

## Chapter 1299 The King Is An Adopted Son

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Caroline spun around to see Marco entering the hall, his eyes fixed on Loraine as he made his way to her. His approach was filled with gentle tenderness, a sharp contrast to his usual demeanor with her.

A wave of jealousy swept over Caroline, swiftly transforming into anger. With her voice shaking and tears threatening to spill, she confronted him. "Marco, I care so much for you, yet you side with her against me?"

Marco met her gaze with an icy stare. "Your Highness, I am sorry, but I can't reciprocate your feelings. Loraine is the love of my life, and unless you apologize, my earlier warnings will stand."

The onlookers shifted their attention towards Caroline, their eyes wide with curiosity. Accustomed to a life of privilege, Caroline had never faced such public disgrace. Overwhelmed by the mounting pressure from both Damon and Marco, she broke down, quickly mumbling an apology to Loraine before fleeing the hall in tears.

From a discreet corner, Kosha followed Caroline out, making sure to stay out of sight of Loraine and Marco.

Meanwhile, inside the hall, the organizers, relieved that the drama had ended, sincerely apologized and thanked Loraine by presenting her with the prize: a pair of exquisite rings.

The uniquely designed rings aligned perfectly with Loraine's taste.

She smiled graciously and thanked them.

With Damon and Marco present, no one dared to approach Loraine to inquire about her earlier confrontation with Caroline. Under the careful direction of the organizers, the audience began to leave in an orderly fashion, with only Loraine and her companions remaining.

Loraine turned to Marco and Damon, her expression softened by gratitude. "Thank you both. Without your support, I would have struggled to clear my name, and doubt might have lingered."

Marco lowered his eyes gently and shook his head. "It's the least I could do."

Damon laughed heartily. "How could I just watch my precious niece be mistreated?"

Sensing the couple's need for privacy, he added with a wink, "You two have a chat. I've got some things to handle, so I'll leave you to it."

Neither Marco nor Loraine made any move to stop him. In light of recent events, Marco's demeanor towards Damon had softened slightly, and he nodded in acknowledgment as Damon departed.

Once Damon was out of sight, Loraine and Marco walked out of the hall hand in hand. Loraine retrieved the rings, handing one to Marco with a smile. "Will you help me put it on?"

Without hesitation, Marco accepted the ring. He knelt on one knee, took Loraine's hand, and delicately placed the ring on her finger.

It fit perfectly, as though it were made just for her.

Still kneeling, Marco looked up at Loraine. They both felt a

surge of serendipity as if they were exchanging engagement rings once more, uninterrupted this time.

Loraine placed the other ring on Marco's finger and couldn't help but smile contentedly.

Hand in hand, they strolled leisurely, savoring a rare moment of peace.

Suddenly, Loraine spoke up. "Caroline is from the Eplistani royal family, and so is your mother. Perhaps Caroline is your cousin?"

Marco squinted, showing his displeasure at the idea.

Loraine chuckled. "If she really is your cousin, then she won't have any romantic intentions towards you anymore. That's a relief, isn't it?"

Marco's expression softened slightly at the thought. After a moment's consideration, he suggested, "But we can't be certain yet. Perhaps we should ask Mr. K about it?"

He wouldn't directly ask about his mother's relationship with Caroline, but he could subtly inquire about Caroline's connections.

Loraine agreed with a nod.

Before long, they found themselves at the Eplistani Embassy.

A staff member welcomed them into a side hall where they awaited Mr. K. Soon, he appeared with an apologetic look on his face. "I've heard about the incident at the exhibition. Caroline was thoughtless and caused you both trouble. I apologize sincerely for that."

Loraine simply nodded in greeting, while Marco went straight to the point, saying, "Mr. K, we've come here today with some questions about the royal family."

Mr. K paused, glancing at them knowingly before chuckling softly and taking a seat. "You're interested in Caroline, aren't you? It's well known that the Eplistani royal family prides itself on its poise and decorum, which Caroline seems to lack."

His smile broadened as he lowered his voice, sharing a closely held secret. "What many don't know is that Caroline doesn't possess royal lineage. The current king isn't a blood descendant of the Garcia family. He was actually adopted by the former king."

## Chapter 1300 Smart Ass

Stepping out of the embassy, Marco felt disoriented in a way that was rare for him. The secrets about the royal lineage weren't officially secret, but discussing them was widely considered improper, particularly for people like him and Loraine who had previously ignored the politics of Eplistan. It was quite a shock.

But Marco was certain Mr. K was telling the truth; such information could be easily confirmed.

What truly stunned him was not the revelation that the current monarch wasn't of the royal lineage, but rather the implications hidden in Mr. K's statement.

The former king had left behind no male heirs, only a daughter. Tradition would have dictated that she inherit the throne, thereby ensuring her family's legacy would pass on through the ages.

However, rumors swirled that the princess disappeared without a trace.

The throne eventually passed to an adopted son since the former king had no brothers or other family members eligible to succeed him.

Marco shivered at the thought. Could it be possible that the former king's missing daughter was his mother?

Meanwhile, Caroline, having left the exhibition hall in a tempest of anger, stormed back into her place and violently shattered various objects in her wrath. It was only then that Kosha dared to approach her.

Kosha tried to soothe her. "Your Highness, those commoners don't deserve your fury."

Caroline hurled a finely crafted, costly doll to the floor, fuming, "Those lowly commoners are nothing but crude and uncouth. The event organizer must be out of his mind to favor that despicable Loraine over me!"

Still seething, Caroline shot a furious look at Kosha. "Where were you just now? Why didn't you intervene to teach those commoners a lesson?"

Kosha dropped her eyes, unfazed. "The king wished to speak with you."

Instantly, Caroline's rage changed to excitement. "Okay. I need to speak with him and have him discipline those ignorant commoners!"

The video call connected, revealing a middle-aged man clad in an ornate, traditional robe. He looked slightly plump as he sat in what appeared to be an ancient hall with a stern expression on his face.

Just as Caroline was about to unleash her complaints, his firm voice interrupted her, "Caroline, I've been informed of the troubles you caused in Kitay!"

"Father, who has been speaking ill of me?" A flicker of panic crossed Caroline's face and her mind raced to formulate a defense, but the king was not interested in her excuses. "Caroline, I permitted you to travel not to stir up trouble. Should I hear of more misconduct, you will be brought home. I will not tolerate any disgrace to our family."

"Father!" Caroline protested. But before she could continue, the king had disconnected the call. His stern words echoed in her mind.

Her eyes brimmed with fury as she stamped her foot and clenched her teeth. "It must have been that bitch Loraine who snitched to Mr. K. Loraine, I swear you won't get away with this. And Marco, now that you cross me, you'll regret it!"

At that moment, Kosha seized the opportunity to stoke Caroline's anger further. "Your Highness, that Loraine is a mere poser. She only succeeded at the exhibition because it was held at her region, which gave her an edge. Compared to the distinguished education you have received, she is just a rustic simpleton. Look at her frail build; you could break her with a single finger. Why waste your time on her?"

Caroline snorted dismissively, "Normally, I don't care about a nobody like her. But she's obstructing my path, and I must remove her. Besides, it's not often that I take a liking to a man. How can I allow her to snatch him away?"

Kosha adopted a concerned expression. "But it seems Marco truly loves Loraine. Perhaps it's best to let go. Unless Loraine dies, Marco will never look your way."

A vicious spark lit up in Caroline's eyes, and she smirked coldly, "Let go? I'm a princess. I've always obtained whatever I desired. If that's what it takes, then Loraine's days are numbered."

"Your Highness, what do you mean?" Kosha feigned shock and tried to dissuade her, but Caroline dismissed Kosha with a wave of her hand. "Leave now. Don't return unless I call you."

Kosha lingered momentarily with an air of reluctance but then left the room with her mind fraught with concern. Left alone, Caroline's spirits lifted slightly. She settled before her computer and opened a webpage.

Caroline typed rapidly. "Post a job for me. It's a simple task. Just teach a woman a lesson. State your price."

Almost immediately, a reply popped up, concise and direct,

asking for the target's identity. Caroline quickly typed in "Loraine" and awaited the response. When the price came back, it made her frown.

The price was quite costly.

But as Caroline contemplated the prospect of destroying Loraine, no expense seemed too great.

She gritted her teeth and replied, "Fine, but I want her crippled if not dead. At the very least, she must get disfigured!"

