

Chapter 983 Encounter An Acquaintance

In the restaurant, after Loraine walked away, Cayson crushed the flowers in a fit of rage. Then he sat quietly for quite some time.

Noticing his distressed appearance, a waiter hesitated to approach him. After a few minutes, he cautiously asked, "Sir, would you like your order to be served now?"

Cayson just shot him a cold look, then turned around and left with a firm "No."

Outside, there was no trace of Loraine.

Cayson chuckled sadly, wandering the streets like a lost soul, before ending up at a bar to drown his sorrows.

He knocked back his drink with vigor and quickly became drunk.

The alcohol loosened his usual restraint, and he started hurling insults.

"Marco, you're nothing but a pampered fool. What right do you have to be with Lorrie? I should have dealt with you when you walked out on the Bryant family! If it hadn't been for you, Lorrie would be my wife now, living happily with me, and you wouldn't be in the picture at all!"

Cayson clenched his teeth, feeling as if he was confronting an illusion of Marco. He swung his fist furiously, imagining hitting Marco, and a sense of satisfaction surged within him.

In the dimly lit bar filled with sorrowful people, his actions went unnoticed amidst the sea of drunken behavior.

In a nearby corner, a group of barmaids, scantily clad and heavily made-up, were harassing a newcomer among them. The newcomer, smaller and evidently less experienced, was being pushed around by the others.

One of the barmaids sneered at the newcomer, "Marina, forget about your past as a wealthy lady. Here, your name is Victoria, and you're just another barmaid. If you don't pull your weight and bring in money, you're going to have a rough time!"

Victoria bowed her head, her expression one of timidity and distress, tears brimming in her eyes, yet a fierce hatred simmered beneath her surface.

Once a daughter of affluence who lived lavishly, she now faced the grim reality of surviving as a barmaid, selling her body in a world so far removed from her past luxuries.

Without any other means to support herself after a life of ease, she had been forced into this demeaning job. Otherwise, she faced the stark prospect of starvation.

The barmaid, who had just berated her, placed a hand on her shoulder, adopting the tone of a false intimate sister. "Don't worry, we've all been through it. I know it's tough, but look, I've even brought you some drugs, including philter and knockout drops. If you find a suitable guy, just use them. It's easier that way."

Victoria bit her lip, her mind racing. Just then, she overheard Cayson loudly cursing Marco nearby.

The mention of the name Marco struck a deep nerve, causing her to tremble with renewed hatred. She looked up sharply at the person who mentioned his name, her eyes burning with intensity.

Soon, she recognized Cayson. Although they hadn't met in Vagow, she remembered seeing a few top executives from Universe Group.

Her eyes sparkled. She took the drugs from another woman's hands and walked over to Cayson without a word. The women behind her shouted, "You have a good eye. He's a handsome rich man!"

While Cayson was muttering under his breath, he suddenly heard someone next to him say, "Yes, Marco is a monster! He can even hurt those who cared for him!"

Cayson was so drunk that he only saw a blur. Hearing someone else criticize Marco, he perked up. The woman in front of him seized the moment to offer him a glass of wine.

With a look of intense dislike, she said, "Want a drink? I've suffered because of him too, and I wish I could get rid of him!"

Without hesitation, Cayson gulped down the wine. Soon after, he felt dizzy and mumbled faintly, "Me too..."

The next morning, Cayson woke up with a pounding headache. He rubbed his forehead and opened his eyes, only to find a naked woman lying next to him.

Startled, he quickly snapped to attention and exclaimed, "Who are you? Why are you here?"

Victoria opened her eyes slowly and leaned closer, smiling sweetly. "We had a great time last night, remember? Or have you forgotten me already? It's okay, I've taken some photos to jog your memory."

Cayson's expression turned grim. "What's your price to delete those photos?"

She grinned slyly. "Money? Yes, I want it. But more importantly,

I know there's someone special in your life. Imagine her reaction if she saw these pictures."

Cayson scowled, clenching his teeth. "What do you want?"

"Don't worry, you won't be at a loss," she assured, her smile widening. "I need you to do something for me. Get close to a man you know. His name is Marco."



Chapter 984 Mutual Adversary

Upon hearing the woman's resentful tone as she mentioned Marco, Cayson suddenly recollected the events of the previous night. It dawned on him that their shared disdain for Marco had led him right into her scheme.

He regarded the woman with patience and inquired, "May I ask who you are?" What's your connection to Marco?"

A flicker of animosity flashed in the woman's eyes. She offered a soft smile and replied, "My customers know me as Victoria. As for Marco, just consider him our mutual adversary!"

After pondering for a moment, Cayson found her proposition aligned perfectly with his intentions.

She harbored a vendetta against Marco, just as he did! Moreover, he could handle these photos.

Unperturbed by her enigmatic identity, he nodded and declared, "Very well, count me in!"

With an agreement sealed, Cayson returned home with a somber expression. Hastily retreating to the bathroom, he sought solace in multiple showers. Emerging, clad in a bath towel, he encountered Jaden, who had just returned from outside.

Looking at him, Jaden furrowed his brow and reprimanded. "What transpired last night?"

Cayson remained silent, his expression grim. Jaden's anxiety

escalated as he continued, "What occurred when you invited Loraine out yesterday? Why is she rearranging her schedule again? It seems like she's planning a vacation!"

The unpredictability of Loraine's actions left Jaden feeling overwhelmed. He was constantly apprehensive that if he let his guard down during her absence, she might return unexpectedly and catch him in some compromising situation.

Reflecting on the previous night's incident at the restaurant, Cayson's expression darkened further, and he lapsed into silence.

Jaden slammed his hand on the table, his voice sharp. "Are you incapable of speech? Is your mind consumed solely by Loraine, leaving no room for the Benton family? I'm warning you, there's no going back. If you allow yourself to be swayed by these fleeting emotions now, it will spell ruin for the entire Benton family in the end! And then you'll have no chance to be with her!"

Cayson's fists clenched as he spoke in a strained voice. "I overheard her speaking with Vincent yesterday. She mentioned the possibility of visiting his teacher soon."

Puzzled, Jaden inquired, "Who is Vincent? And who is his teacher?"

"Vincent is a prominent actor, and his teacher is the renowned old artist, Maury Watts."

At the mention of Maury, Jaden's expression shifted abruptly, stirred by memories from years past.

Observing Jaden's reaction, Cayson felt perplexed and asked, "What's the matter?"

With a pallid complexion, Jaden remained silent for a moment. Even with his son, he was reluctant to divulge the truth of that time. After a pause, he spoke coldly. "If you can't rival Marco,

can't you at least surpass that actor? How do you expect to win Loraine over like this?"

Cayson was left speechless by the comment, his anger evident as he clenched his jaw tightly.

Without another word, Jaden hastily departed from the house.

The notion of Loraine visiting the old artist unsettled Jaden. He had been the one to handle the necklace back then and was well aware that the esteemed actor had also been present at that auction.

And if Loraine sought out Maury, she would uncover the truth.

A truth that had long been buried in the car accident should never resurface!

Upon stepping out of the house, Jaden's phone rang. Answering with a stern expression, he listened intently. As the conversation progressed, the unease on his face dissipated, replaced by satisfaction.

With a grin, he responded, "I'll take care of the arrangements!"

Meanwhile, in the Wilson family's residence, Kaley conversed with someone over the phone, her smile radiant. "My mother mentioned that someone would distract the security guards. Your task will be to manipulate the construction site, ensuring a fatal accident occurs at the Universe Group's construction site!"

To please Joseph, she had been residing in the old house for the past couple of days.

At that moment, Vincent, feeling annoyed by Joseph's persistent demands, wrapped up filming and returned to the old house.

Entering the living room, he overheard Kaley's mention of a fatal accident. Curious, he casually inquired, "What fatal accident?"

Seated on the sofa, Kaley jumped slightly, nearly dropping her phone. However, she quickly composed herself, realizing Vincent hadn't caught everything. Adopting a playful tone, she remarked, "Uncle Vincent, how do you manage to move so silently? You even managed to eavesdrop on my phone call. You nearly gave me a heart attack!"

Observing her innocent demeanor, Vincent recalled Loraine's warnings.

He paused, his tone turning cold as he questioned, "Kaley, have you done something that warrants guilt? Otherwise, why are you afraid of being overheard? And what's this about the fatal accident?"

His voice grew stern. "You haven't betrayed the Wilson family, have you?"

Kaley's face paled. Just as she contemplated how to concoct an excuse, a dignified voice interrupted from the doorway, "Why are you being so harsh on Kaley? Isn't it a bit inappropriate for you to eavesdrop on your niece's phone call?"

