

Chapter 1001 Confessions

As she looked into Marco's eyes, Loraine was somehow reminded of the sharp gaze she had felt outside Maia's villa the previous night. She could feel the same keen sense of passion and possessiveness.

Loraine paused, then gave him a small, knowing smile. "Was it you last night?"

She was willing to bet good money that he would know what she meant.

Sure enough, Marco froze, and a hint of panic passed over his face. When he noted the slight smirk in her eyes, however, he squared his shoulders and took a breath. "Yes."

He observed each shift in Loraine's expression as he continued, "I saw the photo that Vincent posted on Twitter yesterday. I instantly knew that you prepared the meal, and I couldn't resist coming over. But I didn't dare to disturb you, so... I resigned myself to watching you from afar."

Loraine was momentarily taken aback by his honesty, but at the same time, she was a little touched by his thoughtfulness. She scoffed, and her tone turned wry, "Were you afraid that I would see you as a stalker and dislike you even more?"

Marco's face dimmed at the words "even more." Without warning, he took her hand and got down on one knee. He proceeded to pepper her fingers with kisses, like a devout believer would to his messiah.

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"Lorraine, I admit that hiding my true identity was selfish and cruel. I just didn't want unnecessary factors to affect our relationship. I cherished the time when I wasn't weighed down by my title and position, when I was just a simple man you called your lover."

Lorraine felt her face burning. She looked around awkwardly and shook his hand off. "Get up," she snapped in a voice barely above a whisper. "Let's talk about this some other time."

Unfortunately, his gesture had attracted a few passersby, and they already had a rapt audience watching their every move. Lorraine was mortified, but she had to give Marco credit for his heartfelt declarations.

"I want to clear things up once and for all," Marco said, refusing to get back to his feet. "It took me some time, but I finally understand. Regardless of my title as the president of the Solar Company, or my position as the heir of the Cruz family, it will never change the fact that I am your boyfriend."

He took her hand again. "I apologize. I should have had faith in you, and I should have never kept anything secret in the first place. And I don't expect you to forgive me right now. God knows I don't deserve it. But I hope you will still give me a chance. Please do not treat me as if I don't exist."

Lorraine didn't know how to feel. She stared at his sorrowful face and pleading eyes, and could only sigh to herself.

"Is this a proposal?" someone from the crowd suddenly asked.

"I think so," a young college student chimed in. "Say yes! Marry him!"

The hype quickly picked up, and soon enough, everyone was cheering Loraine on to accept Marco's so-called proposal.

Although encouraged by the support, Marco noticed the distressed look on Loraine's face. He realized then that she was upset about airing their private matters in public like this. Afraid that she might misunderstand and think that he was using the crowd to pressure her, he quickly stood up and pulled her behind him.

"Thank you for your kindness." He addressed the crowd, knowing that they meant no harm. "It's true that I am trying to pursue this beautiful lady, but I would appreciate it if you refrain from pressuring her."

He wasn't particularly stern or intimidating, and since the crowd had no idea who he was, they were quite bold with their response.

"You say you're still pursuing her? Then you're not in a relationship, right? You need to try harder!"

Marco smiled bitterly. His relationship with Loraine was more complicated than it seemed. They had been married, divorced, then repeated a vicious pattern of getting back together and breaking up again. Whatever problems they had between them, they couldn't be remedied by him simply trying harder.

"I will try my best," he said to the crowd, but his eyes were fixed on Loraine. "But only if that is what she wants as well, not because she is too embarrassed to say no in front of so many strangers."

Unexpectedly, this was met with a round of cheers. Loraine's eyes widened in surprise, and her face turned redder.

Marco then escorted her through the crowd, shielding her from meddling busybodies while maintaining a respectful distance between them.

Even as they walked away, Loraine could still hear blessings and

well-wishes being thrown at them. With everything Marco had professed just now, she found herself in a state of utter turmoil.



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Chapter 1002 Ghosthand

After they'd walked for a while, the crowd thinned out. Marco gently held Loraine's arm, the contact very delicate. He blinked unassumingly, pretending to be unaware that Loraine didn't need his help now.

Loraine also remained silent, pretending as though she didn't notice that Marco was still holding onto her arm.

They continued to walk in silence for a while until Loraine suddenly stopped and said softly, "Thank you for what you did just now."

She believed that Marco had acted out of love and wasn't trying to manipulate her with public perception.

However, her words sounded somewhat cold to Marco. His eyes darkened slightly as he smiled with a hint of self-mockery. "I merely did what I had to do. I brought trouble upon you, so there's no need to thank me."

Loraine cast her glance away, realizing that Marco had misinterpreted her gratitude. Restraining herself from bursting into laughter, she chose not to elaborate and instead replied, "I appreciate your words, but right now I have something more pressing to do."

Marco was like a disgraced dog, obediently wagging its tail as it followed its owner. Desperate to win back Loraine's affection, he immediately said, "I can wait!"

To prove that he was indeed not in a hurry, he added coyly, "As a matter of fact, I noticed you seemed to be searching for something. If you need any assistance, I'd be happy to help."

After pondering over the offer for a while, Loraine found it to be a good idea.

After all, Maia had only told her that Ghosthand lived in seclusion in this area. With her limited power in Zodiac, she couldn't openly utilize the resources of the branch company to search for him.

To avoid drawing the attention of the person who was behind all this, she had no choice but to personally search Campus Street, a rather inefficient and exhausting method.

The outside world was not yet aware of the fact that Marco was the CEO of the Solar Company. If she leveraged his influence, people were unlikely to associate it with the necklace, making her search much easier.

Loraine was not one to act impulsively, and her anger towards Marco had largely subsided. As a result – having heard his offer – she didn't hesitate to share what she knew with him, asking for his help in finding Ghosthand.

Marco nodded in agreement, memorizing all the characteristics she described to him. Then, he promptly pulled out his mobile phone and instructed his men to begin their investigations.

After a while, one of them sent Marco an address. As expected, it was on Campus Street, but in a remote area.

Loraine's eyes immediately lit up with excitement as she thanked Marco for his help and began to make her way to the location.

Marco, who was being left behind, was determined to not let this opportunity go to waste. Stopping Loraine in her tracks, he said, "Since I helped you find it, allow me to also accompany you there. It's quite a remote area, and I can't let you go there all by yourself."

Having obtained Ghosthand's address, Loraine didn't mind such small details.

She acquiesced to Marco's company, and with a smile on his face, he instinctively took her hand in his.

Loraine paused for a moment but didn't pull her hand away.

Together, they made their way to Ghosthand's residence. As they walked, there were fewer and fewer shops, and the bustling commerce gave way to the quaint appearance of residential buildings.

After a while, Loraine and Marco stopped in front of a house and knocked at the gate.

Before long, the iron gate creaked open, revealing a young man with a sleepy and indifferent countenance. Yawning lazily, he cast a cold glance at them and asked rudely, "What do you want?"

Most skillful craftsmen were known to have unique tempers, and Maia had mentioned that Ghosthand had quite a peculiar one. With this in mind, Loraine had prepared for an encounter with a cold man, but was still taken aback in that moment.

Was this Ghosthand?

Shortly after, however, she realized that she was mistaken. Ghosthand and Maia were from the same generation, so he couldn't possibly be so young.

The young man frowned and said curtly, "I won't set up the stall today!"

Upon hearing this, Loraine couldn't decide whether to laugh or cry. Maintaining her composure, she replied respectfully, "We're here to see Ghosthand. We want to ask him for help. Could you please tell him that?"

The young man paused for a moment before sneering, "Everyone who comes to see my father wants his help. He's not feeling well today, so you'd better come some other day."

It hadn't been easy to find Ghosthand, and Loraine was on the brink of uncovering the truth about the past. Determined not to give up, she quickly took out a photo of Tear of the Sea and said, "It's really urgent! Please give this photo to your father. Once he sees it, he'll surely agree to talk to us!"

Just as he was in the middle of closing the gate, the young man suddenly stopped and looked at Loraine suspiciously.

Sensing that the young man was willing to listen to her explanation, Loraine hurriedly continued, "I've heard that he is the only person capable of crafting such a delicate and unique necklace. I'm curious to know if he recognizes it. I have some questions about it that I'd like to ask him."

Immediately upon seeing the photo, however, the young man's expression darkened. Casting an icy glare at Loraine, he said, "You've come to the wrong person!"

Without offering any further explanation, he slammed the gate shut.