

## Chapter 1009 The Scent On The Silk Scarf

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On the opposite end, Aria hesitated. Her lips pressed together, a telltale sign of her uncertainty, as she stood motionless, grappling with her thoughts.

Should she act on her intuition? What if she misread the situation and accused Cayson wrongly? She couldn't risk upsetting Loraine, who undoubtedly viewed Cayson as family.

Yet, her gut churned with unease. If Cayson had wormed his way into Loraine's trust, she might be blind to any treachery. Aria feared the consequences of such blind faith.

Then, something caught her eye— the silk scarf dangling from her waist. Why would a man carry a lady's accessory? It seemed too convenient, almost as if it were a planned contingency for whatever fate befell Loraine's own scarf.

Moreover, Loraine's dress was flawless without the scarf. If anything, it only marred the elegance of her slender neck. Cayson's actions became increasingly suspect in Aria's mind.

Frowning, she pondered, her nose twitching with thought.

The fragrance she'd noticed earlier, lingering near Loraine, now emanated from the scarf. It was no longer a mere perfume; it was a clue.

Though she struggled to connect the dots immediately, her intuition buzzed with warning. She resolved to act, abandoning her hesitation to follow them.

But as she took a few steps forward, a wave of dizziness washed over her, like a sudden storm striking an unsuspecting ship. Her legs threatened to buckle beneath her.

In an instant, she found herself tumbling to the floor. Just as she felt the earth beneath her, a supporting hand reached out, saving her from a harsh impact.

Blinking away the haze, Aria's vision focused on the face of the man who had caught her. "Marco?" Her voice carried both surprise and relief. "What are you doing here?"

Little did she expect to find Marco, the elusive figure the Cruz family had tirelessly searched for. Now the man was standing before her, his brow furrowed in concern.

With Marco's help, Aria regained her footing. Before he could voice his concern, she cut him off. "Marco! Why are you here?" Marco's intended reprimand faltered as Aria's words hung in the air. He managed a response after a moment, his tone tinged with worry. "I should be asking you the same. Why are you out and about when you're clearly not well?"

Aria's eyes widened as realization dawned on her. Hastily, she retrieved a scarf from her waist, bringing it to her nose with a mix of excitement and anxiety. "This scent... it's the one!"

Marco's confusion deepened, his concern growing. What was she on about?

He had merely been passing by when he noticed Aria's stumble, prompting him to lend a hand. Seeing she was physically unharmed, he had been about to leave when her urgent exclamation halted his steps.

She even grabbed his arm. "Marco! There's something amiss with this silk scarf! You must find Lorrie. She's fallen into a trap set by her male companion!"

Though taken aback by her sudden revelation, Marco quickly grasped the gravity of the situation. His expression darkened as he absorbed her words.

Despite his concern, he still noticed Aria's frailty. He frowned and guided her to a nearby spot to sit, giving her quick instructions before dashing off in the direction she'd pointed.

He knew well that Loraine had arrived with Cayson that evening, making him the likely suspect.

There was no need for further explanation. Marco's mind raced with possibilities the moment Aria mentioned the tainted scarf.

Cayson's audacity!

With each step, his anger simmered beneath the surface. Cayson's betrayal cut deep, a betrayal not just to Loraine, but to the trust she had placed in him. How dare he stoop so low?

On the flip side, Loraine found herself battling a slight dizziness as she entered the banquet hall. A gentle rub between her eyebrows did little to ease the sensation. Across the room, a cluster of men raised their glasses, their eyes alight with recognition as they spotted her. Among them stood the unmistakable figure of the boss of a renowned enterprise, his wine poised for a toast.

With a flicker of recognition, Loraine accepted the wine, taking a delicate sip before engaging in conversation.

Yet, to her surprise, her usually sturdy tolerance for alcohol seemed to have deserted her, leaving her head spinning with just a single sip. The air grew thick, and the scarf around her neck became stifling, prompting her to cast it aside in a moment of discomfort.

As she did so, a sudden collision with a guest sent her fingers brushing against the silk rose adorning her chest, its petals



moist to the touch.

Bewilderment clouded her already muddled mind as she pondered the unexpected sensation. Why would there be perfume within the silk flower?

Before she could unravel the mystery, the sickly sweet scent enveloped her senses.

She surveyed the influx of guests, a grim realization dawning upon her.

The perfume on the silk flower Cayson had gifted her was tainted!

Meanwhile, Cayson, having already left, reentered the reception room with purposeful strides. With a commanding presence, he motioned for the men to leave, his voice carrying authority as he spoke into his phone. "Loraine belongs to me alone. Clear out these intruders."

Though the response from the other end was muffled, the group of men departed without question.

With the room now cleared, Cayson approached the sofa, his gaze locking onto Loraine's flushed face, now unconscious. A potent mix of surprise and desire flickered in his eyes as he moved to loosen his tie, his steps measured as he reached out to her, feigning concern. "Lorrie, what's wrong with you?"

## Chapter 1010 Twisted Feelings

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Loraine was already feeling dizzy. Cayson supported her, but she couldn't recognize him. However, her strong willpower prevented her from succumbing to complete unconsciousness.

She realized that the person who came was no longer someone she could trust entirely.

Her suspicion about the perfume now firmly occupied her mind, keeping her barely conscious. She pushed Cayson away, closed her eyes in dizziness, and feigned calmness. "Nothing. I'm just a little unwell."

But she was too weak to push him away.

Cayson looked at her with pity, his emotions complex. He held her and whispered in frustration, "Why don't you ever listen to me? Lorrie, remember what I said? I'm still here for you when you're in trouble. Why do you forget? Why don't you come to me?"

Unfortunately, Loraine couldn't hear him now. The effects of the perfume accumulated over time, and now they erupted, sending a wave of heat through her body.

She couldn't resist tilting her head. The silk scarf she had removed smelled sweet, and her delicate neck was now visible to Cayson.

Cayson halted his monologue, his gaze fixating on the enticing view before him.

He had always had feelings for Loraine, and at this moment,

she was irresistible to anyone, especially him.

Cayson's eyes darkened. He took the silk scarf with trembling hands and tied it around Loraine's neck again. The elusive sensation grew stronger, even making his eyes turn red.

He breathed heavily but remembered they were in a reception room where someone could enter at any moment. Then he carried Loraine to the nearby lounge.

After gently settling her onto the bed, Cayson's heart raced with anticipation, causing him to tremble.

He had been waiting for this moment for a long time.

However, to truly have Loraine, he knew he couldn't rush.

After closing his eyes briefly, Cayson fought down the urge and left through the door.

At the door of the lounge, a man bowed respectfully and said, "Mr. Benton, as per your father's instructions, we've cleared out the people sent by the Wilson family. We'll bring people over in about an hour."

In the initial plan, after Loraine was drugged, the gangsters would take care of her, and those businessmen were all supposed to be "witnesses." But since Cayson wanted Loraine, Jaden would certainly grant his son this opportunity.

Cayson nodded and motioned for his man to leave. He then turned, trembling as he closed the door, and slowly approached Loraine.

He gazed at Loraine's dazed expression and the pink flush on her delicate skin. Suddenly, he could no longer contain his desire.

Cayson reached out, trembling, and touched the face he had

longed for, whispering, "Lorrie..."

Loraine felt only heat and discomfort, her consciousness drifting as if at sea. But she sensed someone pressing against her and knew it wasn't the man she truly loved and for whom she would sacrifice everything.

Tears poured from her red eyes, and she fought against the person with all her might.

"Go away! You're not Marco. I need to find him!"

Her voice, softened and sweetened by the effects of the drug, was a demeanor Cayson had never seen in her when sober. The sight of tears in the corners of her eyes was both pitiful and adorable.

However, this appealing sight didn't bring him any joy. Even in this state, Loraine was still calling out for Marco!

Cayson's eyes filled with jealousy and he clenched his teeth, pinning Loraine's hands to the bed and staring into her eyes intensely. "Loraine! Loraine! Look at me! Do you recognize who I am?"

Loraine sobbed and continuously shook her head.

Cayson gritted his teeth again, then suddenly lowered his voice to almost a whisper, pleading, "Lorrie, Marco doesn't deserve you. Can you please stop thinking about him, okay?"

He seemed to be losing his grip on reality, not waiting for Loraine's reply, and muttered coldly to himself, "It doesn't matter... From now on, you belong only to me!"

Just as Cayson finished speaking and moved to kiss her, there was a sudden knock on the door.

"Mr. Benton! Bad news! Something's gone wrong! We need to



move to another location immediately!



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