

Chapter 1352 The Truth

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Damon frowned, confused by what they were doing, glancing back and forth between the two.

Rowan leaned in, whispering, "Keep quiet, and we'll set you free."

Noticing the serious looks on their faces, Damon understood that something was amiss. He nodded eagerly, his eyes wide with worry.

Vincent and Rowan shared a knowing glance, and then they finally let go of Damon.

Once he was free, Damon rubbed his jaw. Rowan glanced down the hallway at Keely and lowered his voice. "You seem like you have something important to share," he said to Vincent.

Vincent nodded with a grave expression. "I do. But I can't explain right now. I want you to see the truth for yourself."

Without saying anything more, he signaled for the other two to follow him as they quietly trailed behind Keely. What Keely didn't realize was that her entire plan had already

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Without saying anything more, he signaled for the other two to follow him as they quietly trailed behind Keely. What Keely didn't realize was that her entire plan had already been uncovered. Lost in her own excitement, she felt the thrill of finally getting revenge on Loraine, completely unaware of the three men lurking behind her.

Based on the information received from the operation leader, Keely headed toward the room where "Loraine" was

Inside, a woman lay unconscious on the bed, wearing a red dress. Keely walked toward the bed slowly and purposefully. Looking down at the woman's face, a cruel smile spread across her lips. The woman looks just like Alice.

Glaring at the woman she hated, Keely sneered, her voice dripping with malice as she said, "Lorraine, I've finally got you."

Her hatred was intense, years of jealousy and resentment bubbling to the surface. "You know," Keely said, her voice low and resentful, "I was the one who knew Marco first. So why did you get to be by his side all this time, while I had to take your face just to catch his eye?" Her voice quivered with bitterness. "Everything that's gone wrong in my life is because of you, you awful woman!"

Suddenly, a twisted smile spread across Keely's lips.

"But that doesn't matter anymore. Soon, you'll be dead."

She let out a gentle laugh, her eyes shining with crazy delight. "Thanks to Mr. K, I get to live your life, wear your face, and take your place for good." Keely's laughter grew louder and more mocking. "Oh, Lorraine, you are really an idiot. You had the love of the Wilson family, the Torres family, and all their protection, yet you wanted to be some independent CEO? How completely foolish."

Her hand slid into her bag, and she pulled out a syringe filled with a menacing substance. Her smile was twisted and sinister.

"I'm going to prove to you that I always win. And you? You'll forever be beneath me, just a stepping stone on my way to success."

Keely's voice turned into a sharp hiss as she lifted the

syringe. "You must die so I can live freely in your place."

With that, she seized the unconscious woman's arm, positioning the needle just above her skin, ready to strike.

But just as she was about to inject the poison, the woman on the bed jolted awake! In a single swift motion, she grabbed Keely's wrist, twisting it back with surprising strength.

Keely's eyes widened in shock, her body freezing in place. Before she could fully grasp what was happening, the door to the room swung open.

Vincent, Rowan, and Damon stood in the doorway, watching everything unfold. For a brief moment, shock flashed across Keely's face, but her instincts kicked in quickly. In an instant, she switched to an expression of fear and innocence. Tears filled her eyes as she asked, "What are you all doing here?" Letting the tears flow freely, she played the victim flawlessly. "I just came to check on her, and she suddenly attacked me! I don't know what's going on..."

Keely blinked helplessly, her tears streaming even faster.

But Vincent wasn't falling for it anymore. His patience was gone, and his anger simmered just below the surface. He couldn't believe Keely was still trying to play her manipulative games.

With a cold voice and a fierce glare, he asked, "What are you doing here?"