

Chapter 1227 Marco's Doting And Thoughtful Gestures

Loraine was taken aback by Marco's words. It was only then that she became aware of his presence, and as she turned to him, her expression was one of surprise and bewilderment.

She quickly gathered her composure, mustered a smile, and said, "Shouldn't you be continuing the party with Jorge and the rest? It's been ages since you all caught up."

Marco felt a deep pang of guilt upon seeing her reaction. He realized that she hadn't been as calm as she appeared when she had left earlier.

He also resolved then never to take Loraine to such events again.

Usually, Marco assisted Loraine in the kitchen when she cooked at home. Yet today, he had left her to prepare a meal for many on her own, and she had been treated unfairly.

Reflecting on this, Marco's expression hardened. He then said with heartfelt sincerity, "I'm sorry for letting you down today."

Today, he had prioritized his friendship with Jorge, but in doing so, he realized he had failed Loraine as a boyfriend. He didn't protect her or back her up decisively.

It brought back memories of when Keely had mistreated Loraine. If he hadn't changed, Loraine had no reason to continue her life with him.

Alone with him now, Loraine felt the sting of her grievances

Chapter 1227 Marco's Doting And Thoughtful Gesture +120 Points at most
from today's events at his words.

She pursed her lips and turned her head away, no longer pretending to be unaffected.

Marco took her hand gently and whispered, "Let me make it up to you. How about I treat you to a dinner where it's just the two of us, with no interruptions? What do you think?"

Loraine had been busy in the kitchen earlier. Not only had she been hurt, but she also hadn't eaten yet. She must be famished, and Marco felt a strong need to redeem himself and satisfy her.

In truth, his decision to leave with her had already brightened her spirits. Upon hearing his proposal, she smiled faintly and pretended to hesitate before replying, "Alright, let me see how sincere you are."

Marco smiled. He was determined to organize the perfect evening even without Loraine's prompting.

He escorted her like a true gentleman to the passenger seat and drove to the restaurant where his assistant had made a reservation.

As the soft music filled the car, Loraine felt a sense of calm wash over her. This gave her a moment to ponder the events of the day.

She realized Marco's tolerance towards Jorge was notably greater than with others. While part of it was due to a life-saving debt between them, it also stemmed from the deep bond they shared from before.

This explained why Marco had previously indulged Keely so much. Now, it made sense to her.

After some thought, Loraine inquired, "Marco, I'd like to learn about your history with Jorge."

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Caught off guard by her request, Marco paused as they hit a red light. His eyes drifted vacantly as memories flooded his head. After a moment, he began to recount the story, with his voice devoid of emotion.

"Jorge, Slater, Jimmie, and I have been friends since childhood. We grew up together. Eventually, Jimmie pursued a career in law and politics. Under pressure from his parents, Slater went to study abroad. Meanwhile, Jorge and I ended up pursuing our own business in Matias..."

Loraine listened intently as a soft smile played on her lips. While Marco wasn't much of a storyteller, his efforts to learn and his charming tone were endearing enough.

Loraine chuckled and chose not to critique his narrative. As they reached their destination, she unbuckled her seatbelt and stepped out of the car, announcing, "We're here. Let's go eat."

Marco quickly got out of the car and proceeded to dote on Loraine. His attentiveness caused a slight awkwardness in the waiter who came to greet them.

Suppressing a laugh, Loraine settled into her seat. She watched as Marco approached the waiter to place their orders, carefully detailing her likes and dislikes. She rested her chin on her hand, seemingly lost in thought.

Putting herself in Marco's shoes, she considered how she would feel if Marco and Jennie were at odds. Concluding that it would definitely give her a headache.

The friendship between Marco and Jorge was no less significant than her own with Jennie.

Had Jennie caused Marco distress today, she likely would have sought to console him in the same way Marco was now trying to make amends.

14:07

59,5%

📧 🔋 100%

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The act of giving, she realized, was inherently reciprocal.

Feeling a sudden sense of ease, Loraine allowed herself to truly enjoy Marco's doting and thoughtful gestures.

Tonight turned out to be less unpleasant after all.



14:07

94,9%



100%

Chapter 1228 Escalation Of Conflict Within The Cruz...

Beneath the peaceful exterior of Zodiac, a hidden tempest was forming which was not noticed by the majority of people who went about their usual routines.

Nevertheless, a few powerful individuals that were observant enough recognized the gathering storm.

They were aware that the latest disruption in Zodiac was significantly tied to two young individuals.

One of them was Marco, the long-missing eldest son of the Cruz family. While the other was Loraine, the newly found gem of the Wilson family. These two young people, even without the support of their respective families, were capable of causing significant commotion.

Marco and Loraine, who were at the heart of this brewing storm, were oblivious to the chaos around them. They enjoyed their lives with peace, contentment, and happiness, and were seemingly unaffected by the outside world's opinions.

However, many eyes were secretly watching them, waiting for an opportunity to bring them down.

At this moment, Clifford stood by the window with a grim expression. A cigarette had burned down to the filter, but he hadn't taken a single drag. His eyes were a storm of emotions.

Behind him, papers were strewn haphazardly across the table and floor.

Commented [Ma1]:

After a long pause, Clifford let out a deep sigh. He turned to survey the disordered room, and his frown deepened.

Ever since the mysterious Mr. K reached out, claiming to have Ariadna, Clifford had been unable to stay composed.

He started deploying all his resources to uncover the identity of Mr. K. As a member of the Cruz family, he refused to be intimidated or manipulated by anyone.

Despite his efforts, he came up short.

Mr. K either emerged from obscurity or possessed such immense power that he greatly exceeded the influence of the Cruz family, with reach spanning across the globe.

This realization filled Clifford with fear and increased his anxiety about Mr. K's intentions for holding his daughter captive.

Worry consumed him, leading to sleepless nights and a string of errors at work in the past few days, which culminated in a major mistake. Melvin hinted that he should take some time off.

Thinking about his cold-hearted brother, Clifford clenched his teeth in frustration.

He understood that Melvin was solely concerned with his own interests and those of his son. Ariadna's well-being was of no importance to him!

Clifford even had suspicions that Melvin intentionally delayed the search for Ariadna to crush his spirit and push him to fully back Marco, thereby allowing Ariadna to fall under the control of the mysterious Mr. K.

Earlier, Clifford had finally snapped and confronted Melvin, who coldly advised him to stay home and not leave the house, then

Chapter 1228 Escalation Of Conflict Within The C 🎁 +120 Points at most walked away.

Was this the start of him being stripped of his authority?

Clifford felt a twinge of madness creeping in. The more he pondered, the more his resentment grew. His previous respect for Melvin was slowly turning into hatred.

Melvin permitted himself to search for his son but prohibited him from looking for his daughter. What a despotic leader!

The most excruciating part was that, apart from venting his frustration by tossing papers around, Clifford had no means to retaliate!

Just then, his phone rang. Clifford noticed the number and his eyebrows furrowed. After a long pause, he answered the call.

The voice on the other end was warped and eerie. With a sinister laugh, the person said, "Mr. Cruz, I believe I've shown enough sincerity. Now, it's time for you to show yours. Hurry up. Don't make your beautiful daughter wait."

Clifford clenched the phone tightly. After a long pause, he responded in a low voice, "Okay."

Meanwhile, in Melvin's room, having just had a heated argument with his brother, Melvin let out a weary sigh and felt defeated.

He could empathize with Clifford's emotions but struggled to explain the situation.

Despite utilizing all his resources to find Ariadna, she remained missing. Melvin had a nagging suspicion that a formidable force was thwarting the Cruz family's efforts. This was a feeling eerily familiar to him.

Such frustration had only occurred when Marco had escaped,

but Melvin was certain that Ariadna's disappearance was unrelated to Marco.

Thinking about Marco, Melvin, the typically stoic leader of the Cruz family, once more experienced a wave of helplessness.

He walked over to his bookshelf, pulled out a yellowed photo album, and let out a sigh.

"All these years, I've not been able to find the real culprit behind that accident. Our son seems to be surpassing me. Maybe he can uncover the truth..."

He felt the weight of age upon him as he felt increasingly powerless. Occasionally, when he heard about Marco's growing success with Solar Company, he would drift into deep thought for a long time, then laugh to himself.

Despite his son refusing to recognize him, it was still rewarding to see him thrive.

Melvin picked up his phone and attempted to call Marco again, even though he knew his number would be blocked shortly after.

At that moment, Marco was dropping Loraine off at her workplace. As they said goodbye, he felt a sudden impulse to ask Loraine for a kiss. But just as he was about to speak, his phone started ringing.

He frowned, but Loraine sensed his intention, chuckled, and quickly kissed him on the cheek. She then stepped out of the car and walked into her office.

Marco savored the kiss, smiling slightly. He then glanced back at his phone and his expression turned stern.

He picked up the call and asked indifferently, "What do you want?"