

## Chapter 511 Airport Design

A week later, a meeting was convened at the Universe Group.

Lorraine arrived at the conference room ahead of time for preparations, followed by Leopold and Klein. She greeted them warmly with a smile. As they engaged in light chatter, Marco made his entrance, arriving just in time.

Tall and strikingly handsome, Marco was dressed immaculately in a suit, as if he was attending a banquet.

Casting a quick glance at him, Lorraine swiftly looked away and announced to the room, "Since everyone's here, let's get started."

Marco nodded, his gaze fixed unblinkingly on Lorraine. He made his way to her and took a seat beside her.

Klein exchanged a knowing glance with Leopold. They covered their mouths to stifle their chuckles.

Leopold now knew that the heartfelt love story spun by Keely was pure fabrication. Lorraine hadn't stolen Keely's lover. From start to finish, Marco had never harbored feelings for Keely. More so, Lorraine's divorce with Marco had been due to Keely's interference.

Klein had privately revealed to Leopold that Marco was actively pursuing Lorraine in hopes of a reconciliation.

Leopold sighed emotionally. Simultaneously, he couldn't help but notice that Lorraine and Marco were a better match

than Keely and Marco. He berated himself for being deceived by Keely back then.

Despite feeling a tad uncomfortable, Loraine proceeded to explain the design plan with composure. They listened intently, Leopold occasionally nodding in approval, his eyes lighting up with satisfaction. He was becoming increasingly impressed by Loraine's talent.

"After analyzing the situation, we concluded that the recent boarding of the airplane by armed assailants was due to the poorly planned functional areas of the White Cloud Airport. This created a security loophole. To rectify this, we can redesign the terminal layout around a central atrium..."

Loraine articulated her thoughts in a clear voice.

She spoke with an air of confidence and calm, drawing Marco's unwavering attention. His eyes were filled with affection.

In response to Loraine's suggestions, Marco praised, "That way, all passengers can pass directly through the relevant areas and reach the multi-layered central space. This could indeed greatly simplify procedures and enhance management efficiency."

Feeling a sense of validation upon realizing that Marco had understood her vision, Loraine looked at him in surprise.

That's when she noticed Leopold furrowing his brows, seemingly wanting to voice his thoughts but hesitating.

Loraine spoke up. "Professor Zizka, if you have any suggestions, please feel free to share. Don't worry about any possible objections."

Leopold sighed, shaking his head with a smile. "Your

proposal is indeed innovative and flexible. It's something I hadn't considered... However, this design would significantly reduce the natural light in the airport. Relying solely on artificial light could impact the comfort of the passengers."

Hearing this, Loraine nodded in agreement. Exceptional architectural design should take into account all aspects, and Leopold's concern was entirely valid.

However, she had already considered this. She smiled brilliantly and responded calmly, "This issue isn't difficult to address. By changing the airport's roof to an arched design, and incorporating a cascading structure that extends to the ground, we can not only support the multi-layered atrium but also use the flowing space to draw natural light into the airport."

Leopold contemplated for a moment, seemingly mulling over Loraine's suggestion. "But sunlight varies considerably based on weather conditions. How can we ensure sufficient lighting?"

Loraine smiled and transitioned to the next slide.

"This is a schematic of the sunroof I've designed for the terminal. It's integrated with a navigation system that could..."

Before she could complete her explanation, Leopold interjected with a puzzled look, "Navigation system?"

Just as Loraine was about to elaborate on the concept, Marco rose and took over the computer.

With an anticipatory look at Loraine, he cleared his throat, activated the computer, and said, "Well... I've attempted to model Loraine's sunroof design based on her blueprint. It might be more intuitive if you have a look."

Marco clicked on the computer, projecting the model on the screen. The sunlight from the roof was cast down to the floor, forming a natural path of illumination. On the ground, Marco's designed AI system light was also present. By following the light, passengers could easily locate their destinations, thereby saving both manpower and resources.

Even Leopold was taken aback. He praised earnestly, "Oh, I see. What an ingenious concept!"

Regardless of Leopold's commendation, Loraine was solely fixated on Marco, caught in a trance.

Earlier that day, after Jolie had voiced her opinion, Loraine had requested her to discuss a potential collaboration with the Bryant Group.

However, Loraine had not anticipated that Marco himself would create the model on her behalf.

He hadn't merely offered to assist her verbally; he had genuinely exerted effort where he could.

A wave of indescribable emotion welled up in Loraine's heart, an unexpected blend of surprise and joy.

With a tender expression, Marco gazed at her. "Loraine, I've tried my utmost to emulate the design effect you envisioned. I hope it's to your liking..."



## Chapter 512 Put In A Good Word For Him

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In the midst of Loraine and Marco's exclusive conversation, Klein interrupted, clearing his throat and reminding, "I hate to intrude, but we still have business to attend to."

Reorienting herself, Loraine continued with her briefing.

Once the discussion ended, Leopold openly admired Loraine's work.

"Loraine, I owe you an apology for my earlier lack of courtesy. Your aptitude in architecture is quite unique! I've never encountered someone who employs natural light so intensively in their designs. I'm relieved that my misunderstanding didn't overshadow your brilliance."

Loraine responded with a gentle smile, choosing not to mention that if she weren't the head of the Universe Group, the false accusations against her might have left her in a ridiculed and unappreciated position.

Fortunately, the situation had been cleared up, and now nobody would question her prowess and creativity.

Klein was quite impressed with Loraine, dreaming about assigning all of Vagow's major construction plans to her in the future.

Being applauded by Leopold was no small feat, and her designs could potentially transform Vagow into a landmark, stimulating economic growth and even boosting Klein's



own fame.

Overwhelmed by the possibilities, Klein could hardly contain his delight and cheerfully suggested, "Now that we've settled on the plan, shall we raise a glass to our success and bid farewell to the recent misfortunes?"

Knowing that Klein was referring to Keely's plagiarism scandal, Leopold nodded. Wishing to make amends, he offered, "This one's on me."

"No need, Professor Zizka. Let's head to the fancy restaurant run by the Bryant Group. I insist on paying the bill." Marco, hoping for an opportunity to spend more time with Loraine, swiftly took charge of the situation.

He directed his gaze at Loraine, eager for her response.

But Loraine replied hesitantly, "I won't be able to join you. I have other commitments."

Marco couldn't hide his curiosity. "What is it? Do you have another engagement? With a man or a woman?"

Seeing Marco's anxious face, Loraine understood his worries. She shot him a look and clarified, "I have to visit my grandpa at the hospital."

Aldo had been showing good signs of recovery in recent days. Loraine made it a point to visit him post work hours.

Marco, feeling deflated, offered, "I can drive you there and also pay a visit to Mr. Torres."

Loraine burst into laughter, squinting at Marco. "Visit? My grandpa might have a fit seeing you. Let's not add stress to his recovery."

Stunned, Marco responded with a hint of grievance, "But I did arrange for the surgical robot. I don't think Mr. Torres dislikes me that much."

Hearing this, Loraine pondered. Yes, Marco did help secure the surgical robot. But Aldo had a temper, and even though he'd compensate Marco for the robot, he'd still harbor no fondness for him.

With his stubborn nature, Aldo was often harder to deal with than Loraine's own uncles.

Understanding that he couldn't impose his will on Loraine, Marco let out a disappointed sigh and conceded, "Alright, if Mr. Torres dislikes my presence, I won't visit. I understand that my past errors can't be overlooked by simply doing good deeds now. The Torres family has every right not to want to see me..."

Sensing his guilt, Loraine reassured him, "That's not what I meant. You saved my grandpa's life. We're all truly grateful."

She then promised, "I'll speak highly of you to my grandpa."

Marco's face lit up at her words. "That's a relief. Loraine, could you also try to sway Mr. Torres into being more accepting of me in the future?"

Loraine was taken aback by this. "Accept what?"

Marco didn't answer. Instead, he just gazed at Loraine intensely, prompting her to quickly make an exit.

Once Loraine reached the hospital, she found Wesley in the ward, sketching a portrait of Aldo.

Despite still donning a hospital gown, Aldo appeared flushed and full of energy.

Even Wesley, who was renowned worldwide, found himself being pointed at and scolded by Aldo, who was not holding back.

"You brat, you're drawing me as some sort of creature! Add some life to it. If it doesn't resemble me, I'll skin you alive!"

Wesley just shrugged nonchalantly. "Alright, I'm not going anywhere. Stand up and do it."

Loraine couldn't help but laugh at their antics from the doorway.

Both men turned to her. Aldo quickly shifted from annoyance to joy, beckoning, "Lorrie, come over here."

Following Wesley's subtle hint, Loraine went over to hug Aldo and defended Wesley.

"Grandpa, Wesley isn't making you look like a creature. He's actually doing a pretty handsome job on your portrait."

Wesley showed his appreciation with a thumbs-up.

Aldo just snorted in response. Loraine skillfully changed the topic, sharing her recent triumph with a smile, "Grandpa, I have some great news. The remodeling plan for the White Cloud Airport has been finalized. They've accepted my design without any alterations!"

Aldo's eyes lit up before he erupted into hearty laughter.

"Excellent! Just as I expected from you. You're truly extraordinary! The White Cloud Airport is a landmark of Vagow. I can't wait to brag that it was designed by my own



granddaughter! You've made me so proud!"

Wesley also celebrated Loraine's achievement, cheering, "That's so like you, way to go!"

Just then, Rowan entered the room with Aldo's meal, smiling warmly, "Congratulations, Lorrie!"

Seeing her entire family gathered, Loraine recalled Marco's words. Not wanting to take all the credit, she hesitated slightly and confessed, "I didn't do it alone. Marco deserves some credit as well."



## Chapter 513 The Memorial Day

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Suddenly, a hushed silence swept through the room.

Rowan, who knew of Marco's numerous acts of kindness to their family, hesitated and made no reply. Aldo's features shifted subtly, but he remained silent as well.

Wesley, however, didn't possess such a level head. He promptly shot back, somewhat suspiciously, "Why is Marco doing this? He and Loraine are divorced, yet now he's displaying increased concern for her! Lorrie, be cautious. Don't let him deceive you with his honeyed words again!"

Rowan and Aldo also had a clear understanding of Marco's motives. However, they refrained from calling him out, fearing that Loraine might once again place faith in his words and reconcile with him.

Loraine offered a slight nod. At that juncture, Aldo suggested, "We should be expressing our gratitude to the Bryant family."

Rowan's and Wesley's expressions shifted slightly. Loraine was also surprised. Then Aldo continued, "We should prepare all the requisite tokens of gratitude, lest the Bryants feel we lack appreciation."

It was evident Aldo was still maintaining some distance from the Bryant family. An inexplicable gloom shaded Loraine's face. Noticing her subtle reaction, Aldo adopted a serious tone, stating firmly, "Lorrie, the fact that Marco

assisted us is undeniable. I will always remember his generosity. However, I will also never forget the pain he inflicted on you in the past!"

"In the younger generation, an exceptional young man like Marco indeed stands out. The collaboration between Universe Group and Bryant Group is beneficial, but how can you be certain that his charm and closeness aren't driven by his self-interest? He's kind to you now, but what about the actions he took when you were married?"

Aldo would never erase the memory of Loraine's returning from the Bryant family in tears. Regardless of Marco's merits, Aldo wouldn't risk trusting him again.

Loraine appeared taken aback and instinctively defended Marco, "Grandpa, he's changed now. I believe he isn't acting out of self-interest. Otherwise, he wouldn't have compromised his gains in the partnership. He vowed never to deceive me again and even severed ties with Keely..."

With a keen gaze on her, Aldo questioned in a hushed tone, "Are you certain?"

Caught off guard, Loraine was momentarily speechless, biting her lip in silence.

Shaking his head, Aldo refrained from further discussion about Marco. Turning to Loraine, he said, "Lorrie, I won't harp on this any longer. Reflect on it. Your parents' memorial day is in two days. The doctor mentioned that I'm fit to leave the hospital now. You can return home and start making preparations. We'll attend the memorial together."

Upon hearing this, they decided not to disturb Aldo's rest any further and silently filed out of the room.

Once home, Loraine found herself still grappling with Aldo's words.

She had willingly chosen to marry Marco out of love, even at the cost of her own identity. Fleeing from home, she ended up divorced from Marco and stripped of everything she had.

Now, was she truly prepared to risk everything and try again?

Fear held little sway over Loraine, save for one thing - emotional attachment to others, the fear of loss. She was hesitant to rekindle her love for Marco, yet she was equally unwilling to sever ties entirely.

Her only remaining family members were Aldo, Rowan, and Wesley - all men. They were hardly the ones she could turn to for advice on matters of the heart.

If her mother were still alive, could she guide her through this emotional quagmire?

Though Loraine had no clear memories of her parents, she could piece together their images through the anecdotes her family members shared.

Her parents must have been deeply in love, sharing common interests and hobbies. They attended auctions to appreciate their beloved works of art and took her hiking on balmy spring days.

Her father was a man of humor, tall and handsome, while her mother was gentle and erudite.

Had they been alive, they would've made an enviable couple.

Lorraine took out the two pocket watches, gently tracing the patterns etched onto them. She deeply missed her parents.

Two days later, clad in a modest black dress, Lorraine headed to the hospital with her two uncles to accompany Aldo to the cemetery.

Rowan and Wesley supported Aldo, standing in front of the tombstone in solemn silence.

Aldo, lips quivering, managed a hoarse smile, beginning to chat aimlessly, "I'm here with your two brothers. And this is Lorrie. She's now the president of Universe Group, quite an achiever..."

Hearing this, Lorraine felt a pang of sadness, while her two uncles averted their eyes.

In that moment, Aldo appeared to age an additional ten years.

Suddenly, a drizzle began. Wesley, holding onto Aldo's arm, proposed in a gravelly voice, "Dad, let me help you to that gazebo over there, to shield from the rain."

Aldo simply nodded.

As they moved, Lorraine caught sight of a man clad in a black suit in the distance - a figure vaguely familiar.

Was that... Marco?

In the midst of the rainfall, Lorraine was unsure whether the distant figure was indeed Marco. Furthermore, why would he be in a cemetery at this time? Was he aware that today was her day to pay respects to her parents?

When they reached the gazebo, the rain intensified. They



were uncertain how long they'd have to wait for the rain to relent.

After some deliberation, Loraine felt compelled to send a message to Marco.

"Where are you now?"



## Chapter 514 He Lied

On this rainy day, Marco stood in front of a tombstone, his face etched with a somber expression.

Overwhelmed with sadness upon seeing the name engraved on the tombstone, Marco gently placed the bouquet of flowers he held onto the ground and bowed reverently before it.

Marco had always struggled with expressing his emotions. Unable to find the right words to convey his feelings to Jorge's tombstone, he chose to remain silent.

"Marco..." A quivering female voice, soft as a whisper, broke the silence from behind him.

Marco furrowed his brows in response, giving her the cold shoulder.

Keely was adorned in a white dress, her face weary and filled with sorrow, evoking a pitiful sight. Gazing at the tombstone, a wave of sorrow washed over her as Marco turned a blind eye to her presence.

"Jorge, we're here, both Marco and I. Life's been tough without you. You would never have left me alone like this, I'm sure."

Gracing the tombstone was a captivating image of a dashing man, his smile radiating warmth and charm.

Glancing sideways at Marco, Keely uttered these words.

With deliberate intent, she chose her words carefully, aiming to evoke guilt within Marco's heart.

Jorge, her fiancé, had sacrificed himself trying to protect Marco. On his deathbed, he had made Marco promise to care for Keely, a vow Marco had honored for years.

But things had changed with Loraine's arrival.

Keely, disheartened, saw this visit as a final plea to keep Marco by her side.

No matter how desperately she portrayed her situation, Marco's face remained an impenetrable mask, impervious to her pleas. He disregarded her presence, unwilling to acknowledge her.

Anger bubbled within Keely, her teeth gritting in frustration. She dug her nails into her palm to restrain her fury. Forcing a smile, she said, "Marco, thank you for accompanying me today. Jorge would've cherished having a friend like you."

This was her final shot, and she couldn't afford to back down now.

Marco was irked by Keely's company but had agreed to this visit for Jorge's sake.

He had caught on to Keely's underlying motives.

All he wanted was to distance himself from the cemetery and Keely, but he was shackled by an obligation.

Keely was Jorge's love, and Jorge had paid the ultimate price for Marco. It was a debt he knew he could never repay.

Marco's exterior cracked as he stared at Jorge's gravestone.

The memory of Jorge shielding him from a lethal bullet, intended for him, was burned into his mind. By the time his assistant arrived, it was too late.

On the way to the hospital, Jorge, his hands stained with blood, clutched Marco's arm, leaving him with one final plea.

"Marco, promise me... Take care of Keely for me."

Marco closed his eyes and chuckled silently to himself.

He had honored his promise. For a debt he knew was impossible to repay, he had bitten his tongue countless times at Keely's antics. Even Loraine had borne the brunt of his coldness due to Keely, leading to their separation.

When Loraine came back into his life, he saw a second chance. He made a pact with himself not to let Keely jeopardize this opportunity.

"Ah!" Keely's startled cry snapped Marco out of his reverie. Swiftly, her slender figure found solace in his embrace.

Marco recoiled, stepping away before she could close the distance. "What are you up to? We are standing in front of Jorge's grave, Keely. Mind your actions!"

With a teary gaze, Keely retorted, "You got it wrong, Marco. I was just trying to shield you from the rain."

Only then did Marco realize the droplets of rain seeping into the floral tribute on the tombstone.

Keely's thin dress, now drenched, stuck to her form. Marco sighed, taking off his coat and throwing it in her direction.

Caught off guard, Keely accepted the jacket, a mix of surprise and affection in her eyes. "Marco, I knew you still

had feelings for me."

"Find your own shelter, Keely. I need my space," Marco retorted, his tone icy.

He didn't want her in his sight again.

A crestfallen Keely bit her lower lip but said nothing, taking refuge in a nearby gazebo.

Not long after, Marco's phone vibrated with a message from Loraine.

"Where are you?"

Reading her message, Marco felt his spirits lifting. The thought of Loraine missing him brought a smile to his face.

But the image of Keely fleeing to the gazebo paused his response.

He resolved not to mention Keely. After all, today marked the end of her involvement in his life, and she would never cross paths with Loraine. There was no need to dampen Loraine's spirits by bringing it up.

"I'm at work. What's up?" Marco responded.

However, there was no response from Loraine.





## Chapter 515 Running Into Each Other

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Rowan and Wesley aided Aldo to take shelter under the gazebo as the rain started to pour down relentlessly and the chill in the air increased.

Aldo, who was still recovering from a serious operation, couldn't withstand the cold any longer and his complexion grew ashen.

"I'll fetch my umbrella from the vehicle! We should move Dad to the car immediately!" Wesley declared, and then took off towards the parking area.

The rain had caught them off guard, with only an extra umbrella left in the car. Wesley and Rowan guided Aldo towards the vehicle, intending to return afterwards for Loraine.

However, Loraine had a different idea, her mind occupied with other thoughts. Trying to conceal her motives, she said, "Grandpa, Uncle Rowan, Uncle Wesley, I wish to linger here a bit longer. You may proceed without me."

They assumed that she wanted some private time at her parents' gravesites, a result of missing them. They didn't argue, instead, they urged her to head home early.

With a simple nod, Loraine acknowledged their concern. After their silhouettes blurred into the rainy background, she retrieved her phone to look over her messages.



A crease formed on Loraine's forehead as she read Marco's reply.

She was confident that she wasn't mistaken, as she was so acquainted with Marco's appearance that she could recognize him with ease.

Yet, she was puzzled as to why Marco had deceived her.

Suddenly, a woman wearing a black coat darted into the gazebo. Recognizing the woman, Loraine queried coldly, "Keely, what brings you here? Are you tailing me? What scheme are you cooking up this time?"

Upon seeing Loraine, Keely draped her black coat over herself with a haughty air. She scoffed and retorted, "You assume I'm trailing you? Loraine, stop being so narcissistic! I'm the one who should be questioning you! What on earth are you doing here? I was under the impression that you were tailing Marco and me."

Loraine flinched at her words and recalled the figure she had just spotted.

"You were accompanied by Marco?"

Loraine realized her suspicion was right. The man she saw earlier was indeed Marco, and he was with Keely!

She now doubted Marco's truthfulness. However, the reason behind Marco's deceit was beyond her comprehension.

Loraine instantly turned pale.

Nonetheless, Loraine wasn't keen on falling for Keely's tricks again. She wondered if Keely was weaving a web of

lies once more.

Keely rolled her eyes, gave a smug smile, then deliberately took off her coat to display it to Loraine.

"What's your take on this? Marco offered his coat because he worried I'd be cold. Loraine, do you have a clue as to why Marco and I are here? He doesn't seem to care about you at all."

As soon as Loraine laid eyes on the coat, a sense of familiarity washed over her. When she heard Keely utter those words, a wave of sadness engulfed her.

However, Loraine maintained her poise in front of Keely. She scoffed and retorted, "Do you really expect me to believe that Marco gave it to you? Perhaps this is just a random coat you stole from some random guy."

Instead of being offended, Keely simply laughed in response to Loraine's words.

Observing Loraine's reaction, Keely felt vindicated in her guess.

Marco hadn't informed Loraine about his rendezvous with Keely at the cemetery to pay respects to Jorge!

Keely wasn't sure why Marco had concealed this from Loraine, but she took this opportunity to spin her own narrative.

Flashing an innocent smile, Keely asked, "Why on earth would I deceive you? Today, Marco escorted me here to pay respects to a departed soul, someone deeply significant to both of us, a dear friend."

These words struck a nerve with Loraine.

She couldn't figure out who this mutual friend was. The realization that despite being Marco's wife for three years, she knew barely anything about his past, filled Loraine with a sense of desolation.

Unable to stomach Keely's smugness any longer, Loraine retaliated, "You've got it all wrong! Marco's at his workplace right now!"

"Ha! You're so naive! The fact that Marco didn't confide in you about this clearly shows you don't mean much to him. Now, let me prove that I'm not making this up. He's right here." Keely, swelling with self-satisfaction, bellowed, "Marco!"

Her voice echoed through the desolate cemetery, but there was no response.

Suddenly flustered, Keely shrieked, "Marco, help! Come and help me!"

Loraine watched Keely, puzzled at her erratic behavior, wondering what antics the unhinged woman was up to next.

While Loraine had no interest in Keely's theatrical display, she couldn't shake off her anxiety. She kept scanning the surroundings nervously, dreading that Marco might appear at any moment.

Despite Keely's continuous cries for help, no one came to her aid. Loraine felt a wave of relief wash over her. She considered Keely a loose cannon, prone to concocting stories anywhere, anytime. She decided not to buy into Keely's tales.

Unexpectedly, a tall figure appeared in the rain.

"Keely, haven't you caused enough drama?" the man asked with a furrowed brow.

His words died away as he noticed Loraine's presence under the gazebo.

Unable to suppress a sardonic smile, Loraine questioned, "Marco, didn't you claim to be at the office? How did you end up here?"





## Chapter 516 Disappointed With Him

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Marco found himself at a loss for words.

Unsure how to respond to Loraine, his mind went blank. He had imagined confessing to her after all things were put in place, yet he hadn't anticipated stumbling upon her here.

Despite his best efforts to clarify, his explanations seemed nothing more than fabricated lies.

Noticing Marco's silence and implicit confirmation, Loraine's disappointment deepened.

It turned out that... Marco had indeed come here with Keely, deceiving her in the process.

With a blank expression, Loraine shifted her gaze from Keely to Marco. "Mr. Bryant's affection for Miss Haywood is clear. I'll take my leave so as not to intrude on your time together."

With that, she pivoted to exit the gazebo.

In response, Marco, almost instinctively, reached out and held her hand, speaking with an earnest voice. "The rain is pouring down. It's safer for you to wait here until it subsides."

A bitter laugh escaped Loraine's lips. She forcefully shook off his hand, her words as chilly as the rain outside, "Mr. Bryant, respect my personal space. Stop being so clingy."

"We're divorced. Now we only share a business relationship."

Angrily, and with a sense of desperation, Marco cut her off, "We're more than just business associates! Loraine, are you trying to push me away? That's never going to happen!"

Loraine returned his fervor with an impassive look, replying flatly, "Why is it impossible? Mr. Bryant, I'll delegate someone else to manage the ongoing collaboration between Universe Group and Bryant Group. As for meeting you, I believe we won't have that kind of need in the future."

Every time Loraine laid eyes on Marco, it only served to fuel her annoyance. She didn't even want to spare him another glance.

Marco's complexion paled, and he quickly tried to set things straight, "Loraine, it's not how it appears. Keely and I..."

Upon hearing this, Keely perked up. She swiftly interjected, feigning innocence, "Yes, Loraine, don't misunderstand. Actually, Marco brought me here to fulfill a commitment he made to me..."

Keely was cut off abruptly by Marco's harsh admonishment, "Enough, Keely, be quiet!"

Marco shot Keely a stern look, causing her to recoil in fear.

Loraine had no desire to hear more. She drew a deep breath, prepared to turn and walk away.

Ignoring everything else, Marco again held Loraine's hand hastily, pleading, "Loraine, I came to pay respects to my friend, Jorge. Keely was only brought along because she was engaged to him!"

Loraine paused, causing Marco's eyes to light up with hope.



But just as he thought she might be willing to hear him out, Loraine fixed him with a frosty gaze and scoffed, "Do you honestly think your words hold any credibility for me?"

Marco had been at the cemetery with Keely but had falsely told Loraine he was at the office.

Loraine pondered, if Marco had truly brought his deceased friend's fiancée here solely to pay their respects, then why had he felt the need to lie about his whereabouts?

"Marco, I can't discern the truth from the lies in your words. Could it be that you're lying to me for Keely's sake right now?"

After all, it was undeniable that Marco had shown significant affection towards Keely in the past and had repeatedly hurt Loraine on account of her.

Once Keely had left, Loraine believed Marco had transformed, but with Keely's return, everything reverted to the way it once was!

The promises Marco had made to Loraine were nothing more than empty words. His vow to never let her feel wronged or hurt for anyone else had been nothing but deceit!

A bitter sensation welled up in Loraine as she recalled Aldo's counsel about not putting her faith in Marco again.

She had allowed herself to be swayed by Marco, even defending him to her family, only to find that her family's warnings had been justified.

She should have never expected him to change. After all, a man who had hurt her once was fully capable of inflicting pain again.

Upon hearing Loraine's words, Marco was thrown into a state of alarm and hastily affirmed, "Lorraine, I would never lie to you for anyone else! I concealed the truth because I didn't want you to be troubled by Keely. Furthermore, after today, I planned on sending her overseas, ensuring she'd never return. I meant to explain this to you later..."

Lorraine stared at Marco impassively. Ignoring his heartfelt plea, she demanded coldly, "Let go of me."

Marco bit his lip and shook his head, his grip on Loraine's hand tightening.

He had seen that exact look in Loraine's eyes before when she had been utterly disappointed in him, resolute in her decision to divorce.

Marco feared that if he were to release Loraine now, she would truly walk away, never to return.

With a quiet voice, Loraine warned, "Marco, if you don't release me, I'll call the police and charge you with harassment."

Her face was a mask of icy determination, her words deadly serious. Marco realized she was dead-set. Loraine despised him and detested his touch to her core.

Stung by her piercing gaze, a sinking feeling gripped Marco's heart, and he gradually released his hold.

Before he could fully let go, Loraine wrenched her hand free and stepped into the rain, not once looking back.

