

Chapter 94 Dirt On Loraine

After the farce the other day, the scandal about Loraine and the mysterious foreign man quickly became a hot topic.

However, this time, people's opinions drastically changed.

"Wow, Loraine is incredibly charming! The sender is either a CEO, a high-ranking official, or a mysterious billionaire. Man, she is so attractive!"

"I support Loraine. Who says that a woman can't find a new boyfriend after divorce?"

"Loraine, please write a book on how to chase men. I've even come up with the name of the book—How to Make a Man Spend Millions for Me. I will be the first one to buy it!"

In the past, people despised Loraine for being skittish. They all envied her now for her charm and how all men pursued her.

Keely soon saw the hot topic on the internet. She was still in the hospital for recuperation. Her blood boiled with rage. She wanted to smash her phone.

Jealousy reared its ugly head again. She soon began

posting anonymous comments.

"Look carefully! Loraine is a woman abandoned by Marco. She has no potential and has been shamelessly seducing men."

Soon, countless replies flooded under her comment.

"Are you jealous the rich man doesn't like you and that he only likes the abandoned woman you mentioned?"

Keely's anger reached its peak. She immediately replied, "Who would be jealous of a country bumpkin like Loraine? Keely is far better than her. Marco divorced Loraine for Keely, which means she is a thousand times better than Loraine!"

However, she got a reply almost immediately. "But Marco hasn't married Keely yet."

Keely was so angry that she sprang up from the bed.

"Damn it! Ouch..."

The sudden movement caused intense pain in her fractured leg.

Keely hissed and looked at the cast on her right leg. She was in severe pain and wondered why Marco hadn't come to visit her.

Keely took pictures of her injured leg and sent them to Marco.

"Marco, my leg hurts. Last night, I had a nightmare about Jorge again. He was covered in blood. I'm terrified. Can you please come to the hospital and accompany me?" she texted.

At first, Keely was just angry. She had been sending a lot of messages to Marco for the past few days, but he never replied.

Therefore, Keely didn't think he would reply this time either.

However, five minutes later, her phone vibrated.

It was a message from Marco.

Keely eagerly opened the message and saw a string of numbers.

Her brows furrowed in confusion. She didn't know what it meant.

A moment later, she received another message. "This is the phone number of an international psychologist. Sleeplessness and night terrors are symptoms of mental illness. I suggest you contact him for advice."

The happiness on Keely's face vanished in an instant.

She checked her message to see if she had sent something wrong. How could Marco ask her to see a psychiatrist?

His heartlessness infuriated her.

Keely frantically texted Marco like a demented woman.

"Don't do this to me, Marco. You promised Jorge that you would take good care of me!"

"I don't want to see a psychologist. I want you. You are my medicine."

"Please come and stay with me. My leg hurts! You are all I have. Don't abandon me."

Keely relentlessly sent messages along with her photos.

Initially, she only sent photos of her injured leg. Later, she started sending photos of her crying face, purposefully revealing her collarbone and cleavage.

After sending dozens of messages, he finally replied.

"I'm sorry. I'm Carl Dixon, Mr. Bryant's assistant. Mr. Bryant is busy with the collaboration project with Miss Torres. He doesn't have time to check his phone, so he arranged for me to reply to you."

Keely's hand stilled on the phone. She stopped typing the message.

She received another message.

"And, Miss Haywood, please stop sending your photos. I already have a girlfriend and am loyal to her."

Only then did Keely realize she had been flirting with a strange man and failed even at that.

Her face flushed with embarrassment, and she grew furious.

She couldn't give up.

She had to find a way to prevent Loraine from using the cooperative project to win Marco back.

She couldn't let them get in touch with each other.

Keely immediately picked up her phone and called the private detective.

"I want you to give me gossip about Loraine. I don't care how much it costs. I want it to completely ruin her reputation and cause irreparable damages."

Keely lay back on the bed after the phone call. The flames of jealousy engulfed her. She wanted Loraine to lose her money and reputation at once.

Fortunately, Keely didn't have to wait for long. Soon, someone contacted her.

"Will you pay me as long as I share gossip about Loraine with you?"

Keely's eyes lit up. "Yes. The more dramatic the gossip is, the better. You won't suffer any loss. I promise."