

## Chapter 1151 I Can Hold My Liquor Well

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The persistent noise from the crowd that had flocked around her made Loraine think of buzzing flies.

It puzzled her. She had made it clear that she had no intentions of returning to the Wilson family, so why were they still sticking to her?

Not only did Francis ruin what was supposed to be a new business partnership, but Damon even dared to lecture her just because he was her so-called uncle.

Loraine chuckled, throwing Damon a sarcastic glance.

His face turned an ashen gray when he noticed her gaze on him.

He didn't think his words were excessive. True, he had been a bit harsh, but it wouldn't have reached that point without Marco's provocation. On top of that, it was infuriating that Loraine chose to side with an outsider.

With these thoughts in mind, he couldn't hold back. "Loraine, the ties between you and the Wilson family run deep in blood. There's no question about that. That's what family is."

Loraine lowered her gaze and countered, "That's rich. I thought a family was supposed to stand by each other. If you really believe what you're saying, why is it

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that you choose to blame me instead of acknowledging the truth?"

Her sharp question gave Damon pause, hesitation settling on his features as he looked at Loraine. But his thoughts wandered back to many years ago, when his little sister had just been found by the family.

Loraine and his sister resembled each other not only in appearance but also in temperament. They both seemed to put a barrier against the Wilson family, keeping their distance from them.

His little sister, who had just grown close to him, seemed not to have abandoned her defenses completely. She had bullied Jaylah, and he reprimanded her for it. The cold, mocking gaze that his sister looked at him with almost chilled him.

Damon's face darkened after remembering the incident. When it happened, his sister angrily left home. Then, his mother, overwhelmed with grief at losing her daughter again shortly after being reunited, passed away from distress.

Loraine's expression mirrored the icy, stubborn look of his sister.

Shame and anger coursed through Damon, and he couldn't help cursing them in his heart. "They're both the same. Ungrateful, both of them!"

But underneath his fury, he also recognized the hint of fear.

He was the reason his sister left from anger, driving his own mother to death. He was scared of being



Chapter 1151 I Can Hold My Liquor . 🎁 +120 Points at most found out.

A slight tremble passed through him at the thought. He poured more anger over his guilt in an attempt to cover it up. "Kaley already explained the situation," he said in a cold voice. "I didn't misunderstand you. No matter which way I look at it, the fact remains that you're petty and narrow-minded. You have no idea how highly Kaley spoke of you when you weren't home and looked forward to your return!"

Slater sneered and glanced at Marco. "This is the woman you like. Are you blind? Even her own family can see her faults!"

Marco's eyes darkened, but he kept his mouth shut in consideration of his friendship with Slater.

Still, he couldn't shake the feeling that ever since Slater got involved with that Trudy, he had changed. Sometimes, Marco could no longer recognize his friend, and it was causing cracks in their relationship.

At this moment, Slater's phone rang.

Slater answered the call, which turned out to be from the hospital. He was informed that Trudy had been resuscitated, but would need to stay in the hospital for a while for observation.

Upon hearing that Trudy was okay, Slater breathed a sigh of relief. Then, he glared at Loraine and said angrily, "You should be thankful Trudy is fine. Otherwise, I would have made you pay!"

Loraine remained expressionless, feeling that Jennie's assessment of Slater was accurate. He was clueless

—no wonder Jennie had always looked down on him.

Marco was barely able to hold back. Just as he was about to speak, Kaley interjected with her hypocritical plea, "Mr. Lee, please don't blame Loraine. She might not be used to drinking premium liquor and is afraid of a faux pas..."

Her words were needles carefully concealed under silken cloth. On the outside, it would look as if she was standing up for Loraine, but she brought up the recent rumors circulating in their circle about Loraine's rural background. Many socialites remembered the gossip and snickered among themselves.

Some of them who were close to Kaley deliberately stirred up the situation even more. "Miss Torres, if you haven't tried drinking top-quality liquor, you should take this chance. It would be a useful experience. If you're ignorant about these things, you might end up buying fakes in the future."

Lorraine maintained a nonchalant smile. Marco's face darkened as he glanced at her, as if wordlessly asking if he should step in.

She shook her head and simply turned to take a glass of wine from a passing waiter. After taking a small sip, she began to leisurely offer a critique.

She identified the vintage, then described the flavor and quality, her mellow voice flowing smoothly in an almost intoxicating way.

Among those present, very few could match her erudition, and even fewer possessed the same level of understanding and knowledge of wine.

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For a moment, everyone was stunned.

After finishing her introduction, Loraine calmly looked at Kaley and said lightly, "Actually, I quite enjoy wine. I've sampled hundreds of them. So allow me to correct your earlier assumption. I can hold my liquor well, and I certainly don't need anyone taking it upon themselves to down the drink for me."