Chapter 61 Teach Him A Lesson

Seeing Marco sit there and refuse to leave, Rowan couldn't contain his anger any longer. He decided to teach Marco a lesson.

"Really? If you're really sorry for what happened, Mr. Bryant, then show me you mean it." Rowan looked Marco dead in the eye, eyebrows raised.

He pointed at a bottle of whiskey on the table.

Marco silently picked up the bottle, poured himself a full glass and downed it in one go.

"Are you satisfied, Mr. Torres? Is that sincere enough for you?"

Rowan smiled coolly. "Nowhere near enough. If it's an apology you're attempting, then you're going to have to do better than a single glass."

Marco snuck a sideways glance at Loraine, who didn't seem bothered.

He picked up the glass and started frantically downing whiskey, one full pour after another.

Soon, he emptied the entire bottle.

Rowan didn't stop him; he just watched calmly

as Marco drank, an unreadable expression on his face.

Without any feedback from Rowan, Marco kept drinking.

Due to his unchanging complexion, any onlookers might have assumed he was drinking only water.

Even Rowan, who relished in making things difficult for Marco, was unable to hide his awe. "What a deep drinker!" he said, impressed.

Loraine tolerated the scene and sat patiently until Marco started on his fourth bottle.

"This is boring, and I'm tired," she announced.

The two men turned to her at the same time.

"Tired? Well, that's enough for today, then. Let's go." Rowan shrugged his shoulders.

Walking through the door, Loraine suddenly felt someone grab her arm.

"Where are you going? I'll drive you." Marco raised his head and looked into Loraine's eyes.

"Mr. Bryant, you are intoxicated. Why even offer? Mr. Torres will see me home." Loraine raised her hand, trying to free her arm from Marco's grasp.

Instead of letting her go, however, Marco

tightened his grip. "No, don't go with him. I don't trust him. I'll see you off myself."

"You brat! Who are you talking about? Let her go!" Rowan's face darkened with rage.

"No way!" Marco met Rowan's furious gaze, unflinching. "No one can hurt her as long as I am around."

At this, Rowan burst into laughter.

If it weren't for Loraine, he would have given this ridiculous, self-righteous man a good kick.

Loraine shook her head, silently warning him not to react.

She raised her head and looked at the man who claimed he was trying to protect her.

Ridiculous, indeed!

Marco had ignored and tortured her for three years. Now, all of a sudden, he changed his mind about wanting to take care of her just as she had given up on him.

How hypocritical!

"Marco, you're the one who has caused me the most harm," Loraine said dispassionately.

Marco didn't respond, but he subconsciously loosened his grip on her arm.

He wished he could say something to defend

himself. Usually, in business negotiations, he was extremely eloquent. Now, though, he seemed to have lost his voice.

Seeing her opportunity, Loraine wrenched herself free.

"Goodbye."

Loraine and Rowan then walked out of the room, leaving Marco in the darkness alone.

On their way out, Rowan vented his fury at what had just happened.

"Lorrie, why did you stop me just now? That bastard hurt you, and then he dared to show off in front of me. I should have taught him a lesson instead of letting him off the hook so easily."

"Uncle Rowan, calm down. Why waste your energy on a drunken man? Maybe Marco was too drunk to remember what he said and done." Loraine turned to Hubert. "Hubert, please inform Marco's people that he needs to be taken back."

"Lorrie, why are you still worrying about that scumbag?" Rowan was baffled.

Loraine shook her head, expressionless.

She wasn't going to let anyone hold power over her anymore.

"Don't think about it too much. The project is just getting started; it's best if we keep things simple and running smoothly. It's a crucial time, and I don't want us getting into any trouble."