

Chapter 744 Playing Along

Marco's eyes turned icy as he looked at the old man sprawled on the floor. In a low, commanding voice, he said, "Leaving the Bryant Group doesn't mean I'm blind to what goes on within it. Jefferson invited you to this crucial banquet, and I've had my suspicions. No one here is truly loyal to Jefferson at this point."

As the Bryant Group teetered on the brink of chaos, Marco had his doubts.

With a little bribe, Marco easily found out what Jefferson intended to do.

He had suspected that Jefferson intended to poison the food, but he never anticipated the audacity of sending tainted wine, practically announcing the treachery.

Loraine didn't doubt Marco. She glared at the fallen old man, her anger bubbling. She contemplated how to exact her revenge. Her initial kick and scolding seemed insufficient.

Frowning, she brainstormed for a more fitting punishment. Finally, she proposed, "Since he's so shameless, let's find someone to undress him and dump him somewhere by the roadside!"

Marco shook his head, a faint smile playing on his lips. "No need. Someone else will help us teach him a lesson."

Loraine was puzzled, but Marco continued, "Marina and Laura have also joined the party. The really interesting part of the show is yet to come, Loraine. Would you like to cooperate with me in this act?"

Loraine, who had an affinity for theatrics, saw no reason to decline. She nodded silently, drawing closer to Marco, ready to listen to his plan.

The astute female CEO's eyes gleamed with the excitement of a child. She nodded in agreement, occasionally interjecting with questions.

Moments later, with Loraine's assistance, Marco rose from his wheelchair and moved to a corner.

He made a discreet phone call. Not long after, a man disguised as a waiter approached and transferred the unconscious Jefferson into the wheelchair.

Loraine, nerves rattled, questioned, "Will this really work?"

Marco chuckled, his voice reassuring. "We'll know soon."

Initially, Marco only learned that the Bryant family would plot against him at the banquet. He surmised that the waiter who had intended to pour wine on him was a mere cog in the wheel. Following the breadcrumbs of clues, his men dug deeper into their machinations. As expected, more dirty secrets came to light.

The methods employed by the Bryant family disgusted Marco to the core.

Such shameless tactics suited Jefferson perfectly.

Therefore, Marco chose to play along with their scheme, deeming it more entertaining to pit Jefferson and the Bryant family against each other.

Loraine, eager for the spectacle, felt a pang of guilt. She confessed, "If I had known these people were plotting and had



so many tricks up their sleeves, I wouldn't have attended. I apologize for involving you in all of this."

A gentle smile curved Marco's lips. He was always prepared, which was why he had dared to attend the party.

To him, their schemes were child's play.

He patted Loraine's hand to comfort her and said, "Your presence has turned this into a great drama. Besides, even without this banquet, do you think Jefferson and the Bryant family would have refrained from their antics? It's better to seize the initiative and teach them a lesson."

Loraine concurred.

She had grown weary of being constantly on guard against the oily old man, Jefferson.

Suddenly, Marco took her hand in his. Bewildered, Loraine looked at him as he played the role of an adoring suitor. With a fawning tone, he said, "Loraine, my wheelchair is gone."

Suspecting ulterior motives behind his behavior, Loraine coughed and suggested, "Then I'll help you inside to rest."

Marco shook his head, leaning closer, his lips brushing against her earlobe as he whispered, "Thinking about what they might do in there makes me nauseous. I don't want to go back."

Loraine couldn't argue with his logic. She had no desire to return either, considering the unsavory events that had unfolded.

She responded gently, "Where would you like to go?"

"I've already risen from my seat. Let's take a stroll. We'll return to witness the spectacle later."

Having spent ample time together, Loraine had grown accustomed to these leisurely walks. Seeing the sincerity in Marco's request, she was momentarily surprised.

Marco noticed her hesitation and teased, "Or do you have other ideas? I wouldn't mind..."

Loraine nearly choked on her own words. With a straight face, she responded, "No, a walk sounds perfect. Let's go."

She linked her arm through Marco's, leading him out. This was what she truly wanted. The thought of returning to the banquet, surrounded by unfamiliar faces, held no appeal. Walking alongside Marco seemed like a far better choice.

Simultaneously, the waiter who had pushed the wheelchair reached the door of another lounge. Following Marco's instructions, he gently knocked on the door.



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Chapter 745 Getting The Wrong Person

Seated in the lounge under the dim overhead lights, Laura and Marina looked at each other nervously.

After all, Marina was a virgin. The thought of having sex with the man she had called brother for more than 20 years was not easy for her to digest, so she fidgeted uneasily on her seat. Unfortunately for her, the action was urgent and retreat was just not possible.

"Don't be afraid," Laura said to her comfortingly. "I've arranged everything. Just wait for Marco here and have sex with him. That's all."

Laura, who was once married and had now been a widow for many years, had no scruples with talking about sex. She blurted it out to Marina without any embarrassment. But the inexperienced Marina blushed and shyly looked down.

Noticing her daughter's shyness, Laura smiled and asked, "I hope you remember what I taught you to do?"

Marina blushed again and nodded in the affirmative.

Despite the fact that she was a virgin at her age, she had a lot of non-virgin friends. Hence, her theoretical knowledge of sex wasn't inferior to that of Laura.

But in order to boost her confidence and reduce her fears, Laura planned to stay with her until Marco came. In fact, it was almost time already. Marina kept glancing at the door from

time to time.

"Marina," Laura said to her, "Marco's leg is injured. He will be coming in a wheelchair. When he wants to change his clothes, the waiter will lock the door. He's just a cripple. You can do whatever you want with him. Don't be nervous!"

Due to her mother's constant assurances, Marina was both excited and scared. She couldn't help but ask, "Mom, can you stay with me for a while?"

Laura smiled awkwardly. How could she watch such an act?

But she understood how Marina felt. This would be her first sexual act. It was normal for her to be nervous and afraid. So she agreed. "Okay. I'll stay with you until he comes here. If he tries to refuse, I'll help you subdue him. A cripple can't defeat the two of us. I'll leave when the deed is finally done."

When Marina heard this, she felt relieved. But just then, there was a knock on the door.

Though the knock was a light one, it felt like the sound of thunder to them. Marina quickly sat upright and nervously looked at Laura for help.

Laura swallowed. She knew that it must be Marco who was being brought in.

She had to solve all the risks before anything could be done.

The lights in the lounge were dim. In order to ensure that everything went smoothly, Laura got up and turned off the lights altogether.

"Mom..." Marina whispered in fear. The darkness was total and enough to scare anyone.

Laura patted her on the shoulder to comfort her. After her eyes had adjusted to the darkness, she carefully walked over to the door.

But when she opened the door, she found that it was also dark outside.

Laura breathed a sigh of relief. She felt that the people she had hired for this job were doing everything properly. Hence, she was not scared of being caught.

In front of her, there was a vague figure, like the figure of someone sitting on a wheelchair. With her heart in her throat, Laura nervously stretched out her hand and touched it. It was indeed a wheelchair! She was glad that Marco had come, but for some reason, he was silent. He didn't make any noise in the darkness. Instead, all Laura could perceive was a strong smell of alcohol.

Had Marco not only gotten his clothes dirty but also gotten himself drunk?

The thought of this filled Laura with joy. Perhaps because of the fact that Marco was ridiculed in public today, he had gotten depressed and decided to drown his sorrows in wine.

So she felt she had nothing to worry about. The waiter was sensible and had simply left after wheeling him up to the door. Laura's mind was filled with excitement. She was confident that after the plan had been executed, she and her daughter would enjoy the high life again!

With this thought in mind, she pushed the wheelchair into the room and asked Marina to join her to wheel him.

Marina came over, filled with fear and nervousness. Before she could say anything, her mother told her happily, "This bastard



+120 Points at most

is drunk and he can't do anything at all. Let's move him to the bed."

Marina had thought that it would take a lot of effort to get Marco to agree to what they wanted of him. She never expected that it would be so easy. She was overjoyed! Without thinking twice, she helped Laura carry him from the wheelchair onto the bed.

But the two of them were so concentrated on their task that they failed to notice that the waiter, whom they thought had long gone, was still standing outside quietly.

After watching them for a while, the waiter pulled out his phone and sent a message. Then he hung a sign that read "Cleaning In Progress" on the door and left.



Chapter 746 Exposure

At the lounge, Marina and Laura were finally able to work together as they dragged the man's body off the wheelchair to the bed, gasping for air once finished.

"For such a thin looking man, he's so bloody heavy!" Marina grumbled.

It was like she had just lifted a giant pig. Besides, she touched something that felt like rolls of fat around the man's stomach, which dumbfounded her.

It was dark so she couldn't see exactly what she touched. She panicked a bit, trying her best not to think about it.

Laura paused for a moment. Time wasn't on their side, and they needed to hurry. "Let's just focus on getting him naked."

His weight shocked her as well, but she convinced herself that it was normal for a man of Marco's height to weigh that much.

They took off his clothes quickly but carefully, not wanting to accidentally wake him.

His clothes were stripped completely, and Laura touched his bare skin. She scowled slightly. Marco looked like someone who was fit, so why did he feel so fat? However, the other men she had seen were the same, to be honest. They would look good in clothes but would end up being all squishy-looking when naked.

Laura didn't ponder on it much. She continued scavenging his body until her fingers found his soft penis. She scrunched up her face in disgust. Why was it so small? Although she did hear



that men usually got affected by the alcohol in their system, Marco looked so powerful and domineering. It was hard to believe that his thing was so tiny.

Dismissing her thoughts, Laura said, "Marina. Remember everything I taught you? In order to make it hard..."

"I know, I know," Marina answered dully. She hesitated for a while, but when she remembered his handsome face, her resolve strengthened. She froze once she held his thing in her hands. It was so different from what she had expected.

After getting it erect, Laura let out a sigh of relief, thinking her work was done. She was about to get out of the bed when the man suddenly woke up. What they didn't know was that the man in the bed was Jefferson who'd been knocked out by Marco.

Jefferson reached out and felt Laura's perfectly manicured hand. Instantly, he thought his plan had materialized. Mistaking the woman for Loraine, he leaned in closer to her, going for a kiss.

Laura was shocked. He was now close enough for her to see his face and to smell his smoky breath. He definitely wasn't Marco! Why was he, Jefferson, here?!

Laura's head buzzed as she realized she had been set up. She couldn't even scream lest she attract people to find her in this embarrassing situation. "Marina. Help!" she whispered urgently as she struggled to pull away.

Perplexed, Marina reached out to help but was caught by Jefferson as he grabbed her arm and pulled her closer to him. Her eyes adapted to the darkness, and she got a clear view of his hideous face.

In the next moment, Marina screamed at the top of her lungs in

pure horror.

Liza, who had been waiting outside, thought that Marina had succeeded and quickly summoned people to find her granddaughter.

She had planned to make everyone witness it firsthand, so Marco wouldn't be able to deny anything. She didn't give a damn about Marina's reputation at all.

The crowd quickly found the lounge with Liza stylishly leading them there. Two women's moans could be heard, and the low grunts of a man as well.

Liza darkened her expression, putting on a show of anger. "Who on earth would do this?! At the Bryant Group's banquet?! Break the door down now!"

The light in the corridor was turned on. Everyone entered and were immediately met with a wheelchair.

Bella, who was a part of the crowd, exclaimed, "Marco's wheelchair! Are he and Loraine having sex? Why would they do such a thing on such an occasion?"

"Oh no! Marina's clothes!" Liza yelled, as she pointed at the clothes on the floor.

Everyone's eyes widened in shock. Liza plastered a fake solemn look on her face. "How could he? How could Marco do this? All for what? Revenge? What kind of..."

"What revenge? What are you talking about?" To everyone's shock, Marco's voice came from behind them.



Chapter 747 Setting Up

All heads immediately turned in the direction of the voice. Indeed, it was Marco. He stood there, being held up by Loraine. A few beads of sweat were visible on his forehead. He was obviously coming from outside.

Liza gave up her angry act and stared wide-eyed at him. How could this be? Something had to be wrong.

If Marco was out here, who was the man in there? The clothes on the floor definitely belonged to Marina. The situation was awful! This was not looking good for them.

The thought made Liza tremble all over. She would have toppled over if not for her crutch.

"A lot of people are present. It's so dark. We should probably turn the lights on, shouldn't we?" Loraine said as she reached out to push the light switches, barely containing her smile.

Sweat rolled down the side of Liza's face as she watched in realization that she couldn't do anything.

The lights came on, revealing inside the room. Everyone's eyes widened in shock.

A naked Jefferson lay on top of Marina and held Laura tightly with one hand. Laura and Marina didn't look too good. Their clothes had been ripped to pieces, and their cheeks were stained with tears.

The color faded from Liza's face.

"Dad!" Bella yelled. "What is going on here?! What are you doing?!"

"It appears he's trying to get you two new stepmoms." People snorted in disgust as they watched the scene, making little side comments.

"Mrs. Bryant, it seems your granddaughter and daughter-in-law both take interest in the same man. You should probably just let them all get married. They'd make a great trio. They're already family anyway."

Liza stumbled slightly, almost fainting, but was immediately caught by the servant standing beside her.

People kept throwing jabs at her from all angles, laughing and mocking.

Liza knew that it was inevitable. The Bryant family was soon to be a laughingstock throughout Vagow.

Her eyes darted to the wheelchair and her face darkened as she turned to Marco. "You! It was you, wasn't it?! You ungrateful little bastard!"

She should have known. Marco was too powerful and smart to let them win. How could she fall into his trap? This was all her fault! How could she be so stupid?!

"How could you, Marco?! After everything the Bryant family has done for you! This is going too far! It doesn't matter how many things they've done to you! They're still your family! They've been by your side for over two decades! How could you do this to Marina and Laura?!" Liza gnashed her teeth.

Everyone returned their focus back to Marco. So he was behind all this? How could he do that?

Except Loraine, the people all huddled back away from Marco in fear.

Marco feigned innocence convincingly. "Madam, how could you think such a thing? I went for today's rehabilitation session with Loraine, then we went to relax a little. When we returned, the wheelchair was gone. We were just searching for it," Marco defended.

Just looking at him and how sweaty he was, gave enough proof to everyone. He was crippled. How would it have been possible for him to pull all this? Something wasn't adding up.

Loraine sneered. "Mrs. Bryant, the wheelchair disappeared and then magically appeared here in Marina and Laura's room. That's a bit strange, isn't it? They probably took it to set Marco up. This isn't the first time they've tried pulling something like this anyway." She looked to the crowd as she said the last sentence, acting hurt.

Liza was as pale as a ghost, rage evident in her eyes.



Chapter 748 Disgrace

The crowd's murmurs swirled like a storm, a cacophony of disbelief. Laura and Marina, well-known for their scandalous escapades, had done it again, exposing themselves to the prying eyes of the world.

For Marco, they believed, the scene was a surreal ordeal. He had simply gone for a stroll, only to return and find his wheelchair lost, his name slandered, and the truth muddled. Yet, with his unwavering integrity, he stood tall, maintaining his innocence.

Resentment smoldered in Liza's eyes as her reputation crumbled before her.

She was entangled in the web of Marco's deception, a pawn in his relentless game. She knew the circumstances of what had transpired, and it gnawed at her that she could never tell the world.

Silenced and burdened by the truth she harbored, Liza decided to resolve the issue and usher her guests out.

Their departure would draw a curtain on this humiliating spectacle that had tarnished the Bryant Group's once illustrious name. Liza would endure their complaints if it meant saving face.

Looking around the room, her gaze clouded with frustration, Liza's headaches intensified.

The source of the mess was Laura and Marina, their recklessness spurring a cataclysmic chain of events. It left her incredulous, asking herself how things had spiraled out of

control.

Jefferson's role in the fiasco bewildered her. What had driven him to such disgraceful behavior at such a crucial juncture?

Her clenched teeth and furrowed brow betrayed her bewilderment. She ordered, "Fetch a basin of cold water to sober up this idiot."

Cold water revived Jefferson from his stupor, only to discover the nightmarish scenario before him. It was all too much, and he fainted again.

Marina's disheveled appearance, bereft of dignity or modesty, sparked a storm of emotions.

She was shattered, knowing that she'd been compromised beyond measure, her disgrace witnessed by so many. A tidal wave of tears poured from her eyes, a sense of doom washing over her.

She was so young, yet every inch of her body had been touched by an old man like Jefferson. To top it all, her disgraceful state was seen by so many people. How could she face them in the future?

It was a catastrophic night, and amidst the chaos, Laura stood stupefied, her heart a lifeless void.

She couldn't fathom how their perfectly executed plan had gone so awry. Her mind raced to identify the root of their ordeal.

The whispers and murmurs reached her ears, seeping into her consciousness. The guests discussed her and her daughter, their participation in a scandalous tryst now common knowledge.

The gossipy air was thick with judgment and disapproval.

Then, Laura's eyes fell on Marco, who had been assisted back into his wheelchair by Loraine. Her disbelief turned to disbelief anew.

Why was Marco here? Why was it Jefferson who had been in the wheelchair earlier?

What had transpired? Why had they been cast as buffoons?

But it seemed Marco had no intention of answering her inquiries. He had no desire to further entangle himself in their troubles and attempted to leave with the guests, guided by Loraine's steady hand.

However, Liza's sudden awakening led her to halt him. Her expression stern, she inquired, "Marco, do you intend to walk away from the disgrace you've brought upon the Bryant family?"

Marco met her accusations with indifference, his eyes unwavering. "Madam, I've warned you against these false accusations. Many people witnessed Loraine and me strolling together outside."

In a tone dripping with cynicism, he added, "It is your knowledge that governs the outcome."

He sneered as he continued, "If you continue to malign my name, rest assured, I'll take you to task. Even penniless, I will not hesitate to sue the Bryant Group."

Liza ground her teeth, longing to lash out, but Loraine promptly maneuvered Marco towards the exit, showing clear signs of her unwillingness to converse further with Liza.

"Mrs. Bryant," Loraine called back, a trace of exasperation in

Chapter 748 Disgrace



+120 Points at most

her voice. "You'd do well to investigate your granddaughter and daughter-in-law's choice to share a room with Jefferson before making accusations against an innocent party."

These words set off a spark of realization in Laura's dim eyes.

She understood that the truth of their sordid deed was not going to be examined any further, and it was her opportunity to reshape her image.

From Loraine's words, it seemed that Marco and she didn't want to look into it. Then Laura should no longer slander Marco. The most important thing was to put herself in an advantageous position.

In an instant, Laura had made up her mind. No matter what their original intention was, she had to twist the fact that she was an innocent victim!

With sudden determination, she pointed towards Jefferson, who had only just regained consciousness, his disheveled appearance evidence of the chaos that had ensued. "I can't bear to live! We were just conversing in the room when this old man wheeled himself in. I believed he was disabled and wished to assist him, but I never anticipated his disgraceful actions!"



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Chapter 749 Spilling

In the midst of Laura's hysterical cries, the onlookers who remained thought they finally pieced together the chaotic truth. According to Laura, she and Marina had been conversing peacefully in the room when an intruder barged in, launching himself like a wild beast, his intentions ominously clear.

Bella couldn't believe her ears, not shocked by her father's lecherous behavior, but rather, incensed by his choice of victims.

"Dad, you know I can't stand Marina! She's as old as me! And her mother, you didn't let her go. And you...!"

Jefferson, still in a daze, snapped to life as cold water soaked him, stirring him from his stupor. His daughter's scolding words landed on him like a blow.

He was perplexed, unsure of what had transpired, but a deep sense of unease gnawed at him.

Jefferson wiped his dripping hair, eyeing Marina's tear-streaked face and Laura, who was delivering a tirade.

He raised a hand to massage his aching neck, the memories returning slowly. "What the hell is going on?"

Did he not engage with Loraine? Why was he in this messy situation with these two irate women?

Laura said angrily, "What's going on? I should be the one asking that. You ruined my daughter and me. I'll see how you compensate!"

But Jefferson wasn't one to shoulder the blame unfairly. His voice was defiant as he responded, "Hold your tongue! It was you and your daughter who lured me into this mess."

The more he pondered the strange events, the less the narrative fit. How had he lost consciousness so abruptly, only to find himself in their room?

"Oh, I get it now! You two conspired to orchestrate this whole debacle. You bribed the waiter to spill drink on me, messing up my suit. As I was changing in the lounge, you knocked me out! It was all a ploy to gain my fortune and worm your way into my life!"

Certain details, like his escapades with Loraine, he dared not reveal due to his own guilt.

Laura's scream cut through the air as she lunged at him, her anger uncontainable. "You old lecher! Do you think I'm that desperate for your riches? Take a good look in the mirror!"

Her nails became her weapon of choice, tearing into Jefferson's flesh as she assaulted him. Enraged, he grappled with Laura, pulling at her hair.

"Bitch, how rich I am! How on earth will I have interest in you? If you hadn't done something, Loraine would have been lying on my bed instead of you, an ugly woman!"

Not to be outdone, Laura gritted her teeth and said in a vague voice, "You're a fat old geezer! Why will me and my daughter stoop down to your level? If it weren't for you, my daughter would have had sex with Marco!"

Their quarrel spiraled into madness, and regrettably, they also spilled their secrets.

The remaining guests, initially hesitant to leave, were now captivated by the unruly spectacle. Even the security guards, enforcers of the departure, halted in their tracks to witness the mayhem.

Listening to the tumultuous exchange, Loraine let out a bitter laugh. It seemed that neither side was innocent.

Fortunately, Marco had recognized the truth, and he allowed them to become their own victims.

Liza, upon witnessing the mayhem, felt her complexion drain of color.

The Bryant Group's image was now in ruins, a casualty of their shocking behavior.

Laura's furious rants, laden with obscenities, turned into a public spectacle. The guests found her outburst comical, their laughter ringing out.

Liza, in the midst of her meltdown, crumpled to the floor, a loud thud hushing the room.

Only then did Jefferson and Laura come to their senses, faces drained of color. The room was abuzz with tension and discomfort. Yet, neither of them dared take responsibility for Liza's distress.

There were over a dozen witnesses to the scene, but none offered assistance to the fallen matriarch.

Marco couldn't conceal his concern. Leaning forward in his wheelchair, he struggled to maintain his composure. The unease and anxiety he felt was evident to Loraine, who couldn't stand to watch the elderly woman lying neglected on the floor.

With a resigned sigh, she called for someone to transport Liza to the hospital, allowing her to receive the medical attention she needed. She might have held a grudge against Liza, but she couldn't stand by as an old woman lay abandoned in distress.

With Liza safely on her way to the hospital, Loraine turned her icy gaze on Jefferson. "This is your idea of sincerity? How dare you set me up, Jefferson? Well, the partnership between the Universe Group and the Bryant Group has come to a swift end!"

