

Chapter 1291 The Upcoming Jewelry Exhibition

Upon returning to her residence under the discreet protection of her bodyguards, Caroline immediately unleashed her frustration. She kicked off her crystal high heels, flung the silk cushions from the sofa onto the floor, and stomped on them vehemently.

Kosha, appearing unnoticed behind her, did not attempt to interrupt her outburst but instead asked, "Your Highness, who has upset you?"

Caroline, who had grown to trust Kosha following her involvement in a previous scheme orchestrated by Mr. K, vented without holding back, "It's those two despicable commoners, daring to cross me! Yet, this only piques my interest in Marco. As for Loraine, I'll teach her a hard lesson and snatch Marco from her grasp!"

Kosha, keeping her head bowed, smiled subtly and said, "If Your Highness wishes to get closer to Marco, I may have a strategy."

Caroline's interest was immediately piqued. "What is it? Tell me now!"

"There is a jewelry exhibition in a few days, attended by notable figures from various sectors. The Cruz family, being prominent, will surely be invited. There is a presentation segment at the exhibition where Your Highness, with your unrivaled beauty, could easily outshine everyone else. What man could resist falling at your feet then?"

The idea struck a chord with Caroline, boosting her confidence.

She agreed with Kosha's assessment.

Loraine was merely a commoner—how could she compare with a royal princess like her? At the exhibition, she would wear her most exquisite jewelry, dazzling Marco, compelling him to realize his oversight in not appreciating her value sooner.

Caroline smiled arrogantly and instructed, "Very well, notify the organizers on my behalf. I shall grace this modest jewelry exhibition with my presence and let these naive commoners behold the grandeur of a true royal once again."

Meanwhile, after separating from Marco and heading home, Loraine received an unexpected message from Wesley.

"Lorrie, I've been invited to a jewelry exhibition in Zodiac. I heard it will feature many renowned collections. Would you like to join me?"

Wesley's invitation piqued Loraine's interest, fueled by her love for art, an enthusiasm cultivated by him over the years. They had often visited exhibitions together when time allowed. Despite their infrequent meetups, with Loraine being in Zodiac where the exhibition would be held, Wesley decided to inquire whether she could join him at the exhibition.

Loraine considered declining initially, reluctant to let her work accumulate. But Wesley then mentioned, "The jewelry exhibition has also invited the Cruz family, and Marco, the current head, is likely to attend."

At the mention of Marco, Loraine reconsidered, her initial reluctance giving way. "I'll definitely make time to go with you then," she replied more readily than she had intended.

Wesley, knowing her well, laughed over the phone, likely rolling his eyes at her transparent change of heart. He provided the time and address before ending the call.

Soon after, Loraine reached out to Marco.

Despite having just parted ways hours ago, she already missed him. Her voice softened as she spoke his name. "Marco, Wesley mentioned a jewelry exhibition coming up and invited me to join him. Will you be there?"

"Yes," Marco replied in his deep, reassuring voice. "The organizer is an old friend of the Cruz family, and this exhibition is crucial for showcasing our strength and forging business relationships. Since I've just taken over the family, it's exactly the sort of event I need to attend."

He chuckled lightly and said, "I was just about to mention this, but you beat me to it. Could this be some sort of telepathic connection?"

Loraine blushed, playfully chided him, and then sighed contentedly, "It's really nice, then we can meet again soon."

Marco, feeling a warm glow at their shared anticipation, added, "After I finish my work, I assure you that I will make time for us to enjoy private moments together."

The two continued to exchange endearments for a few more minutes before concluding their call.

After hanging up, Loraine's thoughts drifted to the upcoming jewelry exhibition. She resolved to make a special effort with her appearance, aiming not only to impress Wesley but also to enjoy the event with Marco.

After all, dressing up was as much for her own joy as it was for the appreciation of those who noticed.

Eager to look her best, Loraine took out her phone and called Vincent, requesting the services of his personal makeup artist.

Vincent agreed immediately.

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A few days later, on the day of the exhibition, Loraine was expecting the makeup artist. However, it was Damon who unexpectedly showed up at her door.



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Chapter 1292 Forgiveness

Loraine opened the door to find Damon standing outside. She was stunned by this. "You..."

Why was it Damon?

Damon had clearly been very busy lately. He looked frail and tanned.

Damon adjusted his glasses shyly. His smile was disarmingly sincere and his usual arrogance seemed smoothed out by his busy charity work. He said, "I just wrapped up my commitments and returned to Zodiac. Vincent was called overseas for a shoot on short notice, so he sent me in his stead."

Behind him, Loraine noticed not only the makeup artist but also several others holding an exquisite dress.

Damon looked back and said, "Besides, this dress carries a hefty price tag. Vincent insisted I deliver it personally to you."

Loraine's eyes fell on the dress. Its fabric was draped elegantly, creating smooth contours. The bodice was lavishly decorated with large, vibrant peonies, and the hem sparkled with gemstones and pearls that twinkled like stars.

The dress was clearly the work of a renowned designer and a priceless piece.

Vincent had not only remembered her preferences but had also taken great care in preparing other thoughtful details.

Finding it difficult to decline such a gesture, Loraine gave a small nod and softly expressed her gratitude. "Thank you."

Damon, who had been dedicating himself to the fight against trafficking, wore a gentle smile. His recent experiences with rescued children had softened his manner of speaking. He said in a hushed tone, "I understand you're collaborating with the Cruz family and they're offering positions to those from orphanages. Do you need help with this?"

In fact, Damon had never forgotten their visit to the orphanage. The plight of those bright yet unfortunate children had deeply moved him and stirred a desire in him to lend a helping hand.

However, Loraine was adamant about not accepting his offer, as she did not want to get involved with him. Without giving a direct response, she politely deflected, saying, "Just having the thought is commendable. I'm grateful on behalf of the children."

Damon let out a silent sigh upon hearing her words, sensing her indifference. She not only referred to Vincent as uncle and sought his assistance eagerly but also shared a good rapport with Edwin. In contrast, her interactions with him and Francis remained unchanged as she showed no signs of warming up to them.

With this thought, Damon said sincerely, "It's okay if you're hesitant. Just let me know if there's anything you need from me."

After his offer, Damon seemed to understand that there was no further reason for him to linger. He said reluctantly, "You should get ready. I'll be on my way. Take care."

Loraine nodded. As Damon turned to leave, he suddenly clutched his waist and took a deep breath. His steps faltered.

Concerned, Loraine stopped him. "What's wrong with you?"

With an embarrassed look on his face, he turned around and smiled awkwardly. "It's nothing." Under Loraine's gaze, his voice dropped to a whisper. "Really, it's nothing serious. During my

mission in a remote mountain village to rescue trafficked women, some villagers struck me in the waist. It's not a big deal, but I guess I'm not as strong as I used to be..."

Loraine's expression was a mixture of concern and confusion as she bit her lower lip and asked, "As a government official, you've organized everything so well. Why did you feel the need to put yourself at risk?"

Initially, when Vincent shared Damon's endeavors, Loraine didn't feel particularly moved. Now, seeing his physical state and dedication, she realized the depth of his commitment. For someone of his status, merely initiating such missions would have been enough to earn accolades and praise, as others carried out the work.

But Damon consistently placed himself at the forefront, directly confronting the brutal and dangerous traffickers.

Damon smiled. He looked at her with warm eyes that showed a blend of affection and remorse.

"Loraine, I owe you an apology. Being out there, seeing the hardships faced by trafficked women firsthand, has made me understand what your mother went through. I've been doing this out of guilt towards both of you, though I know it can't really make up for anything."

His recent experiences had stripped away the arrogance typically associated with his status in the Wilson family and allowed him to truly understand the impact he could make as a government official.

Despite these realizations, Damon wasn't seeking accolades or admiration. With a resigned sigh, he said calmly, "Then I'll take my leave now."

"Wait!" Loraine's voice softened as she stopped him. "You've been with the Foreign Ministry for quite some time. I have a few

questions I'd like to ask."



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