

Chapter 1087 Denny

Did someone ask Denny to prepare the car?

On their way back, Loraine and Marco talked over what the words might mean.

Loraine's heart skipped a beat as she realized the car might be the same one from her parents' accident.

Could there be a link between the two?

Or maybe Denny had prepared the car her parents had driven in?

Loraine's eyes widened as she exclaimed, "We need to find Denny! He might have the proof we need to nail Jaden!"

Marco nodded decisively and quickly made arrangements to track down Denny.

Finding someone named Denny in a crowded city was like searching for a needle in a haystack, a daunting task with slim chances of success.

Fortunately, their trip to Ghosthand had greatly reduced the search scope.

Denny, a man who had organized a car for the Torres family's eldest son around the time of his accident over a decade ago.

Armed with this new information, the collaborative efforts of the Universe Group and the Solar Company led to rapid progress, with several suspicious individuals identified within just half a day.

Just as Loraine and Marco scrutinized the profiles, Marco's eyes landed on one file, and he exclaimed, "Wait, look at this one!"

The file revealed a fascinating lead, Denny Larson, a man in his fifties, who had previously owned a car rental company. What's more, shortly after the Torres family's tragic accident, Denny's car rental company was gutted by a mysterious fire, and he disappeared without a trace.

However, the investigation yielded a breakthrough. Denny's trail led to a sanatorium.

Before long, Loraine and Marco arrived at the sanatorium, pulling up in front of the old building.

Marco stepped out first, gazed up at the worn walls, then took Loraine's hand, leading her forward with a gentle whisper. "Don't be afraid. I'm here with you."

Hearing that, she took a deep breath and nodded firmly.

Despite its rundown exterior, the sanatorium bustled with caregivers inside. As soon as Loraine and Marco entered, they were met with watchful eyes. A staff member quickly approached, asking curtly, "Who are you, and what brings you here?"

Loraine smiled and stepped forward, pulling Marco back. "We're friends of Ghosthand. Please tell Mr. Denny Larson we're here. I'm sure he'll see us."

The caregiver hesitated, then dispatched a messenger. After a brief wait, the messenger returned, nodding curtly. "Mr. Larson will see you now."

Loraine smiled serenely, her voice calm and grateful, but beneath her poised exterior, a storm of emotions churned.

At last, the moment of revelation had arrived.

The creaky door swung open, revealing a figure on the sickbed. Loraine's eyes widened in shock, her breath catching as she took in the sight before her.

When she heard about the altercation in Denny's car rental company and his mysterious disappearance, her mind raced to a chilling conclusion. Jaden must have also gone after Denny.

The elderly man lay frail and worn, his body ravaged by loss, a hand and a leg gone, his face gaunt and exhausted.

The old man's eyes widened in shock, his pupils constricting as he stared at Loraine, his face frozen in terror, even more frightened than Ghosthand.

Loraine quickly realized the old man's terror was due to her uncanny resemblance, just as he was about to unleash a scream.

She rushed to his side, her eyes locked on Denny's, and spoke urgently. "I'm not her. I'm her daughter. I've come not for vengeance, but for the truth."

Denny's eyes bulged in terror as he gasped for air, his chest heaving with fear. It took a long, tense moment before he finally began to calm down, his breathing slowly steadying.

His gaze lingered on Loraine, his lips trembling, before he whispered, "You and your mother... You're so alike. So very alike."

Loraine's heart ached, but she pushed aside the sentiment, her determination renewed. "What really happened all those years ago? Did Jaden instruct you to sabotage my parents' vehicle?"

At the mention of Jaden's name, Denny's face contorted in rage, his teeth clenched in a snarl. "Associating with that scoundrel, Jaden, is the greatest regret of my life!"

His anger boiling over, he growled, "Ghosthand's gone mad?"

Jaden's ruthlessness knew no bounds! Ghosthand went mad, I was left disabled, and only a few kind apprentices saved me from death.'

Loraine stood silent, her expression unyielding, as Marco cut in with a chill in his voice, 'Do you have any proof to back up your claims?'

Denny's expression faltered for an instant, before he sneered, 'Even if I had proof, what difference would it make? Ghosthand and I are just ordinary people. We barely survived, so how could we possibly take him down?'

He squinted, trying to recognize the speaker. When he saw Marco's face, his eyes widened in shock. 'You're Melvin Cruz, head of the Cruz family?'

Commented [Ma1]:

Chapter 1088 Deepened Hatred

In Vagow, Tillie had mistaken Marco for Melvin, sparking a powerful pull that irresistibly drew him back to Zodiac.

But Denny's mention of Melvin caught them off guard.

Both Marco and Loraine were visibly startled before Marco clarified. "I am not him."

Denny's expression shifted, revealing a complex mix of disappointment and regret.

He had hoped that having the Cruz family's backing would simplify his dealings with Jaden.

Reading Denny's thoughts, Marco reassured him calmly. "But you can trust me; I have the power necessary to handle Jaden."

Denny scrutinized them both again, reassessing.

This young man's resemblance to the esteemed Cruz figure was undeniable, and the aura they projected was extraordinary.

Perhaps what this young man claimed was accurate. They might indeed have the strength to confront Jaden!

At that moment, the deep-seated hatred Denny had nursed for years flared up fiercely. His face turned a deep red, and with his remaining hand, he shakily pointed to the bedside table. "Inside, there's a box. Bring it here."

Marco and Loraine exchanged uncertain glances. Loraine's

heart raced as she stepped forward, pulled open the drawer, and retrieved an iron box.

It was just an ordinary, old cookie tin, slightly rusted over.

With a bitter smirk, Denny said roughly, "I wasn't as foolish as Ghosthand. When that car rental company fire broke out, I knew Jaden was ditching me after exploiting me! That's why I kept all the receipts and contracts from that time."

He patted his leg, his face shadowed with bitterness, and scoffed, "That fire left me disabled. I bet Jaden never thought I'd survive, let alone claw my way back with his damning evidence."

Loraine opened the box to find several receipts, aged but intact.

At the very bottom, a contract was secured, its black ink on white paper explicitly showing that Jaden had instructed Denny to tamper with the car!

Her hands shook slightly as she clutched the box. Suddenly conscious of her presence, Denny coughed awkwardly and muttered, "I was just doing my job for the money, but I was smart enough to hang onto this contract. That car rental company fire was probably meant to destroy it and clear any loose ends."

Loraine nodded silently, saying nothing more. Every wrong had its origin, and every debt its debtor; her only true foe was Jaden, while Denny and Ghosthand had already faced their consequences.

Clutching the proof of wrongdoing tightly, Loraine murmured softly, "Mom, Dad, I promise I will avenge you."

Meanwhile, at the Universe Group branch.

Oblivious to the fact that Loraine had uncovered proof of his

misdeeds, Jaden sat in his office, his brow furrowed as he gazed at his phone, anxiously awaiting a message.

He had recently struck a deal with Victoria, but she had disappeared suddenly, only for the mysterious boss behind her to make direct contact.

Jaden knew this enigmatic figure only as "Mr. K" and was completely in the dark about the extent of his influence.

Since Cayson had vanished, Jaden's ties with the Wilson family had stalled, making Mr. K the sole ally he could turn to.

Suddenly, his phone rang. Jaden's face brightened with relief as he saw the caller ID. He eagerly picked up the call, but before he could utter a word, a distorted electronic voice cut through the silence.

"It's time to move against Loraine."

Jaden's initial surprise morphed into hesitation.

Although he was supposedly in a partnership, he knew nothing about this mysterious ally's background. With his own influence severely weakened by Loraine's actions, how could he possibly make a move so hastily?

Indeed, he was curious to see what kind of leverage this mysterious Mr. K held.

After a brief hesitation, Jaden admitted with apparent difficulty, "It's tough for me to confront Loraine at the moment. Moreover, she knows the location of my son..."

The response from the other end of the line was a derisive sneer, as if the speaker could see right through Jaden's self-serving intentions. A moment later, the voice from the phone spoke deliberately. "Check your email; I've sent you a video. Watch it."

Caught off guard, Jaden checked his inbox and indeed, there was a new message. He clicked to open the attachment, his eyes widening and his breath catching as he watched, urgently asking, "Is this for real? Where is my son now?"

The footage showed Cayson being publicly ridiculed at the Wilson family banquet.

Mr. K's voice turned cruel as he revealed. "Marco and Loraine have exiled him to another country to endure great suffering. The disgrace he suffered, being mocked like that—it's all Loraine's doing."

At this revelation, Jaden felt as though his eyes might pop out of their sockets in shock.

He had known about the video; it was meant to be their "present" for Loraine. But now, it was his own son who had become the victim.

He seethed inwardly, his hatred boiling over as he began to discreetly reach out to his contacts. He was determined. Loraine would pay dearly for her actions.