

Chapter 1011 Marco Came In Time

Cayson, suddenly interrupted, wore a clear expression of distress on his face.

He clenched his teeth, even thought about hurting the foolish man outside, but he kept his cool. He knew he couldn't.

Not for any other reason, but because what he was doing today couldn't be exposed!

Even though he didn't come up with the idea, he joined in. And now, he's the one doing it. If it went wrong, someone from the Wilson family who came up with the plan wouldn't be in trouble, but he and his father wouldn't be able to change course!

Cayson took a deep breath to calm himself, then reluctantly glanced at Loraine in bed before leaving with a sad expression.

The plan was so well hidden that only Jaden's confidants and the people arranged by the Wilson family knew about it. So Cayson was sure that nobody would leak it. Besides, the voice outside the door was from his trusted subordinate.

So, without thinking much, Cayson walked up to the door. He unlocked it and, in a deep voice, asked angrily, "What's going on? Why are you in such a rush?"

But before he could finish, the door burst open, and he was thrown to the floor. Before he could react, a fist slammed into his face.

Suddenly, a sharp pain shot through his nose, making him cry

out.

Cayson was shocked and angry. Instinctively, he tried to block the attack, but someone grabbed his collar, and two more fists landed on him.

As tears welled up in his eyes and the taste of blood filled his mouth, he managed to look up. He saw Marco, with anger burning in his eyes, looking down at him coldly, like he was some kind of death god.

At that moment, Marco seemed to regard him as nothing more than an ant, easily crushed. Fear gripped Cayson's heart.

Then, Loraine, lying on the bed, made a sound. Marco ignored Cayson completely, his expression changing. He hurried into the room, going to Loraine's bedside.

When he saw Loraine, his fury grew, and he exclaimed, "How could you drug her? How dare you!"

Marco had never seen Cayson as a real threat, always thinking Cayson was good to Loraine, being the gentleman everyone saw him as. He never expected him to do something so shameless!

Cayson struggled to his feet, spitting out blood. Wiping his mouth, he looked at Marco, resentment burning in his eyes.

He was so close to getting Loraine, and Marco had ruined everything!

It ignited a fire of hatred within him, drowning out his rational thoughts of anger and fear.

Marco was kept getting in his way! He had to make Marco pay for it!

Suddenly, Cayson's eyes fell on a vase on the table. With resolve in his eyes, he grabbed the vase and charged at Marco.

Even if it meant risking his life, he wouldn't let Marco off the hook today!

But Marco remained unmoved by the scene, except for a hint of contempt in his eyes.

Although Cayson acted quickly, he wasn't as skilled in fighting as Marco, who had been on guard. As Cayson reached for the vase, Marco was already up and close, ready to protect Loraine.

As Cayson lifted the vase, Marco effortlessly grabbed his wrist, snapping the vase with a swift backhand. A kick to the chest sent Cayson sprawling to the floor, his forehead veins bulging with effort as if he wanted to fight back with all his might.

But Marco had no interest in fighting him. He waved his hand in disdain. In a flash, several bodyguards burst into the room, quickly overpowering Cayson.

Pinned to the floor, Cayson shouted angrily, "Let me go, Marco! I'll kill you!"

In a cold voice, Marco replied, "I won't kill you. I'll make you suffer more than death. You shouldn't have messed with Loraine so carelessly!"

Upon hearing this, Cayson froze for a moment. Then, with a bitter laugh, he said, "Why? I'm the one who's always there for Loraine, treating her better. How come you get a place in her heart while I don't?"

Marco looked at him with contempt and said slowly, "Because I've always respected her. I'd never do anything against her will just to have her! That's not love, that's cruelty!"

Cayson was shocked to hear this. Then Marco added, "Moreover, when I met Loraine, you didn't even know her."

Chapter 1012 Let It Happen

Nobody could sense the self-satisfaction hidden in Marco's composed voice. Cayson, bewildered and unsure, seemed on the verge of questioning him.

But before he could articulate his confusion, Loraine's soft sobs pierced the air from behind, signaling her distress.

Marco's demeanor shifted. He abandoned his confrontation with Cayson, turned, and strode towards Loraine. Commanding his subordinate in an icy tone, he said, "I'll take Loraine away from here first. Handle this bastard on your own."

His subordinate promptly complied, securing Cayson's hands and attempting to remove him. Cayson resisted, shouting, "You can't do this to me!"

A chilling glance from Marco quelled any hesitancy in his subordinate, who then subdued Cayson with a swift strike to the neck, rendering him unconscious, before dragging him away swiftly to avoid further obstructing Marco.

Turning his attention to Loraine, who lay on the bed, Marco's expression softened. He then gently scooped her into his arms.

Though she struggled weakly, the scent of his presence calmed her down, and she whispered his name plaintively, "Marco..."

Upon hearing her voice, Marco's heart melted, and he said, "It's me. Don't be scared. I'm here."

Her tension eased, and she curled into him, occasionally whimpering in discomfort from the drug's effects.

Marco smoothed her disheveled hair as his gaze hardened as he carried her out.

Thanks to his men clearing the path for him, he managed to leave the banquet hall and he got Loraine back to his car safely.

The journey was strenuous; sweat began to form on Marco's forehead, and veins throbbed in his arms.

It was even harder, due to the fact that Loraine was restless.

Despite the effort it took, a longing look crossed Marco's face as he glanced down at her, his throat tightening with emotion.

At this moment, Loraine's dress had slipped down due to her movements, exposing her delicate shoulders and much of her chest.

She had struggled with the drug's effects throughout the journey. Feeling secure with someone she trusted, she didn't hold back. Her hands roamed his back and chest.

Occasionally, she would press her warm face against his chest, breathing against his skin and occasionally licking it. In a tender, needy voice, she murmured, "I'm feeling hot!"

The car was spacious, yet Marco felt overwhelmed. He applied a bottle of ice water to her face to cool her down and used a towel to dab away her sweat.

The driver was aware of the situation, so he had discreetly moved away with the other men to stand guard. Meanwhile, the air inside the car grew increasingly warm and heavy with tension.

Maintaining his composure, Marco said to her softly, "The doctor is on his way. Just hold on a little longer..."

Suddenly, Loraine burst into tears, her sobs heart-wrenching.

She cried out, "You really don't love me anymore. You won't even be intimate with me! You broke my heart!"

Marco clenched his jaw, his forehead veins throbbing. Despite everything, he was relieved that Loraine still recognized him under the drug's influence.

He gently kissed her, murmuring, "I do love you. It's just that we promised to wait until we're married. Let me help you with my hands for now, okay?"

Loraine responded by kissing his face haphazardly. When she looked at him, her eyes filled with desire. She abruptly refused. "No!"

Her refusal was brief. Soon, she was crying again, her voice filled with sorrow. "I've waited for you for so long. Don't deceive me or abandon me. I was so scared of being all alone!"

Marco's eyes carried a burden of guilt as he recognized the echoes of the past car accident in Loraine's vulnerable state. Usually resilient and composed, she only showed her softer side in moments of deep distress.

Frustrated by the delay, he glanced at his phone for any update. His irritation grew upon realizing the doctor had yet to arrive.

Just then, a message from the doctor caught his eye. "Mr. Bryant, the sample has been reviewed. Normally, releasing the effect poses no harm, but suppressing it could be detrimental to health."

Recalling the questionable silk scarf he had retrieved from Aria, Marco had sent it for analysis, hoping for some insight.

The doctor's advice was clear, suggesting that the most straightforward course might be the least harmful.

At that moment, Loraine, her eyes shimmering with tears and

her dress partly undone, was making overt attempts to allure him.

The lingering scent of her perfume filled the air, causing Marco to wonder if he, too, was under the influence of the drug.

Surrendering to the inevitable, he embraced her gently, pressing his lips against her neck to leave a soft mark of his affection. Then, with a voice filled with resolve, he murmured, "Blame me tomorrow if you must. For now, let me ease your discomfort."



Chapter 1013 After The Sex

The luxurious car with a robust frame and excellent performance swayed and bounced like a leaf in a storm.

The tinted one-way glass, however, enclosed the scenes and sounds within the car.

Thanks to the loyal subordinates keeping watch, no one could get close to the car.

Eventually, the car settled down.

Inside, Marco rolled down the window to let in some air and carefully poured water to clean Loraine's sticky skin. His gaze darkened as he looked at her, but he held himself back from going further.

Exhausted, Loraine fell asleep, her face glowing with a warm flush of contentment.

Marco's eyes softened with affection. He leaned down to kiss her gently, his love and concern brimming.

It was a bit of a coincidence, but he finally had sex with Loraine.

Marco wrapped Loraine in a blanket from the car, then cracked open the window and lit a cigarette.

Marco's phone buzzed. His subordinate sent a message to him. "Mr. Bryant, Cayson has been dealt with and put away. We're waiting for your next instructions. At the banquet, the Wilson family realized what had happened and started searching for Miss Torres."

Marco chuckled coldly and looked at Loraine, who stirred in her sleep, showing signs of discomfort for the first sex.

He felt somewhat guilty. He wanted to make their first sex special, but it happened in this situation. In the end, he couldn't give Loraine the best setting and experience.

His thoughts turned dark as he considered the person responsible for this situation. He texted back. "Hold off on the Wilson family for now. As for Cayson, beat him up, but don't kill him!"

After sending the message, he escorted Loraine to the hotel and ensured to clean her up thoroughly once more.

But the Wilson family had harmed Loraine; how could he not retaliate?

While Loraine was still asleep, Marco got everything in order with a stern expression. He had his team arrange for a duplicate of the dress Loraine wore and made sure the one she took off was cleaned...

After organizing everything, Marco sat quietly by the bed, watching her sleep peacefully, and couldn't help but smile contentedly.

He confessed that he felt so happy to have had sex with Loraine.

Soon, under his watchful eye, Loraine began to wake up. Still half-asleep, she murmured, "Marco!"

Marco quickly took her hand and reassured her. "I'm here, Loraine."

As she opened her eyes and saw him, tears welled up in her eyes.

The memory of Loraine discovering she had been drugged and was being taken away still haunted her. When she saw Marco, she rushed into his arms, scared. With tears and frustration, she sobbed and said, "Why did you take so long to come?"

Recalling Loraine's earlier distress and tearful complaints before they became intimate, Marco felt deeply guilty, accepted her reproach, and sincerely apologized. "It won't happen again. I won't let you be in danger again."

Loraine sniffled, her emotions calmed, and she actually began to remember some blurry details of what had happened just moments ago.

Moreover, the unusual sensations in her body were so pronounced, how could she not realize what had occurred? But she felt too embarrassed to mention it, pretended she knew nothing, and quietly sought comfort in Marco's arms instead.

Oblivious to her shyness, Marco only sensed he had made a mistake. Feeling uneasy, he confessed honestly and sincerely, "You were drugged earlier, and the doctor warned that not completing the release could harm your body, so I did it without asking. I broke the promise I made to your grandpa at first. You can punish or scold me, and I'll accept it."

Loraine blushed deeply and gripped his shirt. After a pause, she whispered faintly, "You don't have to mention it! I won't hold it against you."

Plus, she was drugged, passed out, and still recalled fragments. The more Marco shouldered all the blame, the more Loraine remembered how shamefully she had cried and begged for sex.

Loraine shut her eyes, speaking softly. "After all, you rescued me; you didn't hurt me."

She wanted to brush past this topic swiftly, her voice becoming quieter. "You didn't do anything wrong in this matter."

Unfortunately, Marco, who was usually sharp and thoughtful, appeared to have lost his composure. He straightened up and replied seriously, "I won't deceive you anymore, so naturally, I have to tell you the truth."



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Chapter 1014 Vincent Met Aria

Upon hearing this, a mixture of embarrassment and annoyance flooded Loraine's senses. Yet, she understood that maintaining silence now was her best chance at steering Marco away from the topic. So, she nestled quietly in his embrace. As time passed, memories of the events preceding this moment surfaced in her mind. Though a hint of bitterness lingered, she found herself more captivated by Marco's presence.

Indeed, except for that singular instance when Marco's actions were dictated by forces beyond his control, he had always arrived in the nick of time whenever she faced danger. Considering this, Loraine couldn't help but feel that her harsh criticisms were unjustified.

In essence, Loraine's heart underwent a profound softening, leading to a significant shift in her attitude.

Their embrace endured until the serene atmosphere was broken by the ringing of Marco's phone.

Aware of the myriad responsibilities awaiting Marco post-incident, Loraine purposefully disengaged from his embrace, signaling her intention to step aside.

Marco's grip tightened, preventing Loraine from withdrawing. His voice lowered as he spoke. "Let's tackle this together. Your perspective is crucial in handling this matter."

Loraine fell into a contemplative silence. She had been intentionally evading thoughts about the incident, but she realized that confronting what had transpired was inevitable.

She looked at Marco's phone, the screen lighting up with urgent information. With anticipation hanging in the air, Marco's subordinate relayed. "Mr. Bryant, the new dress is ready." Pausing dramatically, he continued, "We found an aphrodisiac sachet cleverly hidden inside the butterfly decoration on Miss Torres's dress."

The subordinate presented the dress with a flourish, showcasing the butterfly decoration where the sachet had been discovered. "The sachet shows signs of being punctured by a needle, and the substance matches the one found on the scarf."

A pallor washed over Loraine's face, memories flooding back of Cayson's tender gaze as he tied the scarf, delicately pinning the silk rose in place for her.

Despite her reluctance, Loraine had to come to terms with the undeniable truth: it was Cayson who had drugged her.

Marco, attuned to Loraine's emotional turmoil, pulled her closer in a comforting embrace. Rather than using the moment to disparage his past romantic competitor, he chose silent solidarity, becoming Loraine's steadfast support.

After a prolonged silence, Loraine managed a self-mocking smile and spoke softly. "The dress was a gift from Cayson, and he personally adorned me with the scarf and silk rose."

She paused, her eyes locking onto Marco's as if searching for answers in his expression. Time seemed to stand still before she whispered softly, "Could I have erred? He's like my brother. How can he..."

The genuine care Cayson had showered upon her since childhood felt palpable, and Loraine held onto the belief that Cayson had once treasured her.

Loraine took a moment to introspect, questioning the appropriateness of her approach in handling the situation.

Marco enveloped her in a tight embrace, his voice gentle as he reassured her. "This isn't on you. People evolve, circumstances shift. And remember, it's not just Cayson; someone from the Wilson family played a part in this."

Resting her weight against his shoulder, Loraine nodded subtly. Moments later, she shut her eyes and spoke with a chill in her tone. "Anyone aiming to harm me won't slip from my grasp."

Meanwhile, Vincent made his way into the hall, the dress in hand. He hadn't been one for these gatherings in the past. The sole reason for his presence tonight was Loraine's expected attendance.

Glancing around, frustration crept into Vincent's expression as he failed to spot Loraine. His initial impulse to seek Kaley's assistance faltered as he realized Kaley was also conspicuously absent.

Vincent found it peculiar that his niece, who typically relished such gatherings, was nowhere to be found today. The absence of both Loraine and Kaley added an unexpected twist to the evening.

Vincent's confusion deepened. As he scanned the hall, his eyes landed on a young girl slumped in her seat, her face flushed with an unusual intensity. Frowning deeply, she lay with her head resting on the table.

Approaching with genuine concern etched on his face, Vincent gently inquired, "Miss, are you feeling alright? Do you require medical assistance?"

Aria raised her head to meet his gaze and shook her head slightly. The discomfort in her body seemed to intensify, evident in her strained expression.

Vincent scratched his head in mild confusion but maintained his gentle tone. "Have you happened to see a tall, slender lady



named Loraine Torres around here?" he asked, hoping for a clue to her whereabouts.

Vincent barely finished his sentence when he noticed the girl abruptly lift her head, eyeing him with suspicion. "Who are you? Why are you so interested in her? You must have some ulterior motive." She accused, her tone wary and defensive.

Bewildered, Vincent couldn't fathom why he was being accused of wrongdoing, especially on the Wilson family's own premises.

His dissatisfaction simmered beneath the surface. Despite finding the girl's appearance charming, her temper didn't match Loraine's grace. Vincent snorted softly before clarifying, "I'm a member of the Wilson family. I mean you no harm. My sole purpose is to locate Loraine."

The mention of the Wilson family triggered Aria's memory of Kaley, fueling her disdain. Her voice dripped with even more contempt as she warned, "The Wilson family? That's even worse! Don't you dare harm Lorrie. My cousin, Marco Bryant, is on his way to rescue her!"

Vincent's eyebrows shot up in surprise as recognition dawned upon him. The charming, slightly plump girl before him was none other than the delicate daughter of the Cruz family. A wave of emotions swept over him, and just as he was about to speak, the lights at the banquet hall dimmed, signaling a change in the atmosphere.

His gaze shifted to the stage, where a person he held contempt for stood, delivering a thank-you speech in a hypocritical manner. As the speech progressed, the individual followed protocol by acknowledging the presence of the attending companies.

Without warning, she brought up a name that shouldn't have been mentioned so soon. The sound system softly echoed her question, and Jaylah's somewhat malicious voice pierced the



air once more. "Pardon me, but is anyone representing the Universe Group present?"

A prolonged silence followed, with no response forthcoming.



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Chapter 1015 The Fighting Back Of Loraine

Although Vincent typically avoided involvement in family matters and detested such gatherings, his familiarity with protocol remained intact.

In the intricate hierarchy of acknowledgments, fame, and status dictated precedence—higher status translated to earlier gratitude.

Given the numerous influential families in Zodiac, the premature mention of the Universe Group seemed irregular.

Vincent's brows knit together in suspicion upon hearing the sequence.

Knowing his sister's tendencies, his initial assumption was that Jaylah was stirring trouble once more.

This notion only deepened his displeasure. What possible feud could Jaylah have with Loraine? It likely stemmed from trivial disputes between Kaley and Loraine! The elder meddling in the grievances of the younger generation seemed petty!

Just then, Kaley, whom he had been unable to locate earlier, emerged and approached the stage, her expression filled with concern. "Is everything alright? I just saw the CEO of the Universe Group. Miss Torres should be here..."

A voice from offstage echoed as if to confirm her suspicions, "I overheard a waiter saying someone was intoxicated and had been escorted to the lounge. Could that be the CEO of the Universe Group?"

Frowning, Jaylah let out a gentle sigh. "She got drunk before the banquet even began. Miss Torres is truly..."

Before she could finish, a servant from the Wilson family hurried over, interrupting her. "Something has happened in the lounge!"

A murmur rippled through the crowd beneath the stage. The mention of the Universe Group CEO possibly being involved in an incident in the lounge sparked curiosity and speculation.

With Jaylah's subtle insinuation, the notion of the CEO overindulging without decorum had already taken root in the minds of some attendees.

Amidst the gathering crowd, Vincent's brows furrowed deeply as he regarded Jaylah with suspicion.

He had been investigating factions opposing Loraine, some of which led back to the Wilson family. He had a gut feeling that one of them was linked to Jaylah.

Yet, observing Jaylah's demeanor, could it be... just a petty feud?

Though he hadn't deciphered her intentions, he knew her actions tonight, being the theatrically inclined woman she was, were aimed at Loraine!

Meanwhile, the girl beside him grew visibly distressed at the mention of an incident in the lounge. She attempted to leave in haste but stumbled, nearly falling.

He couldn't help but ponder why the daughter of the Cruz family was so careless.

Vincent, feeling a mix of amusement and exasperation, steadied the girl beside him. Just as he was about to speak, Aria, with panic evident in her voice, interjected, "What's happening in the lounge? Is something wrong with Lorrie

because my cousin went there late? I need to go there!"

Watching her fluctuating emotions with mild amusement, Vincent reassured her. "I'm headed to find Loraine as well. I'll escort you there."

Despite Aria's slight weakness from the drug, she didn't resist, her desire to rush over overriding any physical discomfort.

Joining them were members of the Wilson family and other revelers, all gathering outside the lounge. Some craned their necks, eager to catch a glimpse of the unfolding scene.

Typically, unable to navigate through crowds due to her petite stature, Aria found herself effortlessly pushed to the front row by Vincent, granting her an unobstructed view.

Anxiety tinged her gaze as she peered through the unlocked door.

Suddenly, gasps emanated from the lounge, accompanied by inexplicable sounds of furniture being moved.

Outside, expressions twisted in a mix of shock and apprehension as imaginations ran wild.

At the forefront, Jaylah's complexion drained of color upon hearing the commotion. Hastily, she shielded her daughter's ears, assuming the guise of a protective mother appalled by the corruption of innocence. With a stern demeanor, she demanded, "Who is that person in the room? Who dares to engage in such disgraceful behavior at the Wilson family's banquet!"

With the earlier insinuations, the answer dawned on everyone simultaneously - who else could be in the room besides the CEO of the Universe Group?

Aria's face drained of color, her hand tightly clasped by Vincent's. She murmured, "No, my cousin will save Lorrie, I'm

sure of it."

Vincent's grim realization dawned as he comprehended Jaylah's scheme. He shot her a cold, penetrating glare.

Yet, Jaylah remained steadfast in her performance before the onlookers. With a furrowed brow, she demanded, "Open the door. Let's expose this shameless individual!"

Though Vincent harbored doubts about Loraine falling into a trap, he subconsciously attempted to intervene. However, it was too late.

The door yielded easily to the force, revealing several men gathered around the bed in an excited frenzy.

Both Kaley and Jaylah, leading the charge, wore proud smiles. Kaley moved forward, ready to reprimand, but her expression shifted drastically upon glimpsing the figure on the bed. Shock etched across her face, she exclaimed, "Why... why are you here?"

