

## Chapter 158 Whom You Will Save First

Loraine was so angry with Marco that she couldn't utter a word.

Before she could say something, Wesley spoke first.

"What gives you the right to castigate me, Marco? I'm better than you. I care about Lorrie and I protect her. You and your damn family would only hurt her!"

Wesley's words were a direct blow to Marco's sore spot. Marco couldn't deny the absurdity of the three-year marriage.

He pressed his lips together and said with a serious expression, "It won't happen again."

Wesley glared at him. "What does that mean?"

Even though Marco was answering Wesley's question, his eyes were trained on Loraine, swimming with emotions.

"I know what I did wrong. I won't let Loraine get hurt again."

Startled by his words, Loraine had mixed feelings.

Wesley scoffed, his gaze sharp. "Oh is that so? Let me ask you this. Who will you rescue first if Keely and

Lorrie were both in danger?"

Wesley watched Marco's expression closely to gauge his reaction.

Marco was stumped. Loraine's face came to his mind first. His heart made a choice. However, the next second, he remembered what Jorge had said before he died.

"Marco... I beg you to do one thing for me. If I don't make it, please take care of Keely for me. Please..."

"Okay, I will, I promise..."

This promise weighed him down, and it stopped Marco from answering the question.

He made a promise to Jorge that he wouldn't let Keely die. He couldn't lie that he wouldn't save Keely just to let Loraine hear what she wanted.

The atmosphere changed and became gloomy.

Wesley saw through Marco's hesitation and looked at him with contempt.

"Don't make promises you can't keep, Marco. You don't even deserve to be called a man."

Marco gritted his teeth but he couldn't counter the statement.

Wesley was worried Loraine would make a mistake again. "Lorrie, do you see now how much of a scumbag this man is? You shouldn't make the same

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mistake again."

After Marco was unable to answer such a simple question, what was left of Loraine's emotions disappeared.

She hadn't expected much from Marco anyway. There was no need to be disappointed.

"It's okay. I didn't expect anything better from him anyway. I learned my lesson long ago," Loraine said.

Marco panicked. He knew that if he didn't act now, he would lose Loraine forever.

He grabbed Loraine's hands in desperation. "Loraine, please listen! I swear that if you were in danger I would throw away my life in a heartbeat if it meant I could rescue you."

Loraine froze as her hands were suddenly wrapped in his larger ones. Immediately, the memory of the car explosion when Marco shielded her with his body rushed into her mind.

She knew Marco wasn't lying. He was ready to die for her.

Loraine's heart softened slightly.

"It's true that you have saved me before, and I appreciate it. Still, I have nothing to do with you now. Please don't do that again," Loraine said as she slowly pulled her hands from his grasp.

It was best if the two of them could be strangers. She didn't want to be indebted to Marco.

Marco instantly felt sadness when she pulled back her hands.

Wesley interjected, "Name a price as the reward for saving Lorrie."

At Loraine's words, Wesley realized that it was Marco who saved her in the car accident. However, he would never let this scum have anything to do with Loraine again.

"What did you just say?" Marco's eyes darkened dangerously.

"I said, name your price! You should get compensation for your actions."

Wesley stretched out his hand to retrieve his check, but Loraine stopped him. Marco had saved her. No matter what their other circumstances were, he didn't deserve to be humiliated like this.

"Wait—" Loraine began to say, but Marco interrupted before she could finish her words.

"You want me to name a price? Ha! Like you're in any position to offer me compensation. You should keep the money. You probably need it more. Artists are usually low on cash after all." Marco snorted in anger. He never expected anyone would dare to ask him to name a price.

Loraine frowned at his condescending words.

Marco hated seeing her expression like that. "Loraine, stay away from men like this. You are now a billionaire, so you must be careful in your dealings because I'm sure many people will want to scam you."

Loraine was furious. She couldn't condone someone speaking ill of her family.

"Why don't you mind your business? He has my permission to use my money as he pleases!"

Marco was in distress. How could Loraine defend Mr. T? They had only worked together once. How did they get so close?

Marco had many questions, but Loraine wasn't about to give him any answers.

"Get out of my sight!"

Impatiently, Loraine grabbed Wesley's hand and stormed past Marco.

Marco could do nothing but watch as Loraine left him there and went to that frivolous man's car with him.

Wesley's smile faded as he got in the car.

"Lorrie, I'm serious, listen to me. Don't let your guard down just because that scum saved you once. Don't forget what he did to you. His family never treated you like a human being at all!"

Seeing how agitated Wesley became was amusing to Loraine.

She agreed and said, "Uncle Wesley, relax. I know. Marco just wanted to make up for his mistakes. He has always been strict with himself and others. He only did this to try to make things even between us. I won't act silly again."

The fact that Marco never loved her was not surprising to Loraine. She had three years of a loveless marriage that ended up broken to show for it.

Wesley let out a sigh of relief.

"Lorrie, it's good that you have gained closure."

Knowing that Loraine was no longer interested in Marco allowed Wesley to leave relieved.

Loraine watched Wesley's car drive away. When she returned to the apartment, she discovered that Marco had left.



## Chapter 159 Into Her House

It seemed Marco had left.

Loraine knew how proud he was. She knew he wouldn't stand being humiliated by Wesley like that.

Besides, it was still raining. It would be crazy for him to wait there.

As the cold wind blew against her, Loraine shivered. She quickly opened the door and rushed into the apartment. Without wasting time, she went to take a hot shower so she could go to bed and rest.

But as soon as she came out of the bathroom, she received a message from a security guard.

"Miss Torres, there's a suspicious man lingering outside your door. Do you need us to drive him away?"

A man at her door? Who could that be?

Could it be Marco?

No way!

Marco was way too proud. He would never do such a thing.

Loraine's heart skipped a beat as she walked to the door and looked at the monitor.

She saw a familiar figure appear on the screen. The man was tall, with a handsome face but a cold and gloomy temperament. It was none other than Marco.

Loraine was so shocked that she kept staring with her mouth wide open.

Suddenly, she heard the sound of a loud striking sound outside. It was thunder.

As the sounds of thunder strikes increased, the rain kept pouring more and more outside.

But Marco still stood there, showing no sign of wanting to leave.

Was the man crazy? For crying out loud, his wounds had not yet fully healed.

Loraine couldn't help but remember those serious injuries on Marco's back. He got those injuries while trying to save her.

Even though Loraine had made up her mind to have a clean break with Marco, she could not be heartless enough to let him stand in the rain with such injuries.

Loraine pursed her lips and thought for a while. She then decided to tell him to go back.

Picking up an umbrella, Loraine rushed out to meet him.

Marco stood still under the dim streetlight, his head lowered as if he was serving a punishment. He didn't



even try to shelter himself from the rain or avoid it in any way. He just stood there, allowing it to drench him.

His clothes were all wet and stuck to his body. Even the bandage on his back could be seen through his soaked shirt.

Lorraine's heart tightened. She rushed over and shouted at Marco, "Are you insane? Don't you know that you're injured and you're not supposed to allow yourself get wet in the rain?"

When Marco saw her, his dark eyes finally lit up in joy and relief. But he only looked at her without saying anything. He looked like a pitiful dog that had been drenched by the rain.

Lorraine was angry. She took a deep breath, trying her best to suppress her anger. Then she grabbed his arm and dragged him toward her apartment.

After spending three years as his wife, she knew very well how capable Marco was at work and how poor he was with managing his daily life.

But Lorraine didn't expect him to be so careless about his health.

Marco was nearly 6 feet 3 inches tall, but he allowed Lorraine to drag him all the way without any resistance.

When they got into her living room, Lorraine grabbed a dry towel and threw it to him. Then she brought out a set of men's clothes and handed them to him. "Go to the bathroom to dry your body and change your

clothes, so the wounds won't get infected and inflamed."

Marco was in high spirits when she dragged him in. But when he took the clothes, he became depressed again.

How could she have men's clothes in her house?

Did Mr. T leave the clothes behind after staying overnight?

Seeing that Marco was unwilling to go to the bathroom, Loraine thought he didn't like the clothes she had given him.

Why was he being so picky at such a time?

Loraine couldn't help but frown and shake her head. "Look, I bought them for myself. I know they're a little small for you, but you have to manage it. This is not the time to be picky."

Marco was confused. "Why did you buy men's clothes?"

Loraine rolled her eyes and sighed in exasperation. "Because men's clothes have simple designs and are comfortable to wear."

Still thinking about Wesley and the fact that he had changed his clothes when he came out of her apartment, Marco asked with suspicion in his voice, "Since you bought them for yourself, why did that artist guy change his clothes? He was not wet."

Lorraine frowned in annoyance. She was fed up with all these unnecessary questions he was asking.

She didn't want to answer, but Marco stood there, stubbornly staring at her as if he wouldn't change his clothes if she didn't answer his questions.

Lorraine would have simply walked away, but she couldn't allow his wounds get inflamed, so she had no choice but to tell him what he wanted to know.

"We were talking and I accidentally poured water on him. Are you satisfied now?"

Now that he had confirmed that they hadn't gone further than just talking, Marco breathed a sigh of relief and his heart started beating normally again.

"So, what were you two talking about? Why did you talk for so long?"

Lorraine had enough. "Cut the crap and just go inside!"


Without waiting for Marco to obey, she pushed him into the bathroom and slammed the door close.

Although Marco didn't get the answers to his questions, his mood was much better.

He looked carefully at the items in Lorraine's bathroom and confirmed that there were only women's things and no trace of men's. But his eye suddenly caught sight of some pieces of glass in the trash can.

Apparently, what Lorraine said was true. Nothing

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happened between her and Mr. T.

All of a sudden, Marco was relieved of his long accumulated melancholy and anger.

Assuming Loraine slept with another man, he just didn't know what he would do.



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