

Chapter 62 Getting Drunk

Loraine and the others left the private room, but that didn't stop Marco from drinking.

The hard liquor slid down his throat and into his stomach, causing a continuous burning sensation.

At one point, Marco couldn't tell whether it was his stomach or his heart that was in pain.

While Marco was busy reaching the point of no return in his drunkenness, he failed to notice the figure standing furtively at the door.

The figure stepped closer, revealing a sad, sickly face. It was Keely.

She had been hiding outside.

Keely knew that once news of today's events spread, her cousin and uncle would be in big trouble, and it was unlikely that she would be able to free herself of them.

If Marco abandoned her out of anger, she would be doomed.

Therefore, when Keely saw Loraine and the others leave the room, she snuck back in.

She lingered timidly in the doorway. "Marco, are you okay? I was worried about you, so I came back."

Marco didn't respond.

Keely walked into the box and sat next to him, her eyes filling with tears. "Don't ignore me like that, Marco. Please believe me. My cousin and uncle brought me here. I had no idea they were plotting against Loraine."

Marco continued to drink without acknowledging her.

Not wanting to give up, Keely touched his arm tentatively. "Marco..."

Marco suddenly grabbed Keely's hand.

"Ouch, that hurts! Marco, it's me, Keely. Let go of me!" Keely whimpered in pain.

Marco brushed her hand away as though it was something dirty.

"Keely, you have crossed the line. Do not forget that you are Jorge's fiancée."

Jorge! Again, it was Jorge!

At the mere mention of his name, Keely was overcome by a sense of helplessness and annoyance.

For so many years, Jorge had stood between her

and Marco.

Each time she wanted to get closer to Marco, Jorge would appear out of nowhere like a ghost and hinder her efforts.

Keely looked at Marco sadly and shouted, "I haven't forgotten it. Jorge has been gone for so long, though. Do I have to live in the past for the rest of my life? Can't I move on? Marco, let's move on and be happy together, okay?"

Marco was stunned. He hadn't expected such a confession. Keely had always spoken at length about Jorge.

He felt like he had been cheated.

"Keely, listen to me. If you hadn't been Jorge's fiancée, I wouldn't have protected you over the past few years."

Keely was having trouble believing that Marco could be so cold. "No, I don't believe it! We've known each other for so many years, Marco. Do you not have any feelings for me?"

"No," Marco replied immediately. "Don't dream of something that doesn't belong to you."

Keely stared at the callous man in front of her. Her frustration and desperation grew.

"Marco, how could you do this to me? I love you

with all my heart and soul. I don't believe that you can't see it."

"Really?" Marco sneered. "I saw that you transferred a large sum of money to Barr. And now you're telling me that you weren't involved in today's events?"

How did he know that?

In an instant, her collusion had been exposed. Keely was too nervous to even sweat.

"Marco, please, let me explain!" Panicking, she tried to come up with an excuse. She glanced at Marco, and suddenly noticed that his eyes had become glazed and unfocused, as though he were drunk.

Keely gritted her teeth and decided to risk it all.

It was a shameless move, but she had to win over Marco today.

This could be her only chance!

Taking a deep breath, Keely wrapped her arms around Marco and hugged him tightly.

Marco didn't respond.

Overjoyed, Keely then placed a hand on Marco's chest, intending to unbutton his shirt.

Jimmie and Slater suddenly burst into the room. They rushed over as soon as they heard the

news.

"Marco, why are you so drunk?"

"Keely, what's going on?"

Jimmie and Slater ran to Marco's side, pushing Keely away.

Keely's plan was ruined, and her heart ached with resentment. She couldn't keep Jimmie and Slater away from Marco, but she was able to skew the past in her favor. She exaggerated what had happened and pinned the blame solely on Loraine.

"I went out to have dinner with my uncle and cousin. When I saw Loraine accompany Mr. Torres in the private room, I was worried and told Marco. When Marco arrived, Loraine was probably angry and asked Mr. Torres to force Marco to drink a lot of wine."

Jimmie frowned, with Marco hanging limply in his arms.

Marco was so drunk that he lost his ability to speak coherently. Leaning against Jimmie's shoulder, he murmured something unintelligible.

Jimmie turned his head so that his ear was close to Marco's mouth. He heard Marco say

Lorraine's name over and over again.

Something was wrong, he thought. Keely's story didn't add up. There had to be more to this situation.

Meanwhile, Slater, who was simple-minded, flew into a rage.

"Lorraine has gone too far this time! I'll settle the score with her right now!"

Jimmie could tell that Slater was on the verge of doing something reckless. "Slater, calm down. Perhaps there's a misunderstanding."

"What misunderstanding?" Slater growled.

"That bitch is clearly a wanton woman. Seducing Cayson wasn't enough; now she is seeing Rowan. She's a bad woman, I'm sure of it!"

Jimmie didn't know what to say.

"Don't stop me, Jimmie," Slater said fiercely.

"This time I'm going to teach Lorraine a lesson for Marco's sake!"