

Chapter 1221 Things Change

Trudy was being truthful in what she was saying. Initially, she had no plans to take the place of the woman Slater was seeking. But when he discovered she was on duty that day, greed got the better of her...

Regret weighed heavily on her as Trudy realized her mistake in coveting wealth and crossing paths with Slater, known for his ruthless demeanor.

Slater's cold gaze bore down on her as he demanded, "Where is the necklace now? Hand it over to me!"

Trudy trembled, tears brimming in her eyes. "I... I've already sold it. I was desperate for money, so I... I told you I was the woman you were looking for..."

Slater slammed his fist against the car window in frustration, cutting her off. Grinding his teeth, he retrieved his phone and dialed a number, instructing someone to track down the necklace's current location.

Then Slater stared at Trudy with menacing eyes. "You'll pay for deceiving me."

Trudy's expression twisted with desperation. "Mr. Lee, I'm sorry! Please forgive me. I've been your girlfriend for the last few days. Please don't do this!"

But Slater's resolve only hardened, his resentment deepening as he remembered the betrayal. He showed no mercy and ordered a subordinate to handle her.

Trudy gripped the car window tightly, unwilling to accept her



impending fate. When she finally realized there was no way out, she spat out bitterly, "Slater, this is your own fault. How could you blame me for your mistaking me for that woman? You will never find the woman you are searching for!"

Meanwhile, at Jorge's place, he patiently stayed by Keely's side, hoping their time together would trigger some recollection, perhaps remind her of their shared past.

Did their shared past also bring her pain, memories that she preferred to forget?

Each time this crossed his mind, Jorge felt a pang of guilt, prompting him to be even more gentle with her.

Yet, in a sudden turn, Keely erupted in a tantrum, behaving like a spoiled child.

She snorted, directing her frustration at Jorge. "I'm stuck with you every day. It's so boring! What about the man and the woman who visited me earlier? They promised we'd see each other again. Where are they? Were they lying?"

Jorge felt a pang of helplessness as he listened to Keely's questions. He had deliberately avoided delving into their shared past, partly to protect his friendship with Marco.

Since Keely had lost her memory, he thought it might be better for everyone if he didn't pry.

Despite not knowing the specifics, Jorge had a sense that something unpleasant had occurred between Keely and Loraine, which meant Loraine and Marco would feel uncomfortable when they faced Keely now.

When Loraine had mentioned visiting Keely again, Jorge suspected it was more out of politeness than genuine intent, perhaps treating Keely like a child. However, Keely had taken Loraine's words to heart.



As Keely suddenly broke into tears and cried out, "I knew it! It was all a lie. They hate me, don't they?"

Jorge felt a surge of panic at seeing her distress. He immediately tried to comfort her and then decided to call Marco, explaining the situation and inviting him and Loraine over.

On the other end of the line, Marco frowned thoughtfully and hesitated, prompting him to call Loraine to discuss.

Loraine, out shopping with Jennie, considered the invitation. "I think it's a good idea. We could even bring Jimmie along. You haven't hung out with your friends much since we got engaged. It's a nice opportunity to reconnect at Jorge's place."

Meanwhile, intrigued by Keely's childlike behavior, Jennie was eager to join.

After a brief pause, Marco agreed and relayed the decision to Jorge.

Soon after, they all gathered at Jorge's place, ready to spend time together.

Jorge appeared slightly weary but managed a composed demeanor. Jimmie broke the silence with concern, asking, "Hey man, you've been back for a few days. How's everything been?"

Jorge's gaze followed Keely attentively, his expression gentle as he replied to Jimmie with a smile, "I'm doing well. Where's Slater though? Why isn't he here?"

Marco, who had quietly approached, responded, "I asked him, but he said he's busy with something."

Jorge's brow furrowed in concern. Noting Slater's absence from Marco's engagement party, he worried that something might have occurred between them. Just as he was about to voice his



thoughts, he noticed Loraine and Jennie standing together, their expressions subdued.

Did they also have problems with Slater?

Deciding not to press the matter further and risk spoiling the atmosphere, Jorge changed the subject with a chuckle. "So, what do you all feel like having for dinner? It's been a while since we've shared a meal together. Let's make it special."

Keely suddenly dashed over to Loraine, swinging her arm excitedly. "I want to try your cooking! I'm sure it's delicious!"

The others' expressions shifted subtly, except for Jorge's. They wondered if Keely might still retain subconscious memories, such as Loraine's culinary skills.

Jennie chuckled and said, "Lorrie is, without a doubt, the best cook among us. You're quite perceptive."

Loraine, pleased by the compliment, offered, "Do you have something in mind for today? I'll whip it up for you."

Keely beamed like a child praised for her insight. Unnoticed by the others, her smile took on a hint of cunning as Loraine headed towards the kitchen.



Chapter 1222 Old Tricks

In the kitchen, Loraine meticulously prepared the ingredients, refusing any offers of help.

Laughter echoed from the living room where the others were gathered, enjoying each other's company.

Jorge had thoughtfully stocked the kitchen to ensure he had everything he needed to care for Keely at home. Therefore, Loraine could cook as she liked with plenty of ingredients available.

As she listed the ingredients for the dishes she planned to cook, Loraine mentally reviewed everyone's tastes and preferences.

She knew Marco's favorites, Jennie's preferences, and tried to guess what would suit Jorge and Keely, aiming for a balanced menu that would please them all.

Once her thoughts were in order, Loraine began cooking with a methodical precision.

Before long, the enticing aroma filled the kitchen, drifting out to captivate those in the living room.

Jennie inhaled deeply and exclaimed with delight, "That spicy dish looks like something Lorrie cooked just for me!"

Jorge, pleasantly surprised by the tantalizing scents, had initially underestimated Loraine's culinary prowess, expecting Marco's fiancée to be a pampered heiress with limited cooking skills.

He smiled warmly and praised, "Marco is fortunate to have



Loraine as his partner. She definitely knows her way around a kitchen."

Marco, quietly gratified by the compliments lavished on Loraine, allowed a small smile to grace his lips.

Keely, engrossed in playing with a doll next to Jorge, suddenly sniffed the air and looked up eagerly. "It smells amazing! I'm hungry! What's cooking? I want some!"

Jorge quickly tried to pacify Keely, saying, "We'll eat soon, just a little more patience, alright?"

But Keely pouted and clung to his arm, insisting, "No, I want to eat now!"

The others found her behavior rather surprising. Was this really the same Keely they knew?

Jorge noticed their bewildered expressions and felt a twinge of embarrassment. Normally reserved, he wasn't accustomed to displaying such affection in front of others.

Yet, seeing Keely in this childlike state, he couldn't blame her for her impatience.

Recalling all that Keely had endured, Jorge felt a wave of empathy. Since Loraine was in the kitchen and he believed that Keely wouldn't cause any trouble, he decided to indulge Keely's request.

Gently patting her head, he suggested, "Why don't you go to the kitchen and ask Loraine if she has something for you to eat, okay?"

Keely's eyes sparkled with anticipation as she darted off the couch and made a beeline for the kitchen.

Seeing her eager dash, the others relaxed. Jennie chuckled

softly, "Who knew Keely had this side to her?"

Keely's newfound demeanor was undeniably more endearing than her previous troubled self. If her memory loss meant she wouldn't cause any more trouble, Jennie was beginning to understand and accept Loraine's decision to let go of past grievances.

Meanwhile, in the kitchen, Keely approached Loraine with a sweet tone. "Can I have something to eat first? I'm starving."

Loraine, focused on a sizzling, spicy dish prepared with precision, glanced over at Keely with a gentle smile, treating her as one might a child in need. "Of course, just give me a moment. But stay back and stay safe, okay?"

Keely nodded obediently as Loraine turned off the heat and expertly plated crispy fried meat with savory sauce.

However, unbeknownst to anyone, Keely's demeanor underwent a sinister transformation.

Stealthily, she approached the table with a flash of malice in her eyes, spotting a plate of freshly cut fruit.

The fruit knife lay nearby, left out by Loraine in her haste to plate the dish.

Keely's hand darted towards the knife, her smile turning malevolent as she gripped it tightly.

Meanwhile, in the living room, the guys were engrossed in reconnecting and reminiscing about old times.

Jimmie, convinced by Jorge's recounting of past stories, finally relaxed, assured that this was indeed his friend Jorge, not an impostor.

Just as everyone began to let their guard down, a piercing

Chapter 1222 Old Tricks



+120 Points at most

scream shattered the air, echoing from the kitchen.

Marco's heart skipped a beat at the thought of Loraine, and he leaped to his feet, racing towards the kitchen. Jorge followed closely behind, as the scream had originated from Keely.



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Chapter 1223 Chaos

In the kitchen, Loraine was just about to pass a plate of crispy meat to Keely when she suddenly heard a scream.

Startled, her grip faltered, and the plate clattered onto the table, sending hot soup splashing over her hand.

Loraine winced in pain as her hand turned a bright red. She knew it needed immediate attention to prevent blistering.

However, she couldn't dwell on her burn at the moment. She turned toward the sound of the crying and was horrified by the scene.

Keely was standing there, her hands and chin smeared with blood, a bloodied fruit knife lying at her feet, crying uncontrollably.

Had she accidentally cut herself while handling the knife?

Loraine felt a surge of irritation. She had explicitly told Keely to stay put in a safe spot.

Yet, considering Keely's mental age resembled that of a child, it was hard to hold her fully accountable.

Children were often restless and didn't always follow instructions. The immediate concern was Keely's injuries.

Without thinking further, Loraine stepped forward to check Keely's wounds, asking worriedly, "Where are you hurt?"

Upon examining her, Loraine noticed cuts on Keely's chin and hand. They weren't deep, but the blood made the situation look

worse than it was.

The noise had attracted everyone to the kitchen. Marco was the first to arrive, relieved to find Loraine wasn't seriously hurt, but Jorge hurried past him.

Seeing Keely drenched in blood, Jorge was panic-stricken. He shoved Loraine aside, picked up Keely, and dashed out, dialing for a doctor as he went.

Caught off guard, Loraine stumbled and fell, letting out a soft cry of pain.

The events had escalated so quickly that Jennie and the others had only just arrived at the kitchen doorway, shocked by the unfolding drama.

Marco immediately assisted Loraine to her feet, his expression reflecting a blend of concern for Loraine and disapproval towards Jorge's rash behavior. Observing the blood and Jorge's desperate phone call, he sighed and offered an apology to Loraine.

"I'm sorry I didn't get here sooner. Jorge didn't mean any harm; he was just really worried about Keely and reacted out of fear."

Loraine pursed her lips, appreciating Marco's quick assistance and understanding Jorge's panic. She could sympathize with Jorge.

Yet, the intense pain in her hand drained the color from her face. The fall had aggravated the burn, causing her to break into a cold sweat.

She concealed her discomfort and attempted to stand independently. Marco accidentally brushed against her burned hand, making Loraine wince sharply.

Marco's eyes widened as he noticed her burn. He carefully



cradled her hand, observing the redness and emerging blisters.

It must be incredibly painful!

A pang of concern hit Marco as he lifted Loraine in his arms and called out to Jimmie, "Get the doctor on the phone now!"

Jimmie and Jennie snapped to action. Jimmie dialed the doctor while Jennie fetched some burn ointment.

Marco carried Loraine, planning to cool her burn under cold water for a bit.

The living room was in disarray too. Jorge, with red-rimmed eyes, was tending to Keely's injuries with a first aid kit. Keely was huddled up, crying and complaining of pain.

As Jorge comforted her and cleaned her wounds, he saw Marco carrying Loraine. His initial reaction was a scornful scoff.

Keely was visibly hurt, while Loraine seemed relatively unscathed. Was it necessary for Marco to carry her like that?

And why had Loraine allowed Keely to handle a knife, leading to such severe injuries?

This thought made Jorge criticize her. "Loraine, you know Keely is practically a child now. I let her go into the kitchen thinking you would take good care of her, but you..."

Keely recoiled subtly, appearing blameless. Unnoticed by all, the cut on her chin, though frightening at a glance, had already begun to clot.



Chapter 1224 Loraine Is Injured

Loraine and Marco were taken aback by Jorge's harsh words.

Marco's brow furrowed, and he was about to speak up for Loraine, but she gently pulled on his shirt, signaling him to hold back.

She preferred not to escalate the argument.

Just then, Jennie returned with the burn ointment. Overhearing Jorge's remarks, she was clearly upset. She arched an eyebrow and retorted, "Keely might have the mentality of a toddler, but she's not actually three years old! Is Lorrie supposed to be your nanny? She's preparing meals for everyone and now she has to supervise Keely too? She is also injured, and you're scolding her?"

Jorge was taken by surprise and only then noticed Loraine's burnt hand. He was at a loss for words and simply bowed his head, continuing to tend to Keely's injuries.

Jennie shot a stern look at Jorge and then at Marco, seemingly upset that he hadn't immediately defended Loraine. She then escorted Loraine to the bathroom to cool the burn. They soon came back to the living room, and Jennie applied the ointment to the burn.

The tension in the air was palpable. Jorge glanced around, then hesitantly inquired, "Loraine, what exactly happened in the kitchen? How did Keely end up with cuts on her hand and face?"

He wondered how, if Keely had accidentally cut herself with a knife, Loraine hadn't noticed until after Keely was injured on

both her hand and face.

Or... could it be that Keely had intentionally harmed herself and then screamed? But why would she do that in her current mental state?

Loraine was pondering the same scenario.

She distinctly remembered seeing Keely already injured when she turned around. Observing Keely shrinking behind Jorge, Loraine grew suspicious.

Was it possible Keely was faking this?

After all, Keely had inflicted harm on herself to set her up before...

However, looking at Keely's severe wound on the face, Loraine hesitated.

Keely, though out of her mind, was usually very conscious about her looks. It seemed unlikely she would deliberately harm her face; a hand wound should have been enough.

Perhaps the knife had accidentally slipped after she cut her face, causing her hand injury, and she hadn't reacted immediately due to her immature mental state?

Loraine was just about to clarify when Jennie, fed up with Jorge's probing tone, retorted again, "I've already told you, Lorrie isn't your nanny. She's cooking for you all, and now you think she should be a babysitter too? Who do you think you are?"

Jorge, clearly annoyed, responded, "I'm just trying to understand the situation. Please don't read too much into it."

Jennie, visibly angry, was about to continue the argument when Jimmie, who had just ended his phone call, quickly intervened with an apologetic smile.

"Jennie, Jorge did not mean to blame Loraine but was attempting to understand what had occurred. Jorge, Jennie is worried about Loraine. Please don't take her words to heart. It was an accident, and it's not just Keely who's hurt; Loraine is injured too. The most important thing right now is to wait for the doctor and avoid further arguments."

Marco quietly tended to Loraine's burn, then raised his eyes to hers with a look of concern. "Are you still in pain?"

Loraine shook her head, her expression tinged with frustration. It seemed like every time they gathered, something unfortunate occurred.

She observed Keely, who seemed oblivious to the heated discussion, merely gazing sorrowfully at her hand, seemingly just scared of the pain.

Maybe she had been negligent? After all, she had left the soup boiling on the stove...

The kitchen was a dangerous place; she shouldn't have permitted Keely to enter.

Reflecting on this, she admitted to Jorge, "It's my fault. I should have kept a closer eye on Keely. It was an accident. I apologize."

Jorge's features softened, seeing Loraine as more reasonable than Jennie and appreciating her willingness to apologize.

Yet, he still blamed Loraine for the incident, feeling that an apology wasn't sufficient to rectify Keely's suffering.

So his attitude remained cool as he replied, "Just make sure it doesn't happen again."

Jennie was on the brink of losing her temper. Damn it, why did Jorge make it sound like everything was Loraine's fault?

Jimmie, aware of her quick temper, held her firmly to prevent any escalation.

Meanwhile, Keely, tearful, clung to Jorge, crying into his arms. As Jorge comforted her, he couldn't shake the suspicion that maybe... Loraine hadn't moved past her old resentments and was still harboring ill will towards Keely?

As everyone wrestled with their own perspectives, they missed the cunning smile Keely hid as she nestled into Jorge's chest, her shoulders quivering as though she were still crying.

