

Chapter 1205 The Conflict At The Engagement Party

A sound echoed from the door, accompanied by a male voice. Loraine and Jennie turned toward the noise, spotting Slater as he entered while conversing with Jimmie.

Both women frowned simultaneously, their expressions filled with disgust and dissatisfaction.

Jennie rolled her eyes and muttered, "Why do I feel like his presence just lowered the standard in here to that of a bar?"

Loraine, clearly displeased, added, "And why does he have to be so loud when he's already late?"

As they voiced their frustrations about Slater, they sensed a missing note of agreement from Ariadna. Turning to her, they immediately caught the troubled look on her face.

Loraine asked with concern, "What's wrong, Ariadna? Are you feeling okay?"

Ariadna clamped a hand over her mouth, her face contorting as if she were about to vomit. After a moment, she shook her head slowly and muttered, "I've got a stomachache."

Her gaze drifted to Slater, who was laughing heartily. His arm was linked with a delicate woman who looked up at him adoringly and offered a sweet smile. The intimacy between them was unmistakable.

A pang of something sharp twisted in Ariadna's chest.

Memories of a last, painful phone conversation with Slater flashed through her mind, threatening to bring tears to her eyes.

She fought back the urge to cry, masking her turmoil with a strained smile. "Who's that with him?" she asked, trying to sound casual.

Loraine and Jennie followed Ariadna's gaze, confirming she was looking at Slater. Jennie rolled her eyes. "That woman? Slater's silly girlfriend. They're a perfect match," she said dismissively.

Ariadna's face drained of color at Jennie's words. Noticing Ariadna's distress, Jennie's expression softened. "I don't want to deal with that silly couple right now. Ariadna, you look unwell. How about I take you to the lounge to rest?"

No one could guess the turmoil brewing inside Ariadna. She lowered her head and nodded. "Thank you, Jennie."

Loraine frowned as she watched them leave, deep lines of concern etching her face as she pondered Ariadna's condition. Rising, she stepped outside to find Marco, who was in the midst of changing into his suit. One look at Loraine's troubled expression told Marco that something was wrong. Upon inquiring, Marco quickly understood the situation.

Trudy wasn't on the invitation list for the event, but she was there.

Though Loraine remained composed, Marco sensed her deep displeasure. He knew well enough that Trudy's past actions had already earned her Loraine's disdain, and both he and Jimmie shared similar sentiments.

When he had extended the invitation to Slater, Marco had

Chapter 1205 The Conflict At The Engagement P 🎁 +120 Points at most
made it clear it was meant to be a casual gathering among
friends, explicitly stating that outsiders were not welcome.

Yet, Slater had brought Trudy along anyway?

Frowning, Marco tried to comfort Loraine, patting her hand
gently before leading her to Slater.

Slater greeted Marco cheerfully, oblivious to the tension on
his face.

Sensing the awkward atmosphere, Trudy spoke up
deliberately. "Loraine, I've almost fully recovered from the
incident when I drank for you and ended up in hospital. Slater
mentioned his good friend, Mr. Bryant, is getting engaged, so
I thought I'd join for the celebration... Is that okay?"

Loraine's eyes narrowed ever so slightly at the mention of the
drinking incident, a flicker of irritation visible. However, her
expression quickly shifted to a polite smile. "I don't mind you
being here, Trudy, but remember, it's an engagement party—
there will be plenty of drinks. Given your allergy to alcohol, it
might not be safe for you, right? If something were to happen
to you again, I'd inevitably be blamed, wouldn't I?"

Trudy visibly flinched, looking as if she felt threatened. She
sought refuge behind Slater and spoke in a pleading tone.
"Loraine, I only came to offer my best wishes. Don't you
welcome me?"

Her voice quivered as she clutched Slater's hand, her eyes
welling up with tears. Turning to Slater, she added, "Slater,
perhaps I shouldn't have come here with you."

Slater's confusion deepened as the tension escalated. He
couldn't grasp why the situation had suddenly turned so sour.

Just as he was about to respond to Trudy, he noticed Marco stepping forward to position himself protectively in front of Loraine.

Slater could sense Marco's displeasure as he addressed him sharply, "Slater, I invited you alone. You're my friend and welcome here, but I didn't authorize you to bring anyone else."



Chapter 1206 Sense Of Exclusion

Surprise and anger colored Slater's face as Marco's words cut through the festive atmosphere. Although everyone at the party was acquainted, the sharpness of Marco's rebuke felt personal and piercing.

Slater wondered why it was an issue to bring his girlfriend to his friend's wedding.

These thoughts surfaced as Slater pondered Marco's and Jimmie's recent aloofness and Trudy's sporadic gripes, all of which compounded his sense of exclusion.

He tried to dismiss his suspicions about Marco, but they persisted, sharp and nagging.

His forehead veins pronounced, Slater fixed a stern gaze on Marco and said tersely, "Is bringing my date really such an issue? Marco, let's not escalate this. I'm aware Jimmie has a date too!"

Marco, well aware of Slater's fiery temper, felt his own irritation flare.

Catching Loraine's eye, Slater had an epiphany. "Oh, I see. This is about Loraine, isn't it? Are we still friends, or not?"

The air grew tense. Loraine stepped in, pulling Marco aside and turning to Slater with a faint smile. "Jennie is my closest friend, and I invited her; she's not Jimmie's plus one."

Slater opened his mouth to object, but Loraine cut him off, "The invite specified 'plus ones' were not allowed. Didn't you read it?"

Slater, taken aback, verified the invitation. There it was, in fine print—a detail he had missed.

Chagrined, Slater recognized Marco's fairness, though he felt the matter was exaggerated. He conceded his oversight and, seeking to mend fences, extended a card to Trudy.

"Trudy, could you please go? I will join you later."

Trudy accepted the card, her eyes glistening with tears. Despite wanting to voice her protests, she chose to depart upon sensing Loraine's scrutinizing gaze.

Acting as if she did not want to create further trouble, Trudy informed Slater to come to her later before leaving reluctantly.

As he watched her go, Slater yearned to confront Marco but restrained himself, mindful of the celebration's significance.

Slater attempted to steer the conversation elsewhere, but Marco quickly excused himself to mingle with other guests, leaving abruptly.

Feeling slighted, Slater sought out Jimmie, only to be stopped by a closed door and Jimmie's voice informing him that he was occupied helping Jennie with her attire.

Feeling increasingly alienated, Slater retreated to a quiet corner, the sense of not belonging weighing heavily on him.

Perhaps Trudy had a point; Marco's and Jimmie's recent achievements seemed to have changed their attitudes toward him.

Disheartened, Slater sought refuge in a secluded room nearby. Upon opening the door, he was taken aback by the sight of a woman hastily getting dressed.

Surprised and embarrassed, the woman scrambled to cover herself. Slater's cheeks flushed a deep red as he stammered an apology, "Sorry! I didn't realize anyone was in here. I'm leaving now!"

Then he quickly closed the door behind him and left. Despite his embarrassment, curiosity got the better of him.

He hadn't gotten a good look, but something about her seemed familiar.

Compelled to learn more, Slater returned to the door and knocked gently, but received no reply.

With a frown and a nervous bite of his lip, he waited a few minutes before knocking again. He still got no answer. He hesitantly pushed the door open to find the room now empty, save for a lingering fragrance.

In the corner, he noticed a bra hastily discarded.

A chill ran through him as he recognized the garment.

That bra... It was identical to one he had glimpsed once before, marked by a cartoon rabbit, after a night blurred by too much drink.

Conflicted, Slater picked up the bra, his mind swirling with doubts. With a racing heart, he hurried from the room.



Chapter 1207 A Unique Meeting

In the grand hall, familiar friends congregated, their laughter and chatter lending a casual air often absent at such formal gatherings.

Suddenly, the mood shifted as a man charged from a private room, his eyes blazing with an intensity that turned heads.

The man was none other than Slater, whose abrupt appearance startled everyone, including Marco at the entrance. As Slater barreled past, Marco reached out, his brow furrowed in concern. "What's going on with you?"

Gasping for breath, Slater brushed him off. "I have something urgent to handle—can't stay!"

Marco suspected it was residual anger from their earlier disagreement, but as Slater disappeared into the night, he called over his shoulder, "Anyway, it's not your first engagement party, Marco! Best of luck with Loraine; I hope you two lead a happy life..."

His voice trailed off as he vanished.

Marco massaged his temples, sighing in resignation. Slater's reliability had been waning; no wonder his family had sent him to Zodiac for some grounding.

Shifting his focus, Marco welcomed Wesley, who had just returned from a trip.

As the room filled and the engagement party kicked off, Vincent settled among Loraine's relatives, admiring the couple. They looked perfect together, and he nearly wished for a megaphone to announce his proud connection to Loraine.

Then, a ruggedly attractive man with a slight stubble took a seat nearby. Vincent nearly toppled from his chair in his eagerness to impress, flashing his most charming smile and toasting his glass.

"Mr. T, I'm Loraine's uncle. She mentions you often. It's a pleasure to meet you. Might I trouble you for an autograph?"

Wesley lowered his sunglasses, appraising him with a smirk. "Funny, Lorrie speaks highly of you too. Since we're practically family, why don't you sign a few for me to sell? They'll fetch a nice price!"

Vincent, taken aback, found himself at a loss; he hadn't anticipated Mr. T's playful, cheeky demeanor off-camera.

Both Wesley and Vincent shared a certain wildness in their personalities, which quickly dissolved any initial awkwardness between them.

Their conversation soon blossomed into a burgeoning friendship.

Wesley, having heard praises of Vincent from Loraine, remarked with a warm smile, "It seems the Wilson family does have its gems."

Vincent, visibly flattered, scanned the room. He was eager to connect with more of Loraine's relatives but found only Wesley, not the stern officer who had troubled Damon.

Sensing Vincent's wandering gaze, Wesley gestured towards the stage. "Rowan is over there," he hinted.

As the moment for blessings arrived, Rowan ascended the stage.

Rather than delivering a speech, he directed staff to set up an array of unusual equipment.

Loraine exchanged a puzzled look with Marco, suspecting it might be a video message from Aldo. However, the setup was unlike any standard projector.

Her suspicions turned to awe as the equipment whirred to life, projecting a holographic image of Aldo, who smiled warmly at her.

Overwhelmed, Loraine murmured through tears, "Grandpa..."

Aldo's image reached out, mimicking a gentle pat on her head, his voice resonating as though he stood right before her.

Rowan told her, "Lorrie, we know how much you've missed Aldo. Even though he couldn't travel to Zodiac for the engagement due to his health, he wanted to make sure he was part of this special day."

Realization dawned on Loraine that Marco's recent trip to Vagow was not just to deliver the invitation to Jorge but to arrange this touching surprise.

The hologram nearly gave the impression that Aldo was physically present on this momentous day of her life.

Aldo playfully asked, "Lorrie, aren't you happy to see me? Why the tears?"

Drying her eyes, Loraine beamed. "Grandpa, it's just overwhelming happiness!"

Her emotions surged anew as she gazed at the holographic image of her grandfather.

Aldo continued to comfort her until her tears gave way to laughter, then he gestured decisively for the celebration to proceed. Observing Loraine and Marco, he expressed his trust, saying, "My precious granddaughter is in good hands now, Marco."

Marco responded with a respectful nod, "Rest assured, Aldo. I am committed to making Lorrie happy."

