

Chapter 546 Three Slaps

The moment the knife slipped from her hand, Keely realized that she was finished.

She had lost the final bargaining chip.

Just as Loraine had said, her reputation was in tatters, and Marco now thoroughly despised her. Truly, she was finished.

With a pale face, she looked at Loraine, who stood elegantly and composedly by her side, and gritted her teeth. Then she took a deep breath to muster enough determination to make a desperate move. Enduring the pain from her injured wrist, she fought hard to break free from Marco's grasp and lunged towards Loraine with a wild scream. "It's all because of you, Loraine! You deserve to die!"

No one expected this sudden move from her.

Unfortunately for Loraine, it was too late to dodge her.

Keely's sharp nails were headed straight for her face.

But before any scratching could occur, there was a powerful kick on Keely's back, causing her to fall forward and land on the floor in severe pain.

Quickly, Loraine was pulled away by Marco who promptly wrapped her in his arms and comforted her with soothing words.

When Keely lifted her head, all she saw was the way Marco loved and treasured Loraine. Her eyes were filled with tears and



her heart heavy with envy and despair, but she was too weak from the pain to even speak.

Seeing Keely raise her head, Carl quickly gestured for his subordinates to swing into action. Immediately, they went over and restrained her.

Two strong men firmly held Keely down by her shoulders, making it impossible for her to move. Even a slight struggle would send intense pain through her entire body, so she had no choice but to remain still. Tears welled up in her eyes as she continued to curse and scream wildly. "Loraine! You bitch! You'll have a horrible death!"

Loraine lifted her head from Marco's shoulder and pushed him away from her. Then she marched up to Keely.

The once calm and beautiful face of Keely now looked pitiful and unkempt. Loraine looked down at the now terrified Keely and smirked.

"Wh... what do you want?" Keely stammered.

Loraine responded not with words but with action. Without warning, she delivered three quick fire slaps to Keely's face.

The sound of the slaps echoed across the room, leaving everyone stunned. Keely herself was dumbfounded, her eyes filled with disbelief.

Her cheeks were swollen, her eyes were red, and blood was trickling down the corner of her mouth. Filled with anger, she screamed wildly, "Loraine, how dare you! Why did you hit me?!"

"The first slap was for all the times you framed me," Loraine told her.

Keely swallowed and cowered before her ice cold eyes.



Nevertheless, Loraine continued, "The second slap was for what you did, trying to pressure Marco by threatening to commit suicide on a live stream. And the third slap..."

Loraine paused for a moment and then smiled, "I just wanted to slap you a third time, so I did."

Keely's eyes widened and she burst out again with curses, "You bitch! How..."

Before she could finish the statement, Marco signalled to his men and they swiftly stuffed a piece of cloth into her mouth.

Now, Keely couldn't make any sound. She wriggled and whimpered, her eyes filled with hatred, wishing she could kill Loraine with her gaze.

But Loraine remained composed and casually bent down to pick up Keely's phone.

The live stream was still ongoing. The comments section was filled with comments expressing confusion.

"What the hell is currently happening?"

"Did Loraine just slap Keely???"

"I can only imagine the pain from those slaps that sounded like bombs going off! Loraine is so ruthless!"

When they saw Loraine's face on the screen, the viewers became very excited. But she paid no attention to the barrage of questions thrown at her. Instead, she said to them in a serious tone, "Listen, everyone. Life is precious. I hope you all will take what happened here as a lesson. No matter what you encounter, seeking revenge through suicide is the most meaningless choice, because few people will remember your

death for long. We should all live well, love ourselves, and not destroy our own lives little by little like Keely has done."

When she finished speaking, the live stream went into standstill for a moment, and then the viewers started flooding the chat with heart emojis. The comment section turned into a place of mutual encouragement, filled with positive and uplifting energy.

"So Loraine is clearly committed to preventing Keely from committing suicide, not that she truly disregards her life."

"Oh my goodness. I love Loraine for this! How can someone be so calm, intelligent, and kind at the same time?!"

"I apologize for misunderstanding Loraine earlier. Her advice is wonderful!"

But Loraine didn't pay much attention to all these praises. She simply went ahead and closed the live stream right away.



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Chapter 547 Committing Keely To A Mental Hospital

At the entrance of Powell's residence, black-garbed security personnel were struggling to contain Keely as she was led away, while Jane trailed fearfully behind.

Just then, Keely's countenance was ghostly white and defeated, her eyes staring into nothing. Strands of hair danced around her face, and a hint of blood stained her puffed lips. She was the very picture of disarray.

Observing Jane, Carl made an educated guess that she was worried about Keely. After all, Jane was one of the few family members Keely had left.

He heaved a sigh, pivoted, and said, "Ms. Powell, we'll dispatch Keely overseas and vouch for her safety. We promise we won't cause her harm..."

But before he could finish his sentence, Jane clutched his hand, her voice crackling with urgency. "Carl, Keely's lost it! She's out of her mind! She broadcasted her own suicide attempt live, and just a moment ago, she was threatening people with a knife. It's clear as day she's not right in the head! Can we really let such an individual roam freely? For the sake of the general public, you ought to confine her in a mental institution!"

Carl blinked, questioning if he had heard her correctly.

Even Marco, who had been Keely's frequent victim, wasn't this callous. Wasn't Jane supposed to care for Keely? Why such unyielding harshness?

Keely's previously empty eyes suddenly sparked to life, as if she had just registered Jane's cruel proposal. Her eyes bulged and she thrashed wildly, her glare searing into Jane.

Being committed to a mental institution was possibly worse than jail for Keely. After all, she hadn't suffered much in the clink. Even when conflicts arose, the wardens were quick to intervene.

However, once admitted to a mental institution, it would be a formidable challenge for her to regain her freedom. And the staff there would not care much about her well-being, but would ignore her request.


Jane intended to send her to a mental institution, condemning her to a lifetime among those peculiar, nonsensical, and unsettling individuals. Keely was overwhelmed with panic and resentment. If she had to endure such an environment, she would rather face death!

In her current state, Keely appeared disheveled and terrifying. During her sudden, violent struggle, the bodyguards couldn't restrain her. Amid the chaos, she spat out the gag from her mouth and started yelling obscenities.

Jane, taken aback, quickly sought refuge behind a bystander, poking her head out to point at the raving Keely. She implored, "Carl, look at her! Keely has definitely gone mad. She has lost her sanity. She needs to be confined! What's the point of shipping her abroad and forgetting about her? What if she somehow finds her way back? How will we handle that?"

Carl hesitated upon hearing her words. Jane did make some sense.

After all, they had confined Keely to prison once before, and yet she had escaped and created chaos. Given her current erratic

Chapter 547 Committing Keely To A Mental Hosp  +120 Points at most
mental state, who could predict if she might spiral further and
return to torment Marco and Loraine?

Despite Jane's passionate persuasion, Carl wore a frown and chose to disregard her. Fortunately, just then, Marco emerged with Loraine cradled in his arms.

Even though Loraine was uninjured, she had been severely frightened by the prior events. Despite her insistence that she was alright, Marco remained wary and chose to carry her.

Upon seeing them, Carl immediately approached, relaying Jane's proposition with an expression of deep concern. He queried, "Sir, what's your perspective on this?"

Marco looked over at Keely, his face void of any emotional reaction.

He had extended too many chances to Keely already, and now his patience had run its course. He harbored no shred of sympathy for her anymore.


His silence in this moment seemed to imply implicit approval of Jane's suggestion.

Keely's face blanched, and she stepped back, her laugh laden with bitterness and despair.

"Marco, are you truly going to agree with her and consign me to a mental institution?"

Keely's heart lurched. Knowing Jane to be rather superficial, she was convinced that Jane wouldn't spare her a second thought once her downfall was complete. Jane might even harbor resentment and vent her frustrations on her following the Bryant Group's reclamation of the Powell family's privileges.

So, while Keely was seething with anger, she was not shocked

Chapter 547 Committing Keely To A Mental Hosp  +120 Points at most
by Jane's proposal.

What she found unbearable was Marco's silent endorsement.

How could this man be exceedingly tender towards one woman while displaying utter indifference towards another?

Perhaps because Keely's expression was too alarming, Jane clenched her teeth and exclaimed, a touch of anxiety in her tone, "Committing Keely to a mental hospital is for her own well-being! I am her aunt, her only family. I have the authority to make this decision! Mr. Bryant, and Miss Torres, I am aware of a top-notch mental institution that ensures strict supervision. I can assist with the family guarantor forms. Let's expedite her admission, the sooner, the better!"

Seeing Jane behave as though she was ridding herself of a contagion, Loraine's eyebrows furrowed, a wave of discomfort washing over her. She took a deep breath and interjected, "Hold on."



Chapter 548 Repaying Good For Bad

Keely was incredulous that the only person who asked to stop was the person she hated the most.

Her gaze, marked by red-rimmed eyes, was a cruel dagger pointed at Loraine, as if intending to stab her to death just by staring.

"Loraine, what's your plan? Don't act like a saint, I refuse to think you have any good intentions..."

As Keely uttered these words, Loraine moved towards her with an air of tranquility.

At the sight of this, Keely faltered. Recollections of all the tactics Loraine had previously used against her involuntarily flashed in her mind.

She realized the woman before her was far from the country woman she once tormented.

This realization caused panic to wash over Keely's face. Unable to contain her fear, she recoiled and in a quivering voice questioned, "What are you planning next? I'm already in this state, why won't you let me be?"

Loraine cast her a peculiar look and casually extracted something from her pocket.

On noticing Loraine's hand movement, Keely remembered the stinging sensation on her face she had experienced earlier. She



involuntarily shut her eyes, her body shaking, as though expecting another slap.

But the anticipated agony never arrived. Instead, a heavy object was dropped into her pocket.

Loraine, watching Keely's distressing display, uttered in an exasperated tone, "I was merely returning your phone. What do you think I'm going to do?"

She found no joy in exploiting someone's vulnerability. Keely's present predicament, though self-made, was truly deplorable. It could be considered her receiving the deserved punishment. Loraine had no plans to inflict further misery.

Keely, filled with both fury and disbelief, struggled to maintain her poise and in a coarse voice, she demanded, "Loraine, what's your ulterior motive? Just say it. Do you relish seeing me in this miserable state? I'm done for, just as you desired. Marco doesn't care for me anymore. Even Jorge can't help me now!"

Toward the end, Keely's voice wavered, and was soaked in tears. She had reached the point of complete defeat, losing even the final glimmer of hope that could have rescued her.

What intensified her sorrow was Marco's lack of reaction to all that transpired.

Keely sniffled, her voice choked with sorrow, and admitted, "Loraine, you've emerged victorious."

Loraine gently shook her head and sighed, "Keely, it was never my intention to defeat you. You're the one who couldn't move on and remained obsessed with me. Your feelings have become distorted. You truly are insane."

Keely vehemently denied being referred to as "insane." She dreaded the prospect of being confined to a mental institution



for the remainder of her life. Instinctively, she shot back, "I'm not insane! What makes you think so? What's wrong with my emotions? I've known Marco longer than you have! My love for Marco surely surpasses yours! All I wanted was to be with Marco, is that wrong? If you didn't want to defeat me, then why did you steal him from me?"

With tranquility in her eyes, Loraine softly responded, "Love isn't a race, nor is it determined by who appeared first. Just because you harbor feelings for Marco, does he have to reciprocate? This isn't love, Keely, it's selfishness. You've even hurt others in your quest to be with him, thereby tainting the essence of love."

Keely tried to formulate a rebuttal, but the words froze on her lips, her face contorting with rage.

Loraine, observing her, mused aloud, "Considering your current state, psychological help and therapy do indeed seem essential."

At this suggestion, Jane's face lit up while Keely couldn't help but snap, "So, all this talk was just your twisted way of taking revenge by shipping me off to a mental institution, wasn't it? Why were you saying so much just now? You really are cold-hearted, Loraine!"

Unfazed, Loraine glanced at her and calmly replied, "Well, do you know about the Conning Rehabilitation Center? It is a very professional and successful rehab center. You can stay there until you're fully healed mentally."

Hearing the name of the rehabilitation center, Keely was taken aback.

She had heard about the Conning Rehabilitation Center, known for its commendable reputation.

However, she still remained skeptical. "Loraine, stop playing the

saint! How could you possibly arrange treatment for me?"

With a sneer, Loraine replied, "Don't worry, I won't be doing this thankless job that just attracts your scorn. Your relatives will bear the cost of the rehab center."

On hearing this, Jane, Keely's only remaining kin, immediately bristled and shot back, "Miss Torres, let's be fair. That upscale rehab center is quite pricey, running into tens of thousands per month. Our Powell family doesn't have that kind of spare money. Plus, spending such an amount on Keely isn't justified!"

Enraged, Keely retorted, "What did you just say? Don't forget how your Powell family came to wealth!"

Jane rolled her eyes, cutting her off, "Enough! Stop digging up those petty matters. What was left of the Haywood family's fortune? It's long gone!"

She harbored no fear of Keely whatsoever. Now, even a fool could perceive that Keely had been utterly devastated. Jane confidently stated, "Also, you've committed so many detestable acts. I couldn't bear how you treated Miss Torres. You rightfully deserve to be in a mental institution!"

With a smug grin, she turned to Loraine and said, "Keely deserves to be sent to a mental institution! Miss Torres, please make sure she's securely confined!"

Loraine, amused by her obsequious demeanor, lightly laughed and offhandedly asked, "I'm curious if any of those who trolled me online have ties with the Powell family."

Marco instantly caught her drift and promptly ordered Carl, "Investigate thoroughly. Anyone involved shouldn't be spared."

At once, Jane's confident demeanor evaporated and she fell silent, no longer daring to utter a word.

Chapter 549 The Reward Of Loraine

The subsequent phases unfolded smoothly, with the sole exception of Keely's departure from the Powell family, which involved being accompanied by bodyguards.

Loraine's gaze lingered on the disappearing car, a glimmer of mixed feelings pooling in her eyes.

The realization dawned on her that she might not see Keely for a considerable length of time.

While Keely had been able to secure an early prison release when she was held abroad, now she was in a dedicated mental health facility, one that would keep her until doctors were confident of her complete return to a sound mental state.

Given the extent of Keely's apparent instability, her psychological damage was clearly deep-seated. Without proper rehabilitation, her recovery could take anywhere from three to five years, maybe even more.

Shaking off the haunting memories of the past few days, Loraine averted her eyes only to find Marco standing silently behind her.

His gaze, intense and unwavering, seemed to be locked on her, yet simultaneously piercing the horizon beyond.

Loraine narrowed her eyes and playfully probed, "You're not secretly heartbroken for her, are you, Marco?"

Caught off guard by Marco's nod of agreement, Loraine's expression contorted. A whirlwind of thoughts raced through her mind.

So he did feel a pang of pain and was reluctant to see Keely go?

Lorraine's heart felt heavy. She had believed Marco had thoroughly transformed when he had voluntarily divulged everything to her before taking action. But why was he still...

A wave of bitterness surged, yet her face donned a mask of cool indifference, silently tucking away the sting of the situation.

But soon, Marco's eyes softened, focusing intently on Loraine. He declared honestly and transparently, "I actually feel remorse for you, Loraine. I regret the injustices you've had to endure and the immense pain you've suffered because of me..."

Upon hearing these words, Loraine's face quivered, and she let out a silent sigh of relief. She felt a mix of frustration at being tricked and a touch of indescribable sweetness.

Marco extended his arms and gently enveloped her, whispering, "Lorraine, why are you so familiar with sanatoriums and psychological treatments?"

His question caused Loraine's composure to falter. She deflected her gaze, replacing her startled expression with a smile. "I've read a few books on the subject out of interest, so naturally I know a bit about it. Why should it be odd for me to have knowledge and curiosity about such things?"

Her feigned calm didn't fool Marco, and he merely murmured, "And that sanatorium, how do you know about it? You can even arrange treatment for Keely. It seemed you are quite familiar with it."

Caught off guard, Loraine clenched her lips and fell silent. Marco then gently forced her to look at him. His eyes were filled with worry and regret as he questioned, "Did you deliberately seek out its information? Loraine, did... did you want to go to the sanatorium to heal emotional scars because I hurt you before?"

Loraine avoided his gaze and remained silent, offering no denial.

The pain in Marco's heart was palpable, and in a raspy voice, he confessed, "I wish I could turn back the hands of time and erase the person who was blinded, the one who inflicted pain on you. It was me!"

Hearing his words, Loraine felt a surge of emotions. She noticed Marco raising his hand, ready to strike his own face.

She quickly intercepted his hand and let out a weary sigh.

"Enough, haven't we dealt with enough trouble today? Let's not drag this on endlessly."

She was genuinely exhausted. After a long day, feeling both physically and emotionally drained, she longed for a respite from the chaos of their relationship.

With a light flutter of her eyelashes, Loraine sighed, "Let's head back and rest soon."

Hearing the fatigue lacing her voice, Marco's concern spiked. He held her hand tightly and questioned, "Loraine, you weren't truly hurt just now, right? Are you feeling alright? You just recovered from a fever, don't overexert and fall ill again..."

Marco's anxious demeanor around her was akin to a protective dog hovering over its master, a stark contrast to the composed,



aloof presence he had shown moments ago before Keely and Jane.

Observing his worry, Loraine couldn't hold back her laughter. Pushing him away, she feigned nonchalance and said, "I'm fine. I'll be heading back."

Hearing this, disappointment clouded Marco's face, but he was quick to follow her like a shadow, oblivious to others.

"Let me accompany you back. I'm uneasy about you being alone."

Loraine shot him a glance and retorted, "Who said I'm alone? I have someone to see me home."

Bewilderment spread across Marco's face, leading Loraine to stop her teasing.

"Rowan brought me here out of concern. You don't need to worry."

As she spoke, a car horn interrupted them. Not far off, Marco spotted Rowan's camouflaged military vehicle. He leaned on the open window, casting a stern and somber look in their direction.

Knowing he stood no chance, Marco dropped his gaze, disappointment creeping in. As he was about to bid Loraine goodbye, she suddenly stood on her tiptoes and planted a light kiss on his cheek.

"You did well today. Consider this your reward. Goodnight."

Before Marco could react, she swiftly turned around and dashed back to the vehicle.



Chapter 550 The Change Of Rowan's Attitude

With a beaming grin and a blush that she was unaware of, Loraine dashed towards the car.

Upon landing in the car, she hastily said, "Uncle Rowan, let's go!"

Looking in the rearview mirror, she noticed Marco, frozen in place, his face concealed by a stunned look.

A blush flooded Loraine's cheeks and she nibbled her lip. Turning, she caught sight of Rowan's stare, loaded with profound and tangled sentiments, like a cascade of unspoken thoughts.

The authoritative Rowan had never displayed such a range of emotions, even in the face of gunfire.

Loraine gasped for breath, her face growing even redder. Fortunately, Rowan didn't prolong her distress and pressed firmly on the gas pedal before she could make a second plea.

Silence engulfed Rowan, but Loraine was certain that her perceptive uncle had caught a glimpse of the earlier situation.

Recalling the recent kiss, Loraine felt a wave of mortification that made her wish for a hole to bury herself in, despite trying to behave as if it was business as usual.

However, the fiery warmth on her cheeks exposed her true feelings.

She stole a timid glance at Rowan's stern face, fearing a rebuke. After all, she was aware that her family, the Torres, had minimal acceptance for Marco.

She harbored some regret for impulsively kissing Marco. Even if it was just a brief goodnight kiss on the cheek, it was a kiss nonetheless.

Despite Loraine's discomfort throughout the journey and multiple failed attempts at an apology, Rowan drove home with steady concentration, maintaining his silence.

Even when he parked the car in the garage, he showed no signs of initiating conversation.

Unable to contain herself any longer, Loraine spoke as Rowan prepared to exit the car. "Uncle Rowan..."

As Rowan turned to face her, he closed the car door, offering her a gentle and supportive gaze.

This comforting gesture warmed Loraine's heart, amplifying her guilt. Lowering her gaze, she softly confessed, "I apologize... Uncle Rowan, I'm truly sorry for disappointing you and for my re-involvement with Marco."

Not in front of Marco, Loraine acknowledged how natural it felt to discuss him.

She sneakily peered up at Rowan, whose stern face was marred by a slight frown. Observing this, Loraine retracted, suggesting in defeat, "You can scold me if you wish."

Rowan then exhaled softly, making Loraine's heart leap in apprehension.

However, the expected harsh reprimand was nowhere to be



found, nor was there any substantial advice given.

What Loraine felt next was a warm hand gently caressing her head while Rowan's comforting voice flowed. "Lorrie, you're exceptional. How could you disappoint us?"

Taken aback, Loraine raised her eyes to see Rowan's usually stern demeanor replaced by a face radiating tenderness.

"Don't be absurd, kid. You're the gem of the Torres family. If you wished for the stars, I'd find a way to bring them down. Moreover, you only want a man. It's nothing."

At this, Loraine sat in stunned silence, while a light snort escaped Rowan, his pridefulness distinctly evident.

"I opposed initially because he had hurt you. However, I now see a change in him, and importantly, Lorrie, you still care for him..." Rowan squinted his eyes, stating, "This time around, I'll personally ensure your safety! If Marco or anyone in his circle dare hurt you, they'll have me to answer to!"

This lenient stance deeply moved Loraine. She had never expected the usually strict and serious Rowan to be the first to soften his stance.

Upon reflection, she realized Marco had quite a bit in common with Rowan. Though both were reserved, they displayed an immense love for her and readily made sacrifices and concessions.

Loraine embraced Rowan, gushing, "Uncle Rowan, thank you! You're truly kind!"

Rowan returned her embrace with a smile, a glimmer of unease fleeting in his eyes.

Acceptance of Marco wouldn't come easy or instant, even



though he had lightened up a bit.

In spite of Marco's act of saving him and the Torres family's indebtedness to Marco, the lingering imprint on his heart stemmed from the pain Marco had inflicted upon Loraine in the past.

Regardless of his internal struggles, nothing could obstruct Loraine's genuine affection for Marco.

From childhood to the present, the Torres family could satisfy all of Loraine's desires and expectations. However, matters of the heart were resistant to external forces, and Loraine seemed to falter solely when it concerned her relationship with Marco.

Just like tonight, a text message from Marco had prompted her to leave her home at such a late hour despite her exhaustion.

Rowan realized that emotional affairs were not to be impeded, but rather allowed to progress naturally. As Loraine couldn't sever ties with Marco, forcing her to do so could potentially cause more harm than good.

If so, why would he want to make Loraine suffer?

In the past, she was mistreated by the Bryant family due to her concealed identity and purposeful distancing from them. With the backing of the Torres family now, who would dare mistreat Loraine?

If Marco failed to provide Loraine the happiness she deserved, Rowan was prepared to step in, even using force if necessary, to ensure Marco treated her right. He refused to accept that he couldn't secure the happiness of his cherished niece!

Chapter 551 Planning The Future Wedding

The next day, in the CEO's office of the Bryant Group.

Marco sat with his chin propped up on the palm of his hand, his brows knitted in concentration as he read the document before him. It looked like he was contemplating an important decision as if it would determine the survival of the company.

Carl quickly walked into the room, carefully closing the door behind him, not daring to disturb Marco. However, he stopped short when he witnessed the bizarre scene unfold before him.

Although Marco remained expressionless, soon, a seductive smile slipped on his face as something occurred to him. A soft chuckle escaped his lips.

Carl's skin broke into goosebumps. He mustered his courage and called Marco, but the latter was lost in thought. He trailed his fingers across his cheek and giggled as if he were in a whole new world.

It seemed as if the softness of Loraine's lips still lingered on his cheek. Marco couldn't forget the kiss, its warmth and the way it made him feel.

He ran a hand through his hair and chuckled, wondering what Loraine might be doing now. She had taken the initiative to kiss him last night. Therefore, he felt that she had forgiven him.

He could hear Carl's faint voice but didn't pay heed to it as he visualized a bright, happy future with Loraine.

Marco wanted to marry Loraine all over again. He desired to have a grand wedding ceremony and for it to become the talk of the city. However, he realized he was thinking way ahead in the future. He should propose to Loraine first, making everyone envy her for being the happiest woman in the world.

Just as Marco's thoughts drifted from the kiss to the names he came up for their children, Carl cleared his throat loudly, snapping him out of his reverie.

Marco grunted in annoyance. He was displeased with the interruption. He wanted to ignore him, but Carl continued to call his name, "Mr. Bryant? Mr. Bryant! Err... Mr. Bryant..."

Marco took a deep breath and glared at him. "What do you want?"

Carl swallowed nervously. He soon calmed down and said, "Mr. Bryant, I've taken care of Miss Haywood. Mrs. Powell assured me that Miss Haywood will never come back to disturb you and Miss Torres again."

Although Jane was unwilling to pay for Keely's stay in the nursing home, she was more afraid of offending Marco and Loraine. Therefore, she didn't mind spending money and instantly agreed.

Marco's face softened when he heard that. A wave of relief washed over him.

Keely had been entangled with him ever since Jorge's death. Their relationship had finally found its end.

Although Keely had annoyed him to no end, the incident had resolved the issue of trust between him and Loraine.

Their inhibitions shattered, and their feelings for each other

blossomed.

"Miss Haywood's account and live streaming room are banned," said Carl. "The relevant videos online have been removed, and several platforms have banned them for promoting suicide. Besides, Miss Torres' timely comments have influenced public opinion, so there is no negative impact. Everything has ultimately worked in our way."

Marco nodded in satisfaction. Although he was relaxed, he still had some concerns.

He looked up and added, "Keely has made false accusations and defamatory statements that have ruined Loraine's reputation. We need to enhance our skills in public relations management."

"You don't have to worry about that." Carl smiled. "Once the truth came to light, the netizens realized their mistake and apologized for misunderstanding Miss Torres. Some have come forward and voluntarily exposed the internet trolls of those who talked ill of Miss Torres."

Carl paused for a moment, remembered the previous events, and glanced worriedly at Marco. "If people continue to probe, they may discover that Miss and Mrs. Bryant are behind this. Do you think we should do something about it?" he asked concernedly.

Marco's eyes narrowed, and his jaw tightened. "They deserve it! I already said I won't help them anymore. They should take responsibility for their actions. Carl, I'm ready to give them a befitting punishment for what they've done."

He remembered all the events that transpired after Keely's return and knew his mother and sister were the masterminds.

Their already fragile bond now vanished altogether. Marco no longer cared about them.

Carl was shocked to hear the brutality in his words. He understood Marco wouldn't show any mercy to them from now on. He nodded and turned to leave to execute the orders.

Just then, Marco called him.

The man who had been seething with rage a while ago cleared his throat awkwardly and said, "You... uh... I want you to bring me a list of the best event planners in our city."

"Event planners?" Carl was taken aback. "Are you planning a celebration for successfully securing the White Cloud Airport project?" he asked, scratching his head in confusion.

Marco looked at him impatiently. "I'm arranging for a wedding."

Carl's eyes widened in shock, but he couldn't tell if his guess was right. "Err... is it your wedding?" he asked cautiously.

"Obviously!" Marco snapped.

Carl hurriedly nodded. However, he couldn't help but think Marco was being hasty.

He had always been by Marco's side and had a clear understanding of his relationship with Loraine. Although things had gotten better between the two, the Torres family was still unwilling to forgive Marco, while the Bryant family continued to cause trouble.

It was too early to discuss their marriage.

Nonetheless, Carl didn't utter a word after seeing the confidence in Marco's eyes.

Marco scoffed and flicked his finger, not caring whether Carl believed him or not. Seeing that, Carl respectfully stepped forward.

"I will eventually get married sooner or later. I just want to be prepared for it." Marco leaned closer and whispered in Carl's ear, "I want you to help me with another thing as well."

Carl listened, clamping his mouth and gasping in shock. He was surprised that Marco had become more romantic and thoughtful over time.

