

Chapter 754 Sharing The Night

Marco had finally been discharged from the hospital and returned to his apartment. Loraine was deeply concerned about his well-being and visited every day to cook for him. Their evenings together extended until she'd prepared and they'd finished a meal, and only then did she reluctantly leave.

Marco couldn't bear to see her leave and had started asking her to stay over.

He reached for her wrist, his touch warming her skin. An unexpected blush crept across her face.

She looked around the apartment, her eyes finally resting on the solitary bed. Blushing, she stammered, "Where should I sleep?"

Their past nights together in the cramped bed of the village orphanage had been out of necessity; but now, she had a home to return to, making this situation different.

With his warm hand around her wrist, Marco reassured her, "This bed is spacious enough for both of us. We're a couple; it's perfectly normal."

Lowering his gaze, he pointed at his still-healing leg. "Besides, my leg is far from being fully recovered. So, I won't do anything in the middle of the night. You don't need to worry."

Loraine's face flushed, and she stammered, "I'm not worried. It's just..."

She hesitated but couldn't find her words. Despite her shyness, it was Marco's well-being that kept her up at night. She was afraid that something might happen to him when she wasn't there.

Marco sighed and gently took her hand in his. "It's really late. Even though I know you can go back home on your own, I still worry."

He admitted that when she wasn't by his side, he couldn't help but think about her, just as she was concerned for him.

Trying to lighten the mood, he added, "I'll do my best to shrink myself and not take up too much space in bed."

Loraine turned to him and saw his pleading expression, reminiscent of a puppy seeking attention.

She relented and approached him, kissing him on the eye. Then, with a mischievous grin, she said, "Alright, I'll stay for the night."

Before Marco could draw her close for another kiss, Loraine darted off to collect her nightly essentials.

When Marco had traveled to the countryside with her, he'd stocked up on toiletries, leaving them in the cupboard.

After finishing her shower, Loraine returned to the bedroom to find Marco already in bed.

True to his word, he occupied only a small part of the space. He lay there, his tall frame curled up, his expression serious.

Loraine found it amusing. She sat at the edge of the bed, drying her hair.

Feeling the mattress sink slightly, Marco inched further away, his throat tensed.

Unexpectedly, Loraine's delicate hand reached out and grabbed his.

Marco froze, holding his breath.

Lorraine lay down, her damp hair releasing a fragrant scent, which filled the room. She had pulled him a little closer.

But he remained gentlemanly motionless.

A chuckle came from behind. In a soft voice, Loraine teased, "Marco, the empty space between us is too large. Are you rehearsing for letting the children sleep between us in the future?"

Even though Marco was now a pro at flirting and teasing Loraine, when the tables turned and he was on the receiving end, he wasn't quite as composed.

Amused, Loraine mentioned the topic of children.

During their previous three-year marriage, they had maintained a certain distance from each other, and this was the first time Loraine had mentioned children.

Eyes filled with expectation, Marco couldn't help but wonder what it would be like if they had children.

He believed he wouldn't let their children compete for affection.

Turning to face Loraine, Marco was about to speak when he noticed how close she was to him.

Not expecting his sudden movement, Loraine lay still, her gaze locked onto him.

Their noses were inches apart, and Loraine's scent enveloped him, making it impossible to resist. With a gentle lean, Marco

planted a kiss...

The atmosphere between them was charged with tension.

Marco wrapped his arms around Loraine, saying softly, "Loraine, as long as you're with me, nothing else matters."

She playfully punched his chest, feigning shyness and annoyance at his earlier advance.

But Marco wore an innocent smile and said, "That kiss was simply a goodnight kiss, quite normal for a couple."

Loraine was left speechless. She tried to squirm away from his embrace, but Marco held her tightly, patting her back in a soothing manner. "Let me hold you till you fall asleep."

He had an unspoken vulnerability in his eyes, like a puppy seeking comfort and safety.

Seeing his unguarded side, Loraine softened and settled into his embrace. She gently kissed his lips, whispering, "Good night."

The moonlight cast a soft glow into the room as they cuddled and drifted into slumber, their silhouettes a picture of tranquility.



Bountiful Free Coins are waiting for you, don't miss out!

GO NOW

Chapter 755 Aldo's Invitation

After a restful night's sleep, Marco gradually stirred, feeling the soft and tender sensation in his embrace.

He opened his eyes and was greeted by the sight of Loraine nestled in his arms, looking serene and lovely.

A contented smile tugged at the corners of his lips as he gazed at her, overwhelmed by the beauty of the moment. Recalling the sweet intimacy they'd shared the previous night, his eyes shone with adoration as he continued to watch Loraine, cherishing the tranquility of the early morning.

As Marco admired the girl who had become his heart's delight, he noticed that she was still clutching his hand. Her features contorted as if she was immersed in a vivid dream, causing her lips to pout ever so slightly in a beguiling manner. It was a side of her he'd never seen in her waking moments, and he couldn't help but be enchanted.

Unable to resist the allure, Marco leaned closer and pressed his lips gently against Loraine's. It was a gentle kiss, not intended to rouse her from her dreams.

However, Loraine stirred, and her eyelids fluttered open, sleepiness evident in her eyes.

Without any hesitation, Marco deepened the kiss to fully wake her up.

In the wake of their kiss, Loraine's sleepiness fully dissipated, and she couldn't help but breathe more rapidly.

She drew him closer, her arms encircling his waist, and whispered with coquettish charm, "Good morning, Marco."

Her endearing display of affection filled Marco's heart with warmth. Morning light filtered into the room as they woke up beside each other, starting the day the way any loving couple would. He held her, and they exchanged a long, passionate kiss.

Loraine had imagined such scenarios countless times at the onset of puberty. Now it had become reality.

Marco kissed her hair and let Loraine lie down for a while. Then he left the warm bed and went into the kitchen to prepare breakfast for both of them.

Before she left, Marco offered her a simple breakfast — a glass of milk, a sandwich, and a slightly undercooked, heart-shaped egg. It was a sweet gesture, showing his affection and care.

Finishing her meal, Loraine glanced at the clock and expressed her reluctance. "I must head to work."

He fetched a tissue, gently wiping away the crumbs at the corner of her mouth as they shared a tender moment. With a fond gaze, he advised, "Take care on your way."

With a touch of shyness, Loraine pinched his cheek and playfully pleaded, "Wait for me at home, alright?"

Embracing her tightly with one arm, Marco couldn't help but feel a touch of sadness as she departed. But he quickly kissed her and replied, "I promise, girlfriend. I'll be right here waiting for you."

With a flushed face, Loraine dashed into the elevator and gave him one last urging, "Hurry back."

As Marco watched the elevator descend, he smiled with contentment, cherishing the moments he shared with Loraine. They might have different roles in their relationship, but it was their love that mattered most.

It was so good to be like this now.

So good that he was afraid that it was only a dream.

Now, he was left with the anticipation of her return. He thought about what special dinner he could prepare for her, even though he wasn't much of a cook. He was determined to make it a memorable night.

But as he started looking up recipes on his computer, an unexpected knock on the door interrupted his plans.

He found it peculiar because other than Loraine, no one knew where he lived, not even his best friends Slater and Jimmie.

The knocking grew impatient, making Marco's unease deepen. He stopped in his tracks, realizing that this could be trouble.

It couldn't be Loraine, as she had the key to his apartment.

He stood still, and the knock on the door became heavy. It seemed that the visitor was running out of their patience.

Marco had a premonition of trouble.

He decided to approach the door carefully and peered through the peephole, revealing the darkened hallway outside.

A voice called out from beyond the door. "Mr. Bryant, I know you're inside. If you open the door now, we can discuss matters peacefully. Otherwise, we'll be forced to take a more confrontational approach."

Marco had an unsettling feeling that these visitors were up to no good.

He retreated silently, grabbing a Swiss Army knife for protection, and reluctantly opened the door.

Before him stood a group of stern-looking men in black, led by a man who greeted him politely but firmly.

"You're Marco Bryant? Mr. Aldo Torres invites you over to his place. Please come with us."

Chapter 756 Marco Missing

The Universe Group buzzed with a shared sentiment among its employees today, a feeling that their CEO, Loraine, was in unusually high spirits.

It wasn't just that she wore a constant smile on her face, but she was even more lenient in handling contract errors. She offered gentle guidance for corrections instead of scrutinizing them intensely. For the very first time, she left the office half an hour earlier than her usual late nights.

Whispers of love swirled throughout the company. The employees believed that Loraine's radiant mood was a testament to the blossoming romance between her and her rumored boyfriend, the former CEO of the Bryant Group, Marco.

The hope of the staff was palpable; they yearned for the love between their CEO and Marco to culminate in a lifelong commitment, fostering a bond that would defy the test of time.

In the midst of this, Loraine remained blissfully unaware of the office gossip.

Her joy was indeed attributed to Marco. She'd received a message from him soon after arriving at work that read, "I'll cook for you tonight."

Loraine hesitated before giving her reply, but Marco didn't text back. She didn't ponder much, though, thinking that he must be busy learning to cook.

Filled with anticipation, she had been in high spirits the whole day and couldn't wait to return to his apartment as soon as she

got off work.

As she unlocked the door and entered, a bright smile danced on her lips. She greeted the empty room, "I'm home! What's cooking?"

But there was no response.

Confusion washed over her as the room remained eerily silent. The home should have been filled with the enticing aroma of dinner in progress. But all she could hear was her own voice echoing.

Uneasiness slowly crept in. It was unlikely Marco would be absent without notice, especially with the difficulty he faced when moving around. They had agreed that he wouldn't wander off aimlessly, and if he did go out, he would inform her.

Lorraine's anxiety intensified. She hurriedly took out her phone and dialed Marco's number. With each ring, her worry grew, and her worst fears began to take root. The phone went unanswered, and dread gripped her.

Something must have happened!

The panic gave her no respite. She made her way to the computer, where she saw a cooking tutorial playing. However, the video was paused mid-way, suggesting an abrupt interruption in his usual meticulous routine.

Her mind raced, imagining a myriad of possibilities. What could have happened to Marco?

Were his enemies closing in on him?

She remembered the menacing visit from Marina and Laura in the hospital, and the feeling of foreboding intensified. If someone with malicious intent had tracked Marco down,

attacked him when he was vulnerable due to his leg injury, and forcibly taken him away...

Loraine couldn't shake the thought, and it consumed her. With a trembling hand, she gathered her resolve, then dashed out of the apartment.

In her haste, she ran into the elderly woman living next door in the corridor. The neighbor was known for her nosy inquiries but Loraine had no patience for idle chatter today. She kept her head down and rushed towards the elevator.

But the woman wouldn't let her go so easily. "Hey, miss, do you live next door with that handicapped man?"

Handicapped?

Loraine frowned at the reference. "He's not handicapped."

Taken aback, the woman tried to correct herself. "Alright, alright, I was just wondering if he got on the wrong side of someone. What a ruckus today! A group of people came, banging on the door. It terrified my poor grandson."

Loraine's desperation grew, and she grasped the woman's arm, urgency in her eyes. "Who were they? Do you know where they took him?"

"I don't know," the woman admitted. "They were a fearsome bunch, and they gave my little one quite a fright. I mustered the courage to peek through the door's crack. It was just like something out of a TV show, a gang of men in black suits!"

The old woman was imaginative. "Is your boyfriend in debt with someone? Miss, you'd better stay out. They don't look like people to be trifled with!"

Loraine's heart sank. She thanked the woman hurriedly and

left, desperate to find answers. She needed to reach the security room to review the surveillance footage of the mysterious visitors.

Outside the building, the scene was chaotic. The disturbance caused by the group of men in black had left many residents agitated.

As Loraine pushed through the crowd, she couldn't ignore the murmurings about her and Marco, even if they were inadvertently hurtful.

The word "cripple" stung, but she had no time to address it. Entering the security room, Loraine requested the surveillance footage, anxious to unravel the mystery. On the screen, she spotted the vehicle that had brought Marco's uninvited guests.

A sense of dread washed over her as she recognized the vehicle's insignia. It was a grave realization, and Loraine's expression darkened.

Without wasting another moment, she rushed to the garage.

Chapter 757 Name Your Price

A grand, black vehicle emblazoned with the insignia of the Universe Group idled before an imposing, castle-like villa.

A stern-faced security guard stood by, his demeanor oozing arrogance. He addressed the new arrival. "Mr. Torres is expecting you inside."

Marco maintained his composure and nodded calmly, moving forward with his crutch, each step steady and determined.

However, as he crossed the threshold, he couldn't help but have a wry smile. He hadn't anticipated his second visit to the Torres family villa to unfold this way, especially not with Aldo summoning him.

After Marco realized that these people were sent by the Torres family, he had put away his weapon and obediently followed them here.

The reason for his visit had puzzled him during the ride here.

Had Aldo learned about Marco's intention to marry into the Torres family? Or was this an attempt to force him to part ways with Loraine?

The uncertainty gnawed at him, but he knew he couldn't afford to back down now.

No matter the purpose, he was prepared to persevere.

Inside the villa, Aldo occupied a commanding seat, clad in a silk robe. He sipped tea leisurely, surrounded by a cohort of stern-

faced men dressed in black, each exuding an air of solemnity.

Marco knew all too well that this wasn't going to be a friendly talk.

The porcelain teacup's lid clicked shut as it was placed on the table. Aldo raised his sharp, eagle-like gaze, locking eyes with Marco.

The sight of Marco's crutch and the leg brace momentarily dampened Aldo's regal façade. He cleared his throat, dismissing his embarrassment, and broached the conversation, "You understand why I've summoned you here, don't you?"

Marco had faced off against Aldo in the corporate world when he had taken over the Bryant Group at a young age. Even though he was now using a crutch, he didn't betray a trace of embarrassment. He responded politely but with unwavering conviction, "I can surmise the reason."

Aldo couldn't contain his irritation and cut him off, his voice tinged with frustration. "I'm aware of everything that's transpired recently! What I didn't expect was that my granddaughter would stay with you after you were expelled from the Bryant family and the Bryant Group!"

Marco straightened himself, meeting Aldo's fiery gaze head-on. He articulated his feelings with sincerity. "Mr. Torres, I truly want to be with Loraine."

"Enough!" Aldo couldn't contain his anger and slammed his hand on the table, causing a small tea spill. He continued, "You're not worthy of my granddaughter!"

His eyes bored into Marco, his resolve unyielding.

He would never forget how his beloved granddaughter had returned home after the distressful marriage.

He harbored a deep-seated resentment over how Loraine had suffered in silence for three years while hiding her true identity. During their marriage and subsequent divorce, Marco's actions were unforgivable in Aldo's eyes.

Although Marco had indeed done something that impressed him, Aldo didn't change his mind.

He would never easily forgive anyone who had hurt Loraine!

For a brief moment, Aldo relented, questioning, "Tell me, how much money do you want to part ways with my precious granddaughter? Just name your price. Don't worry, the Torres family can afford it!"

Marco managed a bitter smile, but he didn't lose his cool despite Aldo's harsh words.

He knew that the love he held for Loraine had come too late, and it felt like an unfair burden he bore, not just on her.

The notion of others understanding was almost a distant dream, but he wasn't ready to give up on Loraine.

He responded calmly, "Mr. Torres, I believe that in your heart, Loraine couldn't be priced at a sum of money, and to me, she's priceless. No matter how much you offer, I won't leave Loraine."

Aldo's eyes widened, and his anger was palpable as he snapped back, "Of course, my precious granddaughter is priceless. Young man, don't try to be too greedy and push your luck!"

Marco shook his head gently, maintaining his earnestness. "I won't accept a single penny from the Torres family, Mr. Torres. I implore you to grant me the opportunity. I've already promised Rowan and Wesley that I'd be willing to marry Loraine, even if it means marrying into the Torres family. Please, let Loraine

marry me."

Aldo's reaction was utterly unexpected; his eyes went wide, and he was left astounded. He couldn't help but inquire, "What do you mean?"

Chapter 758 Aldo's Attitude

Marco was taken aback. Had Aldo not been informed of his intention to marry into the Torres family?

It appeared Loraine's two uncles hadn't taken his words seriously and kept that from Aldo.

Now, Marco contemplated whether or not he should reveal the truth.

"Let me explain, Mr. Torres," Marco began cautiously. "When Loraine and I were in the countryside, I was injured. After we returned to the hospital in town, Loraine's uncles came to visit her, thinking something had happened to her. Wesley mentioned that if I wanted to marry Lorrie, I should be marrying into the Torres family. I agreed to it."

Of course, this wasn't precisely what Wesley initially meant, but Marco's interpretation was based on his understanding of the situation.

Unbeknownst to him, Wesley was growing anxious, worrying about how Aldo might react.

Aldo's expression turned as dark as a looming storm cloud, and he appeared as if he might erupt in anger at any moment. Marco wasn't sure why, but he noticed that Aldo's eyes darted towards a corner of the living room where an ebony screen stood.

Though Marco brushed it aside, he couldn't help but wonder about Aldo's strange behavior. However, he refocused on the conversation. Respectfully, he continued, "Mr. Torres, this isn't

a joke. I genuinely intend to—"

Aldo's fiery temper flared, and he interjected, "Quiet! Your willingness doesn't matter. I disagree! Let me make this clear — since those two idiots made promises, they can marry their own granddaughters. I do not approve of you!"

Marco cleared his throat, offering a nod of compliance. It took Aldo some time to cool down, and when he finally did, he cast a contemptuous glance at Marco.

"Marco, don't get me wrong. It's not that I underestimate you. But look at yourself! Lorrie is the Torres family's most precious gem. If we're to find a husband for her, we should aim to make her happy. As for you, you're not wealthy, you lack power, and to top it off, you're disabled. You've got nothing to offer except your good looks. What good are looks alone in the Torres family?"

Hearing this, Marco replied with sincerity, "But Loraine obviously likes my good looks."

This response gave Aldo pause.

He had never encountered anyone like Marco. It wasn't that he doubted Marco's good looks, but Marco's retort had defied his expectations in a profound way.

His cherished granddaughter had chosen him after all, and he couldn't deny the connection went deeper than mere appearances.

Marco further asserted, "Mr. Torres, you should know that I have the skills and experience to be of value. I've learned a great deal from you in the business world."

Aldo's face remained stern, and he knew that Marco was employing flattery.

Nonetheless, he couldn't ignore the truth. Marco's achievements in the business world were exceptional for someone of his age.

If Loraine hadn't taken over the Universe Group, or if Marco hadn't been kicked out of the Bryant Group, the Bryant Group might very likely surpass the Universe Group in a few years.

In terms of business skills and talent, Marco was indeed beyond reproach.

With a scowl, Aldo contemplated finding fault with Marco. But upon reflection, he realized that aside from the three years when Marco had disregarded Loraine, he had committed no mistakes. Moreover, Marco had saved Aldo's life. Not only that, he had also saved Rowan. They wouldn't have been able to borrow the surgical robot from the Solar Company without Marco's help.

Most importantly, Loraine herself had forgiven him, and Marco had made amends in his own way.

Aldo lapsed into silence as he contemplated further.

Ultimately, his emotions toward Marco wavered, a complex blend of gratitude and resentment.

He struggled to come to terms with this mix of emotions, but his attitude softened.

Although he found it difficult to let go, Aldo conceded, "You were once assertive because of your affiliation with the Bryant Group. Now, circumstances have changed drastically. I don't see any advantage in you joining the Torres family."

He raised a hand, putting a halt to what Marco intended to say, and scoffed, "Many men are good-looking. Lorrie treats you

Chapter 758 Aldo's Attitude

 +120 Points at most

well now out of compassion, but she may grow weary of you eventually. The Torres family can offer her a plethora of handsome men who'd jump at the chance to marry into our family. She could pick from them at any time."

Hearing this, Marco was reminded of Wesley's previous audacious attempt to match Loraine with a group of male celebrities, and his fists clenched.



Bountiful Free Coins are waiting
for you, don't miss out!

GO NOW

Chapter 759 The Patent Of Qbot

Aldo's expression flickered with a trace of disdain when he observed Marco's countenance, thinking that this young man was ill-prepared to control his emotions. He was on the verge of dismissing him.

"I suggest you to consider asking for a proper price," Aldo quipped dismissively, hinting that Marco should back down.

But the young man's demeanor abruptly shifted. He lifted his gaze, his eyes burning with a fiery determination as he inquired, "But can any other man bring a patent like Qbot to the Torres family?"

Aldo, who had once led a vast business empire, was well-informed about emerging products and projects in the market. Of course, he had heard of Qbot.

He rose to his feet, leaning on his crutch, his eyes scrutinizing the young man who met his gaze unwaveringly.

"You said Qbot? Isn't that a project from the Bryant Group? You no longer belong to the Bryant family. How can you boast about Qbot's patent?" Aldo challenged, his voice edged with skepticism.

However, this only widened the young man's sly grin.

"The Qbot project was established by me, and I have held the patent all along. Not to mention, the core program of Qbot has the capacity for independent thought. The initial program I set

for him was to regard Loraine and me as his parents."

Aldo's expression twitched, and his silence hung heavily in the air.

The young man continued, "Qbot calls me dad and Loraine mom. Loraine is well aware of it. As Loraine's child, the natural course is for her to share the patent."

Qbot had garnered a reputation due to a series of controversies upon its release. Aldo had certainly heard of these incidents. Although he was taken aback by the young man's revelation, he couldn't dismiss its authenticity.

Aldo slowly exhaled, his eyes still locked onto the young man. "The Qbot patent— Is it genuinely yours? If that's the case, you could effortlessly revive your own company. Why offer it to the Universe Group?"

Intriguingly, Aldo found himself doubting the young man's intentions. Throughout history, businessmen had prioritized profits above all else. It was hard to believe that someone in the world would be selfless to such an extent.

If the young man was willing to give up Qbot, Aldo's initial assumption about him pursuing Loraine for personal gain would be proven false.

The young man clarified with genuine sincerity, "I successfully turned the destitute Bryant Group into a thriving entity, and I can certainly establish a new company. But my priority is Loraine, who means more to me than wealth and power."

Aldo was struck dumbfounded. The young man had shattered his preconceived notions.

Aldo wanted to challenge Marco, but he felt the need to pause, considering the veracity of the words he had just heard. The

young man went on, revealing another revelation, "Mr. Bryant, besides Qbot, there are numerous other patents under my name. Although they are believed to belong to the Bryant Group, I am willing to provide all of them to the Universe Group."

Speaking of this, Marco pleaded sincerely in an affectionate tone, "You have nothing to be suspicious about. I only want to help Loraine make the Universe Group stronger so that she can bear less burden."

Aldo's calculated facade began to crack. He knew this young man was far from ordinary.

Even when he had worked for the Bryant Group for over twenty years before being kicked out, no one would have guessed that he held the lifeline of the Bryant Group.

It would be terrible to be an enemy of such a person.

As he spoke of Loraine, Marco's eyes softened. "In reality, I believe Loraine can manage this herself. Even if she doesn't have those patents, she can make the company stronger. However, I don't want to see her work herself to the bone."

He knew from firsthand experience the challenges of working alongside Loraine at the same level. He understood the burdens she carried and appreciated her determination.

Loraine was no mere caged bird in his eyes. He had no intention of confining her to domestic duties.

Instead, he wanted to be her unwavering support, ready to assist her whenever she needed.

Aldo maintained his gaze on the young man, his thoughts a whirlwind of conflicting emotions. This young man had an air of genuineness, of warmth and kindness, even under these tense circumstances.

Despite Aldo's history in business, he couldn't help but approach the young man with genuine curiosity.

To be honest, Aldo was very satisfied with such a man who was willing to sacrifice himself for Loraine.

Marco had a complicated past. Although the old man's exterior remained cool, he couldn't help but scoff. "Aren't you afraid that we will discard you once we acquire these patents?"

With a gentle smile, Marco responded, "Even if one day Loraine grows tired of me and no longer needs me, I'm content..."

Before Marco could finish his words, the hall's door swung open forcefully. Loraine dashed toward Marco, silhouetted against the radiant light.