

Chapter 871 What's Our Relationship

After making his stance clear, Marco left with Loraine in his arms.

In that instant, the crowd made way for them, with no one daring to intervene.

Just like that, Marco rejected the Cruz family's advances and exited the event, leaving Clifford in a state of embarrassment.

The atmosphere between Marco and Loraine turned silent after they left the banquet hall. When they sat in the car, everything felt surreal.

Loraine noticed Marco was still holding her hand and subtly motioned for him to let go.

Marco, who had just firmly declined Clifford's offer, looked at her with a hint of sorrow and confessed, "I didn't intend to deceive you. I only found out about it recently myself."

Loraine let out a scoff and looked away, deliberately ignoring him.

She pondered if forgiving Marco too readily might lead him to think he could deceive her frequently in the future.

She suddenly paused. Thinking that he had pretended to be Qbot before, she immediately turned her head and looked at him sharply. "There's nothing else you're hiding from me, is there?"

Marco's body stiffened. He was on the verge of revealing his ties to the Solar Company.

However, catching the stern look in Loraine's eyes, he felt a strong sense that such a revelation would upset her deeply.

Loraine was visibly infuriated at the moment. He'd better not make things worse.

Marco forced himself to relax and firmly shook his head. To prevent further probing, he took the initiative and explained, "I found out about this just a little while after the match. I kept it from you to avoid any distractions."

Then, Marco added, "What matters most to me is being with you. So it doesn't matter to me whether I am part of the Cruz family or not."

Loraine remained skeptical. Marco quickly took her hand and placed it against his cheek. He looked at her with sincerity in his eyes. "I promise to tell you everything from now on! In fact, Clifford did try to contact me secretly. But I turned him down right away!"

Loraine knew all about Clifford's unreasonable behavior. Hearing Marco's words, she understood that Clifford was hoping in vain to sway Marco.

She let out a dismissive snort. "The entire Cruz family is so irritating!"

Seeing the grievance in Marco's eyes, she softened her tone, saying, "Except for you and Ariadna, of course."

This time, Clifford played his cards well. He organized an elaborate feast to declare Marco's connection to the Cruz family, leaving Marco cornered. Now, every step Marco took



would inevitably tie back to the Cruz family.

Reflecting on Marco's firm rejection of the Cruz family, Loraine felt a surge of sympathy. She caressed his face and softly muttered, "Why do you have to be so stubborn? I wouldn't be upset if you just talked to me."

She understood Marco's nature all too well. He bore his burdens alone, no matter the weight. Even though he had opened up a bit since they got together, he still kept things to himself if he thought they might strain their relationship.

For instance, he had previously hidden things from her when they were in the Bryant family. But keeping secrets only made misunderstandings more likely.

Loraine never expected him to change so quickly. She hoped that in the future, she could be more patient and trusting toward Marco, offering him a feeling of safety. That way, he might share everything with her.

Marco looked into her eyes and saw tenderness and sympathy. A foolish grin spread across his face, feeling a warmth in his chest.

Deep down, he resolved to tell Loraine about the Solar Company if he got the chance. He didn't want to cause her any more pain.

After the recent events, the silence in the car gave Marco and Loraine a moment to unwind. Loraine stroked his hair gently and said with a mix of sadness and disappointment, "You know, you should share things with me. We can face anything together, alright?"

Marco blinked his eyes and held her in his arms. He couldn't help but ask, feigning ignorance, "What's our relationship now?"

Loraine felt a mix of embarrassment and irritation. But



remembering her recent decision to provide Marco with a secure feeling, she suppressed her shyness and replied, "I'm your girlfriend, soon to be your wife and the mother of our child..."

Marco gazed at her intently. Her unexpected acknowledgment left him speechless. He cleared his throat and asked with a smile, "What was that? I didn't hear it clearly. Could you say it again?"

Loraine's cheeks turned bright red as she gently pinched his cheek and teased, "Keep dreaming!"

Marco just grinned and took the playful scolding. His eyes shone with love.

The air inside the car heated up with the intensity of his gaze, creating a cozy atmosphere. Loraine shifted her gaze. After some time, she whispered the same words again.

Then, she added, "Marco, you've got a point. We are indeed a family. The Torres family will always back you up. If you don't feel like returning to the Cruz family, you're welcome to stay as my partner."

Marco's eyes softened. He nodded quietly. Then, he bowed his head, moved closer, and murmured softly, "Loraine, whatever comes our way, please don't leave me. I belong right next to you. That's where my home is."

Feeling his warm breath, Loraine closed her eyes and attempted to kiss him.

All of a sudden, a woman's voice disrupted the moment from outside the car. "Marco, come out. We need to talk!"



Chapter 872 Grady Was Relieved

The once cozy ambiance in the car vanished with that voice. Loraine quickly pulled away from Marco, attempting to regain her composure.

A wave of annoyance and displeasure washed over Marco's face as he turned to look out the window coldly.

Luckily, the window was made of reflective glass. It gave a perfect view outside while keeping the inside hidden from view.

Marco spotted a woman outside the car window. She was gasping for breath and seemed quite flustered.

It was Florence, dragging along a hesitant Grady.

Marco was furious at her. Without a word, he rolled down the window and shielded Loraine from view. He said flatly, "I have nothing to discuss with you."

Yet, Florence wasn't as arrogant as she used to be. With a flattering smile, she said, "Marco, I've watched you grow up. You and Grady have been friends since you were kids. That previous misunderstanding is nothing. We shouldn't let it spoil our good relations!"

Marco shot her a look of disdain. Florence no longer carried the same air of superiority she once had over him.

Despite her embarrassment, Florence persisted, driven by her concern for her son and their financial prospects.

"Marco, you've always been kind-hearted and ambitious since you were young! You once made the Bryant Group thrive, so you don't need the Cruz family. I see that in you!"

Inside the car, Loraine couldn't help but mock Florence's blatant flattery. She scoffed, "Mrs. Cruz, what are you trying to say? Just cut the crap."

Caught off guard, Florence managed a strained smile. "Well... Let's get to the point. Marco, if you're not interested in the Cruz family inheritance, that's fine. I've got a proposal for you! Considering your long-standing friendship with Grady, he's ready to support you. If you back him as the heir, he'll ensure you're well-rewarded. This way, you don't need to associate with the Cruz family, yet you can still have a respectable status when marrying Loraine!"

Upon hearing this, even Grady, coerced into this situation, felt humiliated.

Florence tried to look considerate, suggesting she was doing Marco a favor. "This way, the benefits stay within our circle. Wouldn't that make everyone happy?"

Marco remained unmoved, and Loraine gave a derisive snort, clearly rejecting Florence's so-called beneficial scheme.

Their attitudes stung Grady. He observed Florence, still forcing a smile while sacrificing her dignity, then glanced at the unimpressed Marco and Loraine. He chuckled bitterly at himself.

At the same time, a fact suddenly dawned on Grady.

The act of measuring himself against Marco and vying for Loraine's affection was just childish and intolerable.

Lorraine was never an object to be claimed, and it wasn't right to debate who was more deserving of her. Besides, she and Marco shared a bond that outsiders couldn't disrupt.

Grady felt a sense of relief, his gaze as clear and sincere as the first time Lorraine saw him.

He openly said, "Marco, I'm stepping back. I hope you and Lorraine find endless joy together."

Marco didn't expect this and, though silent, his look toward Grady became warmer.

Lorraine was equally taken aback and unsure of how to react.

Florence, on the other hand, was both stunned and furious. She yanked Grady's arm, scolding, "What are you saying? You..."

Grady, usually so compliant, shook off her grip and said with a hint of bitterness, "Mom, I never aspired to lead the Cruz family. We've been embarrassed enough. Let's put an end to this."

Florence's expression shifted. "Grady!"

Grady continued calmly, "Didn't you cause trouble for Marco two days ago? How can you face him now, asking for favors?"

His words left Florence embarrassed and Lorraine curious. Had Florence caused trouble for Marco recently? When?

Marco discreetly squeezed Lorraine's hand to reassure her that he was okay.

Grady then looked away and smiled wryly, saying, "Mom, I'm exhausted. I'm planning to... Study abroad."

Florence's face filled with disbelief. "Grady, don't you realize I've done everything for your own good? What's wrong with me

doing this? I..."

However, before she could complete her sentence, Grady bowed deeply. "You're right. It's my fault. I've grown up, but I've always behaved like a child protected by you. Mom, leading the Cruz family was never my dream. You know my true passions. I'm sorry I can't provide you with a life of luxury. Right now, I just want to go abroad and study. Marco is right. I am useless. Even without him, I won't be the head of the family."



Chapter 873 The End Of The Banquet

After saying that, Grady offered a deep bow to Marco and Loraine, his eyes swirling with mixed feelings. "Marco, Loraine, I owe you an apology. I regret any distress caused by my mother and me."

Florence stood there, eyes brimming with tears and body shaking. This was the first time her normally compliant son had defied her!

As Grady turned and walked off without a backward glance, Florence shouted with desperation, "Grady, wait!"

After a brief pause, Grady walked off.

The sun was shining in front of him, and the road ahead seemed wide open and bright.

Florence, in shock, finally understood that the control she thought she had over Grady had slipped away. She could no longer steer his course.

At that moment, her concerns weren't with the Cruz family or pleading with Marco. She nearly lost all control and chased after Grady.

Inside the car, watching her falter away, Marco and Loraine exchanged a knowing look and let out a sigh.

Loraine said, "It looks like Grady has finally chosen his path... I believe he'll do well."

Her animosity towards Florence softened as Loraine recognized the frantic desperation of a mother losing grip on her child.

Marco, feeling a twinge of jealousy, snorted, "Well, Grady's choices are his own. Maybe you should pay more attention to the person right here and show a little more affection to your boyfriend."

Loraine couldn't resist a laugh. She turned and gave him a shy look. The love in her eyes momentarily distracted Marco. He rolled up the window, eager to resume their interrupted moment...

Meanwhile, at the party where Marco had left, Clifford stood awkwardly before everyone.

He was seething inside, but he maintained a composed exterior. He apologized awkwardly, "Marco is just not in the best mood today."

The crowd tried to smooth over the awkwardness. Clifford added with a measured tone, "But let's not forget his identity. It's not a big deal for him to be willful as a member of the Cruz family. However, if anyone's thinking of using this as a chance to get close to him, think twice."

With that, Clifford left the venue. The guests exchanged glances. None dared to openly criticize, given the Cruz family's influence, and eventually, they left one after another.

The event was a mess. Only Jennie seemed bewildered throughout. As the room cleared, she finally collected her thoughts, patted her chest, and let out a scream of mixed emotions.

She was thrilled to have caught wind of such sensational news.

Shortly after, Jennie was startled when someone tapped her shoulder. A wave of relief washed over her as she recognized Jimmie. In her excitement, she grabbed his hand, crumpling the sleeve of his carefully chosen suit.

"Oh my gosh! Who would have thought the party would turn out like this! Jimmie, did you hear that? Marco is actually from the Cruz family! He's really one of them!"

Jimmie offered a helpless smile, gazing at her fondly. Once her flurry of excitement subsided, he admitted, "It's quite the shock. I'm hearing this for the first time too."

Upon hearing that it was the first time that he had known it, Jennie felt better.

Marco didn't even tell Jimmie. It appeared he had just found out himself.

Suddenly, Jennie noticed Jimmie giving her a disapproving stare. She touched her nose self-consciously and asked, "Why are you looking at me like that?"

Jimmie responded slowly, "Jennie, you were supposed to be my date tonight, yet you've spent more time with Loraine than with me."

To make matters worse, the lavish party was a letdown. It wrapped up before Jimmie had the chance to dance with Jennie.

Upon hearing this, Jennie realized she hadn't been the companion she should be. Feeling guilty, she grasped Jimmie's hand and offered a guilty smile. "I've missed Lorrie so much, so I got a bit carried away. How about I make it up to you at another banquet? I'll be the perfect date then, completely focused on you, no wandering off!"

A sly glint flashed through Jimmie's eyes, but he continued to look reluctant.

Jennie didn't know she had fallen into the trap and thought she had taken advantage of him. She shook his arm and coaxed, "Okay?"

As the crowd inside started to disperse, Jimmie reached out to guide her. But in doing so, he accidentally pulled her into his embrace.

With a blink, Jennie lifted her gaze from his embrace to meet his eyes with a look of pure innocence.

Gently, Jimmie ran his fingers through her lavishly colored hair. With a reassuring smile, he murmured, "Time to leave. Just watch out for the crowd."

As he held Jennie in his embrace, he suddenly found himself somewhat appreciative of the lavish yet sloppy banquet earlier tonight.

Comfortably cradling Jennie in his arms, Jimmie navigated them through the exiting guests. As they stepped away from the crowd, he leaned in and whispered, "We have a deal."



Chapter 874 Running Away Again

The thrilling announcement made at the banquet quickly circulated among a select few.

Meanwhile, Ariadna had been locked up in her room all day, watched so closely that even her phone was snatched by Tillie.

Guards covered every corner of the room. Amidst this, Ariadna lay on the bed with a gloomy expression.

This situation left the guards feeling somewhat awkward.

After all, Ariadna was a key figure in the Cruz family, potentially the next in line to take over the family business. They were cautious not to upset her.

So, while the bodyguards seemed stern, they were actually quite lenient. Plus, they were curious about the banquet, huddling together to chat about the events.

Ariadna, overhearing some of their chatter from her bed, rolled her eyes and called Tillie.

Tillie bent towards the bedside, a bit hesitant, remembering the last ordeal. Despite her reservations, she couldn't just ignore Ariadna. With a practiced smile, Tillie asked, "Miss Cruz, what can I do for you?"

Ariadna, observing Tillie's cautious demeanor, realized repeating her previous trick was out of the question, especially with bodyguards stationed outside. Escape through the main

door seemed impossible.

Ariadna looked around the ward quietly and thought about where she could go out. Pretending to be willful, she inquired, "I overheard talk about the banquet. What's the story there? Tell me!"

Tillie, relieved to hear Ariadna wasn't interested in meeting others or selecting outfits, eagerly shared all she knew. She added with a smile, "The banquet has ended. Mr. Cruz will be back soon. We might return to Zodiac today. You won't have to stay here much longer, Miss!"

A chill ran down Ariadna's spine, her heart sinking.

Were they really returning to Zodiac today?

This meant she might lose the opportunity to see Slater again, to apologize and explain everything to him in person.

Ariadna reminisced about Slater's rescue, his genuine, kind, and charming smile. She worried Slater might be upset, believing she lied to him since she missed their meeting today.

The thought of Slater's displeasure mixed with his fading smile broke Ariadna's heart.

She knew she had to see Slater. Otherwise, she'd regret it forever.

Once Ariadna decided on her plan, she was resolute and composed. She instructed Tillie, "Tillie, I need some rest. Have everyone wait outside the room. I don't want any interruptions! And if Dad returns... Just let him know I'm still sleeping. If it's time to head back to Zodiac, he'll have to wait until I'm awake!"

Her words seemed more like a compromise, understanding that the outcome was inevitable.

The only difference was an extra night's stay before heading back to Zodiac. Clifford was definitely willing to give in.

Initially, Tillie was unsure, but then she recalled that it would be unthinkable to have guards in the room while the daughter of the Cruz family was resting. This time, she vowed to keep a strict watch at the door. No mistakes allowed!

With this in mind, Tillie agreed, advising Ariadna to rest well before leaving the room with the guards.

The moment they left, Ariadna's eyes sparkled with determination. She hopped off the bed and arranged the quilt to resemble a lumpy sack. From outside, it would appear as if she was asleep, turned away from the door.

Next, she approached the window, opened it, and braced herself for a glance below.

Her typical compliance proved useful at that moment. Tillie, always the obedient one, only considered how Ariadna might slip out the main entrance. It never crossed her mind that Ariadna might attempt such a dangerous getaway.

They were on the second floor, with an air conditioner unit outside the room providing a makeshift step. Ariadna inhaled deeply and ascended gingerly, resembling a delicate bird.

Thankfully, she landed safely. Once her feet touched the ground, she let out a sigh of relief and felt her legs tremble.

She had managed to escape once more. Ignoring her hospital attire, she dashed to the spot where she was supposed to meet Slater, hoping fervently he would still be there.

As luck would have it, as she approached the bar, panting and clutching her knees, she spotted Slater entering.

Ariadna was filled with happiness and wanted to stop Slater, yet her dry throat prevented her from making even a whisper.

Inhaling deeply, she hurried toward Slater, attempting to intercept him. However, she was stopped at the door.

The guard scowled at the sight of the girl who seemed young and out of place in a hospital gown. He inquired with concern, "Young lady, where did you come from? This isn't a suitable place for you!"

Gazing at Slater moving away, Ariadna felt a rush of worry and quickly said, "Sir, I assure you, I'm an adult. I came to meet a friend. Could you please let me in?"

The security guard remained firm. He pulled out his phone and firmly said, "Wait here. I'm going to call the police to escort you back. This place is not good for you. Be careful!"

With his rich experience, the security guard mistook Ariadna as a teenager who was sick and cheated by her internet lover to come to the bar.

Feeling cornered, Ariadna removed her bracelet, trying to stop him. "Look, this is for you. I haven't been cheated. I urgently need to see a very important friend inside. Please let me through!"



Chapter 875 Drugged Wine

It went without saying, that all of Ariadna's jewelry was of immense value, particularly this silver bracelet adorned with a flawless diamond!

The bar was frequented by rich people, and the seasoned, keen-eyed security guard instantly recognized the bracelet as a genuine, highly valuable piece.

He stared at it, with a look of hesitation on his face. Lately, money had been tight, and the allure of great wealth was hard for him to ignore.

Ariadna's earnest plea, her reasonableness, and her genuine nature swayed him.

He took the bracelet, giving a nod. "This time only. You're free to go."

Ariadna's face lit up with a broad smile. She expressed her gratitude and was about to proceed when she heard his friendly voice. "Looking for the guy who just walked in? He headed that way."

After a heartfelt "thank you," she hurried in the direction the guard pointed.

The bar hadn't changed a bit since her last visit. She paid no mind to the fancy decor. Her only goal was to find Slater, her gaze sweeping through the crowd.

Behind the bar, a man was cleaning glasses without much enthusiasm. His interest piqued when he saw a beautiful





woman alone. But as soon as he recognized Ariadna, fear replaced his desire and he stepped back.

The staff still talked about the recent incident. A colleague had been fired for flirting with Ariadna, and they all knew Slater was behind it. For his own job's sake, the barman knew he should keep his distance from her.

Ariadna's delicate nose wrinkled in distaste at his reaction. She recalled being bothered the last time she was here. Nervously yet politely, she inquired, "Hello, have you seen the man who just came in? He's my friend, Slater."

The barman, wary of upsetting her, pointed the way with a forced smile. "You'll find him in Room 302. Should I let him know you're here?"

Ariadna hesitated, then shook her head. She was there to apologize in person. It wouldn't be right to ask Slater to come out to her.

She made her way quickly to Slater's room. The barman touched his chin thoughtfully and let out a surprised click of his tongue.

He whispered to himself, "Slater's quite the ladies' man, juggling so many at once. And he's charmed by such a young lady. It makes sense he'd fire someone over her."

In his room, Slater was sprawled on a couch, encircled by seven or eight attractive barmaids in revealing outfits. While some were heavily made up, others flaunted their natural beauty. Each one sent seductive glances his way, though Slater maintained an impassive demeanor, not saying a word.

His hand trembled as he held a wine glass, seemingly lost in a drunken daze. Anguish and resentment from Ariadna's rejection consumed him. The playful chatter and heavy



perfume of the barmaids only worsened his mood.

He had already been indulging in drinks elsewhere before he arrived at the bar. Against his expectations, the excessive drinking didn't calm his thoughts but intensified his sorrow. Overwhelmed with negative feelings, he sought the company of numerous barmaids.

Ariadna had rejected him, saying he was not worthy of her. He thought it pointless to mourn a woman who scornfully refused him!

Surrounded by countless beautiful women, he reminded himself not to get stuck on unreciprocated feelings for someone like Ariadna! If she wanted to keep her distance from him, so be it! He wouldn't spare it a second thought! This was how he tried to console himself.

In the past, he delighted in frolicking with bar girls and indulging in feasts, drinks, and merry entertainment for extended periods.

However, today, he had no desire to engage in such festivities.

One daring girl cozied up to him on the couch, wine glass in hand, her huge breasts partially revealed. Her allure was undeniable. She shot him a provocative glance, wrapped her arms around his neck, offered him wine, and showered him with kisses.

Yet, he was unresponsive to her advances. His thoughts wandered back to Ariadna. He pictured her reclining in his embrace, looking up at him with a mix of innocence, warmth, and appreciation in her bright eyes.

Her genuine smile created charming dimples. Her hands were gentle and soft...

He just couldn't shake her image from his thoughts, not even for a short while! Out of the blue, he shoved the bar girl before him. Rage consumed him, as though he wanted to wipe Ariadna's memory from his mind.

The bar girl was startled and asked timidly, "Mr. Lee, are you alright?"

Being poker-faced, Slater gulped a glass of wine. He was bored to death, despite the presence of so many pretty bar girls.

He swiftly emptied several glasses of wine, including the one the barmaid had just offered.

All at once, a wave of intense warmth overtook his body...

The barmaid approached him again with a sly, triumphant grin. As an experienced playboy, he instantly knew his drink had been drugged!

In fit a of rage, he shoved her away and roared, "All of you! Fuck off!"

Frightened by his outburst, all the bar girls hesitated before leaving him alone.

Now by himself, he breathed heavily, staggered to the bathroom, splashed his face with cold water, and attempted to clear his mind.

However, the heat raging through his body showed no signs of calming down. Instead, it grew stronger by the moment.

Completely drunk, he staggered about, shaking his head in a frenzy. On his unsteady path back to his room, he stumbled into the arms of a woman.

His vision was clouded by the effects of the wine, making the

Chapter 875 Drugged Wine



+120 Points at most

woman's face a hazy mystery. He found comfort in the embrace of this delicate woman, whose slight scent of perfume was soothing.

His inebriated mind, coupled with his longing, made him confuse any woman for Ariadna. He imagined hearing Ariadna's soft, shy voice calling, "Slater..."

With a smile, he grabbed the woman's hand and forcefully guided her onto the sofa.



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Chapter 876 Her First Intimate Encounter

Slater thought he had drunk so much that he was beginning to see things. Otherwise, he wouldn't have perceived both the sound of Ariadna's voice and the sight of her face.

She tried to push him away. It barely had any effect, though.

Slater began to chuckle loudly. There wasn't any way that was actually Ariadna.

It was practically impossible for her to be there with him after how she treated him.

Anger and desire overwhelmed him. His eyes were red and puffy. His disheveled state only made him look insane. He felt pathetic. He'd wanted to become a new man for a woman he had only met once, and look how that ended up.

Slater thought the woman before him was the one who had drugged him. All he could think of was granting her what she desperately desired now that she had gone to the extent of drugging him.

Ariadna began to cry because of how aggressive Slater was being.

Why was he acting that way?

Ariadna was terrified. At first she was happy when she entered the private room and saw him, she hadn't expected him to hug her and pin her to the sofa. She desperately tried to resist but

failed repeatedly.

Slater suddenly stopped.

"Slater..." She spoke his name carefully like he was about to break. She tried to get a good look at his face but he suddenly buried his head in her neck.

His breath was uneven and hot against her skin. From her point of view, she could see the veins on his neck bulging. He looked uncomfortable.

Stunned, she quickly glanced around until her gaze finally settled on the half-drunk glass of wine on the table.

Ariadna was simple and innocent, but not stupid. She was able to guess what had happened. She gently pushed his chest and mumbled, "Are you drunk? Or were you drugged?"

The two options seemed to be that case. And it seemed like she was the reason behind them. Guilt washed over her as she realized. He was like that because of her. What was she going to do?

She was lost in thought when Slater's voice broke her out of it. "Ariadna..."

Her cheeks turned bright pink. Her body stiffened.

Slater wasn't himself at the moment, but he called her name?

Before Ariadna could dwell on it, Slater leaned in and placed gentle kisses on her neck, sending shivers down her spine.

It seemed like the more obedient and sensible a child was when they kept themselves under control, the crazier and more rebellious they were when they let go. Ariadna summoned up all her courage, slowly wrapped her arms around his shoulders

and leaned into him.

That day was destined for chaos. Neither of them knew what was going on outside. They were too immersed in themselves to care.

The next day, Slater woke up with a headache. He groaned in pain as he lazily sat up. He glanced around the room. The room was a private one in the bar. It was a mess. He could feel something under him. His eyes widened in shock as he pulled it out. In his hand was a white underwear stained with blood.

Memories from the previous night began to flood his mind. Slater remembered that he was drugged and his face darkened. Especially because he thought the woman was Ariadna.

He clenched his teeth and hurriedly searched for his phone in the pile of messy clothes. Once he found it, he called the bar's manager. "You've made countless mistakes over and over again! Aren't you supposed to be responsible for this bar?! Clearly, you don't want to keep your job! I want to know who drugged me! Now!"

Without letting the manager say anything, he hung up. He tossed his phone aside harshly. The phone landed beside the woman's underwear, causing him to freeze slightly. Yesterday, he had been drugged and didn't know what he was doing, but... The woman was a virgin?

Slater facepalmed. Regret, anger and confusion overwhelmed him. Who was the woman? She probably wasn't the one who drugged him. She wouldn't have left if that was the case.

He picked up the underwear and examined it. It was modest and not revealing, unlike what one would expect from a hot barmaid's. His face morphed into one of horror as the thought that he was actually not imagining the woman as Ariadna crossed his mind. Then he shook his head and denied the

possibility.

Meanwhile, Loraine was on her way to the office. She parked her car and was about to get out of it when her phone rang. She looked at the caller ID and paused. It was Tillie.

As soon as she answered, Tillie rushed her words. "Miss Torres! Miss Cruz... did she come to you? She's gone!"

