

Chapter 1351 Sanatorium

As the car sped down the highway, Loraine felt a wave of boredom wash over her. She turned her gaze to the window, watching the landscape blur into a kaleidoscope of colors.

Suddenly, something caught her eye—a car, identical to theirs, was matching their speed in the lane beside them. Through the windows, she glimpsed a flicker of red inside. Intrigued, she leaned closer, her curiosity piqued. Who was in that car?

The car had been trailing them for some time now, maintaining a steady distance. It felt deliberate, almost like a shadow keeping pace with them.

A slight unease settled in her chest. Unable to shake the feeling any longer, Loraine leaned closer to Rita. "Look at that car next to us," she said, her voice low but urgent. "It's the same model as ours, and it's been following us for a while now."

Rita, however, didn't share Loraine's concern. She shot a brief glance at the car before dismissing it with a casual wave of her hand. "Relax, Loraine. It's just a coincidence. Lots of people drive the same car. Once you make a name for yourself in the music variety show, you'll be able to afford something truly unique."

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Loraine studied Rita's calm expression, starting to doubt herself. Maybe she was just being paranoid. She decided to let it go, not wanting to spoil the moment. She took a deep breath and shifted her focus back to the road ahead, trying to shake off the unease.

The car Loraine was in suddenly made a turn and headed towards the set, while the car that had been following them

was stopped.

Meantime, Keely sat anxiously, biting her nails.

Her eyes were glued to her phone, waiting for an update.

The tension in her body was almost electric, and when her phone finally rang, she grabbed it without hesitation. "How did it go?" she asked, her voice tinged with urgency.

"Miss, the target has been captured," the operation leader reported respectfully.

Keely's eyes sparkled with excitement, but she kept her guard up. After hanging up, she swiftly contacted Mr. K's man. "I need you to check something for me: find out what kind of car Loraine is driving today and what she's wearing."

The information arrived quickly, confirming everything the operation leader had said.

The details lined up perfectly.

Keely's heart raced with triumph as she clenched her fists, a satisfied smile tugging at her lips. "Loraine, I've finally got you."

Meanwhile, Vincent, along with Damon and Rowan, assisted Joseph as they helped him walk into the sanatorium.

Joseph appeared bewildered, surveying his surroundings with a hint of confusion. "I've already said I'm fine going home. Why did you bring me here?"

Damon, equally perplexed, chimed in, "Yeah, what's going on? You brought us all here like something major is happening."

Vincent, aware that it wasn't the right moment to reveal the truth, quickly devised a plausible excuse. "I'll be busy with the TV show soon, so I won't be home much. Edwin and Francis are overseas, and you're about to leave Zodiac too..."

"That's true," Damon agreed, nodding.

Vincent continued, "I did some research and found out that one of Dad's friends is staying at this sanatorium."

Rowan, finally understanding, nodded in realization. "So that's why you were asking me all those questions the other day."

Joseph brightened at the news. "Oh, really? If my old friend is here, I suppose I can stay for a bit. But what about Loraine? You'll have to bring her to visit me."

At the mention of Loraine's name, Vincent hesitated for a brief moment. A troubling thought crossed his mind: the "Loraine" his father adored wasn't the real Loraine at all.

Damon and Rowan were about to agree to Joseph's request, but Vincent swiftly redirected the conversation, gently nudging Joseph forward. "Come on, Dad. Let's go see your old friend first."

Joseph, thrilled at the prospect of reuniting with his buddy, let himself be led forward, his attention shifting away from

Loraine.

Rowan, however, wasn't easily distracted. He had been observing Vincent closely and noticed his odd behavior. Something didn't add up, and Rowan's suspicions only grew stronger.

Damon, meanwhile, remained unaware of the underlying tension, his brow furrowing slightly. "Aren't you the one who's usually so calm and collected? Why are you in such a rush?"

Vincent swiftly motioned for silence, beckoning Rowan and Damon to follow him into a secluded corner. Once they were hidden from view, he pointed discreetly down the corridor ahead, his expression serious.

Rowan and Damon instinctively glanced down the hallway, puzzled by Vincent's secretive behavior.

But in the next moment, their confusion gave way to shock as a familiar figure stepped into view—Keely.