

Chapter 1271 Arguing In The Office

The following morning, Jorge was ready to finalize the contract with Marco.

As his servant assisted him with dressing, in Keely's room, Kosha Nguyen, who was assigned to monitor her by the mysterious man, subtly approached under the guise of fixing Keely's hair. She whispered, "There's news about Loraine."

Keely's eyes sparked with interest. "What news?" she queried eagerly.

"Following Loraine has its advantages, especially for keeping tabs on Marco. This morning, our sources spotted her storming toward the Cruz residence, seemingly ready to confront Marco over the online rumors."

Lowering her voice further, Kosha added, "Sir hopes you'll use this chance to deepen the rift between them."

With a sly smile, Keely responded while clutching a doll, "I would have stirred trouble even without his direction."

After instructing Kosha on her hairstyle, Keely dashed out swiftly, catching up with Jorge as he was preparing to leave. With a playful grin, she clutched his sleeve. "Jorge, are you off to see Marco again? Can I come along?"

Caught off guard but recovering quickly, Jorge studied Keely, noticing a shift in her demeanor. It wasn't her typical breezy cheerfulness; there was an undertone of triumph, as if she had accomplished a significant goal. Nonetheless, he smiled and

agreed. "Sure."

Keely, oblivious to his momentary suspicion, hurried off to get ready. Jorge, momentarily troubled by the previous day's conversation with Marco, dismissed his concerns as overthinking.

Shortly after, Keely reappeared, neatly dressed. Jorge, masking his earlier doubts, took her hand and they headed out.

Meanwhile, Loraine arrived at the Solar Company building.

Dressed in a crisp light blue suit and oversized sunglasses, she presented a formidable figure. Her demeanor was icy, and her powerful aura was unchallenged as she entered.

None of Solar Company's employees dared to intercept her. Given her well-known relationship with the CEO and the swirl of recent news, it was natural for them to speculate that Loraine was there to seek an explanation.

As she made her way to the CEO's office, all eyes covertly followed her, curiosity reaching its peak. Regrettably, no one dared to approach or overtly eavesdrop. Instead, they discreetly strained their ears and watched attentively, eager to catch any details of the unfolding drama.

Suddenly, there was a loud bang from the office, drawing everyone's attention as Carl, the CEO's assistant, hurried out. He swiftly closed the door behind him and faced the curious onlookers. Clearing his throat and adopting a stern expression, he commanded, "Stop looking, everyone! Disperse!"

Despite Carl's efforts, many still caught the sound of Loraine's commanding voice questioning through the door. "Marco, what do you mean by this? Do you really have to be so ruthless?"

While the employees tried to mask their curiosity, they couldn't help but feel a twinge of sympathy for their CEO.

Inside the office, the scene was quite different from what one might expect. Loraine was performing her role magnificently, scolding with vigor, while Marco, contrary to the tough debate one might anticipate, was more like a devoted aide than a CEO. He attentively adjusted the chair for Loraine and even massaged her shoulders. During pauses in Loraine's tirade, he gently offered her a cup of water, softly asking, "Are you tired? Have some water first..."

Loraine shot him a stern look, took a sip of the water, and lowered her voice. "Hey, you should shout back at me. How can it be just me doing a solo performance?"

Seeing her after several days, Marco's eyes twinkled with delight. At her prompting, he nodded and enthusiastically played along. He began to shout as if angry, but his expression was deliberately pitiful, his eyes blinking to suggest that he didn't mean what he said.

Loraine couldn't suppress a laugh, thoroughly enjoying their seamless collaboration and sinking deeper into her role, theatrically chiding, "Marco, you've really let me down!"

Marco maintained a rigid expression, playing along with a hint of drama in his voice.

Their playacting escalated as Loraine became increasingly engrossed.

Just as Marco was about to gently remind her not to overdo it, they were interrupted by a knock on the door.

"Boss, Jorge is here to sign the contract with you," Carl announced from outside.

Inside, Marco and Loraine exchanged a knowing look.

Loraine stood and delivered a final biting remark, her tone sharp. "Marco, you just wait. I won't let you off easily!"

As she turned to leave after her fierce declaration, Marco impulsively grabbed her hand, pulling her into a sudden embrace and sealing her lips with a passionate kiss, unleashing the pent-up longing of their days apart.

Caught off guard, Loraine quickly pushed him away, afraid the kiss would leave some kind of evidence that might betray their act. Realizing the potential risk, Marco regained his composure, his gaze intense but controlled, softly murmuring, "After all that scolding, the kiss served as a kind of compensation."



Chapter 1272 Loving Her Unconditionally

Loraine blushed, and the affection in Marco's gaze melted her heart. She leaned in and kissed the corner of his mouth gently, whispering, "When this is all over, I promise I'll make it up to you."

This scheme with Vincent and Wesley had been a spontaneous decision, leaving no time to consult Marco. Predictably, he must have felt both confused and pained upon receiving the engagement ring.

Yet, trusting her implicitly, Marco had raised no questions; he simply cooperated. Loraine hadn't offered explanations, and he hadn't sought them, choosing instead to follow her lead.

At that moment, any frustration Loraine felt from being maligned at the previous banquet evaporated.

Jennie, Vincent and Wesley, her close friends and family, supported her unconditionally, regardless of the situation. Marco, however, had to navigate the broader implications of their actions, considering how others might perceive her. He had much to consider and even more to endure. Reacting impulsively in her defense might only have drawn more criticism her way.

Yet, his support was unwavering. Marco was protecting her in his way, loving her unconditionally but quietly.

Their eyes met, charged with unspoken emotions yet tempered by their understanding of the situation's delicacy.

Marco reluctantly tore his gaze from Loraine's lips and gently

stroked her hair, murmuring, "Alright, I'll wait."

Loraine straightened her attire, steeling herself as she approached the door. Taking a deep breath, she prepared to face the outside world. At that moment, Marco caught her hand and whispered, "If you need anything, contact me. Use Qbot if you're worried about being wiretapped. It should still be on your phone."

Loraine nodded, then adopted a frosty expression as though they'd just had a fierce argument, and stormed out.

Outside, as she left in feigned anger, the employees' eyes followed her. Marco, maintaining the ruse, kicked the door and vented his fabricated frustration to Carl. "From now on, be more vigilant. Don't let just anyone in so easily!"

Loraine, maintaining her facade of fury, encountered Jorge and Keely on her way out, shooting Keely a piercing, cold glance as she passed.

Keely's face turned pale as she feigned fear, taking refuge behind Jorge. Out of his line of sight, her eyes gleamed with mischief and a hint of satisfaction.

As they had entered, they overheard employees whispering about Marco and Loraine's heated argument in the office. It was an uncommon sight to see Marco so visibly agitated.

The sight of Loraine's flushed face seemed to confirm their suspicions—there had clearly been a fierce altercation.

Jorge offered Keely a comforting pat on the back, dismissing Loraine's behavior, and led her into the office. There, they found Marco seated at his desk, his expression grim, with papers strewn about—likely remnants of the argument.

Secretly pleased by the apparent fallout between Marco and Loraine, Jorge inquired with concern, "What happened with you

Marco scoffed at the mention of her name, his tone icy. "I've decided to end our partnership with Universe Group. She came here to contest that decision."

Jorge frowned, quickly coming to Marco's defense. "This just proves Universe Group isn't a worthy partner. The Torres family demeaned you first, and now she, a supposed heiress, causes a scene. It's unbecoming."

Noticing Marco's displeasure, Jorge ceased his commentary.

Marco stated flatly, "None of that matters now. I'm leading the Cruz family, and our interests come first. She can make a scene, but it won't change anything."

Jorge nodded, pleased with Marco's resolve, and smiled. "Since you've cut ties with Universe Group, I'll honor my promise and officially sign our contract with the Cruz family."

Marco gestured for Carl to prepare the contract.

Both men noticed Keely's restless demeanor, as she frequently glanced outside.

Marco's expression remained unreadable, while Jorge, ever concerned, asked, "Keely, what's on your mind?"

Keely's gaze flickered before she responded timidly, "I saw an ice cream vendor earlier. I'd like some."

Accustomed to indulging her whims, Jorge instructed her maid to accompany Keely to the nearby shopping area for ice cream. Keely departed with eager steps.

With Keely and the maid gone, Marco maintained a neutral facade, casually checking his emails while discreetly using Qbot to send a message to Loraine.