

Chapter 49 A Failed Good Deed

Barr's eyes glinted with excitement when he saw Loraine take the spiked beverage.

Just then, Loraine stealthily nudged something on the table as she pretended to take a sip of the drink.

The fork beside her fell to the floor.

"Oh, God! I am such a klutz! Mr. Powell, may I have another one, please?" Loraine pouted and raised her glass to express her apology.

Seeing his plan was about to work, Barr anxiously turned around, called the waiter, and asked him to bring a fork.

When he turned, Loraine seized the opportunity and poured the drink into Barr's glass.

Just in time, Loraine placed the empty glass on the table and pretended to drink the beverage when Barr turned around.

Barr glanced at the empty glass and breathed a sigh of relief.

All he had to do was wait for the drug to take

effect so that he could do whatever he wanted. Barr slyly looked up at the hanging lamp on the wall facing the table. Then, he adjusted his position so Loraine's face would be fully exposed.

Barr had set up a pinhole camera in advance. All he needed to do now was wait for the drug to take effect so he could take naked pictures of Loraine.

Loraine would be at his disposal as long as he had these pictures.

Meanwhile, Loraine elegantly took a bite of food as if she didn't notice his actions.

Barr raked his eyes across Loraine's body, and his eyes gleamed with lust.

Her alluring figure seemed to set his hormones on overdrive.

The more he thought about it, the more excited he became. Unable to control himself, he reached out and touched Loraine's hand.

However, Loraine quickly withdrew her hand. But Barr grasped it tightly, refusing to let go of her.

She frowned and asked, "What are you trying to do?"

"Nothing. I just want to apologize to you and have a heartfelt conversation."

Barr sprang up and pounced on Loraine.

Just then, the door of the private room flew open with a loud bang.

Loraine and Barr looked at the door in shock.

A strong, majestic man strode into the room.

He was wearing a suit, but his tie was loosened.

He was gasping for breath as if he had run all the way here.

"Mr. Bryant!" Barr screamed in horror.

The next moment, Marco's gaze fell on Barr's hand grasping Loraine's wrist.

Anger surged through his veins. The next moment, he kicked Barr.

"Ah!"

Barr yelped in pain and fell a few meters away.

Marco strode forward, grabbed him by the collar, and violently lifted him.

"How dare you? How dare you try to sabotage her?"

He cast a menacing look at Barr, anger and disgust evident on his face.

Barr had no intention of fighting back. Marco's resonant voice frightened him; his body

trembled in terror.

He had to do something before Marco beat him to death.

Recalling Keely's promise, Barr shouted desperately, "Wait a second, Mr. Bryant! I'm Keely's cousin! Please don't hit me!"

Marco's hand froze in the air. He subconsciously turned to look at Loraine.

Loraine was still sitting on the chair, calm and collected, without a trace of surprise on her face.

Marco was taken aback. He wondered if Loraine knew Barr was Keely's cousin or if she just didn't care about Keely at all.

A fresh wave of anger consumed Marco. He vented out his anger on Barr.

"I don't care whose cousin you are. You're doomed today!"

He kept punching Barr mercilessly.

The man's desperate cries rang in the room.

Loraine watched him beat up Barr and was disappointed with the outcome.

If Marco hadn't barged in, she would have collected evidence against Barr and sent him to jail. ③

Now, Marco had ruined all her plans.

Lorraine was annoyed. She sprang up to her feet and turned to leave.

However, Marco stopped her at the door. "How are you doing? Are you all right?" he asked anxiously.

Lorraine shook off his hand in disgust. "I'm fine. Don't bother me."

She quickly strutted out of the room without looking back.

"Lorraine!"

Marco was about to chase after her when he heard Barr's eerie cry.

"Ah!"

The mournful cry sounded strange.

Marco sensed something was fishy. He walked over and examined Barr's face.

The drug had taken effect, and the man was shaking. He seemed disoriented and was begging for mercy in a tremulous voice.

"Mr. Bryant, please let me go. I am burning..."

Marco grabbed his collar. "What on earth were you planning to do to Lorraine? Tell me!"

"There is a hidden camera up here. Please take me out."

Barr struggled to say the words as he twisted his body as if writhing in pain.

Marco's face darkened.

He had rushed to the restaurant as soon as he heard about Barr and Loraine's dinner plan, for he sensed something was off. But he never thought Barr was such a despicable man.

"Guards!" Marco shouted in rage, and a group of bodyguards rushed in.

Marco walked up to Barr and kicked his face.

"Oh, you like taking pictures, don't you? I'll let you have it all at once! Keep an eye on him! Don't let him leave the room until he is fully sober."