

Chapter 72 Emotional Reflection

"You want to help me? Thanks, but no thanks," Loraine said coldly.

"Come on, Loraine. Don't be in a hurry to turn me down." Marco let out a deep sigh. "Rowan might seem like a nice guy, but he's actually not. It might interest you to know that he used to be in the army before he got promoted to his current post. His hands are stained with blood. To put it more plainly, he took out many enemies just to get to the top. You need to be wary of him. If you get too involved with him, you won't be able to get rid of him. You know Cayson won't be able to protect you if that happens. Cayson doesn't own Universe Group, so his power is limited and he's wary of Rowan. But I'm not afraid of him. I can help you get rid of him."

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"Enough!" Loraine cut him off. "Marco Bryant, in case you have forgotten, you are just my ex-husband. What gives you the right to tell me to steer clear of a man? It's my life, so I make the rules! No matter what you say, Mr. Torres will always be a remarkable person. He's a much better man than you will ever be. So, cut it out!"

Marco was taken aback by her sudden outburst. He was unhappy, jealous, and disappointed at the same time.

The music was closed in, but the rhythm accelerated abruptly.

Marco pulled Loraine closer, his arms wrapped around her. It was as if he wanted their bodies to fuse.

"Why do you like Rowan so much? There's nothing special about him. Whatever he promised you, I can give it to you in a thousand folds."

Loraine frowned in pain. She raised her gaze to meet Marco's with disdain.

"Don't overestimate yourself. Money is all you have. What else can you give me except that?"

Marco was stunned by her question.

It was at this moment the music ended.

Loraine couldn't wait to break free and escape from her imposing ex-husband.

Cayson, who had been waiting aside, walked up to her and wrapped his arm around her shoulders.

"Are you okay, Lorrie?" he inquired worriedly.

Loraine nodded and smiled faintly to assure him that she was fine.

Cayson smiled back and asked her to dance with him.

"Lorrie, could you do me the honor of dancing with me?"

Lorraine had been asked for a dance by three single gentlemen in a row. And each of them was handsome and wealthy.

She remained the center of attention, so all the female guests were green with envy. They frowned and made snide remarks while grumbling.

In contrast, Lorraine was having fun for the most part. But she smiled at Cayson apologetically.

"I'd love to, Cayson. But I'm a bit exhausted now. Maybe next time." ²

She needed some time to catch her breath since she had danced with two men in a row.

A trace of disappointment flitted across Cayson's eyes, but no one noticed because he concealed it in a split second. He said thoughtfully, "That's fine. Go ahead and take a rest."

After Lorraine's departure, the party was a bit dull.

Marco was in a bad mood. He frowned at everyone who tried to strike up a conversation with him. He went to a corner and sulked while

downing a glass of champagne.

When Jimmie saw this, he walked over with a glass of wine and clinked glasses with his friend.

"What's the matter, dude?"

Marco's eyes were droopy at this time. He was already a little tipsy.

"Jimmie, be honest with me. Do you think I was actually an incompetent husband?"

Jimmie scratched his nose awkwardly. After coming up with the right words, he replied, "Well, not really. I guess you were just too busy at that time, so you didn't pay attention to your wife. If my memory serves me right, you never treated Loraine badly. You showered her with expensive gifts frequently. You assigned the task to Carl, didn't you?"

Although Marco wasn't always by Loraine's side during their three-year marriage, he assigned his assistant to send Loraine designer clothes, jewelry, bags, and shoes to make up for his absence.

But as far as he could recall, he never saw Loraine wear any designer wears while they were married.

Why didn't she wear them?

Something didn't feel right as Marco thought about it. He summoned Carl a few minutes later.

"Did you deliver all the presents to Loraine while I was married to her?"

Carl's eyebrows knitted in confusion when he heard that question.

He answered obediently, "Of course. I did all that you asked of me. Anytime a new designer wear got released, I made sure that they were delivered to her immediately. The last delivery comprised of a Givenchy dress and a set of Cartier jewelry."

Just as Carl finished speaking, his eyes fell on Marina, who was standing not too far away.

"Eh? That dress... Why is Marina wearing it?"


"What are you talking about?" Marco queried, his eyes narrowed.

Carl took a closer look at Marina. His expression suddenly changed.


"Oh my! I recognize the jewelry too. Everything Miss Bryant has on now... They seem to be the last presents that were delivered to Loraine. But why is Marina wearing them?"

"What?" Marco and Jimmie exclaimed in surprise. Their eyes were fixed on Marina now.

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 +120 Points at most

Marco ran his fingers through his hair. After grunting, he ordered, "Tell Marina to come here now!"

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