

Chapter 75 Charity Auction

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Soon, she received a VIP invite from Claude Charity Auction.

But Lorraine didn't seem interested, so she casually placed the invite on the table.

Rowan was happier than Lorraine when he saw the invitation on the table.

"Lorrie, the Claude Charity Auction is very famous at home. If you have time, do attend it. The guests are all celebrities and influential people from powerful families. The items are also pretty good. If you like something, go ahead and buy it. If you don't have enough money, tell me, and I'll transfer it to you right away."

Lorraine wanted to say she didn't need anything, but she suddenly remembered something.

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"Okay, Uncle Rowan. I'll attend the auction."

Three days later, an auction commenced.

Every guest with a VIP invitation could bring one person to

the auction, so Loraine took Jennie with her.

As soon as the two found their seats, they spotted Marco and Jimmie sitting beside them.

"What a coincidence! We meet again." Jimmie greeted warmly.

Loraine bit her lip as she cursed in her head.

"Yeah. Bye."

She held Jennie's hand and was about to change seats.

Marco still sat on the chair. He clenched his fists as he saw that Loraine was about to leave.

He wanted to ask Loraine to stay, but his pride held him back.

Jimmie glanced at his friend and understood what he was thinking.

"Please don't leave!" He waved his hand at them.

"Fate has brought us together today; it's a sweet coincidence. Why don't we sit together?"

He patted the seat beside him, gesturing for Jennie to sit.

That way, Loraine would have no choice but to sit beside Marco.

Loraine's face darkened. She cast a weary look at Marco.

"I won't eat you," Marco said, pretending to seem calm.

"Take a seat. The auction is about to begin."

Loraine looked around, but there were no empty seats.

Finally, she reluctantly sat down.

She could just ignore Marco.

The two sat close to each other. Marco breathed a sigh of relief as the faint scent of her perfume filled his nostrils.

He knew Loraine would come today, so he gave up his exclusive box and switched to his current seat.

He had a lot to explain to Loraine.

Meanwhile, Jennie's face turned livid as Jimmie pinned her to her seat.

"Hey, what are you doing?"

"I'm Jimmie Todd, Marco's friend. We met during the car race last time. Have you forgotten me already?"

Jimmie smiled like a gentleman. His handsome appearance and elite temperament enabled him to make any woman fall for him.

Jennie was no exception. Her face softened.

"I remember you. But why did you force me to sit here? I want to sit with Lorrie."

Being Marco's best friend, Jimmie felt the necessity to help him.

"Nothing. I just want to ask you something about Loraine."

Jennie's body stiffened; she became vigilant. "Why do you want to inquire about her? Do you have a crush on Lorrie?"

"I absolutely have no feelings for her. You have

misunderstood me!" Jimmie explained hurriedly.

Jennie became annoyed again. "What do you mean? Do you think Lorrie is not good enough for you?"

Jimmie smiled bitterly and waved his hands. "Of course not. Well, she is very nice but not my type. I prefer a lovely and smart woman like you."

Jimmie was a popular, charming man and was good at pleasing women.

A blush flamed Jennie's cheek when she heard that.

"Oh... Thank you..."

Marco squirmed with unease when he saw the interaction between the two.

Some could talk freely when they had only met twice, but he couldn't bring himself to talk to his ex-wife.

After Loraine sat down, he tried talking to her several times but failed miserably.

After wracking his brains, he finally asked, "Why did you donate all the things I gave you? Did you not want to keep any of them?"

Loraine didn't bother answering him. She rubbed her forehead, trying to block Marco's gaze.

She didn't want to answer, nor did she want to see his face.

However, Marco wasn't embarrassed. Seeing Loraine wearing a shawl, he asked, "Are you cold? I can ask the

auction's sponsor to increase the AC temperature."

Hearing that, Loraine took off her shawl and placed it on the armrest of the chair to prove she was not cold.

Marco's mouth popped open in shock. But he didn't give up.

"Are you thirsty? I'll ask someone to bring you a glass of water, or do you prefer drinking something else?"

Loraine lost her cool. She sighed and flicked her hair. Her long, silky locks hit Marco's face. It was like she slapped him across the face.

"Sorry, I didn't notice it," Loraine apologized nonchalantly.

"It doesn't matter. I..."

Before he could finish speaking, Loraine interrupted him.

"Oh, please be quiet. You're annoying."

Marco's heart sank with dejection; he shut up.

Nobody has ever humiliated him before. However, Loraine insulted him at every given opportunity.

Just then, the emcee's voice reverberated across the stadium.

The charity auction began.