

## Chapter 536 Learning To Be A Good Husband

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With that thought, Rowan quickly got to his feet, intending to go downstairs and greet Loraine. To his surprise, Wesley was one step ahead of him, rushing to open the door.

Rowan shook his head with a helpless smile and swiftly followed.

As expected, a black luxury car was parked outside the gate with Loraine stepping out of it.

Wesley, on the brink of sighing in relief and calling out to her, froze when he saw Marco emerging from the other side of the vehicle.

The pair seemed to be engaged in a conversation. From Rowan's and Wesley's vantage point, they could only see Loraine slightly lowering her head while Marco naturally approached her, draping his arm around her shoulder.

They appeared to be an ordinary couple returning home from work.

"How dare he touch Lorrie!" Wesley fumed, rolling up his sleeves to intervene when Rowan caught his shoulder.

"Wait a moment," Rowan commanded, his tone stern.

"But, brother, what are we waiting for? That man had the nerve to lay hands on Lorrie right in front of our family villa! I need to teach him some manners!" Wesley protested.



Rowan sighed at his impulsive brother. "If you rush over now, you'll only embarrass Lorrie. Let's wait. If he crosses a line and Lorrie shows the slightest discomfort, I won't hesitate to confront him."

At Rowan's words, Wesley reluctantly joined him behind the door. They peered through the gap, ready to step in if Marco went too far.

At the entrance of the Torres family villa, Loraine was eager to leave the car and head home. As she stepped out, however, Marco halted her.

She turned to him, frowning. "What's up?"

Marco approached her with a spare blanket from the car, unfurling it and draping it over her. Loraine stiffened, her instinct urging her to push it away.

"I'm already at my house. It's a short walk, I don't need it," she protested.

Marco chuckled softly, brushing a few stray strands of hair from her forehead. He gently held down her resisting hand, unfazed, and carefully wrapped the blanket around her.

"The wind is cold tonight, and you're recovering from a fever. We can't risk you catching a cold," he explained.

Earlier in the day, there had been a rainfall, causing a significant drop in temperature. Loraine's simple, thin attire, worn for the cemetery visit, made her vulnerable to the cold. Upon hearing Marco's words, she felt a slight chill and ceased her resistance.

Seeing Loraine's lack of resistance, a deeper smile graced Marco's eyes. Seizing the opportunity, he gathered the



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edges of the blanket more securely around her.

The blanket, even when folded, seemed slightly large, reaching the sides of her thighs, effectively shielding her from the wind. Standing before her, Marco was a human windbreak. Suddenly, Loraine didn't feel cold anymore.

Yet, the night breeze still tousled her hair.

Looking up, she met Marco's gentle gaze. The handsome man tenderly smoothed her hair away from her temples, his fingertips lingering on her face. His touch was light, unimposing.

Loraine's gaze wavered, her heart pounding as she looked away.

His caretaking had felt practiced, as though he had rehearsed it privately many times. Uncomfortable, Loraine found herself voicing her curiosity.

"Where did you learn all this? You were once a workaholic, oblivious to life. How have you become so adept at caretaking?"

Marco met her question with a gentle, straightforward look. "Loraine, I know I was a terrible husband to you and our family. I wasn't worthy of you."

His confession stunned Loraine. She knew Marco had been working to mend their relationship, but she hadn't anticipated his admission of past failures.

In her eyes, Marco, with his strong ego, would always be stubborn and reluctant to admit his mistakes.

But Marco continued, "That's why I'm striving to learn how to be a good husband, until you can accept me again."

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This was his resolution, born of much reflection. For Loraine, he'd change, clumsily and cautiously striving to do better. Despite his flaws, he was determined to make amends.

Loraine's gaze flickered, her mouth opening to say something. "You... Who asked you about this?"

She wanted to retort that she didn't care if he was a good husband or not, but she was too flustered to complete her sentence.

Seeing her embarrassment, Marco released her hand with a smile, whispering, "Go on in. Your uncle has been waiting for you."

She turned to hurry back and found Rowan and Wesley standing at the door, their faces bearing significant expressions.

She had no idea how long they'd been there, but it was clear they hadn't just arrived.

Loraine froze, wishing for a hole to appear and swallow her up.



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## Chapter 537 Taking Action

Marco remained stationary, watching as Rowan and Wesley escorted Loraine inside. He had no plans to depart immediately.

Rowan and Wesley, whom he'd misconstrued as love rivals, appraised him silently. Rowan's face was grave, while Wesley's gaze held a challenge.

With a polite wave to the two of them, Marco retained his composed demeanor.

Wesley appeared to snort dismissively before shutting the door, offering no invitation for Marco to join them inside.

Exhaling a sigh, Marco had already foreseen this scenario and was not disheartened.

He was braced for a long-term struggle with the Torres family.

He understood that winning Loraine's heart was only part of the challenge; a long road still lay ahead.

The villa's interior lights flickered on, one by one, and Marco, positioned at the entrance, silently contemplated the illuminated windows, envisioning Loraine's activities within. A smile surfaced on his face, his eyes warm with affection.

Just as he was preparing to return to his car after watching for a while, the door reopened.

Lorraine, now donning a coat, dashed towards him, her eyes alight with eagerness.

In that moment, Marco's eyes held nothing but Lorraine.

His hand extended, ready to receive the girl preparing to leap into his arms. But Lorraine halted a few steps short of him, regarding him with a perplexed expression.

In her hands, she held his blanket, returning it to him with a polite smile. "Thank you for the blanket. Here it is."

Marco momentarily stiffened, a subtle smile gracing his lips as he reached out to accept it. Yet, deep within, he felt a pang of disappointment.

Was Lorraine still upset with him? Why else would she maintain such a clear boundary, even returning a simple blanket?

At least she'd noticed he hadn't left.

Could it be that she had come out to return the blanket specifically because she wished to see him?

While immersed in thought, Marco found another packaged item thrust into his hand.

Lorraine stood, her hands positioned behind her back, deliberately avoiding his gaze. Clearing her throat, she adopted a noticeably cool tone. "This is to thank you for looking after me in the hospital."

At her words, Marco's countenance lightened. A beaming smile graced his typically stern and handsome face, momentarily stunning Lorraine.

As she gathered her wits, Lorraine rushed to clarify, her tone





somewhat exaggerated, "Don't misinterpret. I just... I just don't want you to get sick from taking care of me. I don't want to be in your debt, understand?"

Marco simply nodded, the smile persisting on his lips.

If she weren't concerned, why would she have noticed him waiting outside? And why would she have brought him a small cake?

At that moment, no trace of disappointment lingered in Marco's heart. He recognized Loraine's care and concern for him, experiencing nothing but joy.

Loraine reddened under his intent gaze.

Without another word, she swiftly retreated back into the house, almost as though she were escaping.

Marco cradled the cake in his hands, studying the wrapping.

It wasn't the standard store packaging, but homemade, painstakingly enveloped in household aluminum foil. It was delicate and compact, evidently crafted with care, rather than a mass-produced item.

The possibility that Loraine may have prepared it herself warmed Marco's heart. As he regarded the small cake, it appeared more valuable to him than the most precious diamond. He gingerly stowed it in the car, intending to keep it as a memento.

Beyond the car window, the welcoming lights of the Torres family villa blinked in and out of view.

Marco cast a long, lingering look at the villa, and then a thought crossed his mind, prompting his smile to gradually fade, his expression turning frigid.



Although he had safely returned Loraine home, there remained matters that required his attention.

Pulling out his phone, Marco dialed a number.

The ringtone broke the quiet of the night, his voice turning even icier. "Where is Keely now?"

At the cemetery earlier, he hadn't acted against Keely immediately, for his attention was drawn to Loraine, who was of paramount importance.

That didn't mean, however, that he was going to forget about it or give Keely another chance to get off the hook so easily.

He had offered Keely opportunities before, but she had persistently and intentionally harmed Loraine, undermining their relationship. It was a transgression that not only crossed his boundary, but also fully exhausted his patience.

This time, he would spare no mercy.

After receiving the reply on the other end of the call, Marco stated in a chilling tone, "Then let's proceed."

The night was still young, and not everyone would be privy to his tender side.

Having established the Bryant Group amidst chaos and tumult, Marco was far from being a soft-hearted individual.

Withdrawing his gaze from the dainty cake nestled between the car seats, Marco pressed the accelerator, speeding into the night.



## Chapter 538 Keely's Delusion

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Just a few hours earlier, within the confines of the Powell family villa.

Upon returning from the cemetery, Keely sought refuge in her room, shutting herself off from the rest of the world.

She pulled the curtains tightly closed, plunging the room into an unnatural darkness even at the height of the day.

Nestled in a corner of her bed, she clung tightly to the coat Marco had discarded on her.

In the sparse light, her eyes shimmered with an unsettling intensity, reminiscent of a lurking creature, as she nervously gnawed on her nails and murmured to herself.

"No, Marco won't abandon me..."

With each utterance, she seemed to cement her conviction a tad more. Suddenly, a triumphant smirk etched its way onto her face, as her certainty swelled.

"Yes, Marco's attentive treatment of Loraine is merely a facade for the sake of their mutual business ventures. He's just putting on a show for her! Yes, that's it! That's the reason behind Marco's bitter words. He doesn't genuinely despise me or wish to let me go..."

Gradually, Keely found comfort in her own reassurances, her nods of agreement growing more fervent. The frenzied

beating of her heart finally subsided.

She knew Marco inside out. Beneath his frosty, indifferent exterior, he was intensely emotional and compassionate.

Even when her plots against Loraine had landed her in an overseas jail, Marco had arranged for her to be taken care of. Otherwise, she would never have had the opportunity to become Leopold's student after her bail release.

She was certain this occasion would be no different. Marco was merely venting his frustrations, and despite his outward resolution, he had always been soft on her. Even this time, hadn't he ultimately agreed to accompany her in paying respects to Jorge?

A delirious smile painted Keely's face as she stared at the dark screen of her phone, twirling a strand of her hair around her finger while whispering seductively, "Marco, deep down, you still harbor feelings for me, don't you? It's just that Loraine's influence is momentarily suppressing your affection for me. As long as I manage to rekindle your feelings, you'll irrefutably be mine..."

Before she could fully immerse herself in her fanciful daydreams of a blissful future, the incessant pounding on the door grew louder, demanding her attention.

"Keely! Open up, you little hellion!"

Receiving no answer, Jane's patience wore thin, and she bellowed, "I know you're in there! What transpired between you and Marco? Did he agree to help you?"

Keely glanced dismissively towards the door, donning a scornful smile, and chose to further indulge in her fantasy rather than attend to the disruption.



In her mind, she painted a vivid picture where Marco consented to marry her. She envisioned having a handsome husband who would be the envy of women worldwide, owning an inexhaustible fortune that could outlast her lifetime, and Jane grovelling at her feet like a faithful lapdog.

Despite Jane's persistent pounding on the door, it remained firmly shut, devoid of any response. Her patience dwindling, Jane's fury escalated as she yelled, "Keely, stop hiding in there like a frightened rabbit! I can toss you out at any moment!"

Despite her threats, the door remained obstinately closed, drawing forth even more rage from Jane. Keely's string of scandals had tarnished Jane's reputation among her affluent social circle, and her shame was deepening.

Jane was infuriated by Keely's lackadaisical attitude, and her latest affront, outright ignoring her, was the last straw!

Having reached her wits' end, Jane planted her hands on her hips, huffing indignantly, "Listen here, Keely. This is my house, and I am the master here! You are nothing more than a guest. Who gave you the audacity to lock yourself in and ignore me? Believe me when I say I can boot you out at any moment!"

Her eyes fell on a sturdy stick nearby, which she snatched up with the intent of bashing the door. Just as she readied herself to strike, the door flung open with a resounding snap.

Keely stood at the threshold, her appearance disheveled and her face as pallid as death, her vacant stare devoid of any life.

Taken aback by her appearance, Jane's impending scream

lodged in her throat.

Keely's icy gaze met Jane's and she issued a stern warning, "Aunt, do well to remember the source of the Powell family's wealth."

Jane, bristling at her words, demanded, "What are you implying?"

Keely responded, "It's because of my involvement that Marco has been generous with the Powell family. Without me, the Powells wouldn't enjoy their current standing. You all owe me... Additionally, I suggest you watch your tone. At a word from me, Marco wouldn't hesitate to crush the Powell family."

Keely's fingers danced on the coat in her hands as a mesmerizing smile graced her lips. "This coat was gifted to me by Marco himself. He wouldn't think twice about handling a minor entity like the Powell family for my sake."

Jane was momentarily stunned by her audacity, skepticism creeping into her gaze as she scrutinized Keely's disarrayed state.

"Who are you trying to fool? If Marco truly cared for you, would you be in this state? And why do you look like you've seen a ghost?"

Before she could finish her tirade, a servant hurried over, his voice filled with urgency as he whispered in her ear, "Madam, Mr. Bryant's associates have arrived!"



## Chapter 539 He Doesn't Want To Know

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Jane was shocked at servant's words.

"What? Mr. Bryant?" she repeated.

In the Bryant family, only one man could be addressed as Mr. Bryant, and that was Marco.

Recognizing that Marco's associates had come, Jane's face held a mixture of emotions.

What she didn't see was the brief moment of fear in Keely's eyes.

But Keely quickly regained her poise, neatened herself, and wore a confident grin. In a soft whisper, she murmured, "Marco has arrived for me. It seems he hasn't forgotten me after all."

Jane caught her murmur and immediately adjusted her expression. She reached out for Keely's hand in a friendly gesture.

"Keely, I regret the harsh words I uttered earlier. I didn't mean to offend you. My concerns arose because you've been holed up in your room for too long without any activity."

Keely responded with a snide smirk, keeping her thoughts to herself. Jane, clearing her throat, continued, "You should freshen up in your room. I'll welcome Mr. Bryant. We can't



afford to behave rudely in his presence."

Right then, the servant interrupted, "Madam, we haven't met Mr. Bryant yet. The guests only mentioned that they were dispatched by him."

Jane knitted her brows and cast a dubious glance at Keely.

"He didn't show up in person? Why would Marco send his men to the Powell residence at this late hour?"

Logically speaking, if Marco showed up at the Powell residence at such a late time, he must be searching for Keely. If he chose not to come in person and instead sent someone else, what could that indicate? Jane couldn't piece together the puzzle.

Keely offered her a glance, maintaining a cool and self-assured demeanor as she declared, "If Marco dispatched someone to the Powell residence, it must be for me. Perhaps it's too late for him to come personally, but his concerns for me led him to send a gift."

Having spent the entire afternoon mentally preparing herself, Keely had almost persuaded herself that her dreams were the reality. Strengthened by the faith that Marco would never desert her, she felt a surge of joy.

Listening to her, Jane felt a pang of jealousy and wholeheartedly accepted Keely's interpretation.

After all, she had seen firsthand how Marco treated Keely. His affection was undeniable!

Prior to Keely's disgraceful behavior, not only had Marco cared for her, but the Powell family had also profited from their relationship.



As time passed and Keely became entangled in the scandals involving Elmo and Barr, the preferential treatment she once enjoyed gradually diminished. However, owing to their prior connections, the Powell family still managed to reap certain advantages.

It was this prospect that made Jane eager to have Keely win over Marco's heart for the greater good.

If Marco was to fall for Keely again, she would be set for life!

Currently, the Bryant Group was thriving solely on the strength of a CBD project. If the two were to reunite, the Powell family stood to profit immensely!

Pondering over these prospects, Jane cast a glance at Keely, her face breaking into a smile that hinted at her hidden motives.

"As Marco hasn't shown up personally, there's no need for formal attire. Keely, let's together greet his representatives. We shouldn't keep Mr. Bryant's associates waiting."

Keely herself was slightly on edge. Upon hearing Jane's proposal, she offered no resistance and went along with it.

Jane guided her to the living room, where a gathering of individuals stood, clad in suits and sporting serious expressions. However, they were empty-handed, lacking the demeanor of gift bearers but rather appearing as if they had arrived for a reckoning.

Jane's expression faltered as she sensed an unsettling atmosphere. She tightly grasped Keely's hand, her voice filled with concern as she asked, "What is going on here?"

Keely furrowed her brows, and with a flicker of disdain, she

withdrew her hand.

She had already recognized Carl, and her smile resurfaced. Since Carl was here, it implied that he had been sent by Marco.


Keely advanced confidently and greeted Carl with warmth. "Carl, did Marco send you out of concern for my well-being?"

Before Carl could utter a response, she bashfully tilted her head and answered her own query, "You can reassure Marco that I'm quite alright. I have recuperated well. Today's storm was merely a fleeting disturbance, nothing to worry about."

She raised her eyes to Carl, anticipation gleaming in them, but he made no response after a long while. It was then that she finally realized something was wrong.

With an icy expression, Carl gave Keely an indifferent look as he stated, "Miss Haywood, Mr. Bryant has no interest in hearing about your affairs. He didn't dispatch me to check on your health."



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## Chapter 540 Never Appear Again

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Caught off guard by Carl's words, Keely forced a smile and responded, "Oh, so you're here to collect Marco's coat, aren't you? Marco must've sent you for that. He's always been so thoughtful. This is such a minor matter; I could've returned it at a more convenient time. There was no need to dispatch so many people."

Her statement was laced with ambiguity, and Carl's eyes fell on the rumpled coat in her grasp. Despite its wrinkled state obscuring its original form, he recognized the bespoke brand. After all, he had previously been assigned by Marco to manage tailoring arrangements.

Carl took a moment to confirm that it was indeed Marco's coat, a fact that left him somewhat surprised.

Keely noticed his reaction, and a wave of relief coursed through her. She then pursed her lips and offered a sly smile, softly boasting, "Carl, being Marco's most trusted person in the company, you should understand our relationship better than anyone else. While Marco tends to keep his personal and professional lives separate, he still values my opinions. I believe you should show me a bit more courtesy. I carry weight in Marco's eyes."

Keely had only had limited interactions with Carl previously, knowing him solely as a competent assistant at Marco's side. Still, at the end of the day, he was just a subordinate. Hence, when Carl initially displayed coldness towards her, it had stung her pride. That's why she felt compelled to



assert her position.

Carl listened, his expression a blend of surprise and irritation. Was he being threatened?

He couldn't help but compare Keely unfavorably to Loraine. Even over trivial matters, Keely felt the need to assert herself and showcase her influence. Meanwhile, Loraine, even when she had been the official Mrs. Bryant, had always projected modesty and understatement.

Contemplating the task he was entrusted with for the evening, Carl's expression hardened. His brows furrowed as he coolly stated, "There's no need for you to return it. Mr. Bryant has no further use for it."

Keely's smile faded, her fingers reflexively tightening around the coat, hidden from view.

She sensed that something was amiss, given Carl's icy demeanor.

How could he dare to behave this way, knowing the nature of her relationship with Marco?

Among the assembled, only Jane seemed confused. As she glanced from one person to another, she remained ensnared in the fantasy Keely had spun. She genuinely believed that Carl's visit was because of Marco's directive to look after Keely.

Sporting a smile, Jane added, "Absolutely! The coat is so creased. It would be better for Keely to clean it herself before returning it to Mr. Bryant!"

She knew that a single coat would hardly make a dent in Marco's wealth. But what he truly needed was a woman!



Marco had always maintained a spotless reputation, and apart from his marriage, Keely was the only woman involved in any gossip surrounding him. Therefore, Jane didn't question Keely's claims.

If Marco didn't care for her, would he have given her his coat?

Jane even shared a knowing look with Keely and grinned. She was certain that some intimate episode between the two must've led to Keely's current disheveled state.

Perhaps it was just the youthful passion shared between the pair that made Marco send Carl here for the coat.

Immersed in her musings, Jane's expression took on an increasingly peculiar cast. Carl, in response, knitted his brows. As an individual constantly at Marco's side, he wasn't naive. Naturally, he discerned the hidden implications in Jane's recent words.

With a frosty smirk, Carl promptly shattered her illusions. "Mr. Bryant has no intention of seeing Keely again. My visit here tonight, on Mr. Bryant's instructions, is to remove Keely."

Jane froze, a look of shock taking over her features as she turned towards Keely.

What did that mean? Where were they sending Keely?

Keely's face contorted, her teeth clenched tightly as she forced out a stiff smile, choosing to deceive herself as she queried, "Is Marco intending to take me away from the Powell family and welcome me into the Bryant family?"

Jane's eyes sparkled, nodding enthusiastically. "Keely, I'll





assist you in packing. You've been staying with the Powells for so long, and I, as your aunt, have treated you well. Once you join the Bryant family, do not forget about me!"

Keely retorted haughtily, "That depends on your behavior."

Jane's smile faltered momentarily, but she quickly recovered, shaking her head apologetically.

Watching the pair of women fantasizing about their luxurious future with the Bryants, as though oblivious to the presence of others, left Carl thoroughly bewildered. What sort of drama were they attempting to enact?

But when he realized their genuine belief in the notion that he was there to escort Keely to the Bryant family, Carl could bear it no longer.

He cut through their conversation, his voice stern, "I am not here to transfer Keely to the Bryant family. I'm here to escort her out of this country!"

"What!" Jane blurted out, taken aback.

Keely clenched her hands tightly, managing to paste a strained smile on her face as she murmured, "Marco is indeed thoughtful. Sending me overseas seems like a wise choice. I've stirred up enough chaos here; it's inappropriate for me to linger. Marco must be prioritizing my welfare."

Carl's brows knitted together, frustrated by Keely's persistent misinterpretation of his words. He decided to spell out his message clearly, speaking in a frosty tone. "Mr. Bryant's desire is for Keely to stay as far away from him and Miss Torres as possible. He never wishes to see her in their vicinity ever again!"



## Chapter 541 Going Crazy

Keely's smile froze instantly. She couldn't help but ask, "Are you joking, Carl?"

Carl responded in a low tone, "No, I'm not. I've already bought the ticket for you. We're taking you to the airport now."

Although he spoke politely, anyone with a discerning eye could tell that he was forcing Keely to the airport.

Keely's initial disbelief turned into a ferocious expression as she realized that Carl was serious. Her smile faded as she yelled, "Impossible! You lied to me!"

She erupted into a frenzy, screaming at the top of her lungs, "Jorge, my fiancé, sacrificed his life to save Marco! Before he died, he entrusted Marco with the responsibility of taking care of me. How could Marco abandon me like this?"

Carl was one of the few people in the company who was aware of such matters. He replied in an indifferent tone, saying, "Miss Haywood, Mr. Bryant gave you several chances. It was your own greed that led to this. You have no right to blame Mr. Bryant."

Keely rolled her eyes and rushed to him in desperation, pleading stubbornly, "Carl, I know that Marco's angry right now, which is why he's treating me like this, but I'm willing to offer you the money. Please just put in a good word for me! Marco even took me with him to pay our respects to Jorge. He wouldn't be so heartless!"

Carl forcefully removed her hands and spoke firmly. "Miss Haywood, Mr. Bryant has decided to end the relationship with you after paying his respects to Mr. Riley. He has been extremely generous and fair in his actions. Please don't make this harder than it has to be!"

Jane's mind had been clouded with confusion until she heard what Carl said. She immediately grew anxious and yelled, "What? What do you mean by 'ending' the relationship?"

Upon hearing this, Carl cast a glance at Jane, his eyes sweeping across the faces of the Powell family members. With a sneer on his face, he replied, "I mean that the Bryant Group will no longer provide assistance to Keely. As for what Mr. Bryant has given you in the past, he's going to take it all back now. That includes all the benefits the Powell family has received."

Jane's face suddenly turned pale, and she quickly tried to explain things. "We have no connection to Keely. What she has done has nothing to do with us!"

Carl remained unmoved and answered coldly, "However, you got some very real benefits from her actions. Those benefits were not owed to you, so it's only right that Mr. Bryant retracts them."

Filled with anger at her failed attempt to intercede - which led to the loss of the Powell family's benefits - Jane's emotions boiled over. As soon as her gaze fell on Keely's pale face, she clenched her teeth and charged at her, intending to beat her and vent her frustrations.

"Keely, you just lied to me! Marco doesn't care about you at all!"

The truth had finally hit her. She realized that Marco didn't love Keely, and instead had a deep animosity towards her. She had been very blind to believe everything Keely said!

Jane was exasperated. Pointing a finger at Keely's face, she yelled, "Get out of the Powell family house this instant! I want you out of my sight!"

With this, Jane shoved Keely, causing her to stumble backwards. She was so furious that she swung her arm in an attempt to slap Keely, only for Keely to swiftly grab her hand mid-air and push her away.

Jane, seething with anger, was ready to unleash a torrent of scathing words at Keely. The next moment, however, the tide changed completely. Keely quickly snatched the fruit knife from the table in the living room, brandishing it menacingly towards Jane and the others present.

"Stay away from me!"

Upon seeing this, Jane immediately became terrified. She carefully took a few steps back to create some distance between herself and Keely and asked in a trembling voice, "Are... are you crazy?"

Keely clenched her teeth tightly and wore a strange smirk on her face, saying, "Yes, I'm crazy, and you're the one driving me crazy!"

Keely's words sent a cold chill down Janet's spine. Frightened, she turned to Carl and urged him on, saying, "Aren't you supposed to be sending her abroad? Hurry! Grab her and take her away!"

Ignoring Jane's desperate cry, Carl glanced at the crazed Keely with a frown. He tried to calm her down, saying, "Put

down the knife, Miss Haywood. You could hurt yourself."

In that moment, however, Keely's attention wasn't fully on him. She waved the fruit knife around wildly and said through clenched teeth, "I'm not backing down. If you want me gone, you're going to have to kill me!"

Carl then cast a discreet gaze at his men. Understanding the signal and acknowledging it with a nod, the men slowly encircled Keely, intending to subdue her.

In a sudden move, however, Keely pressed the blade of the knife horizontally against her neck. With a bitter smile on her face, she screamed, "Stay back! I demand to see Marco! If I don't, I'll end my life right here in front of all of you!"

Initially, Carl thought she was just bluffing and wasn't too bothered by it. As soon as he took a step forward, however, he saw Keely press the knife deeper into her flesh, causing a deep crimson trickle of blood to stream down her fair neck.

Realizing the gravity of the situation, Carl's expression immediately turned grave. Keely, on the other hand, wore a bright smile as she spoke, reiterating her ultimatum. "If Marco doesn't come, I'll die right here. If that happens, you won't be able to explain yourselves, would you? You'd all be murderers!"

Carl pressed his lips together tightly, recognizing that he'd been left with no choice. Reluctantly, he took out his phone and called Marco. Immediately the call was connected, he put the phone on speaker and briefly explained what had happened to Marco.

Keely's eyes lit up as soon she heard Marco's voice on the phone. She rushed over to the phone, exclaiming anxiously, "Marco!"

Before she could take another step forward, however, a cold voice echoed from the other end of the line, "Let her die if she wants to."

"How can you say that, Marco?" Keely's face turned pale. "My suicide will be broadcast live. I'll make sure everyone knows it was Loraine who hurt me. I won't let her get away with it, even if I have to die!" she yelled.

On the other end of the phone, Marco remained silent. His silence, however, only fuelled Keely's gloomy disposition as she asked in a smug tone, "You don't believe me?"

Then, with one hand, she took out her phone and began a live stream, wearing a sinister smile on her face.

A heavy silence filled the room as everyone was shocked by her audacious move. The only sound that could be heard was the eerie music playing from the live stream.

After a few seconds, Marco's cold voice broke the silence. "Fine, Keely, I'm on my way."

