

Chapter 156 Stalking

At dusk, it began to drizzle and the temperature dropped sharply.

Loraine, who had just finished working overtime, walked out of the company with Allen and Cayson.

"Allen, you've just come to Vagow. What if I take you for some sightseeing? Cayson, you can come with us."

Cayson smiled and nodded in agreement.

Allen's eyes lit up when he heard the offer. "Okay. Where are we going?" he asked happily.

"We'll..."

But Loraine was interrupted by the sound of a car honking loudly not far away from them.

She looked up and saw a white Aston Martin parked on the side of the road.

Loraine recognized it at a glance. It was Wesley's car. Apparently, he had come looking for her.

She turned to Allen and said apologetically, "I'm sorry. My family is here. I can't show you around today. Maybe some other time."

"No problem. It doesn't matter. We can go any time."

Neither Cayson nor Allen minded.

"See you later then," Loraine said with a smile.

But just as she was about to rush over to the car, Cayson stopped her.

"Lorrie, wait! Don't be so rash. It's raining," he said, opening an umbrella and holding it over her.

It was at this point that Loraine realized that she had forgotten to take an umbrella.

Holding the umbrella in one hand and holding her shoulders with his other hand, he led her out into the rain.

Loraine waved a final goodbye to Allen as they walked towards Wesley's car.

Seeing her coming, Wesley got down from the car and went over to meet. He wrapped his coat around her and opened the door for her like a gentleman.

"Watch your head," he warned as she climbed in.

Loraine rolled her eyes at him. "Uncle Wesley, I'm not a child."

Wesley only smiled and said, "No matter how old you are, you're still my little girl."

Then he closed the door, went over to the driver side and drove off.

Just then, Marco, Slater and Jimmie, who had witnessed the scene, rushed over.

Slater was so shocked that he couldn't say a word as they watched the car zoom off.

"Wow, what did we just see now? One man held an umbrella for her while the other man opened the door for her. This is what a real wealthy woman looks like."

Even Jimmie couldn't help but exclaim, "She proves herself as the heir of the Torres family!"

But in spite of his admiration for her, deep down, Jimmie was confused about the relationship between those men and Loraine.

Regardless of his suspicions, he still didn't dare jump to any conclusions.

Since she was the CEO of Universe Group, it was natural that Cayson would try to flatter Loraine.

But why did a famous artist like Mr. T care about Loraine so much?

If Jimmie hadn't seen it with his own eyes, he wouldn't have believed that Mr. T would be so considerate and gentle to a woman.

Meanwhile, Marco's face looked dark. Remembering how intimate Loraine had been with the two men just now made him very furious.

Since they knew that someone in Universe Group

wanted to hurt Loraine, he had rushed out to make sure that she was safe. But he had not expected to see what had just happened.

"Loraine doesn't seem to be in danger. Let's go back," Slater suggested when he saw how angry Marco's face looked.

Jimmie also turned to Marco worriedly.

"Don't worry about me. You guys can go. I have something else to do," Marco said dismissively. He went over to his car and jumped in.

No way he could let that Aston Martin out of his sight. He had to follow them to see what they were going to do.

Little by little, he was getting closer to the car.

Meanwhile, inside the Aston Martin, Wesley stopped smiling and was now sporting a straight face as he asked, "Lorrie, why didn't you tell us that something happened to you?"

Loraine's heart skipped a beat.

Oh no! The car incident that she had been determined to hide was exposed because of Marina.

Loraine knew that she would be interrogated thoroughly once she got home.

"I was just afraid that you would worry too much about me," she murmured.

Wesley was not happy to hear this. "Lorrie, we are a family, for crying out loud. Family looks out for one another and share responsibility, no matter what happens. If something had happened to you, how would I have explained it to your late parents?"

Wesley usually kept to himself, but anything that involved Loraine, he always took it very seriously.

Since the death of his elder brother, Farley, Wesley had been constantly worried about the only child Farley left behind.

So when he heard that someone had tampered with Loraine's car and almost killed her, he rushed over immediately.

Listening to him, Loraine couldn't help but feel very guilty.

"Uncle Wesley, I'm sorry. I just didn't want you to worry, so I planned to investigate it myself." Loraine apologized, her head hung low. She was very close to tears.

She felt she was so thoughtless that she always made her family worry about her.

The next second, she felt a warm hand rubbing her head.

Wesley sighed and softened his tone. "Well, I forgive you. Do you need my help with the investigation?"

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Lorraine suddenly raised her head with tears in her eyes, and her cheeks aflame.

"Don't you blame me now, Uncle Wesley?"

Wesley pinched Lorraine's cheek and flashed her an assuring smile.

"How can I blame you, Lorrie?"

This response relaxed Lorraine's tensed nerves. She wiped her tears and told Wesley all that she had found out in the past few days.

"Keely and Marina are the brains behind the car accident. Keely ordered someone to tamper with the brakes. When she found out that I survived the crash, she instigated Marina to kill me."

"It seems those two want to meet their creator soon! Just because I have been lenient, they tried to take your life. I have had it up to here with them. I'll teach them a lesson this time!"

Wesley clenched his fists, his green veins popping out on his head.

As a gentleman, he didn't like harming women. But now that these two women were coming at his

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precious niece non-stop, he had no choice but to deal with them.

Wesley came up with a master plan, but Loraine stopped him before he could make a call to his men.

"It's fine. I have already taken my revenge. You don't have to stain your hands." Loraine held his balled right fist, looking at him with pleading eyes.

"Are you sure? Besides, why then are you still investigating? Do you think there are still some stones unturned?" Wesley asked curiously.

With a frown, Loraine replied, "The cops got a clue about the one who damaged the brakes, but they lost it. The person is still out there. He seems to have vanished into thin air. He's a killer or something. Keely couldn't have found and hired such a person so easily. Something tells me that there's a third person in the scheme. This third person must be someone who holds a grudge against me probably because I'm taking over the company. They want to get me out of the way."

Wesley's eyes turned dark. He said, "I see. Don't worry, Lorrie. I will help you find out the truth."

Loraine nodded and then thought of something. She blinked her eyes fawningly and uttered, "I don't want to go home now. Can you drive me to my apartment instead?"

Wesley pinched her cheek lovingly. "You're a smart girl. I know that you are afraid that your grandfather

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and Rowan will question you once we get home."

Lorraine smiled sheepishly.

Wesley couldn't turn down her request. "Okay, dearie. I'll drive you to the apartment. By the way, I have something to discuss with you."

All the while, Marco watched as the white car sped ahead.

He followed it to the luxury apartment building.

After parking a few buildings away, he watched as Lorraine was helped out of the car by a man. They walked into the building together.

"Damn it!" In a fit of pique, Marco hit the steering wheel. He wanted to rush out to confront them. But he reasoned that it was a wrong move.

He clenched his fists and stared at the entrance of the building for a long time, but no one came out.

Marco's eyes were bloodshot and his heart was aching.

It was obvious that Lorraine had taken that man into her apartment. Why were they staying in there for so long?

Suddenly, an image of them making out on Lorraine's bed popped up in Marco's head.

It almost drove him mad.

His patience was running out. Blinded by both anger and jealousy, Marco got out of the car and made his way into the building. Just then, Wesley slowly walked out of the apartment.

Marco lost his mind the moment he saw him.

At this time, Wesley had changed into a new coat. The shirt he had inside was wrinkled and messy. His hair was also a little ruffled.

His appearance made Marco imagine the worst. He charged toward Wesley like a raging bull.

"Son of a bitch! What did you do to Loraine?"

Wesley frowned at him.

It immediately occurred to him that this angry man had probably misunderstood something. Due to his aversion to Marco, he didn't try to explain things to him.

On the contrary, Wesley decided to give him a hard time now. He ran his fingers through his hair and replied provocatively, "Hey, how is that your business? I don't owe you an explanation!"

Green veins stood out on Marco's forehead. He roared, "Go to hell!"

He clenched his right fist and aimed it at Wesley's face.

A punch was going to land any moment from now. Wesley was no match for Marco. He had already

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resigned to getting his nose broken when someone
screamed, "Stop!"

Lorraine rushed out of her apartment as soon as she
heard the harsh exchange of words.

She pushed Marco away and questioned angrily,
"What were you trying to do? Are you crazy?"

"Get out of my way, Lorraine!" Marco roared, his eyes
aflake.

"No, I won't! If you dare to hurt him, I won't let it slide!"
Lorraine stood in front of Wesley.

The way Lorraine protected another man hurt Marco
deeply. He bellowed, regardless, "Are you blind? Why
do you like such a frivolous man?"