nod. "Loraine, I should not have hidden the fact that I took Keely to pay respects to Jorge, feigning it was for your protection and out of concern. I promise, I won't allow you to be hurt again, and I won't deceive or conceal anything from you."

Loraine bit her lip, seeking reassurance once more, "Really? No more deceptions or secrets?"

Their trust issues extended far beyond just Keely. At times, Loraine was frustrated that Marco wasn't communicative, yet she hoped he could genuinely be truthful and share what he had kept hidden.

Marco faltered, looking into her eyes filled with apprehension. A myriad of thoughts flashed through his mind.

He was the illegitimate son of the Bryant family and secretly the CEO of the Solar Company...

There were aspects of his life he didn't want to conceal from Loraine, but some things weren't ready for disclosure, and he didn't know how to explain them. Marco hesitated.


Noting his hesitation, Loraine's expression shifted subtly. Was Marco hiding something else from her?

Just then, her phone buzzed, interrupting her train of thought.

Collecting herself, she picked up the phone to find a call from Rowan. Slightly taken aback, she promptly answered the call.

Seeing Loraine's attention diverted, Marco breathed a sigh of relief. But his inner turmoil intensified. Until those issues were resolved, he couldn't explain them to Loraine. How would he respond if she questioned him again?



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Chapter 534 Master Of Lying

As Loraine picked up her phone, Rowan's troubled voice echoed. "Lorrie, it's so late. Why aren't you home yet? Shall I come fetch you?"

"No need to, Uncle Rowan. I'll be home shortly."

The hospital corridor was deserted, the echo of her voice quite distinct from the open-air echoes of the cemetery.

With his military background, Rowan was quick to realize that Loraine's location had shifted. His tone filled with concern, he asked, "Lorrie, where are you now?"

Except for that one time she had disappeared three years prior, Loraine had always been reliable, never giving her family cause for concern. Rowan found himself puzzled by her sudden late-night absence without prior notice. It was certainly not her usual behavior.

The eerie backdrop of their call intensified Rowan's anxiety, deepening his fear that something unfortunate might have happened to Loraine.

Caught off guard, Loraine stumbled on her words, unable to articulate a reply. She wanted to keep her hospital visit a secret. Her family had just overcome the worries of Aldo's illness, she didn't want to burden them further.

Moreover, she didn't want Rowan to know about Marco's presence.

But her hesitation merely amplified Rowan's worry. His voice turned stern as he demanded, "Lorrie, share your whereabouts with me. I'm coming to get you!"

Loraine found herself in a dilemma, unsure of how to respond, when Marco, who was by her side, gently took the phone from her hand. Speaking calmly, he assured, "Mr. Torres, you can rest assured that Loraine will be safe under my care. I will make sure she gets home securely. There's no need for you to worry."

Loraine was left dumbstruck. She wanted to protest but it was too late. She felt a sense of despair as she realized that her family would now believe that she had left the cemetery to meet Marco. The situation felt hopeless.

After Marco's declaration, a brief silence ensued from Rowan, a sign of his surprise.

Why was Marco with Loraine at this hour? Wasn't she supposed to be at the cemetery? How did she end up with Marco?

A flurry of questions whirled in Rowan's mind but he didn't lose his cool. In a cautious tone, he asked, "Marco, why are you accompanying Lorrie? Where exactly are you two?"

Marco maintained his composure, replying casually, "I ran into Loraine at the cemetery while I was there to pay my respects."

Rowan's worry intensified at this revelation.

So, Loraine ran into him at the cemetery, and they were together now? Night had fallen. Where were they exactly? Why hadn't there been any updates?

Judging by Loraine's character, Rowan managed to keep his tone steady, masking his anger as he asked, "Where are you two?"

In a panic, Loraine clasped Marco's arm, shaking her head. She couldn't possibly tell Rowan they were at a hospital!

Marco, a slight twinkle in his eyes, replied nonchalantly, "We left the cemetery and decided to grab a bite."

A silence followed, with Rowan refraining from an immediate response. This momentary pause engulfed Loraine in a wave of fear.

Being an army man, Rowan was adept at catching liars!

She cast a reproachful glare at Marco, blaming him for answering the call and complicating her situation further. But now, Rowan must see through Marco's words.

However, Rowan appeared to trust Marco's words without questioning their whereabouts. He even permitted Marco to accompany her home.

"Be sure to get Lorrie home safe and sound. If anything happens to her, you'll answer to me!"

Marco recognized that this was Rowan extending a gesture of acceptance to him, tolerating his presence due to a shift in perception. Could this be Rowan giving him a chance?

With a smile, he nodded. "Of course, sir. I'll make sure Loraine is safe."

After ending the call, he handed the phone back to Loraine, amused by her wide-eyed disbelief.

Unable to process, Loraine questioned, "Why did my uncle

trust you? Why didn't he question our whereabouts or argue with you about taking me home?"

With a sly smirk, Marco chuckled. "Well, technically, I didn't lie. I just left out a minor detail. As a matter of fact, I arranged for your meal and even fed you. It just happened to be at the hospital, not at a restaurant..."

A flush crept up Loraine's cheeks and she cut him off, "It's hard to believe that the usually stoic you could concoct such a tale."

At her words, Marco shrugged. "I'm just trying to protect you, aren't I?"

As she looked into his eyes, Loraine remembered her earlier insistence on honesty. Yet here she was, making him lie to Rowan.

Feeling a tinge of embarrassment, she was about to redirect the conversation when Marco, suppressing a cough and wearing a smile, interjected, "Let's go. I'll make sure you get home safely."

Before she could respond, Marco reminded her, "This time, it's Mr. Torres who asked me to take you home. You can't turn down his request."

Left with no other choice, Loraine followed him.

Chapter 535 Be Rational

Simultaneously, at the Torres family villa.

Rowan gazed at the disconnected call with a serious expression, his brow furrowed in contemplation.

Conversely, Wesley found it hard to mirror his brother's patience. He paced nervously before finally surrendering to his anxiety and asking, "Brother, why on earth did you agree to let Marco escort Lorrie home? They're even having dinner together now! Isn't this practically a date?"

The thought of their cherished niece being beguiled and whisked away by Marco made Wesley uneasy.

As her guardians, shouldn't they have intervened earlier to prevent this meeting from happening? Why had Rowan facilitated their encounter?

Wesley was so flustered that he was practically seething, reiterating, "Brother! If we don't act now, she'll be swept off her feet by Marco again!"

Rowan, feeling exasperated, watched Wesley's restless demeanor and sighed in resignation.

Originally, they had sent Aldo home, assuming that Loraine would have plenty to discuss with her parents, so they decided not to intrude.

However, as night fell and Loraine hadn't returned nor called anyone, they grew concerned. They waited until Aldo was asleep before jointly deciding to call Loraine.

Wesley, having a more impulsive nature, had just overheard the entire conversation. If not for Rowan's intervention, he would have snatched the phone and given Marco an earful.

Rowan understood how protective Wesley was of their beloved niece, a sentiment he shared. However, having experienced so much, Rowan saw the situation in a deeper light.

"Wesley, we need to respect Lorrie's choices, regardless. If she decides to be with Marco, there has to be a reason for it," Rowan reasoned.

Wesley looked at him in disbelief.

"Have you lost your mind? Lorrie is young and naive, so she gets fooled by Marco again and again. How can you be so gullible? She fell head over heels for Marco, abandoning everything, even forsaking home and concealing her identity to marry him. And what was the outcome? She endured heartache for three long years! During those years, what trials did Lorrie face? Have you forgotten that you were the one who brought her back home? Have you forgotten all of that?"

Rowan recalled those circumstances, a wave of emotions flickering in his eyes.

Of course, he hadn't forgotten.

He would never forget. He still vividly remembered the desperation in Loraine's voice when she called him. When he rushed to the hospital, he found their family's precious gem, feverish and frail, standing unsteadily by the roadside, teetering on the edge of consciousness.

In that moment, Rowan wished he could bring down wrath

on all who had hurt Loraine.

Despite the passage of time, the memory of that incident still filled Rowan with rage and resentment. His eyes hardened as he said, "I haven't forgotten."

Wesley, though impetuous at times, was deeply protective when it came to family matters. He stared at Rowan and sighed, "Brother, do you really think I object to Lorrie being with Marco simply because I despise him?"

His voice softened as he continued, "You know better than anyone the toll that previous ordeal took on Lorrie. She was deeply wounded. Can we genuinely trust that Marco has truly changed and will sincerely care for Lorrie based on just a handful of kind gestures?"

Rowan lapsed into silence for a moment before analytically addressing the situation. "I will never forget the harm he inflicted on Lorrie, and I won't forgive him for that. However, based on our recent interactions, I must admit that Marco isn't as abhorrent as we initially believed."

Before Wesley could interject, Rowan calmly cited an instance. "After all, he put himself at risk to save me in the past, and it was thanks to him that Dad's surgery could proceed in a timely manner. At the very least, this demonstrates his sincerity."

Wesley faltered, unable to counter. But after pondering for a moment, he still couldn't reconcile his feelings and stated, "Even if he has done numerous good deeds for Lorrie, does that absolve him of his past transgressions? Moreover, all those individuals who harmed Lorrie have some connection to him. Consider that recent arrival, Keely, and the incessantly meddling Bryant family members... They're all ticking time bombs. Can we truly place our trust in

Marco?"

Upon hearing this, Rowan furrowed his brow. This was indeed his primary concern.

Even if Marco barely met their minimum criteria, there remained a plethora of unresolved issues surrounding him.

If Marco didn't deal with these issues now, they couldn't possibly entrust Loraine to him with a clear conscience.

However, before Rowan could formulate a logical response, the sound of a car horn outside disrupted his thoughts.

At this hour, there was likely only one person who would visit the Torres family estate, and that was Marco, returning with Loraine.



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