

Chapter 92 Another Set Of Gifts

"What do you mean?" Liza asked and suddenly felt a little uneasy.

Loraine didn't mince words or show respect to the elderly woman. She began to tell what happened in her marriage with Marco.

"During the time I was married to Marco, I never spent a penny of his money!"

Liza glared at her. "Bullshit! Marco gave you so much money. Why are you telling lies now?"

"I'm not lying. After the divorce, I returned the bank card Marco gave me. The money on it was untouched. If you don't believe me, you can ask him yourself!" Liza said coldly. "As for the other things, I never asked Marco to give them to me. He did it on his own accord. He asked the deliveryman to dispose of them if I didn't want them. I had no other choice but to donate them. At least, I did something for your family's good name."

Before Liza could retort, Loraine continued, "It's ridiculous that you accuse me of leeching off your family. That's a big lie. I'm currently working for a big company. Through my hard work, the company makes millions of dollars every minute. My salary is also high. Since I wasted three years of my life without being paid, you owe me a lot of money. But I haven't asked for it. Don't push me!"

Despite Loraine's outburst, Liza didn't feel guilty or ashamed.

"Shut up, you ungrateful girl! How dare you complain? Wasn't that your role as a wife? You were a country woman before my grandson married you. You should be thankful that we accepted you into this family. What gives you the right to claim that we owe you?"

Liza's words were very harsh.

The onlookers felt sorry for Loraine. They could only imagine how Loraine had suffered with such a mean woman as her grandmother-in-law.

"Is this old woman okay in the head? How can she be so misogynistic and cruel in this day and time?"

"I don't think she's mentally stable. The Bryant



family is filthy rich. Why is she harassing her grandson's ex-wife for money? Shame on her!"

"Gosh! I had no idea that Loraine lived such a miserable life in the past. It's like living in hell for three long years!"

Liza's fury quadrupled when she heard the gossip. She became meaner to Loraine.

"Fine, I know you are too broke to pay me back. I don't need it. My family doesn't lack money, after all. Just take my advice and go see a fertility doctor. Otherwise, you won't be able to get married again since you can't get pregnant."

Loraine threw her head back and laughed. "I should go see a fertility doctor? You should take Marco to see a doctor instead. After all, it takes two to make a baby!"

These words made Liza's heart skip a beat. "What are you insinuating?"

Loraine folded her arms and continued, "You know exactly what I mean. Anyway, I need you to talk some sense into your grandson's head. He's always hovering around me like a fly. You should advise him to stop pestering me. He's preventing

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me from finding my Mr. Right.

"Bah!" Liza couldn't keep calm anymore. "I know my grandson well. He would never chase after you. What's so special about you? Nothing!"

Loraine tut-tutted and shook her head at the old woman's ignorance. Just then, Jolie suddenly came over.

Jolie glanced at Liza, who was wearing a long face and said to Loraine loudly, "I just got a call from the security department that you have another delivery and your signature is needed. They said that it's another batch of luxury items from Marco Bryant!"

Liza felt like a bomb had been dropped on her.

Only a moment ago, she had confidently said that her grandson would never chase after Loraine. But now, it seemed Marco was doing the exact opposite; he sent his ex-wife another set of gifts!

Liza so angry that she sprang to her feet and berated Loraine crazily.

"You slut! Why did you lie that you have nothing to do with Marco now? You once seduced him and forced him to buy you gifts. As if that wasn't

enough, you did it again. Haven't you milked him enough? What else do you want from him?"

After saying that, Liza rushed out to stop the courier with no regard for what people would say.

"Hey, don't give those to her! I command you to give them to me!"

The deliveryman looked at her with confusion.

"Ma'am, these aren't yours. I was specifically asked to give them to Loraine Torres, so I can't hand them over to you."

"Why not?" Liza yelled. "Aren't they from Marco Bryant? I'm his grandmother! So, I have every right to take his things. Give them to me!"

"I'm afraid you don't have such rights. According to the rules of the company I work for, relatives can't accept packages without the consent of the receiver," the deliveryman said firmly.

Loraine was pissed that Liza was making a scene at her workplace.

This was all Marco's fault. His annoying persistence always caused trouble for her.

Loraine didn't want whatever Marco sent to her. She hoped Liza could take them away. Since the

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deliveryman insisted that she had to consent to it, she did just that.

"It's fine. Just give them to her."



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Liza was afraid that Loraine would go back on her word, so she lunged for the valuables before Loraine could change her mind.

"Give them to me right now!"

The deliveryman wasn't sure what was going on. But since the Loraine had claimed it, he had no choice but to let Liza take all the packages sent by Marco.

Loraine didn't particularly care, but the people observing the scene thought differently.

"All the gifts she received were right in front of her, only to be forcefully taken away. How embarrassing!"

"But it's understandable. Loraine divorced Marco. It's not good if she accepted gifts from her ex-husband. Mrs. Bryant is right for taking them away."

"You're right. But Loraine must be so humiliated."

People around them shifted and whispered to each other, snickering at Loraine.

Jolie grew concerned about Loraine and comforted her in a low voice, "It's all right. Just think of them as dogs barking. Don't take their words to heart."

Loraine smiled appreciatively. She didn't take them seriously anyway.

Liza snorted and raised her voice for everyone to hear. "Take them all. Don't leave anything behind."

But as soon as the packages were taken away, the deliveryman returned.

"Miss Torres, I apologize. Some air freighted packages have just arrived, and they're also addressed to you."

The deliveryman had trudged here for the second time and looked exhausted.

More packages?

Loraine frowned in bewilderment.

Liza's head snapped to look at the deliveryman, and she stared at him in disbelief.

Sensing the tension, the deliveryman hastily added, "This time, they're not from Marco Bryant. These packages are from Ed Auction House in Fobroicia."

"Fobroicia..."

Suddenly, Loraine remembered something and beamed, "Show them to me!"

Seeing that Loraine didn't refuse to sigh this time, the deliveryman breathed a sigh of relief. "One more thing. Since this batch of goods is too valuable, the auction house has sent professionals to open the boxes and inspect the goods. This is to ensure that the goods have arrived safely and intact. Can you accept this?"

"Of course. Please follow your procedures." Loraine nodded graciously.

As soon as permission was granted, the two professionals, who evaluated the works of art, entered with an air of pomp.

They carefully pried open the tightly shut packages, uncovered the delicate wooden boxes, retrieved the wrapped items, and freed them from their plastic film.

One by one, they unveiled the works, and everyone caught a glimpse of pieces from both ancient and modern times. The artworks, such as beautiful oil paintings and intricate sculptures, were clearly

valuable at a glance.

The largest painting was an exquisitely crafted oil painting of the Holy Virgin, which immediately caught the attention of everyone around.

"Oh my God! Isn't that painting called 'Holy Virgin in the Garden'? That painting was sold abroad at an extremely high price!"

"Is that true? Was such an expensive painting sent to Loraine?"

Gasps of amazement echoed from the crowd.

Liza's eyes widened in dismay as she stared at the two experts. She didn't want to believe that Loraine received such highly valuable artifacts from anyone.

Eventually, the two professionals finished examining all the items and nodded at the deliveryman.

Everything was intact and accounted for. The deliveryman smiled in relief and wiped the sweat off his forehead.

"Miss Torres, you can sign for these now!"

"As if they're legitimate. Who knows? These pieces can be real or fake!"

Seeing so many lavish items presented in front of them, everyone felt envious, including Liza.

Hearing her outcry, many people in the crowd nodded out of spite. But they failed to remember that the professionals were still present.

"Please don't denounce the credibility of Ed Auction House. These are all identified as genuine and authentic pieces!"

One of the experts stepped forward and presented the identification reports. They proved to everyone that the items were real.

"So these works of art are all bona fide real. I wonder how much they're worth in total."

For a few moments, the crowd was stunned.

Liza was even more shocked and couldn't keep her mouth closed.

In comparison, the gifts Liza took from Loraine were nothing. It only demonstrated that Liza was mean-spirited.

The crowd's gaze fell on Liza, and she suddenly felt jittery.

She had never been so humiliated in her entire life! But Liza could do nothing but leave with Marco's

lesser gifts in embarrassment.

After signing for the items, Loraine found her phone ringing.

"Lorrie, I received your gift. Do you like what I gifted in return?" Wesley's charming voice sounded through the phone.

Sure enough, it was Wesley who did this. He could make such a spectacle by just giving gifts.

When Loraine was told the packages were from Fobroicia, she guessed they were most likely from Wesley. Now that it was verified, she was not surprised in the slightest.

Even though she wanted to complain about how unnecessary it was, she couldn't suppress the wide grin spreading across her face.

"Thank you, Uncle Wesley. I like them all very much."

Wesley continued cheerfully, "Since you like them so much, I'll send you another batch! I also have a three-meter-high ancient Greek sculpture, one of the most exquisite pieces. It will look magnificent in your office."

Loraine trembled with fear as if she imagined mountains of oil paintings and sculptures falling

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from the sky and burying her alive.

"These are more than enough! Uncle Wesley, please don't give me more. I don't have enough room for them!"