

Chapter 1370 A Phone Number Scribbled On Her OI...

Loraine sat there, briefly at a loss for words.

In a soft, urgent whisper, the receptionist interjected, "She's here on a covert mission to check things out. Please, keep it down!"

The assistant, momentarily stunned, quickly came to terms with the situation and nodded.

It surprised her to see the boss appear so unexpectedly.

She knew Loraine had gone missing but decided not to inform the staff in order to maintain stability within the company.

Now, as she recognized Loraine by her distinctive eyes and clothes, a wave of uncontainable excitement washed over her.

After a brief pause, she leaned in and murmured, "Boss, this isn't a good place to talk. Should we head to the executive office?"

Without a moment's hesitation, Loraine agreed and they made their way to the executive office.

A blend of nervousness and excitement filled Loraine as they walked.

As she reached the office door, her heart started pounding.

She gently opened the door, her gaze sweeping over the office, her heart swelling with mixed emotions.

Each corner seemed to echo with fragments of her past, memories dancing like shadows in mist.

Loraine turned to the assistant, whose face was lit with eagerness, and questioned, "Do you recognize me?"

Tears sparkled in the assistant's eyes as she nodded vigorously. "Yes, I'm your assistant."

She reminisced about their past with a sparkle in her eye. "Boss, you trusted me with numerous projects and important decisions. We put in a lot of hard work together, contributing significantly to the growth of the company. We had plans to collaborate with Eplistan. It was their invitation that took you there, and that was when the tragic accident occurred."

The assistant's voice was heavy with sorrow and guilt. "I regret deeply that I wasn't there with you. Perhaps if I had been, the accident might never have occurred."

Loraine felt a wave of reassurance wash over her and removed her mask, offering comfort. "It's not your fault. Don't blame yourself."

Seeing Loraine with a different face saddened the assistant.

She remembered watching Loraine on the show, recounting her ordeal after the accident.

Those visuals came back to haunt her, intensifying her anguish.

Overwhelmed, the assistant couldn't hold back her tears and embraced Loraine tightly.

Touched by the assistant's deep concern, Loraine felt a profound trust building.

She softly stroked her back, murmuring, "I'm managing okay now. I've recalled a few things, though not many. That's why I'm



When the assistant regained her composure, Loraine gently asked about her family.

The assistant promptly replied, "Boss, I'll retrieve your uncle Wesley's contact for you. You once asked me to handle some jewelry dealings with him, and I still have his number. I'll be back soon."

"Okay."

Loraine sat in the office, her gaze drifting as she searched for more clues to her past in the familiar environment.

At that moment, she noticed a phone number scribbled on her old desk and was taken aback by the discovery.

Convinced it was a vital lead, she decided to make the call.

The phone was picked up quickly, and she was greeted by Marco's resonant, compelling voice.

"Hello, who is this?"

