

## Chapter 121 I Will Destroy You

While chaos reigned over the banquet hall, Loraine lay on a king-size bed in the presidential suite on the top floor of the hotel.

Before too long, the door to the suite was pushed open, and someone walked in.

Squinting her eyes so that they looked shut, Loraine observed quietly. The person at the door seemed to be a woman.

The woman took a few steps closer and, finally, Loraine could recognize her face.

It was Keely!

Keely approached the bed, her high heels clicking on the floor. When she looked down at Loraine, there was a hint of madness in her eyes.

"Drop the act, Loraine! I know you're awake."

Loraine opened her eyes and sat up.

"What do you want, Keely? You hired people to kidnap me and send me to this suite. Now

what?"

Keely replied grimly, "You made me a laughingstock and now Marco hates me. Has it only occurred to you just now to ask what I want?"

"You got what you deserved, and it was nobody's fault but your own. How does any of this have anything to do with me? Why don't you reflect on the consequences of your own actions instead of blaming others? You're pathetic, Keely!" Loraine scoffed.

"Shut up, you bitch! Loraine, if it hadn't been for you shamelessly throwing yourself at Marco, why would he ever have left me?" Keely shrieked.

Loraine sneered and didn't respond. Keely was in a world of her own, and she wouldn't listen to anyone.

Keely found Loraine's attitude incredibly frustrating.

"I, Keely Haywood, swear to God that I will destroy you today, Loraine!" Keely yelled. "You like seducing men, yes? Then I'll let you have all of them at once!"

Lorraine was suddenly wary. "What do you mean?"

Glaring viciously at Lorraine, Keely spoke slowly and clearly. "I have invited several of the guests here on your behalf. They will have fun with you. You can't even imagine how excited they were when they received your invitation. I'm sure they can't wait to get here."

Although she knew what sort of person Keely was, Lorraine couldn't help but shudder at the unexpected cruelty of her scheme.

Keely held up a remote control and said, "I had cameras installed in this suite in advance. When I press the button, the live stream will begin. By that time, you'll be doomed, Lorraine!"

"Keely, you've lost your mind!" Lorraine stared solemnly at the hysterical woman in front of her. "This is a crime. Aren't you afraid that the truth will be revealed?"

"So what if I'm exposed? Even if you can prove that you were framed, you'll go to hell for good when they see you having sex with men!"

Keely laughed hysterically, as though she'd already witnessed Lorraine's miserable ending and found it immensely entertaining.

By contrast, Loraine remained calm. She stealthily pressed the stop button on her phone, which had been lying under the pillow the entire time.

She had come to the presidential suite of her own accord to catch the person behind it all. She had been well prepared.

After ensuring that all the evidence had been collected on her phone, Loraine ended the recording.

"Keely, I won't let you succeed," Loraine said resolutely. "This time, I'll be sending you to jail myself."

Just as she was about to get out of bed, her legs suddenly seemed to go limp, leaving her powerless. Something inside her ignited, and a hot flush crept up her neck and over her face. She was drugged!

Loraine's calm expression faded immediately.

"You have underestimated me, Loraine," said Keely with a malevolent smile. "To ensure the plan goes well, I've sprayed an aphrodisiac in the entire suite. I've already taken the antidote. No one can save you this time, Loraine!"

As soon as Keely finished speaking, scurrying footsteps could be heard outside.

Keely was suddenly very excited. "Loraine, enjoy yourself. I'll be watching you suffer until you're completely ruined!"

She left the suite from the side door.

The front door opened, and a group of men entered the suite.

Meanwhile, Marco was in the hall, losing his mind.

He had deployed all his men, but they still couldn't find any trace of Loraine.

Carl suddenly ran over, holding his mobile phone.

"Mr. Bryant, something's happening! Look!"

He passed the phone to Marco. The screen showed an anonymous live stream featuring Loraine's name.

In the live stream, Loraine was on a king-size bed. Her face was flushed and her hair was slick with sweat. She looked terrible.

A group of men suddenly entered the frame, surrounding her.

Any adult could predict what would happen

next.

The comments were obscene.

"Good heavens! Is Loraine Torres doing a live stream of a sex scene?"

"I had no idea she was such a lecherous creature! How could she handle so many men at once?"

"Hurry up and start already! I can't wait anymore!"

"Wow, this woman is gross..."

Reading through the comments, Marco hit the roof. He gripped the phone so hard that his fingers turned white. He wished he could smash those people to a pulp.


"Damn it!"

Trying his best to keep a level head, he suppressed his fury.

Now was not the time to lose his temper. He had to race against the clock to find Loraine as soon as possible!

After cooling down, Marco observed the layout of the room in the live stream. The hotel logo on the pillow caught his attention almost immediately. In addition to a large amount of

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 +120 Points at most

space, the room was decorated luxuriously, indicating that it wasn't just a regular king-size room.

Lorraine must be in the presidential suite on the top floor.

Marco dropped the phone at once and charged out of the hall.