

Chapter 765 Bad Go Player

Marco assumed a modest posture, deliberately avoiding eye contact with the peculiar Go board in front of him.

The game felt like a whirlwind of emotions, pushing him to his limits.

But amidst all the complexity, one thing brought solace: Aldo's joyful laughter.

It appeared to be a rare occasion for Aldo to relish victory. The excitement in Aldo's eyes was unmistakable as he waved a hand with casual enthusiasm. "Another round, let's have some fun!"

Although Marco's jaw was clenched, his expression remained unchanged. He nodded and observed the time on his wristwatch. He gently beckoned Beal over as Aldo excitedly rearranged the black and white stones.

"Beal, kindly prepare a pot of Grandpa's favorite tea and ensure the kitchen stews a portion of chicken soup for Lorrie."

Beal's response was a flurry of nodding, brimming with admiration.

Inwardly, he sighed, realizing he hadn't seen Aldo this happy in a long time. Finally, he was not the one to challenge Aldo in Go. It seemed Marco was indeed an exceptional grandson-in-law.

After a pause, Marco inquired, "Will Rowan and Wesley be joining us for dinner tonight?"

Glancing at his message, Beal nodded and offered a warm smile. "Yes, Lorrie is rarely at home, and Master Rowan and Master Wesley wish to reunite."

Marco further instructed, "With many old wounds, Rowan often suffers from plaster-related odors. I've procured some high-quality medicine patches from abroad, stored in my room's drawer. Please ensure he receives them later."

Beal's eyes brimmed with admiration.

Marco took a moment to contemplate and added, "Additionally, there's Wesley's preferred wine. Open the bottle of red wine now; it won't taste bitter when mixed with the imported wine."

Beal dutifully recorded the instructions, his smile radiating kindness. He glanced at Aldo, who was concluding his game, and secretly gave Marco a silent thumbs up.

Yet Aldo couldn't help but feel torn about Marco's thoughtfulness.

Marco had meticulously arranged everything to suit each member of the Torres family. Even Aldo, a family member, couldn't find any fault with his preparations.

Aldo's curiosity got the better of him. "How do you know so much?"

Marco lowered his head, busying himself with the task of organizing the Go stones. He answered in a humble, understated tone, "I merely focus on Lorrie. She treasures her family and remembers your preferences. Hence, I've come to learn about them through her."

With a sincere and genuine smile, Marco remained humble. "As Loraine's partner, it's my duty to care for her family and our

elders when she's preoccupied."

Aldo found himself at a loss for words, his sentiments tilting more favorably towards Marco.

He hadn't expected this seemingly proud man to be so considerate.

Content, he grasped a Go stone, wondering if he'd gone too far with his testing.

After all, Marco was here to marry Loraine, not to serve the Torres family. Aldo didn't want to make Marco feel like he was merely a caretaker for the family. That would be an injustice.

While lost in thought, Marco had already tidied up the Go board, a pair of stone plates between them. Marco then inquired with a smile, "Mr. Torres, would you like to play black or white this time?"

Aldo couldn't help but reflect upon Marco's charm. Initially skeptical, he'd found Marco increasingly pleasing. What he had once perceived as cunning now appeared to be genuine warmth and kindness.

But Aldo remained vigilant. Perhaps Marco's kindness was merely a front.

There were many scheming men with humble origins nowadays. He had to test Marco for his granddaughter. He couldn't let Lorrie get hurt again!

Aldo's expression shifted, returning to his characteristic indifference. He selected the black stones, cast a brief glance at Marco, and retorted, "It's uncommon for you to be so filial, but whether it's genuine or not, that's not for you to say! Now, let's get back to the game."

Despite his reservations, Marco put on a patient front.

However, in no time, he felt his scalp prickle.

Playing Go with Aldo was more demanding than any business negotiation he'd ever been through. The most challenging part was trying to deliberately lose to a less skilled Go player.

As they played several rounds, dusk began to creep in. The sound of a car pulling into the yard resonated through the estate. Loraine removed her coat, passing it to a servant to hang up. Just as she was about to inquire about Marco's whereabouts, she heard the hearty laughter of Aldo emanating from the living room.

"Hey, I've won again! Marco, you slipped up this time. I'm up by two stones!"



Chapter 766 Loraine's Scold

Loraine couldn't fathom the harmonious rapport between Aldo and Marco.

The sight left her somewhat bewildered, compelling her to address Aldo.

With a beaming smile, Aldo turned toward her and addressed, "Lorrie?"

Aldo and Marco were both seated cross-legged beside the Go board. Marco was glad at Loraine's arrival and began to stand up in her honor. "Loraine, you..."

In the eagerness to greet her, he seemed to forget the extended period he had been seated. With a sudden rush to stand, his legs felt the effects of numbness, and a sharp, twitching pain coursed through his wound. For a brief moment, he appeared unsteady and almost lost his balance.

Loraine was instantly alarmed and rushed to support him. Anxiously, she inquired, "Are you okay?"

Marco, his complexion slightly pallid, endured the pain before shaking his head with a smile. "I'm fine. It's just that my feet fell asleep. I'm sorry."

Confused, Loraine responded, "Why are you apologizing?" She glanced helplessly at Aldo. Assessing the sunken seat, she deduced that Marco had been seated there for hours.

One hand resting on her forehead, she couldn't help but glance at Aldo before assisting Marco to sit back down. With a

compassionate squatted posture, she proceeded to massage Marco's legs to alleviate his discomfort.

Aldo harbored an urge to say something but remained silent. He couldn't help feeling guilty since it was his idea to have Marco play Go for so long, a venture that completely slipped his mind regarding Marco's recent injury.

Finally, Marco decided to address the situation, saying, "I'm fine. Let's have dinner first."

Throughout the dinner, Aldo remained silent and refrained from conversing with Loraine. Instead, he focused on his meal with a contemplative disposition.

Loraine, her eyebrows raised, decided to take matters into her own hands. She rose from her seat and helped Aldo to some food before turning her attention to Marco, who she addressed with purpose, "Marco, do you understand that you made a mistake today?"

Startled, Marco coughed and nodded earnestly.

"How can you play Go with Grandpa for so long? Grandpa has just recovered from a serious illness. How could you let him sit for so long? Besides, you are not good at playing Go. Grandpa loves me, and he is patient with you. You should be grateful he's willing to play Go with you."

Marco nodded. "I know I made a mistake."

Then, he turned his gaze toward Aldo and expressed his gratitude. "Mr. Torres, thank you for spending time with me today."

Aldo, having lost his appetite, placed his utensil on the table. Coughing lightly, he managed a wry smile. "It's nothing, really..."

He had witnessed countless ups and downs in life. It didn't escape him that his granddaughter was using Marco as an excuse to scold him.

Noticing the awkward tension, Rowan and Wesley quickly finished their meals and left the room.

After dinner, Aldo retreated to his room, where the more he pondered, the more perturbed he became.

Even if it wasn't intentional, it was undeniably his fault.

It would be fine if Marco was angry. But his sensible and obedient look made him feel more guilty.

Worse still, Aldo couldn't understand how Marco had lost every match. It felt too coincidental.

Rowan and Wesley had never shown interest in playing Go with him, always offering a mere few minutes before making excuses to leave. Aldo now believed it was due to their reluctance to challenge his skills and dent his self-esteem, rather than lacking the patience.

Regarding Marco, he had crafted the Qbot, which was highly sought after. How could a genius developer like him be inferior?

It struck him that Marco must have intentionally allowed him to win each time, using his mastery to give Aldo a slight advantage.

With mixed emotions, Aldo came to a realization that Marco was favored by the fates. Yet, he needed to be careful not to push him too hard.

Thinking of this, Aldo sighed again. He did want to test Marco, but he didn't want to take advantage of his power to distress

him.

His line of thought ventured toward the notion that perhaps Marco might feel the Torres family harbored resentment toward the less fortunate or engaged in a form of bullying. This could potentially strain Marco's relationship with Loraine.

No, he had to explain this to Lorrie. He didn't do it on purpose!

Desiring to make amends, Aldo decided to talk to Loraine about the situation, clarifying that it wasn't intentional.

With haste, Aldo marched to Loraine's room and knocked on the door. Speaking gently, he inquired, "Lorrie, are you asleep? Grandpa needs to talk to you."

However, there was no response.

Loraine was clearly upset and had likely chosen to ignore him. Aldo decided to be patient and continued to knock on the door.

"Lorrie, I understand that I was wrong. I'm here to apologize."

Nevertheless, there was still no answer. Aldo furrowed his brow in concern. While Loraine was known for her stubborn nature, she had always prioritized family. Her prolonged silence seemed unusual. Was there anything wrong?

Alarmed, Aldo made the decision to open the door and was greeted by an empty room. Loraine was nowhere to be found.



Chapter 767 A Massage

Loraine had surreptitiously slipped into Marco's room not too long ago, the soft click of the door's lock barely resonating when Marco's keen senses picked it up. He turned around, startled by her sudden presence, and inquired, "What brings you here?"

After ensuring no one else was around, he swiftly reached out, pulling her into his embrace and discreetly closing the door. In hushed tones, he whispered, "If your grandfather finds out..."

Loraine swiftly covered his lips with her hand and grumbled under her breath, "I don't care about him."

Marco sighed. "Are you upset with him? He's not doing it on purpose..."

Pouting, her cheeks tinged with a soft flush, Loraine murmured, "He's just being childish, acting like a jealous kid. He's exhausted you by making you play Go with him all day. And all those things you arranged for my uncles tonight, I heard you took care of everything... Are you tired?"

Marco's lips curved into a smile as he gently caressed her cheek. It was evident that she had worked diligently throughout the day. He pulled her closer and sat on the edge of the bed, showering her with kisses for a while before finally letting go.

"Playing Go with your grandfather isn't tiring. Other than that, we just talked. It's you who worked hard all day today. That's what I call tired."

Aldo had kept a close watch over them, and from the previous

night to this very moment, they had barely found any time alone. As Loraine nestled into the warmth of Marco's arms, she closed her eyes and sighed contentedly. Playfully, she quipped, "When I asked you to join Universe Group with me, you weren't willing."

Marco chuckled and affectionately ruffled her hair. With one hand, he lowered himself to clasp her hand, their fingers entwining. He gently pushed her onto the bed.

Loraine's face flushed bright crimson, and she stammered nervously, "Wh-what are you trying to do? Even though the soundproofing here is decent, it's still not exactly ideal for... that."

Marco couldn't help but laugh at her reaction as he playfully brushed his finger against her nose. "Not exactly ideal for what?"

"I mean... that," Loraine responded, her thoughts becoming a muddled mess under Marco's teasing gaze. As he slowly drew closer, his soothing, soapy scent enveloped her.

Pressed against her ear, a seductive voice murmured, "I've learned something new. Would you like to give it a try?"

Marco's hand gravitated toward Loraine's waist as he delicately began to lift her clothing.

Loraine's eyes widened, and she instinctively grabbed his hand, her heart beating wildly.

She pondered, "We can't do this here; it would be a disaster if Grandfather found out."

However, she also remembered that her grandfather was unaware of her visit to Marco's room. Perhaps, indulging in more intimate activities wouldn't be entirely out of the question.

Yet, did anything necessitate learning when it came to such matters?

In that moment, Loraine's thoughts felt like a chaotic whirlwind.

Then, Marco flipped her over, his arms enfolding her waist.

The pristine white sheets, still imbued with Marco's distinct scent, coupled with their current position, heightened the pace of her rapidly beating heart. Loraine couldn't help but bury her face into the pillow, muffling a series of soft sounds.

"Is it... supposed to be like this for the first time?"

Her limited theoretical knowledge told her that this particular position didn't appear to be very traditional.

Observing Loraine's blush, Marco found her incredibly endearing. Without a word, he emitted a low hum and then knelt beside her.

A flustered Loraine, her heart racing, closed her eyes as she waited for what was going to happen.

Unexpectedly, Marco's searing palm pressed against her back through the thin layer of her shirt, prompting her to let out an uncontrolled moan.

The pressure on her back slowly increased as Marco massaged and kneaded her muscles with expert skill. His thumb occasionally traced acupressure points, causing Loraine to curl her toes with pleasure and emit soft, contented sounds, akin to a purring cat.

Soon, she realized that this mischievous man was simply teasing her.

What he had alluded to was just a massage.

Once her initial shyness dissipated, it was replaced by overwhelming relaxation. Loraine squinted her eyes, relishing in the pleasure as she playfully teased, "Not a bad technique. I might just request your services again next time."

A soft chuckle escaped Marco's lips, increasing the pressure slightly and causing Loraine to moan softly.

"I learned this specifically for you. My lady, are you satisfied with the strength?"

With no time to provide feedback to her personal masseur, Loraine's contented soul felt on the brink of transcendence. Soft, muffled moans spilled from her lips under Marco's skillful touch.

"It feels so great, especially right there... Ah, yes, right there, a bit more pressure..."

But Loraine had overestimated the room's soundproofing and miscalculated her grandfather's plans for the evening.

At that moment, the sound of the doorknob turning reached their ears. The door swung open, and in the next instant, Aldo entered, his voice brimming with anger as he exclaimed, "Marco, what are you doing to Lorrie?"



Chapter 768 Billion-dollar Hands

Aldo knew his granddaughter all too well. He knew she would never quietly stay in her room.

On the previous night, the docility and innocence of Loraine and Marco made him lower his guard. Little did he know that on the second night, their true colors would emerge.

When Aldo swung open the door and found Loraine's room empty, his face turned pale. His imagination began to run wild with all sorts of negative possible scenarios, including accidents. After searching frantically, he came to the conclusion that Loraine must have gone to see Marco.

It was normal for young lovers to engage in sweet nothings under the moonlight. But Aldo wanted to clarify things to Loraine in Marco's presence. He didn't want Marco to become resentful and treat Loraine badly. So he ran down the stairs, determined to find them.

But as he approached Marco's room, to his surprise, he began to hear moans.

Aldo became furious. How dare Marco act so intimately without any formal commitment to Loraine?

In his fury, Aldo ordered for the door to be kicked open.

But to his astonishment, he found Marco giving Loraine a massage. Both were fully clothed. Not even a single button of their clothes had been unbuttoned.

Aldo just stared at them in silence, not knowing what to say or do.

When Marco initially heard the sound of the door being kicked down, he quickly shielded Loraine and then turned his cold gaze towards the intruder. When he saw that it was Aldo, his expression softened, and he asked in feigned innocence, "Mr. Torres, what brings you here?"

Aldo, seeing Marco's expression, recalled the torment he had put him through earlier in the day. A mixture of guilt and anger welled up within him, and he asked gruffly, "What are you doing?"

"I'm giving Loraine a massage," Marco calmly replied without hesitation. "She's tired after so much work. A massage helps her sleep better at night."

"Oh, I see," Aldo murmured and fell silent once again, his lips twitching awkwardly.

It seemed he had misunderstood the situation yet again.

Loraine couldn't help but chuckle at the look of embarrassment on her grandfather's face. She propped herself up on her elbow and asked him, "What else could we be doing, Grandpa?"

Aldo was still very embarrassed. Pretending to be stern, he cleared his throat and said, "Lorrie, if you want a massage, why didn't you ask me? I could have arranged for a professional masseur. No need to go to Marco who's an amateur!"

Loraine shook her head and said with a serious expression, "Grandpa, those professionals are not up to Marco's level."

"How? They're better skilled!" Aldo retorted.

"I'm telling you, they aren't on his level. Can you imagine... the former CEO of Bryant Group personally gave me a massage," Loraine said, her eyes twinkling mischievously. Then she turned to Marco and said, "Give me your hand."

Marco sighed in resignation and obediently extended his hand to her.

His hand was slender and well-proportioned, with only a slight callus from years of holding a pen. Loraine was momentarily captivated and swallowed unconsciously.

She had never noticed before how attractive Marco's hands were.

But when she felt Aldo's disapproving stare on her, she quickly snapped out of her reverie and said with a grin, "These hands have signed contracts worth billions. Can a professional masseur match up to that?"

Marco chuckled lightly, but he suddenly remembered that Aldo was present. So he adopted a serious expression and turned to face Aldo.

"Mr. Torres, Loraine works hard and comes home tired. Since I've learned some massage techniques, it's only right for me to help her alleviate her fatigue," he said in his defense.

Aldo opened his mouth but found himself at a loss for words. He had to admit to himself that the hands of the former CEO of Bryant Group were no ordinary hands.

Yet, he couldn't shake the feeling that something was amiss.

"Marco, you..."

Sensing that Aldo was still suspicious, Marco quickly cut in,



meekly assuming the role of a compliant grandson-in-law, "Mr. Torres, as your future grandson-in-law who'll be part of your family, it's only right for me to take care of Loraine."

If not that Aldo had witnessed firsthand Marco's stern and ruthless demeanor during their business negotiations, he would have actually believed that this was how Marco naturally behaved.

But these sudden changes in Marco's behavior were simply because of Loraine.

Because of her, Marco no longer cared about what anyone thought of him nor was he seeking to conform to society's expectations. He only cared about pleasing Loraine. Nothing else.

Aldo sighed, feeling a mixture of emotions.

Loraine, thinking that he was still upset, smiled and said, "Grandpa, Marco takes good care of me. He's attentive and considerate. Would you like to give it a try too?"

Aldo was taken aback by her suggestion, and his expression turned into one of bewilderment. But he forced a stiff laugh and said, "Well, that would depend on the owner of these billion-dollar hands."

Marco, with a humble look on his face, suppressed a smile, as he made room on the bed. Then he said in a gentle tone, "I'm okay with it, Mr. Torres. Come and give it a try."

Aldo was almost alarmed by this invitation. He quickly took a step back and waved his hands in refusal. "No. Forget it, forget it."

Chapter 769 A Matter Of Propriety

Allowing Marco to give him a massage? Certainly not!

Aldo's lips twitched slightly as he waved his hands in refusal.

Apart from the fact that he was old and past the age of enjoying such pleasures, he couldn't also ignore the fact that Marco's former position in the business world was almost on par with his own. It would be inappropriate to demean this remarkable individual by turning him into a masseur.

Even though Marco appeared genuinely sincere and seemingly eager to massage him, Aldo could see through the act. He knew that all of this was being done for Loraine's sake. This was the only reason why Marco had put aside his cool and aloof demeanor just to distract him and make him forget his original reason for coming to the room in the first place.

Having encountered countless individuals throughout his life, Aldo was well aware that this was not a sign of Marco completely losing his pride, rather it was as a result of a genuine desire to make Aldo consider him as part of the family. Whether it was spending a day playing Go despite his injuries or the current offer of a massage, it was all an indication that, for Loraine's sake, Marco was willing to do anything.

Aldo sighed inwardly. He couldn't help but admit that the young man's flexibility was quite impressive.

How many men in the world could really achieve such a feat?

Especially considering the fact that Marco was someone who had the ability to make a triumphant return to the business world but had instead chosen to stay by Loraine's side and share his valuable research with Universe Group. This was a rare display of genuine love and care.

Aldo was sure that if Marco didn't have real feelings for Loraine, he wouldn't be able to pull off such feats, no matter how good an actor he was.

It seemed clear that he didn't need to worry about Marco mistreating Loraine. This young man was going to be a devoted husband through and through.

Seeing the expression on Aldo's face, Marco stepped forward and asked him, "Won't you give it a try, sir?"

But Aldo shot him a brief glance.

True to the Torres family's proud tradition, even though he wished he could accept the offer, he didn't do or say anything to reveal his desire. Instead, he cleared his throat and said in a stern tone, "Enough of your theatrics in front of me. I've been in this world far longer than you have. Do you really think I wouldn't see through your little tricks?"

Marco said nothing but only exchanged an embarrassed glance with Loraine.

Then Loraine got up from the bed and went over to put her arm through Aldo's. "Grandpa, at the very least, Marco is genuinely good to me," she said playfully.

The man's efforts were clear for everyone to see. But Aldo said nothing. So Loraine continued, "Grandpa, I've grown up now. I'm no longer a child that needs to be sheltered under your wings. I have the ability to protect myself and make sound judgments.

I won't let myself be taken advantage of again and neither will I act impulsively like I did three years ago. Grandpa, I'm sure I've found the person I want to spend the rest of my life with, and I assure you that both of us will always be respectful to you."

Aldo's lips twitched slightly. Trying hard to keep a straight face, he let out a soft snort and said, "Well, you've said it all. What more can I say?"

He understood the logic behind their words, and his reluctance to concede was merely a matter of pride – a barrier he couldn't quite cross just yet.

But after doting on his precious granddaughter for over a decade, how could he deny her the right to follow her heart? He just had no choice but to allow her.

Nevertheless, his demeanor remained stern as he continued in an uncompromising tone, "Fine, Marco, move to the room next to Lorrie's. That way, there won't be anyone sneaking over in the middle of the night. It's a matter of propriety!"

Loraine grimaced playfully, though she knew that her grandfather had finally relented in his heart. She gave Marco a sly wink and he responded with a smile and a discreet wink.

Aldo, unable to bear their antics any longer, cleared his throat and said in a serious tone, "Since you're not married yet, there should be no intimate activities, understood? Even though you were married once, it's still off-limits in this house."

Aldo was old-fashioned and conservative. His protective instincts for his granddaughter were very strong. He didn't want her to be disrespected or taken for granted in any way.

And he felt that if Marco couldn't endure it, then his affection for Loraine would be seen as fake.

He wasn't aware at all of the amount of patience and restraint Marco had shown during their time in Woodshill and even at the hospital. Meanwhile, after listening to his instruction, Marco nodded solemnly and promised, "I understand your concerns, sir. I will certainly give Loraine a perfect wedding."

Aldo's expression softened a bit, but he still responded with a huff. After one last stern glance at the two of them, he finally turned and left the room. But not long after, the butler came to lead Marco upstairs.

Marco and Loraine gave each other a knowing smile, and Loraine whispered, "Grandpa is all bark and no bite."

Marco nodded in agreement, and then they each retired to their rooms to rest.

The next morning, as if they were communicating telepathically, they pushed open their doors simultaneously, exchanged a smile, and greeted each other with a warm good morning.

Meanwhile, Aldo was still pretending to be angry. During breakfast, he avoided looking at them. Still, he instructed the servants to place a specially prepared breakfast in front of them.

As they ate, the butler suddenly approached and reported to Aldo, "Mr. Cayson Benton is here. He says he hasn't visited you since you got discharged and he has come to apologize."

