

Chapter 1209 He Is Still Alive

The door opened, revealing a tall, elegantly dressed figure with a gentle smile.

Everyone's gaze followed the sound, and then a crash echoed as a glass shattered on the floor.

Loraine looked at the newcomer. She didn't recognize him, but he seemed oddly familiar. Marco stared at him in disbelief.

A name slipped simultaneously from Marco's and Jimmie's lips. "Jorge?"

Jimmie stood up abruptly, gazing at the figure, his white suit now stained with spilled wine from his sudden movement.

Jennie tugged at his sleeve, equally shocked.

If her memory served her right, Jorge... was the close friend of Marco and Jimmie who had passed away years ago.

How could a deceased person be present here? Had Jorge returned from the dead to attend this engagement party?

Most people knew of Jorge. Confusion spread among the guests as they exchanged bewildered glances.

Meanwhile, Jorge, the one causing the commotion, smiled warmly, even offering an apology. "Oh, I am sorry. Have I arrived at an inconvenient moment?"

Everyone was at a loss for words.

Jorge swiftly made his way to the seating area designated for the groom's friends and family, pulling out a chair beside Jimmie. He didn't forget to address the astonished couple on stage, saying, "Go ahead and exchange your rings!"

Marco returned to the present, guilt washing over him for the disruption.

He glanced at Loraine, wordlessly inquiring if they should proceed.

Loraine nodded, her mind also enveloped in turmoil.

Marco regained composure, continuing the ceremony as he earnestly placed the engagement ring on Loraine's finger. Loraine reciprocated.

The once boisterous crowd had fallen into an unsettling hush, with only Jorge applauding and cheering.

Jennie rose with an enthusiastic cheer, finally breaking the tension and prompting others to join in with applause.

Marco stood, enveloping Loraine in his arms. Only she noticed his subtle trembling.

Marco had shared everything about Jorge with her, so she comprehended his feelings better than anyone. She gently patted his back for reassurance.

Marco seemed to regain some calm, whispering in her ear, "I lost my composure for a moment. I apologize."

Loraine nodded slightly, soothingly responding, "I understand. Let's meet Jorge together, okay?"

Marco squeezed her hand, rediscovering his equilibrium.

The engagement party continued without further incident. Afterward, Marco and Loraine approached Jorge.

Jimmie bombarded Jorge with questions, visibly emotional, while Jorge remained calm.

As Marco approached, both men looked up. Jorge smiled at him, unchanged by time, showing no signs of aging.

"Marco, sorry I'm late. I've just disembarked and I'm still adjusting."

Marco found himself in a state of trance, briefly entertaining the surreal notion that Jorge hadn't died—that the grave had been a mere illusion, and Jorge had been living abroad all this time, rushing back upon receiving the invitation.

Yet, he distinctly recalled placing that invitation on Jorge's grave.

With hesitation, Marco extended his hand to shake Jorge's.

It was warm and calloused, similar to that of a living person's...

Marco's emotions surged, and he couldn't resist embracing Jorge, patting his shoulder as memories flooded back. His voice quivered. "I thought you were deceased... I can't comprehend..."

Jorge chuckled deeply. "I thought so too. Just regained consciousness recently, undergoing recovery."

Marco pulled away from their embrace, feeling bewildered. "What happened?"

"Well, my family decided to shield me from further attacks, so they claimed that I had passed away while discreetly

concealing me in a foreign hospital. Throughout my recovery, I was forbidden from reaching out. It's only recently that I returned. I visited the mock grave my family had arranged for me, which was quite amusing to see, I must say, and found your invitation there. I arrived here as quickly as possible, relieved that I didn't miss your big day!"

Jorge's tale left everyone astonished. Glancing first at Marco, then at Loraine with a smile, he asked, "So, is this your fiancée?"

Then, with a puzzled expression, he inquired, "Speaking of which, where's Keely? Why isn't she here for such an important occasion?"



Chapter 1210 The Whereabouts Of Keely

At the mention of Keely, a palpable tension swept through the room. The mood shifted abruptly, and varied expressions surfaced on each face, hinting at some collective, unpleasant past memories.

Jorge picked up on the sudden change. He let out a strained chuckle. "What's going on? Is Keely not here because she's tied up with something?"

He glanced around at the familiar faces, but they all diverted their eyes. Eventually, Marco broke the silence. "Jorge, you've missed a lot in the years you've been away."

Jorge's expression darkened slightly at Marco's words. Trying to maintain his composure, he managed a weak smile and asked in a shaky voice, "Where is she? You promised you'd look after her. I trust you didn't break your promise, despite everything, right?"

Marco's brow furrowed. He did not want to voice his resentment of Keely to Jorge, yet her actions had truly surpassed what he could forgive.

Her meddling had driven him to actions that, burdened by a sense of obligation, inadvertently hurt Lorraine, leading to their divorce.

Cornered by Jorge's direct question, Marco was at a loss for words and chose to remain silent.

Interpreting Marco's lack of response as his typical reticence, Jorge turned to Loraine with a labored smile. "I almost forgot, Marco has never been much for words. Loraine, you've surely met Keely. She's my fiancée. Can you tell me where she is?"

Loraine, too, fell quiet. She understood that as long as Jorge was around, the topic of Keely would inevitably arise between him and Marco. They had genuinely done their best with Keely, and the tragic outcome was ultimately a result of her own actions.

Loraine faced Jorge and revealed the sobering reality. "She has been admitted to a mental health facility abroad."

Jorge's expression shifted from shock to concern as he pressed for answers, "A mental health facility? What led her there? How did she end up in such a situation?"

He couldn't suppress his disappointment towards Marco, accusingly stating, "Marco, we had an agreement. You were supposed to look after Keely if anything happened to me!"

Marco looked visibly troubled, his face reflecting a mix of emotions. It was then that Jimmie intervened, trying to defuse the tension. "Jorge, it's not simple to explain all this briefly, but trust me, Marco has done everything he could. I'm sure once you know the full story, you won't hold him responsible."

Jorge, still puzzled, demanded more clarity, "What full story? What exactly occurred?"

Jimmie hesitated, searching for the right words. "Well, Keely made some drastic moves in your absence and ended up harming others, which led Marco to decide on sending her to the facility for her safety and treatment."

Jimmie, too, was taken aback by Jorge's unexpected return, yet he strived to preserve the friendship's integrity.

The full extent of Keely's actions was complex, and understanding them was challenging, prompting Jimmie to omit certain specifics deliberately.

The implication was that Keely's psychological unraveling stemmed from Jorge's absence, which triggered her irrational behavior, ultimately leading to her diagnosis and treatment for mental illness.

Jorge was taken aback upon hearing this. The realization that he was the catalyst for Keely's distress weighed heavily on him. He hung his head in silence, grappling with his emotions. After a lengthy pause, he turned to Marco, his voice tinged with regret.

"I apologize for my complaint directed towards you just now, Marco. It was driven by my concern for Keely. Keely's actions must have caused you much grief over the years. I owe you an apology."

He paused briefly before continuing, "Could you let me know which facility she's at? She's my fiancée. Now that I'm back, I want to take responsibility for her care, no matter her condition."

The atmosphere shifted noticeably as everyone processed his words.

Marco, caught in a tumult of emotions, opted for silence.

Both he and Loraine had endured so much to ensure Keely was placed in a suitable facility, hoping she'd never return. But he could not bring himself to deny Jorge's heartfelt plea.

Sensing Marco's conflict, Loraine stepped in and informed Jorge of the name and address of the facility where Keely was currently staying. Then she inquired, her tone reflecting a mix of caution and concern, "Are you certain that removing her from the facility is in her best interest? She's receiving specialized care there."

Jorge offered a small, determined smile. "Her illness began with my absence. I believe her recovery will start with my presence. And if she never fully recovers, I'm prepared to look after her for the rest of her life."

