

Chapter 65 Jealous Rumormonger

Marco was lost in thought after hanging up.

Something just didn't add up about this whole thing. He could feel it in his guts that Slater didn't do this alone even though he refused to come clean. It didn't make sense that his friend, who just disliked Loraine, could go to great lengths to assassinate her character with the fake photo.

Someone else was behind this. Who exactly was it?

Marco went through what happened last night, examining every action of the people that were present there.

A crowd of reporters came out of nowhere after he had arrived.

It didn't seem like a mere coincidence. On the contrary, it looked like a set-up because they had rushed to Loraine's private dining room as if they had received a tip-off from someone.

As Marco put two and two together, his face

darkened.

He shouted at the door, "Carl!"

Carl rushed into the office a second later and asked, "Mr. Bryant, how may I help you?"

Marco gave him the mission. "I want you to look into the reporters at Forest Restaurant that night."

"Roger that!"

Once Carl left, Marco looked over at his phone which had been vibrating off the hook.

Keely had been trying to reach him since the incident.

However, Marco didn't want to speak to her. He ignored her calls even though the vibration of his phone was annoying.

Not backing down, Keely sent him lots of messages in which she explained herself.

"Marco, what happened last night is not what you think it is. I had no idea that my uncle wanted to give bribes."

"Marco, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have given them money in the first place. My relatives made my life a living hell after Jorge passed away. They said that I was a jinx. I gave them money to mend our relationship. Can you forgive me for

that unintentional mistake?"

"Marco, please trust me. It was never my intention to harm Loraine. I just happened to see her with Mr. Torres at the restaurant. I wasn't sure if she was safe with that man, so I called you."

"You have to believe me, Marco. You are the only one I have now."

Marco skimmed through the messages one after the other without replying.

He had always protected Keely due to the promise he made to Jorge. But now, he was tired of taking care of her.

A few hours later, Carl returned to the office.

"Mr. Bryant, I've got something on the reporters."

Marco leaned his back on his chair and said, "Go ahead."

"I found out that the reporters received a tip-off from Elmo and Barr."

Marco queried, "What did they say after they were interrogated? Did they mention Keely?"

"Well, Elmo and Barr confessed to bribery, but they didn't mention anything about Keely's involvement," Carl replied.

This report seemed to back Keely's claims of

innocence. Nonetheless, Marco couldn't stop suspecting her.

He meditated for a moment and said, "Keep an eye on Keely from now on. And keep me in the loop if anything unusual happens."

Lorraine didn't resume work until the rumor died down online.

For some unknown reason, her colleagues treated her differently.

She didn't notice anything weird at first. But the awkwardness at work soon dawned on her.

The employees were fond of speaking in low tones. They would gather together and whisper. Whenever she approached them, they would stop talking or disperse.

Even the people she worked with on the current project were keeping her at arm's length.

Only after Lorraine spoke to Jolie did she get to the root of the matter. Although it was proven that the scandalous picture was fake, it didn't change the fact that she was having dinner with such a high-ranking official. Some still believed that she had something to do with him.

It was a widespread rumor in Universe Group

that Loraine had a sugar daddy who was in the government.

The major rumormonger was Nichol, the manager of the design department from Bryant Group.

He never liked Loraine from day one. It annoyed him that she had the upper hand on the project. After the news broke out, he didn't try to hide his scorn.

At a meeting one day, he took a swipe at Loraine.

"Loraine, this project should have passed this stage by now. The way I see it, you are not taking it seriously at all. It seems you are now spending all your time trying to please men. Since you don't have the zeal to work in the construction field, you should consider taking up escort services full-time. What do you say?"

A weighty silence fell on everyone in the meeting room as Nichol spoke.

Jolie was the only one who sprang to her feet and retorted, "Watch your mouth, Nichol! You lost the open bid because you are incapable. If you want to turn things around in your favor, you should come up with something better for the project. Stop whining like a bitch. It will get

you nowhere!"


Nichol flared up at this time. He fired back. "Jolie, since when are you allowed to speak here? What even gives you the audacity to speak to me like that?"

"Me!" Loraine said coldly.

She glanced through the faces of everyone seated at the table, only to find that they all had varying expressions at the moment.

Loraine interlocked her fingers on the table and said in a solemn voice, "There's no need to trade words here. We are all adults. Since Nichol has raised concerns about my competence to oversee this project, I feel the need to show everyone whether I'm capable of being the chief designer or not."



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