

## Chapter 73 Wasted Efforts

"You sent for me, Marco. What's the matter? I haven't made any trouble, have I?" 4

Marina folded her arms defiantly as she stood in front of her brother.

Marco stared at her face. After pursing his lips for a while, he uttered coldly, "Don't lie to me, Marina. Where did you get the dress and jewelry you have on?"

Marina held her breath when she heard this. She looked away, so Marco wouldn't notice her fear. She then lied through the teeth.

"As I said before, Keely gave them to me."

"That's not possible!" Carl couldn't help cutting her off. "I personally ordered them for Loraine."

In a state of panic, Marina yelled, "You must be mistaken, Carl! This dress is Keely's and the jewelry is hers too. Perhaps they just have some similarities with the ones you are talking about!"

Carl shook his head hard. He was dead sure of what he was saying.

"No, I'm not mistaken. The dress and necklace are custom-made. There's only one piece of

each in the world. How then do you have the same thing?"

Marina freaked out as Marco's eyes were getting more and more piercing on her.

"Marco, he doesn't know what he's talking about. Trust me. I'm telling the truth. I got these from Keely. They can't possibly be Loraine's!"

After speaking, Marina turned sideways and secretly took out her phone. She logged onto Instagram and tried to delete all the pictures she posted over the past two years. She and Keely had dressed up elegantly and showed off many designer wears online. There were even pictures and videos of them with dozens of designer boxes from different brands.

When Marco saw what she was doing, he snatched her phone away.

"Are you out of your mind, Marco? Give me back my phone!"

Blocking her flapping hands with his strong back, Margo handed the phone to Carl and ordered, "Take a look."

Carl took the phone and scrolled through Marina's posts. His eyes widened in astonishment at the sight of the pictures.



"These are the gifts I ordered for Loraine on your behalf. These two dresses look so similar in style. They are from the same collection. I remember ordering them for Loraine last year!"

To prove his point, Carl took out his work phone and showed them the purchase record. The dresses on the orders were the same as the ones on Marina's Instagram page.

Marco flipped out after the confirmation.

"Marina! How would you explain this now?"

Marina's face turned deathly pale. She had never seen her brother this furious.

"Fine, this dress and necklace are Loraine's. But so what?" Despite getting caught, Marina still insisted that she wasn't guilty. "I don't see anything wrong in what I did. After all, Loraine doesn't deserve such luxury items. When she was your wife, her job was to clean the house, prepare your meal, and do whatever she was asked to do. Homemaking isn't about fashion. You never took Loraine out, so she didn't need the clothes or accessories. Why did you waste so much money on her? Keely and I did you a favor. We wore the items instead of allowing that countrywoman to waste them."

Marco's face darkened and was covered with a

chilly expression.

All along, he thought he had treated Loraine well even though he was preoccupied with work during their marriage. What he didn't realize was that his little sister was altering his efforts to be a good husband. How ironic! 3

At this moment, the cold expression that Loraine had when she asked for a divorce flashed in Marco's mind. It became clear that she thought that he didn't care about her. The fact that Marina refused to admit she was wrong made Marco's veins pop out on his forehead.

Marina quaked in her boots when she saw him approaching her slowly. She stepped backward in fear.

"Marco, what are you doing?"

Without saying a word, Marco yanked off the Cartier pink diamond necklace from her neck.

"A wife is not a maid. Loraine was my wife and your sister-in-law! She has every right to enjoy my money. Not only did you bully her, but you also stole her possessions. I'll take all of them back now. Don't even dare put up a fight!"

Holding her aching neck, Marina shouted hysterically, "No way! I'm your blood sister,



Marco. How can you do this to me even after you have divorced that bitch? What's the point? She left you, so she shouldn't get any of those items. Give me back the necklace!"

"Shut up, you thief! It seems you won't cooperate. Anyway, I have my ways."

Marco sneered at her and turned to Carl.

"Order the bodyguards to whisk her home. Sort out everything in her room. Make a list of what rightfully belongs to Loraine and order all of them again. Then send them to her as soon as possible. Keep in mind that money isn't a problem. Buy the best of the best for Loraine."

"Marco! Are you insane?" Marina couldn't believe what she just heard. "What on earth do you see in her? Why do you want to buy her new ones?"

Marina had a lot to say to her brother, but the bodyguards dragged her out of the banquet hall. Holding his head, Marco collapsed into the seat. He finally understood why Loraine hated him so much.

She didn't enjoy benefits while she was married to him. Rather, she was the only one investing in the marriage.

Marco cupped his face with his hands and grunted. "I should have known about what was happening sooner. Tell me, Jimmie. Was I really a bad husband?"

There was no denying that Loraine had gone through hell in the past three years. For this reason, Jimmie was lost for words.

Even though Marco didn't get a response, he had already concluded that he was a bad husband.

He began to ponder on all that Loraine said to him after the divorce.

With a heavy heart, he said, "Jimmie, I want to make it up to Loraine. But I don't think she will give me another chance. Do you think it's because of my nonchalance during our marriage that she's clinging to Rowan instead of accepting my help?"

Jimmie couldn't agree with Marco's assumption. He pushed the gilded glasses on his nose with a thought in mind.

"If you ask me, I don't think Loraine and Rowan are romantically involved or will ever be. They get along with each other like friends and family, not like lovers. Come to think of it, they share the same last name!" <sup>16</sup>



"What does that have to do with anything?"

Marco shook his head without hesitation.

"Rowan is so young. He can't possibly have a daughter as old as Loraine."

"Still, it's possible she's his relative." Jimmie speculated accordingly.

Marco insisted with a bitter smile. "Again, I say that it's not possible. If they were related, why would Rowan never be in touch with Loraine during the past few years?"

This question silenced the adamant Jimmie.

It didn't make sense that Rowan never contacted his relative. If Loraine was from the Torres family, she wouldn't have to put up with all the bullshit she got from Marina and the rest of the Bryant family.

Or could she have done all that for love? No, that was impossible!

As someone who had lived a carefree life for many years, true love was the last thing that ever crossed Jimmie's mind. He quickly ruled out the thought.