

Chapter 64 The Counterattack

Marco was busy working his ass off for Loraine, but here she was cracking up about the news despite being the center of ridicule.

Rowan uttered angrily, "Quit laughing, Lorrie. This matter is serious. Aren't you mad about it?"

"Ha-ha... Uncle Rowan... I can't help it... This news... It's just so hilarious. Ha-ha!" ¹

As Loraine looked at the headline of the news, she laughed so hard that teardrops escaped her eyes.

The news said that she was in an intimate relationship with a mysterious high-ranking official. The photo that accompanied the news showed her with a man whose face was blurred. She seemed to be whispering something into his ear. Their bodies were so close, making it seem that they had something going on.

Loraine was dead sure that this photo had been edited.

Worse still, the mastermind had replaced Rowan with Hubert, who happened to be a mere assistant.

It was rather ironic that they made up such a ridiculous story when they didn't know which one was Rowan.

Although Rowan wasn't alleged to be Loraine's sugar daddy, he was still mad. He couldn't stand his precious niece getting bashed online. He suddenly rose to his full height and banged the table.

"Those ungrateful creatures! How dare they do this to you? Lorrie, I think it's time to reveal your true identity to the public. No one will dare to mess with you ever again!"

"No!" Loraine stopped her uncle in a hurry. "You will spoil the fun too early if you reveal my identity now. I just want you to do me a favor."

She managed to talk Rowan out of his intentions.

Afterward, her counterattack was set in motion. She released proof that the photo had been edited. She also posted the original photo for good measure.

As soon as the original photo was posted, the tide of the public opinion was changed.

Lorraine commented, "A group of people had dinner together which was quite commonplace. However, some schemers reframed it to be the meeting point for a sex-for-power deal. What nonsense!"

At this time, Rowan found out who was behind the slanderous news.

"Slater..."

Lorraine was shocked after she received the evidence from her uncle. Her eyes narrowed with displeasure.

It appeared that Slater hadn't learned any lessons from what happened the last time. If he did, he wouldn't have dared to pull such a stunt on her this time.

Lorraine felt that she had to be a lot meaner to him, so such a thing wouldn't repeat itself and the public would know that she wasn't a woman to be trifled with.

Meanwhile, Slater was in a jolly mood. He popped a bottle of champagne to celebrate his feat, oblivious that public opinion had taken a

different turn.

He had just taken his first sip of the champagne when the door of his bedroom was kicked open with a bang.

A middle-aged man stormed into the room like an angry bull.

"You bastard, you are here enjoying a bottle of champagne after you set our family up for drags! Do you have any idea what you have done?"

Slater almost jumped out of his skin. The champagne in his hand spilled on his sleeve.

"Dad, what's wrong?"

Braden Lee took out his phone and pointed at the trending topic about Loraine. "Did you have a hand in this?"

"Yes, I did!" Slater admitted proudly.

Braden rubbed his forehead to ease himself from the fury. "Why did you get yourself into this?"

"It's no big deal, Dad. I just couldn't stand Loraine seducing men. I was doing a favor for my best bro," Slater answered casually.

The fact that his foolish son still had no idea of the repercussions of his actions drove Braden nuts.

"You idiot! You were doing Marco a favor? Did he tell you that he needed your help? For your information, Marco came out to clear the air. He said he was present that night and that it was just a normal dinner!"

"What? That's not possible!" Slater exclaimed.

Braden threw the phone at him and said, "See for yourself!"

Slater picked up the phone in panic.

Not only Marco had cleared the air, but Slater was getting bashed on the Internet for spreading a false rumor to taint Loraine's image.

Not only that, people unearthed bad details about his private life. The dirty deeds of Zepto Group were also exposed.

"Are you satisfied now that our family is being ridiculed? You stepped on the toes of Rowan! I must give you a piece of my mind today. Otherwise, you will never learn a lesson!"

There was a fiery fire in Braden's eyes as he stared at his erring son. In a split second, he pulled out his belt from his waist and took a swipe at him.

Slater dodged and pleaded, "Dad, please! I'll

call Marco right away!"

Braden paused when he heard those words.

"Hurry up! Do it!" he ordered, wrapping the belt around his fist.

Shaking like a leaf, Slater took his phone and dialed Marco's number.

"Marco, you have seen the news, right? I badly need your help. It's a matter of life and death!"

Marco replied calmly, "Yes, I have seen the news. I guess Rowan just started having his revenge. Serves you right, Slater. You messed with him first. Keep me out of this. I won't help you clean up the mess."

"Eh?" Slater's heart sank when he heard those words. "How could I have known that Rowan holds Loraine so dear to the extent that he would go to great lengths to help her? I'm your friend, Marco. You have to help me. I did it all for you. You know that, right?"


"I never asked you to do that!" Marco retorted indifferently.

Slater was choked by his remark.

"There might be a way to get you out of this mess. But I will only do that on one condition.

"You have to tell me where you got that photo from." Marco took his chance to pick his friend's brain.

Slater felt his heartstrings tighten. He began to stammer.

"Erm... The photo... The source of the photo is beside the point now. Don't worry about that. I take full responsibility for what happened. Just help me." 

Sensing that his son was failing to get help, Braden became angry all over again.

"Bastard! How could I have raised a fool like you?"

With these words, Braden took a swipe at his son with the belt again. He turned a deaf ear to his pleas this time. The belt landed on Slater's back.

"Ouch! Dad, I'm your son. Show some mercy... Ah! That hurts!" Slater screamed in pain as he fruitlessly tried to dodge the whips.

Marco was still on the line. When he heard his friend's cries, he sneered and said flatly, "Take care, Slater."

"Wait, Marco! Don't hang up. Please help me! Ah, I'm doomed!"

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Marco just hung up the phone ruthlessly.

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