

## Chapter 183 Let's Get Married

It was well into the night at Fwell Bar, and it was time to get drunk again.

Marco sat on the sofa, half in a daze, drinking bitterly in silence.

Fortunately for him, his two friends Jimmie and Slater sat at his side.

Talking over Marco, they gossiped enthusiastically.

"I heard Marco gave Loraine a diamond mine," teased Slater, with a meaningful look in his eyes. "Why did he ask us to come out drinking instead of asking Loraine out?"

Marco closed his eyes, saying nothing.

Jimmie smiled. "Don't be silly. Haven't you figured it out yet? He spent hundreds of millions on her, but maybe she doesn't care. Maybe he was blacklisted again after just a few words."

"No way!" Slater almost choked on his wine. "Don't all women like diamonds? Loraine might have money now, but surely she doesn't think that she has too many diamonds? You're telling me she's not even impressed by a diamond mine? Is her heart made of stone?"

Jimmie shrugged. "Women are complicated, Slater. You still have a lot to learn."

Marco listened to them speak, his face darkening.

Suddenly, his phone began to ring.

Marco answered, and a subordinate started speaking in a respectful tone.

"Grady came by to see Loraine just now. The two of them went to Forest Restaurant together."

Marco sat upright, sobering immediately.

"Keep an eye on them," he ordered. "I'll be there soon."

Grabbing his coat, Marco rushed out of the bar.

Slater and Jimmie watched him leave, dumbfounded, then looked at each other. They both had the same thought.

"The only person able to make Marco act that irrationally is Loraine. I guess it's something to do with her again." Jimmie sighed.

Clicking his tongue, Slater replied, "We have to help him. Otherwise, when will he be able to win her heart?"

Jimmie didn't reply. He looked down at his watch and stood up, saying, "I have to go. There's something I need to do. You can think about it by yourself."

Then Jimmie, too, rushed out of the bar.



"What? Why did they all leave?" Slater was left sitting alone in the private room. He sipped his wine, shook his head, and sighed. "Those two are so unreliable. Looks like I'll have to find a way to help Marco. I've got a long way to go!"

Immersed in his fantasy of being the one to help Marco win Loraine's heart, Slater completely forgot that she hated him.

In Forest Restaurant, Grady and Loraine shared a table.

Grady looked disappointed. His eyes lacked their usual luster. "Loraine, I'm sorry for what happened on the Internet. My mother was keeping a close eye on me, so I couldn't clarify it for you. It wasn't easy for me to come out today. I'm sorry I got you into trouble."

Noticing Grady's anguish, Loraine shook her head and comforted him. "It doesn't matter. It's all over."

Grady smiled bitterly. Although it was overt, his relationship with Loraine became awkward.

They looked at each wordlessly, falling into silence.

A waiter approached and lit some scented candles, then brought over a large bouquet of exotic flowers and placed them in a vase in the center of the table.

Loraine was surprised and thought this was the restaurant's tradition.

What she didn't know was that Grady had carefully selected the flowers himself. They had been picked

and imported from halfway around the world that day.

Blissfully unaware and curious, Loraine lowered her head to sample the flowers' beguiling fragrance.

Grady watched her keenly, observing her response. When he saw that she approved of his flowers, he couldn't hold back. "Loraine, what are your thoughts on marriage? How about we give it a try?"

Loraine shivered involuntarily, accidentally snapping the flower in her hand.

Staring at Grady in shock, she asked, "What did you say?"

Grady was shy but, in an attempt to empower himself, he maintained his steady gaze.

"I'm serious, Loraine. I've thought about it a lot. If I have to get married, it will be better if I choose someone I like. Our family backgrounds, personalities, and aesthetic tastes are very well matched. I can promise you that after we get married, I won't be as irresponsible as Marco. I will take good care of you!"

The young man's confession of love left Loraine speechless. She was too surprised to say anything.

Just then, the waiter reappeared. He walked over to the table pushing a delicate trolley full of flowers.

Among the flowers was a small red velvet box. Its lid was open, displaying the huge diamond ring inside.



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Standing up excitedly, Grady went to take the ring so that he could carry out a formal proposal.

Before he could, however, a big hand reached out and slammed the ring box shut.

"I object!"

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