

Chapter 604 A

Businesswoman

Hearing Jefferson's words, Marco nodded with nonchalance and strode toward the reception area. Flashing a grin, he said to Loraine, "I'll be waiting right here for you."

Loraine returned his nod before turning to Jefferson, who eagerly led her toward his office.

Only Marco noticed the "OK" sign Loraine discreetly made behind her back at him.

His smile remained, eyes tracking their progress until they disappeared from sight.

It suddenly dawned on him that the CEO's office was on the same floor. He furrowed his brow, considering it would be efficient to retrieve a few of his belongings from there to avoid an additional trip.

Meanwhile, in his office, Jefferson poured water for Loraine with zealous hospitality, his face spreading into a broad smile in an attempt to win her favor. "Miss Torres, you're young and talented. Your collaboration with the Bryant Group has garnered everyone's admiration and respect."

Loraine offered him a cool smile but declined the water and did not entertain the conversation.

Jefferson cleared his throat, his tone now rich with feigned sympathy and indignation. "Marco truly doesn't realize what he has lost. He failed to appreciate a wonderful wife like you and

divorced you after merely three years of marriage. Even I, an outsider, am livid at this. If I were Marco, I would never treat you this way! But alas, I am old."

As she gazed upon Jefferson's ingratiating grin, Loraine felt a wave of revulsion she had to fight to suppress. She managed to maintain her composure, but her expression grew colder.

"Mr. Foster, time is precious, and I am here for business, not to entertain unsolicited advances from someone old enough to be my father. I have other commitments to attend to. If there is nothing else, I will take my leave. I am sure there are plenty of others interested in acquiring the 1% share of the Bryant Group."

Jefferson couldn't help but feel a twinge of embarrassment at her blunt refusal. The rumors were indeed accurate—Loraine was as uncompromising as Marco.

Regardless, given his need for her shares, he couldn't afford to lose his cool. He managed to restore his smile and refrained from further flattery.

"Miss Torres, if you are willing to sell and I am genuinely interested in buying, let's strike a deal. Fifty million! What do you think?"

Hearing his offer, Loraine couldn't help but sneer.

Jefferson was clearly attempting to exploit her youthful appearance, assuming she was ignorant of market rates.

But she was no fool.

"Mr. Foster, has the price of Bryant Group's shares really plummeted this low? In that case, how about I buy all your shares at this price? Are you interested in selling?"

Caught off guard, Jefferson forced an awkward smile,



recognizing that Loraine was not one to be trifled with. After a moment of hesitation, he raised the offer to a more market-reflective value. "How about seventy million?"

This price was indeed the current market value for the Bryant Group's stocks. However, Jefferson was the one eager to acquire the shares, while Loraine felt no pressure to sell.

Loraine offered him a sly smile and replied, "Is this the extent of your sincerity?"

Jefferson's expression cooled slightly. "This is already a fair offer. If you demand more, it wouldn't quite be reasonable, would it?"

Loraine held her smile and retorted, "Mr. Foster, let's be honest with each other. I know you see me as young and perhaps take me for granted. But I must inform you, I invested more than seventy million to initially acquire this 1% share. If it weren't for your supposed sincerity, I wouldn't even be here negotiating with you. If you believe I'm asking for too much, and I don't intend to make charitable donations, then we have no reason to continue this discussion."

Loraine started to rise from her seat, confident in the knowledge that Jefferson was the one in a hurry.

Predictably, Jefferson called out to halt her departure, his voice carrying a hint of desperation. "Wait, Miss Torres, let's discuss this further. What price do you have in mind? We can negotiate. If you sell to someone else, the process might not be as smooth as with our deal."

Loraine smiled faintly, saying, "I understand why you want these shares, Mr. Foster. You simply wish to compete with the Bryant family. But considering how easily Mrs. Bryant dismissed even Marco, it's evident that she values the Bryant Group and the family lineage. Without the utmost confidence,



you might find it difficult to succeed.'

Jefferson's face paled as Loraine spoke. He forced a dry laugh and said, 'Thus, Miss Torres, your 1% becomes even more crucial. If I were to assume the CEO position in the future, I would work to ensure that our companies continue to collaborate and benefit each other.'

Loraine met his claim with a sarcastic rebuttal, 'Mr. Foster, I'm no longer a naive young woman to be swayed by empty promises. Don't forget, I am the CEO of the Universe Group, a businesswoman. Our mutual interest is profit. So, demonstrate some tangible sincerity.'

Observing Jefferson's thoughtful expression, Loraine remained poised.

She dropped another significant hint. 'Marina may not care about my 1% of shares, but do you believe Mrs. Bryant would be indifferent? If she discovers your clandestine share purchases, what price do you think she would be willing to pay for my 1%?'



Bountiful Free Coins are waiting for you, don't miss out!

GO NOW



Chapter 605 The Position Of The CEO

Jefferson was still wavering when Loraine's final words reached him. Suddenly, anxiety surged within him, and he instinctively halted her. "Wait!"

Hearing his interjection, Loraine paused, shooting him a smug smirk.

Jefferson loved to play the righteous part, but sadly, his acting skills left much to be desired. It was too easy to see through his pretense. At this moment, his countenance darkened, and his bulging eyes darted around, as if he was mulling over something.

If that 1% share went to Liza instead of him, his meticulously crafted plan would collapse!

Jefferson fixed his gaze on Loraine, his eyes darkening momentarily, and he clenched his teeth. "Add another thirty million. Will one billion suffice?"

Loraine contemplated his proposal. Indeed, it displayed significant sincerity. Jefferson still required money to purchase Marco's 15% stake, hence he probably wished to keep his spending in check.

Just when she was about to accept, she spotted the wrath in Jefferson's eyes, as if he desired to tear her apart.

Loraine chuckled and let out a seemingly deliberate sigh.



"Mr. Foster, as you rightly pointed out... being the CEO of Universe Group, this 1% stake in the Bryant Group hardly holds any value for me. Hence, it's immaterial to me who purchases it. Frankly, this meager sum and this minuscule shareholding don't make a bit of difference to me."

Jefferson's face darkened at her words, but Loraine acted as though she hadn't noticed.

"The reason I didn't approach Mrs. Bryant directly to sell this 1% stake and disclose your scheming is simple. I have no liking for the Bryants, and the fact that Marina challenged me in today's meeting only adds to it. So, I wouldn't mind seeing you triumph."

Jefferson looked skeptical, and Loraine went on, "However, as a businesswoman who prioritizes her interests, if your show of goodwill falls short, Mr. Foster, it becomes challenging for me to make a decision. Perhaps, I should reconsider and approach Mrs. Bryant or reluctantly school Marina on the significance of shareholding?"

As Loraine spoke, she moved as if preparing to leave. Jefferson's face turned a shade of grim grey, his anxiety peaking, fearful she would indeed approach Liza. He gritted his teeth and declared, "No matter what price you paid for it, I'll buy it back at double the rate!"

Loraine stared at him in astonishment. When she made her purchase, she bought the scattered shares at a price exceeding the market value. Jefferson's willingness to pay twice the amount surpassed her expectations.

"That's one hundred and fifty million. Mr. Foster, are you certain?"

"I am," Jefferson's face contorted in anguish, and his teeth chattered. "Miss Torres, does this price satisfy you?"

If she remained unsatisfied, it would be utterly unreasonable.

It appeared this old man was quite wealthy. Silently, Loraine decided to advise Marco that the selling price for his 15% stake shouldn't drop below one hundred and fifty million.

Loraine extended a warm smile. "Mr. Foster, your generosity is truly commendable. Let's proceed with the contract."

An inexplicable feeling of being duped washed over Jefferson, nearly leaving him breathless.

Meanwhile, Marco, awaiting Loraine, rose from his seat and strolled towards the CEO's office.

His employees watched in stunned silence as he passed by, particularly those who typically fawned over him. At this moment, they all gave him a wide berth.

Some pointed and whispered, "Isn't that Mr. Bryant?"

"He's no longer the CEO! Despite resigning, he dares to enter the CEO's office. I hope he doesn't bring any misfortune!"

"He used to strut around solely due to his status as an heir to a wealthy family. But in the end, he's just an outsider with no blood ties to the Bryants. It's laughable indeed."

Marco paid no mind to the derision. After all, not everyone was so shallow.

Several of his former subordinates, who he had interacted with more often, looked at him with teary eyes and expressions full of regret. One department head mustered the courage and approached him. "Mr. Bryant, what plans do you have after leaving Bryant Group? With your impressive resume, you're bound to land a respectable job!"

Touched by this display of concern, Marco's icy demeanor thawed a bit, and he thanked the individual in a quiet voice.

Upon reaching the entrance of the CEO's office, he pushed open the familiar door. A fleeting sense of nostalgia washed over him, but it quickly evaporated upon spotting the occupant inside.

Marina was perched on the genuine leather chair he had once favored, incessantly snapping selfies for her social media. The CEO's seal and important documents littered the desk, serving as the backdrop for her photos.

Seeing Marco enter, Marina's expression morphed, and she challenged, "Marco, you've resigned, so why are you here? Why haven't you left the Bryant Group yet?"

Maintaining his stoic demeanor, Marco ignored Marina and proceeded straight to the desk. Taken aback by his commanding aura, she instinctively recoiled.

Marco had no desire to engage with Marina; he merely wished to collect his belongings swiftly.

However, when he saw a contract being used by Marina to test lipstick shades, the haphazard strokes across it, Marco paused and icily retorted, "Marina, do you even comprehend what your role is while occupying this seat?"



Chapter 606 Photograph

Upon meeting Marco's frosty gaze, Marina momentarily felt cowed. However, she quickly realized that Marco was now no more than a vanquished player. What was there to fear?

Emboldened by this thought, Marina straightened her posture and defiantly met his glare.

"Today, I am the CEO of Bryant Group, the one wielding power! I know exactly what my duties are! You're no longer the CEO, and we share no ties. You wretched has-been, stop preaching to me here!"

Marco pressed his lips together and decided not to interfere any further.

Marina was right; he had severed all ties with Bryant Group. Its rise or fall was no longer his concern.

"Mr. Bryant, you've arrived!"

A voice echoed, and both Marco and Marina turned to see Carl standing at the doorway.

"Carl, I am now the CEO of Bryant Group!" Marina boasted arrogantly, leveling a fierce glare at him. "I haven't settled our score regarding your collusion with Marco to deceive me. Your reckoning is coming!"

Carl, already rattled by the whirlwind of events following the paternity test, felt his anger spike upon hearing Marina's threat. He wanted nothing more than to drag Marina out of the room right then and there.



He glanced at Marco, only to see Marco subtly shaking his head. Reluctantly, Carl swallowed his fury and retorted, "Even though he is no longer the CEO of Bryant Group, he remains my superior!"

Despite Marco's resignation, Carl, as his personal assistant, recognized Marco's continued influence and naturally abided by his instructions.

Marina seethed upon hearing these words. She couldn't believe that Carl was still obeying Marco, a mere departing president, and jabbed a finger towards Carl's face.

"Well, Carl, if you want to play lapdog to Marco, then forget about staying with Bryant Group. The moment I officially assume my role, you'll be the first one I fire!"

Carl was known for his reliability and patience while working with Marco, but beneath his affable exterior, he was ruthless towards those who crossed him.

Having been insulted by Marina, even Marco's plea for patience couldn't subdue Carl's flare-up. He sneered, ripped off his CEO's assistant badge from his chest, and threw it onto the floor.

"Bryant Group? Without Mr. Bryant, how long will its glory last? You won't need to fire me. If Mr. Bryant is gone, I refuse to serve as your assistant!"

Marina was further incensed by his words. She leapt up from her chair, jabbing a finger towards Carl's face, and after a moment's pause, shouted, "You... how dare you? If you defy me, don't expect to receive your salary this month. Leave Bryant Group immediately!"

Marco observed this spectacle with aloofness, letting out a cold chuckle.



If Marina continued to act impetuously and despotically as CEO, she would inevitably run Bryant Group into the ground, perhaps even faster than he had predicted.

But that was no longer his problem.

He glanced around, his gaze landing on a photo resting on the desk, a picture of Loraine that he had specifically placed there. It was for this photo that he had come here.

Nothing else mattered to him, but when it came to Loraine, he had to take the picture with him.

Marco was about to grasp it, but to his astonishment, Marina, in her fury, snatched the photo from his grasp.

Marco was taken aback. "Marina, what do you think you're doing?"

"What am I doing? I'm about to teach your loyal lackey a lesson!" Marina, still seething, raised her hand to hurl the photo at Carl.

Marco wanted to intervene, but it was too late.

The carefully framed picture soared in an arc towards Carl. Naturally, Carl didn't just stand there and let himself be struck. He swiftly dodged.

With a cracking sound, the frame collided with the floor, the glass instantly fracturing into shards.

Everyone fell silent. Carl wanted to say something, but upon seeing Marco's somber and unreadable face, he held his tongue. He tactfully stepped aside, all too familiar with Marco's countenance when he was incensed.

Marco's face darkened, his gaze as frosty as if it could freeze.



The shattered shards had inevitably left a few scratches on the photo. Marco paused, gently extracted the photo, slipped it into his pocket, and then turned his icy gaze on Marina.

Marina was startled, retreating a step in fear. However, she quickly realized that showing fear would be embarrassing, so she summoned her courage and shot back, "Why are you so menacing? Who do you think you're glaring at? Marco, do you still think you're the almighty CEO of Bryant Group? Accept the truth! We've won, and I'm the one in charge here. You, the usurper, better stay as far away as possible!"

Marco pursed his thin lips, his frosty gaze fixed on Marina. Suddenly, he let out a scornful laugh. "If that's the case, then by all means, relish your role as the CEO of Bryant Group."

With that, he exited the CEO's office, Carl trailing hastily behind him.

Just before leaving, Carl cast one last look at Marina. The anger in his eyes had subsided, replaced by pity. The clueless woman didn't realize that she had utterly provoked Marco, and disaster was looming!



Chapter 607 Wedding Photos

Following the incident, Marco felt no desire to remain at Bryant Group any longer. Accompanied by Carl, he made his way to the parking lot and sent Loraine a message informing her of his whereabouts.

With his head bowed, Carl trailed behind him, consumed with guilt. "Mr. Bryant, I apologize. This is all my fault... If I hadn't incited Marina, she wouldn't have damaged Miss Torres' photograph."

Marco dismissed his concern with a shake of his head, his aura intensifying in iciness. "It's not your fault. Marina is to blame."

Meanwhile, having successfully sold her shares at a profitable rate, Loraine headed to the parking lot with a smile upon receiving Marco's message. Yet, she quickly noticed that Marco's countenance seemed amiss.

Was the man she had toiled to pacify the previous night now in an even graver mood?

Loraine glanced at Carl, standing alongside Marco, and greeted him calmly, "Carl, what happened? Both you and Marco seem upset."

Caught off guard, Carl struggled to formulate a response. However, Marco intervened, dismissing her concerns with a casual shake of his head. "It's nothing."

Not wanting to delve deeper in Carl's presence, Loraine sought to distract him. She beamed, sharing her recent triumph, "I managed to sell that 1% of my shares at a great price! Under

my pressuring and coaxing, that old man offered twice the acquisition cost!"

Surprised by her revelation, Marco raised an eyebrow, the gloom on his face clearing somewhat.

Jefferson had surpassed their expectations, indicating his firm resolve to acquire Bryant Group.

Grinning mischievously, Loraine added, "Initially, I planned to secure a modest profit and exit. But Jefferson couldn't resist his greed. I used the threat of selling my shares to Mrs. Bryant to pressure him, and he ended up offering 150 million."

Marco smiled at her ingenuity, praising without hesitation, "Very clever. You handled it exceptionally."

Seeing him finally sport a smile, Loraine sighed in relief. She then turned to Carl and advised, "Don't easily relinquish the 15% of shares that Marco holds. That old man is quite wealthy. If he refuses, remind him there are others ready to offer a higher price."

Unsurprised by her knowledge of Marco's 15% stake, Carl displayed no regret over losing his job. He responded affirmatively and immediately set off to work.

Once they were alone, Loraine glanced at Marco again and noticed him tightly clutching a photograph. This made her pause.

Was this photograph the cause of his rage?

Loraine gently took his hand, flipped the photo over without resistance, and finally saw the full image.

Much to her surprise, the person in the photograph was herself!



She recognized it instantly. It was a photo of the first time that she took off the mask, when she appeared on the stage as the singer Alice.

Under the focused spotlight, her smile had been radiant, and she could feel the abundance of love emanating from the photographer. The only imperfection was that the photo had been marred by scratches, leaving several noticeable marks.

Loraine was rendered speechless, while Marco held her hand, his head bowed in self-reproach. "I failed to protect this photo. Marina ruined it..."

Pausing for a second, he vowed to her, "But I won't let her get away with it! I have severed all connections with the Bryant family now, and I won't allow past sentiments to cloud my judgment anymore. From this point forward, my sole focus is to protect you."

Marco had resolved himself.

His decision to sell his shares in Bryant Group was not driven by financial necessity. He had already founded the Solar Company overseas, a venture that significantly outstripped Bryant Group and left him well-endowed with assets. His motivation was a desire to sever all ties with Bryant Group, intending to sell his entire shareholding.

He was also weary of dealing with the Bryant family.

But Marina's recent actions had stirred regret within him.

In dealing with a family as cold-hearted and unscrupulous as the Bryants, he ought to have been more ruthless. Even after he had left, he would exact revenge.

"Well, it's just a photo. Don't get upset."



Lorraine's soothing voice snapped Marco out of his ruminations.

Hearing his words, she couldn't suppress a smile. His deep regard for her photograph filled her with joy, but she didn't want him to brood over it.

However, when had he taken this photo? It didn't appear to be a random image downloaded from the internet. And to think he had secretly stored her photograph in his office...

The more Lorraine pondered over it, the more her heart melted. She gripped Marco's hand firmly and said, "I'm right here before you. Do you still need a photo?"


Marco pursed his lips and retorted coolly, "It's not the same. No one can harm you, not even your photo!"

And having treasured this photo for such a long time, it was now desecrated...

Seeing that Marco continued to gaze remorsefully at the photo, Lorraine, with a mix of helplessness and amusement, suggested, "If it's not enough, I can pose for another one."

His eyes lit up, and seizing the moment, he drew her closer. "If we have to take another one, how about we take wedding photos?"



 Limited-time offer: 30 minutes of free reading>>

Claim Now



Chapter 608 May I Kiss You Now

Marco raised an eyebrow nonchalantly as their close proximity melded their breaths together, causing an uncontrollable warmth to suffuse Loraine's cheeks.

As she processed the suggestion of wedding photos, her face turned an even deeper shade of red.

Feeling flustered, Loraine pulled away from Marco's hand. "I... I only agreed to take a photo for you, not to take wedding photos! And we haven't even established a romantic relationship yet, and you're already thinking about marriage? Keep dreaming!"

Unexpectedly, her mind harkened back to the previous night when Marco boldly claimed her as his own in front of that haughty woman, even engaging in intimate interactions with her in the presence of Jefferson.

Although she hadn't retorted at the time, the memory now sparked a sense of embarrassment.

How had she accepted it all so easily?

Noticing her blushing face, Marco's lips curved into a teasing smile, feigning innocence. "But we didn't have the chance to take wedding photos during our previous marriage. I just wanted to rectify that regret."

At this, Loraine fell silent.

Indeed, their former marriage had been rushed, merely to



appease their families. She had no ring, no wedding dress. This lack momentarily stirred a pang of sorrow within her. But when compared to the cold treatment and torment she later suffered during their union, this sense of loss seemed trivial.

Now, this man stood before her, expressing regret and vowing to present her with a ring and a wedding dress.

As Loraine remained silent, Marco playfully pressed on, "If you don't agree to reconcile with me, does that imply that you prefer someone else to me?"

Unable to tolerate his teasing any longer, Loraine shot back, "Don't you already know whether there's someone else in my heart or not?"

Although Marco was well aware of what Loraine meant, he longed to hear her admit it. Grinning mischievously, he said, "So, are you implying that you only have me in your heart? We don't have to get married again, but at least acknowledge our relationship. Loraine, let's get back together, shall we?"

Caught off guard by his crafty persuasion, Loraine shot him a glare, her face still flushed. However, she remained silent, biting her lip and not contesting his words, which served as a confirmation of his assertion.

With a light chuckle, Marco was about to continue his teasing when Loraine, exasperated, pushed him away. "Enough, let's go. I'll take the back seat!"

She was upset that she should not have tried to appease him!

Just as she turned around, a hand grabbed her shoulder.

Marco's lips curled into a smile, showing no signs of remorse. His free hand opened the passenger door effortlessly.

"This is where you're supposed to sit, the only seat meant for you. Haven't I mentioned it before? This seat is reserved exclusively for you."

Flustered, Loraine responded indignantly, "I don't want to sit there! I want the back seat, what's wrong with that?"

How could Marco, after being expelled from the Bryant family, still be in the mood for flirting and sweet nothings?

Although Loraine wasn't typically coy, she couldn't rebuff Marco's playful remarks.

If she chose to sit in the front passenger seat beside him, she was unsure if her heart could bear the strain.

Marco chuckled, giving her a glance full of familiarity, as if teasing his beloved pet.

Lowering his gaze, he gently took hold of Loraine's arm and playfully pouted, "But I want you to sit next to me. That way, I need only turn my head slightly to see you."

Loraine found herself unable to resist his charming flattery.

Marco fanned the emotional flames further, sighing, "After all we've been through, I find peace only when I see you at my side."

This made Loraine's heart soften. She noticed the photo he clutched tightly in his hands. Given the duplicitous nature of the Bryant family, her concern for Marco outweighed everything else.

Well, if appeasing Marco meant tolerating a bit of teasing, she could manage.

Loraine remained silent, but her body noticeably shifted towards the front passenger seat.



Marco smirked, his pitiful facade vanishing instantly. He closed the car door like a true gentleman before taking his place in the driver's seat.

As he was about to fasten Loraine's seatbelt, he noticed she had already done it herself.

Raising an eyebrow, Loraine looked at him with a trace of pride, saying, "I've already fastened it, so I don't need your help."

However, she didn't anticipate that Marco would lean towards her anyway.

Startled, she blushed and nervously shut her eyes. "What... what else do you intend to do?"

Marco halted just a hair's breadth away from her, his chuckles echoing softly in the confined space. Then, he cupped her face and planted a gentle kiss on her flushed cheek.

Her cheek instantly warmed up.

Loraine's heart hammered in her chest. She thought Marco would draw back like before, so she allowed herself to relax and exhale. But as soon as his lips left her skin, they returned.

Marco showered her cheeks with tender kisses, akin to a devout believer worshipping their sacred deity. His kisses radiated reverence and undeniable affection.

"Loraine, thank you for being with me."

With each gentle peck and his deep voice echoing, all the tension in the dimly lit car parked in the lot dissolved. Loraine's body relaxed instinctively.

Marco's kisses gradually traced a path to her lips, barely grazing them. He slightly elevated his torso, his eyes gleaming,



Chapter 608 May I Kiss You Now

 +120 Points at most

and whispered, "Lorraine, may I kiss you now?"



Bountiful Free Coins are waiting
for you, don't miss out!

GO NOW

Our ads aim to provide better support for authors.



13:27

100.0%

  100%

Chapter 609 The Probationary Period

At that moment, Loraine felt a wave of dizziness wash over her. The kisses they had shared heated her from head to toe, clouding her consciousness. Marco's query stirred a twinge of embarrassment within her.

They'd been entwined in a passionate kiss for what felt like an eternity; why would he still ask for permission?

Opening her eyes, she shot him a reproachful look, but her cloudy gaze lacked any real power of rebuff. On the contrary, it seemed more like an unspoken invitation to continue.

Marco's gaze intensified, his fingers threading through her hair, his nose brushing against hers. His voice was throaty as he said, "Loraine, do you understand? To me, you are my sanctuary, my salvation."

Lowering his eyes, he pressed his lips against her soft and moist ones, his voice a low murmur against her ear.

"I wish to seek kisses from my sanctuary, to seek absolution. May I?"

As she absorbed his heartfelt confession, her gaze met his deep eyes, and a singular thought surfaced—Whoever said Marco didn't have a romantic bone in his body?

Her body was a tangle of sensations, and upon hearing such affectionate words from the man she had admired since youth, Loraine felt as if she were a mariner bewitched by a siren's



song, her heart pounding in her chest. She responded with a barely audible hum of affirmation, "Mmm..."

Once, she had gazed at his retreating figure, dreaming of the day she could stand by his side.

After three years of marriage, she believed her love had dwindled to nothing.

But now, with Marco reigniting the tiniest spark, her dormant feelings for him were brought back to life, evolving into a flame that could not be extinguished.

Their bodies melded together, their rapid heartbeats nearly indistinguishable. Marco's eyes darkened, and he asked in a low, intoxicating voice, "You just consented, didn't you?"

Loraine felt a rush of irritation. Normally decisive, why was he wavering now?

If he wanted to kiss her, then he should just get on with it!

Just as she was about to voice her thoughts, her words were stifled by a sudden kiss. Marco grasped her hands, their fingers entwining as he guided them behind her to rest on the back of the seat. All other noises were drowned out by the intensity of Marco's kiss.

This time, his kiss was far from gentle; it was a tempest, demanding and insistent. He eagerly monopolized the breath from her lungs and the fervor from her heart, sealing them within their locked lips.

The atmosphere in the car quickly grew stifling, leaving Loraine gasping for air. Her eyes welled with unshed tears, her delicate fingers weakly clutching Marco's hand as she let out a subdued whimper.



Still, Marco was unsatiated. He savored every inch of her lips, escalating the fervor of his advances.

Feeling as if she were on the brink of suffocation, Loraine managed to wriggle her hands free. She reached up and clutched at Marco's collar.

Noticing her actions, Marco finally pulled away, allowing Loraine to lean against the car window and draw in ragged breaths.

In a surprising twist, Alice, the lead vocalist known for her remarkable lung capacity, had nearly blacked out from a kiss.

In stark contrast to her disheveled appearance, Marco remained unflustered, every hair in place. He casually wiped the corner of his mouth, a warm, innocent smile gracing his features. He looked every bit the cute puppy, far removed from the wolf he had been mere moments ago.

The more Loraine looked at him, the more her irritation swelled, and when she finally regained her composure, she chastised him sharply, "Marco, are you a dog? You, you!"

She was panting by the time she managed to stammer out those words.

Just moments ago, he had been all over her, and now he was playing the innocent!

Sensing that he could no longer feign innocence after what had transpired, Marco obediently hung his head and offered an apology in a husky voice, "I'm sorry."

Even if he were a dog, he would be a well-behaved one who knew how to appease her.

Seeing his response, a blend of annoyance and amusement welled up in Loraine, causing her to abandon her reprimanding tone. She shot him an irritated look and huffed, "A single kiss doesn't imply commitment. I haven't agreed to any formal relationship with you. Don't overstep!"

Marco blinked and leaned closer, his puppy eyes pleading. "You kissed me back, though. Doesn't that count for something?"

Blushing, Loraine cleared her throat and gritted her teeth. "That was merely a trial run. Consider this a probationary period, during which you'll be evaluated."

Marco's lips curved into a smile. He knew that Loraine's personality wouldn't allow for intimacy without a certain level of acceptance. This probationary period was merely a pretext to mask her bashfulness.

"Alright, I'll endeavor to pass the probation period swiftly and secure my place as your boyfriend."

Loraine bit her lip, observing the man's self-assured posture. She let out a light snort. "Don't assume it's going to be easy. If you fail to impress me and I'm not satisfied, I could terminate this relationship, regardless of your evaluation results!"

Marco chuckled softly, poised to reply, when a ringing phone intruded upon their intimate moment.

He couldn't help but feel a twinge of annoyance. Who would call him at such a crucial juncture?

