

Chapter 910 Phone Number

Vincent boasted, but Loraine remained silent, causing him a moment of surprise before noticing her staring at him in a daze.

His ego took a hit, but he quickly recovered, laughing loudly and proclaiming, "You're attracted to my face, aren't you? I've been saying that even at forty, my face is still more handsome than that of some young men! How could any woman resist the allure of my face?"

Loraine's mouth twitched before she snapped back to reality, her expression unreadable as she regarded Vincent.

Maybe she found him familiar because of her uncle Wesley's similar traits of self-absorption and flakiness.

But their resemblance also made Loraine less guarded. She managed an awkward smile and quipped, "Your face could charm birds off a branch, but I'm swamped with work and don't track stars. No need for your autograph, thanks."

Vincent winced at her words, blinking before responding, "But I'd feel guilty not thanking you! How about I provide you with some funds once my agent arrives?"

Loraine declined softly, shaking her head. "I am not in short of money. I just don't want to bother you."

"But I'd feel guilty not thanking you! How about I provide you with some funds once my agent arrives?"

Loraine declined softly, shaking her head. "I am not in short of money. I just don't want to bother you."

Observing Loraine's actions, Vincent gently touched his chin, his expression one of surprise.

After all, with his striking features and celebrity status, Vincent commanded attention wherever he went, capturing the admiration of all who beheld him.

Thus, Loraine's nonchalant demeanor managed to pique his interest successfully.

Leaning towards Loraine with a smile, Vincent said, "Regardless, you've aided me today, so I wish to express my gratitude. If you're not interested in an autographed photo, I can leave you my number and extend an invitation for dinner next time."

Loraine remained silent but found amusement stirring within her. She hadn't anticipated that a renowned star like Vincent would publicly display such audacity.

And was he truly nearing forty? He appeared more youthful and vibrant than her!

Contemplating how to decline, Loraine was interrupted when she noticed Jennie and Jimmie entering the lounge together.

Spotting Loraine, Jennie abandoned Jimmie and dashed over, exclaiming enthusiastically, "Lorrie! I've missed you so much!"

Her gaze then landed on Vincent, who offered a courteous smile and greeting.

Wide-eyed, Jennie seized Loraine's hand and lightly slapped her own face, causing herself to wince. "Oh my God, I must be dreaming..." she mumbled.

Torn between amusement and bewilderment, Loraine asked, "What's gotten into you?"

Jennie snapped back to reality, shaking with excitement as she exclaimed, "He is Vincent! Lorrie! Why are you with my idol? That's Vincent Cohen!"

Loraine was rendered speechless, gently halting Jennie's trembling and offering a succinct explanation of the recent events.

Jennie felt it was such a shame that she was not the one to lend a helping hand to Vincent.

Vincent, who had been observing Jennie since her arrival, grinned at Loraine and remarked, "Is this your friend? Quite intriguing."

"My friends have arrived. I shall take my leave," Loraine stated nonchalantly.

Although she harbored no hostility toward Vincent, she remained cautious, considering it their first encounter. Despite his celebrity status, his warmth was unexpected.

Jennie's expression shifted upon hearing Loraine's decision.

On the one hand, she yearned to acquaint herself with her idol; on the other, she held Loraine's wishes in high regard.

If Loraine chose not to forge a connection, Jennie wouldn't push the matter.

It appeared that Vincent paid little heed to Loraine's polite dismissal. He smiled and persisted, "You truly don't wish for my contact information? I haven't properly expressed my gratitude yet."

Jennie's eyes sparkled with excitement. Just as she was about to speak, a light cough interrupted her.

It was Jimmie, who had been quietly standing by. Catching Jennie's guilty expression, he coughed again, but she still tugged on Loraine's sleeve, whispering, "Lorrie, please accept his number. He's my idol! Maybe you could get an autograph for me sometime?"

Although spoken softly, Jennie's words echoed clearly in the room.

Jimmie cleared his throat more forcefully this time. Vincent's smile tightened slightly as he listened while Loraine couldn't help but touch her forehead in exasperation.

Having resolved to offer his contact, it would be impolite if she turned it down. Eventually, Loraine relented and shared her phone number with him.

As Jimmie trailed behind with Jennie's bag in hand, he cast a sharp glance at Vincent, his eyes narrowing with a hint of warning. "Jennie and Loraine are already taken. I suggest you not to think too much!" he said coldly.