

## Chapter 1239 Jorge's Misunderstanding Of Lorain...

Lorraine's words took Edwin by surprise. Then he broke into an eager smile, nodding vigorously. "Absolutely, I'll give you a plan that'll meet your expectations!"

Even though he was a member of the esteemed Wilson family, Edwin had never spearheaded a project on his own.

In the past, his ideas were often dismissed by Francis as immature, only suitable for experimental purposes and a means for learning rather than for serious consideration or implementation.

Now, however, Edwin had climbed to a role where he could make decisions about partnerships. His recent proposal had caught Lorraine's attention.

His grin grew broader, and he seemed full of vigor. Without lingering for more conversation with Lorraine, he promptly said goodbye and rushed off, evidently eager to refine his proposal.

Lorraine's lips curved into a gentle smile as she shook her head lightly. She didn't dwell on the moment, and began to head back.

She still remembered the childlike Keely, who had the intelligence of a three-year-old. Her concern was that Keely might create a fuss if left alone for too long.

To her relief, upon returning, she found Keely still seated. Her plate was empty and she was engrossed in her solitary play.

Lorraine exhaled a sigh of relief, sat down, and decided against offering Keely more food since she had already eaten a serving of tiny pastries.

Keely noticed her and immediately pulled at her, eager to resume their play. After checking the time, Lorraine indulged her and played for a bit longer.

As expected, it wasn't long before Jorge arrived in a rush searching for Keely. He visibly relaxed upon seeing her safe, but his expression stiffened briefly when he noticed Lorraine with her.

He instinctively examined Keely, as though to ensure she was unharmed.

Lorraine's brow furrowed slightly and her words got caught in her throat. But considering Jorge's ties to Marco, she chose to avoid any disagreement.

She rose and said, "I didn't expect to see you here. I just stumbled upon Keely and stayed to keep her company. Are you here to talk about a project today?"

After speaking, a wave of awkwardness washed over Lorraine. Talking with Jorge, whom she barely knew, was truly uncomfortable.

As soon as Jorge appeared, Keely hid behind him and clung to him. To Lorraine, it appeared as a simple, childlike attachment, but to Jorge, it looked like Keely was trembling with fear!

Jorge's eyes narrowed. He immediately suspected that Lorraine had mistreated Keely again.

His expression turned cold as he glared at Lorraine, feeling provoked by her presence.

However, mindful of his friendship with Marco, he curbed his

Chapter 1239 Jorge's Misunderstanding Of Loraine 🎁 +120 Points at most  
anger, wrapping one arm protectively around Keely, and responded curtly, "Yes."

Before Loraine could reply, Jorge rose with Keely and declared, "I have matters to attend to, so we must get going."

Loraine was feeling a bit puzzled. It was only after Jorge and Keely had disappeared into the distance that she looked away, frowning.

She suspected that Jorge had gotten the wrong idea, but she couldn't pinpoint what he might have misconstrued, as she hadn't done anything inappropriate.

Loraine sighed and smiled wryly. "It looks like even if Keely loses her memory, she and I are still like oil and water. We just don't mesh."

It didn't matter much, though; encounters between them were rare. Marco had even assured her that he wouldn't take her to meet Keely again. Even if she ended up marrying Marco, she had no intention of merely being an ornament in his social circle. Why should she force herself to fit in?

Loraine stopped thinking about it and focused on something else.

Meanwhile, Jorge brought Keely home, attentively checking whether she had any injuries.

He had a fear that Loraine might have mistreated Keely in a moment unnoticed by others, and that neither Keely nor the servant had realized it.

Keely shook her head, then rubbed her stomach, pouting, "I'm full."

Jorge suspected she had overeaten and gently encouraged her to lie down on the couch while he got some digestive aid for

Chapter 1239 Jorge's Misunderstanding Of Lorair 🎁 +120 Points at most  
her. When he returned, he discovered Keely curled up. Her face was slick with sweat and tears, as she groaned and writhed in agony.

Jorge was taken aback. He rushed to her side, cradled her gently, and asked in a worried tone, "Keely, what's happening?"

Between sobs, Keely managed to whisper, "It hurts..."

In a state of panic, Jorge quickly called their doctor and shouted for the servant to help.

Luckily, their family doctor lived just around the corner. Moments after Jorge's frantic call, the doctor was at their door.

Following the check-up, the doctor prescribed some medicine and a list of instructions before leaving. By that time, Keely had already succumbed to unconsciousness due to the severe pain.

With a grim expression, Jorge made sure Keely was comfortable in her bedroom then returned to the living room.

He looked at the servant coldly and demanded, "Who gave her those snacks?"

Quivering, the servant stammered, "They... they were from Ms. Torres. She opted not to stay with Keely, so she left her some snacks to munch on alone..."

Jorge's frown deepened, sensing that Loraine had crossed a line. Containing his rising anger, he pulled out his phone and dialed Marco's number.

"Marco, are you free for a meet-up? Just us old friends, nobody else."



## Chapter 1240 Searching For Clues

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The Cruz family banquet was in full swing. Knowing Clifford's cautious nature, Marco was aware that Clifford would deploy most of his security personnel there to avert any disturbances.

Clifford hadn't solidified his grip over the Cruz family enough to manage both the banquet and the main residence simultaneously.

Seizing this opportunity, Marco stealthily entered the main residence.

Having once escaped from this rigorously guarded site, Marco was intimately familiar with the layout and security measures of the residence.

In a blind spot, away from the prying eyes of surveillance cameras, a shadowy figure leaped over the fence and approached Marco, whispering, "Sir, I've inspected the main residence's surveillance, but the crucial footage has been irreparably destroyed. Furthermore, those who were with your father that day have all been discreetly eliminated. We're left without any leads."

This individual was one of Melvin's loyal aides, who was convinced that Melvin's sudden illness was no mere coincidence.

Opposing Clifford's consolidation of power, they covertly investigated and, after making contact with Marco, they chose to trust him implicitly.

In the shadowy light, Marco's face was hard to discern. He accepted the damaged surveillance records with a nod and spoke in a grave tone. "I'll figure something out."

The aide, confident in Marco's capabilities, nodded enthusiastically, his hopes bolstered.

Leaving the main residence behind, Marco made his way directly to Zodiac Hospital.

With a simple disguise, he evaded Clifford's men and slipped into the director's office.

Marco was certain that Melvin's desperate attempts to communicate were based on truth. If it was indeed a case of poisoning, the hospital staff must have noticed anomalies.

However, the official declaration of overwork leading to Melvin's sudden coma suggested a problem within the hospital itself.

Inside the director's office, Marco removed his hat and scarf, revealing eyes as cold as ice. He stared calmly at the middle-aged man, who was terrified and about to call for help.

"If I were you, I'd be wise to talk when the other party is willing," Marco advised coolly.

The director paused, recognizing Marco, and attempted a forced smile. "Sir, you are a gentleman. Why resort to such methods to talk?"

Ignoring his words, Marco cut straight to the chase. "I want Melvin's medical records."

"I..." Under Marco's impassive stare, the director faltered, unable to lie, and stammered, "Mr. Clifford Cruz has instructed that they be withheld from everyone."

"Hah, what did he offer you?" Marco asked, his smile more



mocking than warm. He pulled out a chair opposite the director and sat down casually, his posture exuding an undeniable air of superiority.

Just as the director opened his mouth to respond, Marco continued in a low tone, "I prefer deals to threats as a businessman. What he offers are mere benefits. But consider carefully, I am the rightful heir of the Cruz family. If Melvin dies, even if Clifford assumes control, he will not be able to wield the full power of the Cruz family."

The director hesitated, torn between the desire to stay out of family disputes and the allure of significant benefits.

Marco had a valid point; given Clifford's advanced age, how could he possibly rival Marco?

At this crucial juncture, Marco proposed another offer that was difficult to refuse.

"Moreover, I can grant you access to ninth-generation surgical robot technology and arrange for collaboration with Solar Company's medical team."

For someone as ambitious and avaricious in the medical field as the director, this proposition was more alluring.

Eventually, the director gave a nod of agreement.

Marco's expression remained stoic. He glanced at his watch and instructed, "Find a way to secure Melvin's blood samples and data. I'll have Solar Company's medical team analyze the cause of his illness. As for Clifford, I trust you'll manage him effectively."

Marco always prepared thoroughly before taking action. Whether he succeeded in persuading the director or not, he had alternative strategies to involve Solar Company's medical team. Opting for direct persuasion was simply the most

straightforward approach.

The director, recognizing the stakes, acted promptly. From Marco's arrival at the hospital to the transfer of blood samples to Solar Company's team, merely an hour had elapsed.

Marco let out a slight sigh of relief and instinctively checked his phone for any messages from Loraine. The message he found was intriguing: "Clifford's potential partner seems to be Jorge."

Jorge...

Marco's eyes narrowed slightly at the mention of Jorge, but he remained composed as he awaited the results of the data analysis.

The results arrived swiftly. The preliminary examination revealed a single toxin in the blood—a rare substance found only in specific foreign regions.

Consequently, there was no domestically available antidote, and their knowledge of this toxin was limited.

Marco frowned, directed the hospital's director to collaborate with Solar Company in developing an antidote promptly, and then exited the hospital.

He now needed to divert Clifford's attention away from the hospital's covert operations.

If Jorge was indeed Clifford's chosen partner, Marco believed his prospects of prevailing appeared substantially better.

Just as Marco was preparing to reach out to Jorge regarding this issue, a message from Jorge arrived.

The words "nobody else" caught Marco's attention, prompting him to frown and suspect that Jorge was referring to someone.