

Chapter 280 We Slept Together

Rowan had thrown a heavy punch, and at Loraine's shout, his fist stopped just inches away from the face of his opponent outside the door.

The man's eyes were alert and icy, and he was breathing heavily. His body was tensed up, ready for a fight. From the angle he was, his sharp features were highly attractive.

After taking a closer look, Rowan recognized Marco.

He narrowed his eyes and asked, "What are you doing here? Sneaking around behind the door? What are you trying to do?"

Marco tightened his fists with an expressionless look. He didn't respond.

There was tension in the air as though another fight was about to begin.

Knowing Marco most likely came for her, Loraine asked, "Did you want to tell me something, Marco?"

For a while, Marco stayed silent, but then he said, "I remembered we had some problems with the project. I wanted to discuss with you."

Loraine said helplessly, "I have a guest today. If you



want to discuss business, we can talk some other time."

Rowan found Marco strange. He stood in front of Loraine and asked sternly, "Why can't you talk at the company? Why did you have to come to Lorrie's home to discuss this?"

He spoke as though he was territorial over Loraine and called her by her nickname so intimately. Marco was furious and retorted, "Then what are you doing here?"

"I..." Rowan wanted to say he was Loraine's uncle. However, he held back and looked more closely at Marco.

Marco was strange. He looked worried about Lorrie.

Marco glared at him like a lion whose territory had been invaded.

Rowan's eyes narrowed, and he drawled, "Considering the relationship I have with Lorrie, there's no issue with me moving in with her. However, what is your business with Lorrie? What rights do you have to speak here?"

Marco's lips tightened and he clenched his fists.

Rowan still wasn't done. He turned to Loraine and gently said, "Do you mind if I come to stay with you for a couple of days?"

His niece could be cunning and decisive in business,



but when it came to love, she was naive.

Rowan was trying to shield her from Marco this time but Loraine was too innocent to realize it. She simply responded, "Of course you can stay with me."

Marco saw red.

"If you need a place to stay in, I can arrange it for you. Loraine lives by herself. Having you here would be inconvenient."

Rowan stared into Marco's eyes and said meaningfully, "It doesn't matter. Lorrie and I even slept in the same bed. Living together is not an inconvenience."

Loraine's face went red immediately at this, as though she wanted to escape and find somewhere to hide.

They had made a deal no one was to bring up that history again.

During her first months after Loraine was found by her family, the environment was very strange and unpleasant to her. She had restless nights filled with nightmares.

After days of constantly waking up in tears, Rowan started sleeping in her room and the rest of the family took turns in doing so till she was no longer afraid.

For Loraine, this was embarrassing. And her family still teased her with that occasionally.

Lorraine and her family had a very casual relationship, so she didn't notice that Rowan was building an affair story, giving Marco the wrong idea.

To Marco, her shyness meant she had actually slept with Rowan.

Marco tightened his fists. He lost control of his breathing and his icy eyes were filled with hurt.

Lorraine saw his discomfort and asked in confusion, "Are you alright?"

Rowan cut in, "It's late. You should head back now, Marco. You can talk about work tomorrow. We need to rest."

Rowan waved his hand, indicating for him to leave, but Marco's rage went off the handle because of his last statement. He stood at the door without moving.

"And if I don't leave?"

"Marco, you are just Lorrie's business partner, nothing more. Watch your attitude. Don't forget you're no longer her husband."

Lorraine realized Rowan did not like Marco at all. Scared they would get into another fight, she hurriedly tried to persuade Marco. "Please just leave! We can discuss it tomorrow, can't we?"

"You're this eager to send me away?"

Marco's eyes went dark. His fists slowly unclenched,

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and he stepped back, a disappointed look on his face.

Rowan shut the door immediately.

Marco stood still outside the door, minutes passing.

Then his phone rang, pulling him out of his trance. His face was expressionless as he put the phone to his ear.

"Marco, I've gotten intel from Rowan Torres' comrades. They all confirmed he was an ordinary man with no background and made it to where he is now on his own standing. It took so much out of me to find some of his files. He has no relation to the Torres family..."

Marco's fingers tightened on his phone. His heart shattered.

What Loraine had told Grady before returned to his mind.

She told him she liked men who were older than her.

Had she fallen in love with Rowan?

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Back in the apartment, Rowan snorted. "It's very clear to see that Marco has ulterior intentions. Be careful while dealing with him, Lorrie. Ask Cayson to go through everything for you. Don't allow yourself to face any more losses."

Loraine felt like a big deal was being made out of nothing. She responded, "Why don't you just trust your niece, Uncle Rowan? You don't have to worry about me. I know what I'm doing."

As he saw she wasn't taking him seriously, Rowan sighed.

How could he relax?

His niece had succeeded at everything. Her only failures had been tied to Marco.

The entire family felt pity for her. He could have given Marco the beating he deserved just now. However, he held back because of Loraine.

Loraine knew Rowan wanted to continue, so she quickly changed the topic. "Oh, and you said you wanted to stay here tonight, right? I'll get a bedroom ready for you."

Rowan cleared his throat a bit awkwardly. "Forget it. I

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have something else to do, so I'll just leave now."

He only said he would stay to provoke Marco.

He knew more than anyone else, that for the sake of Loraine's reputation, he should not stay.

"What is it that could be so urgent? You've just arrived and you want to leave so soon?"

"Don't stress so much over me. Take care of yourself. Try not to force all your attention on work." Rowan stroked her head affectionately.

Rough calluses covered his hands and yet they were broad and warm. At that moment, he was simply just an uncle who loved his niece, patiently giving her advice.

Loraine sensed something was wrong from the way he was acting.

She held his hand and asked nervously, "Is something wrong, Uncle Rowan?"

Rowan blinked a couple of times, then he answered, "It's nothing serious. It's just that after I fully recovered, I received another urgent task. It might be a bit difficult. I can't tell when I'll return..."

"Urgent task? It's very dangerous, isn't it?" Loraine's heart rate sped up immediately.

Rowan calmed her down. "No, it's not. You believe in my strength, don't you? I just didn't want to leave

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without seeing you first, so I came here."

It took a while before Rowan was able to calm Loraine down.

Once Rowan walked out of the apartment, he looked up and saw Marco standing not too far away. His face went dark.

What was he still doing here?

Marco breathe a sigh of relief when he saw Rowan leave Loraine's apartment.

Rowan instantly regretted it. It seemed he had come out too early.

Rowan was a man himself, so how could he not tell what Marco was thinking?

The news had been full of gossip about the possibility of Marco and Loraine getting back together in the past few days.

The media would not have dared to make such reports without Marco's consent.

Adding to that, Marco's attitude toward Loraine had drastically changed.

Apart from Loraine, who wouldn't be able to tell what Marco's intentions were?

Whatever it was, Rowan would not allow his sweet niece to be hurt ever again.

Marco had to be gotten rid of as quickly as possible.

With all this on his mind, Rowan saw Marco approaching him.

Both men stood face to face. One was a ruthless military officer, the other was a powerful businessman. Their domineering auras were on the same level.

Marco eyed him and declared, "I won't give up, no matter what the relationship between you and Loraine is. Other people probably fear you, but I do not."

Rowan's eyes narrowed.

However, Marco brushed past him and walked straight to his car.

Even though Rowan didn't like him, he had to admit Marco was brave.

Loraine was oblivious to the standoff that had happened outside. She headed back to her study to handle company affairs after sending Rowan away.

It was then she realized her phone was still off.

She put her phone on and Qbot instantly popped up. A grinning kitten emoji showed on the screen.

"Where's the bad man who trash-talked my daddy?"

Loraine paused for a moment and then realized Qbot meant Cayson. She sighed. "Cayson isn't a bad guy. If we're to be honest, Marco is the actual bad guy."

Qbot couldn't respond.

It was true that Marco fit the image of a bad guy quite well. He was always fierce.

Qbot could not deny it, but he still refused to admit it.

Loraine realized this and could not help laughing. She discovered a way to handle the naughty kid.

Qbot tried changed the topic, scared that Loraine would trick it into admitting that Marco was a bad guy if they continued.

"Mommy! The bad woman who lost to you not only refuse to apology, but also slandered you."

Loraine tapped on the link Qbot sent and read Colette's statement.

"The quality of our food has always been highly praised, especially the food I personally made. It's in line with Michelin standards. Those negative comments are all vindictive. Someone went against us due to the fact that an agreement hasn't been made on the cooperation. They are simply haters."

It was obvious the statement was referring to Loraine.

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Qbot growled, "Mommy, I'll teach her a lesson for you."

Lorraine immediately cautioned, "Don't, Qbot. I'll handle it."

Last time, Qbot helped her vent her rage and changed Colette's username.

If he did something stupid again, even a fool could tell Lorraine was involved.

After giving it some thought, Lorraine made a statement.

"Miss Moreau, do you assume I never use the internet? Quit making up stories! I checked out your restaurant. Your cooking skills are average, and you don't have a good sense of service. The price is severely out of control. Isn't it expected to receive negative feedback? In addition, do you need me to remind you that you have to honor your bet after losing to me?"

Immediately, netizens flocked to the webpage after detecting the possibility of breaking news.

"What? Did Lorraine and Colette have a competition? What was the competition about?"

"I'm more curious about what they gambled with."

The netizens became increasingly interested in Loraine's statement.

Colette arrogantly replied, "I trained in the best cooking school in Fobroicia and as a chef in a Michelin restaurant. However, you've only been a housewife for three years. To say that you have defeated me is utterly absurd. Those who spoke for you are the rumormongers you paid for, right?"

After sending it, Colette put her phone down, feeling a little insecure.

The competition took place in her restaurant. Loraine couldn't present any evidence as long as Colette insisted there was no such thing.

She could also claim that Loraine bribed the guests who were there that day.

It was risky and could frustrate Marco, who was also present that day. However, that was her only choice.

Moreau Group deteriorated after she returned to run the family business. Her family had been extremely unsatisfied with her, and there had been numerous crises.

Her family would discharge her if she admitted her restaurant's problems.

Colette's words persuaded a lot of bystanders who didn't know the truth. The conversation heated up. Both Colette and Loraine had their detractors.

Gradually, the public opinion changed.

"It is clear that Colette has cooking experience. Surely a Michelin-starred chef wouldn't be worse than a housewife?"

That made Colette pleased, and she even added more fuel to the fire. As a result, the number of Loraine's supporters decreased.

Loraine's response caught her off guard when she was relaxed.

"Does a Michelin-starred chef nobler than a housewife? Isn't the purpose of a good meal to make people taste its deliciousness? Miss Moreau you may have acquired cooking skills, but you haven't mastered the fundamental principles of cooking. Yes, I had been a housewife for three years. If you want to compete with me academically, I was fortunate to have Odom, the Geranium's chef, teach me how to cook. This, I believe, should be sufficient."

Odom had taught Loraine? How could it be possible?

Being accustomed to boasting, Colette immediately assumed that Loraine was lying.

She believed she had grasped Loraine's weakness and replied sarcastically, "Do you think your lie is flawless? Loraine, don't think you can lie without being exposed because you are a Torres. Odom is the greatest in the industry. He is not someone who can be hired."

The Geranium was the best Michelin-rated restaurant

in the world, and Odom, its chef, was renowned worldwide. Even Colette had only encountered Odom once in class after he received an invitation to the university where she was enrolled.

The wealthy and influential Torres family meant nothing to Odom, who only served elite and powerful individuals.

Colette was expecting Lorraine to be humiliated, but Lorraine responded immediately.

"Sorry, I didn't pay him to guide me. I just designed a restaurant and a kitchen for them, and I got to learn from Odom for free."

The Geranium was in the same country as the one Lorraine had studied architectural design in.

All indications proposed that what Lorraine said was likely true.

Colette, however, remained reluctant to believe it.

"So what? You were only a college student at the time. How could you participate in these projects? When I was an intern cook, I could only help other chefs!"

Lorraine replied, "I am sorry for that. The chasm between people can be quite wide at times. Perhaps you are too mediocre."

Colette was outraged. "I don't believe it! You are lying unless you have evidence!"

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She even messaged Odom's social account, asking if he knew Loraine.

Minutes passed with no reply.

Colette was ecstatic. She believed Loraine was just bragging!

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