

## Chapter 1211 The Mental Health Facility

After Jorge had finished talking, the room fell into a profound silence. Observing this, Jorge chose not to add anything further. He gave Marco a slight nod before turning to exit.

His arrival had been sudden and his departure just as swift, transforming the once cheerful atmosphere into one of palpable tension, leaving everyone's expressions indescribable.

Marco and Loraine watched him go, their faces etched with complex emotions.

Their hands were intertwined, the cool metal of their engagement rings pressing against their skin.

Unconsciously, Loraine's grip tightened, betraying her inner turmoil.

The mere mention of Keely, brought up by Jorge, had triggered a surge of panic within her.

She feared that the tranquility and joy she and Marco had painstakingly built could be under threat once more.

Marco, quick to perceive the shift in Loraine's demeanor, saw his own worry reflected in her eyes. He took a moment to gather his thoughts, then grasped the reason behind her distress.

While Jorge's unexpected return had unsettled him as well, he was determined not to let Loraine feel threatened by it.

Marco gazed into her eyes with sincere intent. "Lorraine, I've been open with you about my history with Jorge. He remains a friend, provided he's still out there," he stated with conviction. "But no matter what happens, my decision stands firm. I will sever all ties with Keely."

Lorraine's gaze was laden with mixed emotions. After a pause, she exhaled a weary sigh and managed a wry smile. "It seems we have no other choice," she murmured.

Turning her gaze towards the doorway, she narrowed her eyes slightly. "Let's hope Jorge can resolve things with Keely once he locates her... As long as she stays out of our lives, I can forgive the past."

Marco responded firmly, "I'll make sure nothing disrupts our happiness."

Despite a minor hiccup, the engagement party concluded successfully. Shortly after learning where Keely was staying, Jorge promptly purchased a ticket and embarked on his journey.

A few days later, he reached his destination, a mental health facility.

The setting was tranquil, and the facilities were evidently top-notch and costly, which reassured Jorge that Marco had indeed taken Keely's treatment seriously.

He approached the reception with a smile and inquired about Keely. The receptionist consulted her records and responded, "Keely Haywood? I'm sorry, sir, but no one by that name is registered here."

Jorge's smile stiffened, and his tone became anxious. "That can't be right. Please, check again. She was admitted here by

a friend. It must be a mistake!"

The receptionist looked again and then informed him, "Sir, Miss Haywood was here last year, but she has since been transferred to another facility."

She showed Jorge the document which stated, "Confirmed transfer by family to..."

Jorge's brow furrowed. Considering that Keely's parents had passed away and he was unaware of any close relatives, he immediately suspected Marco had orchestrated the transfer.

Why did Loraine give him the old address if Keely had already been moved?

He speculated that perhaps the place wasn't equipped to provide the necessary care for Keely, prompting her transfer to a superior facility. Maybe Loraine had simply made an error by giving him the outdated information.

This seemed plausible to Jorge. Marco, typically quiet and reserved, likely deferred all responsibilities regarding Keely to Loraine and didn't bother with the details.

Now that he was back, Jorge was ready to take over Keely's care himself.

Donning his hat, he expressed his gratitude to the staff and set out for the new address. Understanding and sympathetic, he held no grudge against Loraine for the oversight.

However, his initial composure vanished as soon as he arrived at the new facility.

It was dilapidated, with substandard amenities, located in a secluded area with rough roads and polluted air, a stark

contrast to a professional healthcare setting.

Jorge took a deep breath, considering the possibility that he had arrived at the wrong place.

Yet, after making inquiries inside, the harsh reality was confirmed.

Keely was indeed here.

A wave of anger washed over Jorge's face.

## Chapter 1212 Keely's Situation

Jorge wondered if Marco and Loraine had deceived him.

Rage flared within him, his hands forming tight fists. He yearned to confront Marco directly but held himself back.

He was here for Keely, and upon learning about her dreadful living conditions, his resolve to rescue her intensified.

Maintaining composure, Jorge insisted on seeing Keely. The asylum's lack of professionalism was glaring—they directed him without even verifying his identity.

This negligence stoked his anger further, but he pressed on toward the designated room.

Inside, he found a room marred by neglect, with stained walls and cobwebs clinging to every corner.

In the midst of this decay sat Keely, her appearance wild and her gaze hollow, resembling a specter more than a woman.

She broke into a fit of hysterical laughter, her voice piercing the stale air. Looking through imagined foes, she spat venomously, "Loraine, Marco, you two are vile!"

Her laughter resumed, louder and more unsettling, as she fiddled with her unkempt hair and hummed disjointed melodies.

Around her, the asylum buzzed with the sounds of others lost

in their own worlds, none finding her behavior out of place.

Peering through the door's small window, Jorge was first stunned and then overwhelmed by sorrow.

He was poised to enter when Keely's distress escalated. She clutched at her throat, screaming, "Let me die, please! I beg you, I can't endure this any longer!"

Jorge couldn't stand it anymore. He burst into the room, enveloping Keely in a firm embrace. "Keely, stop this! I'm here now, back for you. No one will harm you again."

Keely looked at him, her expression one of confused relief. After a moment, a naive smile crossed her face. "Jorge, is it really you? They tell me you're just a hallucination, but I know you're real! You're the only one who hasn't forgotten me."

With tears streaming down her face, she clung to him as if he might disappear at any moment. "Why didn't you take me with you? You left me behind. Do you have any idea how cruelly Loraine and Marco have treated me? Oh, Jorge, life would be so much better if you were still here..."

Jorge's mind was racing. He didn't have time to process Keely's words about how cruelly Loraine and Marco had treated her. Instead, he focused on comforting her, listening to her sobs that wrenched at his heart.

"Keely, I am alive. I've come back for you. I'm taking you with me!"

He kissed her forehead tenderly and stroked her hair, soothing his fiancée in his embrace before briskly handling the discharge paperwork.

The staff at the asylum seemed indifferent to whether Keely

was well enough to leave; their only concern was to remind him sternly that any paid fees were non-refundable.

Biting back his frustration, Jorge finished the necessary paperwork and led Keely out of the asylum by the hand. He planned to give her a long-overdue shower and help her feel human again after months of neglect.

As she stepped into the sunlight for the first time in months, Keely squinted, overwhelmed by the light and the vastness of the world outside. Hesitantly, she reached out her hand, slowly grasping that her release was not a figment of her imagination.

She was free, and Jorge was indeed real—he had truly come to rescue her!

Overcome with a mix of shock, joy, and fear, Keely clung to Jorge's hand, her voice trembling. "Jorge, you're really here... Please, don't ever leave me again. I'm so frightened..."

Jorge's heart broke hearing her words. He spoke softly. "I'm here now, Keely. I'll never leave you again. Can you tell me what happened? How did you end up here? When I spoke to Marco, he..."

At the mention of Marco's name, Keely recoiled in terror. She blurted out frantically, "I can't go back! I won't see Marco again! Please, don't let them take me back to that asylum!"

Before Jorge could offer reassurances, Keely screamed out, "Loraine, please!"

Jorge was taken aback by Keely's words.