

Chapter 135 Singing

In a VIP room at Fwell Bar

Marco leaned back on the sofa with his leg crossed. His tall frame was hidden in the shadows as he drank glass after glass sulkily.

Jimmie and Slater sat beside him and each was holding a cigarette.

"How did Loraine suddenly become a member of the Torres family?" Slater put out his cigarette with an unhappy look. "Jimmie, aren't you an experienced lawyer? Why did you not discover something before now?"

Jimmie sighed and shook his head. This was the first failure of his career.

"I did my best. After Loraine was found, the Torres family protected her well. Later, she went abroad, making it even more difficult to investigate. But after I learned about her true identity, I found something."

Then he took out some documents.

"She was admitted into the prestigious Presal Institute of Art at the age of 17 and became the

youngest student to ever obtain a full scholarship. After graduation, she worked as an intern in a top architecture design company abroad and won first place at the architecture design competition in Eplistan..."

One after the other, Jimmie kept listing the awards and achievements that Loraine had racked up abroad. When he finished, he couldn't help but sigh.

"No wonder Aldo Torres trusted Loraine so much to inherit the family business. She's really a genius!"

Slater, a slow learner, was completely shocked and blurted out in astonishment, "Jeez! How could Loraine be so incredible? Then why did she marry Marco and be a housewife for three years?"

Jimmie turned to look at the silent man beside them. "I'm afraid we have to ask him."

Marco was silent, with his eyes staring at the floor.

Loraine's words kept echoing in his mind.

Back then, I was so stupid that I thought you would fall in love with me as long as I gave you all my love. Now, it seems that it was all just wishful thinking."

Loraine had loved him, so she had chosen to

marry him.

Every time Marco thought of this, he couldn't help but feel deflated.

But he had no intention to tell any of this to Jimmie and Slater. It was a secret between him and Loraine.

"I have no idea."

Marco shrugged and drank the rest of the liquor in his glass.

Hearing this, Jimmie shook his head and smiled. Obviously, he knew that Marco wasn't telling the truth, but he didn't bother pressing him.

Slater, on the other hand, took Marco's words very seriously and became thoughtful and worried.

"Well, do you think Loraine will get even with me? Should I apologize to her?"

Slater shivered at the thought of his white racing car being painted into a pink one after getting defeated by Loraine.

Loraine was a very vengeful person! He knew fully well what she was capable of.

Marco smiled bitterly and shook his head. "Don't worry. Even if she wants revenge, she will only

come after me. After all, I'm the one who hurt her the most."

Jimmie didn't know much about the issue between Marco and Loraine, but now, he suddenly became interested.

"Marco, when did you first meet Loraine? When did you guys get married?"

Upon hearing that, Marco was lost in thought.

If Loraine married him because she loved him, how and when did she fall in love with him?

He only knew that when he needed a wife, Loraine appeared and said she was willing to marry him. At that time, he didn't care about her at all. After a quick investigation, he felt that Loraine was suitable for him, so he married her.

Now, he cared about her, but it was too late.

Suddenly, there was the sound of happy celebration outside the room, and the whole bar seemed to be lit up with merriment.

"What's happening?"

Jimmie and Slater quickly looked out to see what was going on.

"Look! Jennie and Loraine!" Jimmie gasped in

surprise.

At the sound of Loraine's name, Marco immediately got up and looked out. When he saw her familiar figure, his eyes could no longer look away.

In the hall, Jennie was having fun on the dance floor with Loraine.

To celebrate the accouchement of Loraine's identity, Jennie had reserved a whole floor at the bar to hold a party for her bestie.

After dancing for a while, Jennie dragged Loraine to the stage to join her.

"Listen, everyone! Today is a big day for my good friend. Let's invite the most beautiful woman ever, Loraine Torres, to sing for us!"

"Yes! Come on!"

People cheered excitedly, eager to hear her sing.

Wearing a black short skirt and a silver coat, Loraine looked hot and sexy.

She took the microphone from Jennie and started singing.

Her charming and melodious voice echoed throughout the bar, mesmerizing everyone

present.

Even Slater, who always disliked her, was fascinated by her singing.

Marco, on his part, was practically love-struck. The moment Loraine started singing, he was lost and addicted to her charming voice.

Staring longingly at her sexy figure, singing and dancing on the stage, Marco couldn't help but feel remorseful again.

Why had he only cared about a hypocritical woman like Keely, and ignored the real treasure, Loraine?

Now, he had completely lost her.

Seeing how beautiful she was and remembering all the things she had told him, Marco couldn't bear it anymore.

He picked up the bottle and drank the rest of the liquor in one gulp. Then he stood up and walked out of the room.

Chapter 136 New Rudeness

Slater raised his head and found that Marco was going to the hall, so he grabbed him quickly.

"Where are you going, Marco?"

With his head lowered, Marco replied, "I need to see Loraine."

Jimmie raised his eyebrows as he looked at his friend carefully.

"Like right now?" Slater asked, tilting his head.

Marco's eyes darkened. "Of course! Won't you apologize to her? This is a good opportunity to do so!"

With these words, Marco shook off Slater's hand and staggered toward Loraine.

"Good lord! Is he drunk?"

Slater and Jimmie took a look at each other and chased after Marco until they were in front of Loraine.

A deep frown appeared on Loraine's face as soon as she saw the three men.

Why was Marco showing up everywhere she went?
Was he stalking her?

"What are you doing here? Did you come to make trouble again?"

Jennie's eyes narrowed with suspicion as she looked at them.

She didn't forget that when they met these three at the bar the last time, they insisted on racing with Loraine. They had made a fuss after losing to her.

Slater remembered what happened when he heard Jennie's questions. He couldn't help but lower his head in embarrassment.

Just when Slater began to inch backward, Marco pushed him ahead of them.

"Aren't you going to apologize? She is here. Go ahead."

Apologize?

Loraine suddenly became interested.

Wasn't Slater one of the many people who looked down on her? How would an arrogant man like him apologize to her? This was going to be interesting!

Under the gaze of the crowd, Slater's forehead broke out in cold sweat. He lost his tongue at this moment.

Many seconds passed before he gritted his teeth and blurted out, "I'm sorry, Loraine. It was my fault!"

What in the world? He really apologized!

Loraine was shocked by this. Squinting at him, she uttered doubtfully, "Slater, are you just doing this because you want your car back? If so, forget about it. I won't give the car back to you despite your apology!"

It had nearly skipped Slater's mind that his car was now in Loraine's possession. But now that she reminded him, he was hurt.

He retorted subconsciously, "I'm not that narrow-minded! You can keep the car. I just want you to forgive me. Can you do that?"

Loraine sneered and said sarcastically, "You must think I'm stupid, Slater. If my memory serves me right, you used to make things difficult for me and spread false information about me. I know you are only apologizing now because you know my true identity. What makes you think I'll forgive you after such a petty apology?"

"Hey!" Slater almost lost his temper.

But he swallowed his angry words. After all, he was at fault here and Loraine wasn't just anybody; she was the heiress of the Torres family.

Jennie echoed, "Yes! Have you forgotten that you looked down on Loraine and disliked her because she was from the countryside? You even called her a bumpkin! Why are you regretful now? Well, it's too late!"

Jennie was snarling at Slater, causing him to lower his head in guilt.

Jimmie didn't like the way the whole thing was going, but he didn't dare to refute.

Meanwhile, Marco's heart sank as he thought of what he owed Loraine. A lump went up his throat, preventing him from speaking.

Since the three were silent for a long time, Loraine held Jennie's arm and was about to leave.

But Marco stopped her just in time.

"Wait! The other day, I promised to explain things to you once you were ready to listen. Well, I have sent Keely abroad." Marco grasped Loraine's arm tightly.

"Let me go!" At the mention of that name, Loraine became annoyed. She shook off his hand. "I

remember telling you not to show up in front of me ever again. Now, get lost!"

Marco was so shocked that words failed him.

Jimmie and Slater were also speechless.

No one had ever dared to speak to Marco in this manner.

Their friend was a force to reckon with. How dare she speak to him so rudely?

"Lorraine Torres! How dare you say that to him?" Slater couldn't tolerate this. "Do you think you can be rude to anyone just because you are a Torres? Have you forgotten who Marco is? Why the hell did you tell him to get lost?"

"I said what I said, Slater!" Lorraine retorted immediately. "I booked this place, so I have every right to dictate who stays and who leaves. I want you all to get out of here now!"

Slater wanted to give her a piece of his mind, but Jimmie stopped him.

"Calm down, dude. Can't you see that the matter is getting out of hand?"

Lorraine sneered and warned. "What? Do you want me to send you out myself?"

Marco's heart sank. Not to incur Loraine's wrath any further, he took a step back.

"You guys have fun. I'll leave."

With these words, he turned around and walked away with his shoulders slouched.

Slater got rid of Jimmie, glared at Loraine, and then chased after Marco.

Jimmie was the only one left. He stared at Jennie, who rolled her eyes and looked away.

Her actions hinted that she thought he was on the side of his friends.

Jimmie sighed dejectedly. This was the first time a woman rejected him.

"See you next time."

He said goodbye politely and left the bar like a gentleman to catch up with his friends.

The three saw a pink Bugatti Veyron that was adorned with diamonds parked outside the bar.

Slater could feel his heart breaking at this time.

His beloved car had been turned into this terrible one because of Loraine.

Holding his chest, he cried, "Oh, my precious car! Guys, let's go! I can't stand this anymore!"

Marco didn't move an inch. He looked back at the bar and said to his friends, "You guys should go ahead."

Jimmie raised his eyebrows and asked suspiciously, "Do you intend to wait for Loraine."

It was pretty obvious, so Marco didn't bother denying it. He planned to wait for Loraine until she got out.

After all, he had promised to wait for her.