

Chapter 1353 Her Desperate Attempt To Escape

Keely's heart raced, her eyes flitting nervously as she searched for a response. "Marco asked me to come check on this woman!"

With that, she began to sob, her voice quivering with an exaggerated innocence. "Is this some sort of interrogation?"

Before Vincent could respond, the woman on the bed slowly propped herself up. With a cold, calculating gaze, she reached into her pocket and pulled out a small recording device. Her voice was steady as she addressed the room. "Don't be fooled by her lies. I'm Mr. Cruz's subordinate, and this," she said, holding up the recorder, "will expose the truth."

The atmosphere in the room shifted instantly, shock rippling across everyone's faces. Keely was the first to react. She lunged toward the woman, reaching for the recorder. But it was too late.

With a flick of her thumb, the woman hit play on the device. The room was instantly filled with the venomous timbre of Keely's voice, each word echoing her earlier tirade, sharp and accusatory. It hung in the air like a dark cloud, amplifying the tension and disbelief etched on everyone's faces.

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Every word Keely had uttered in the room—the threats, the confessions—was captured in the recording. Each phrase played back like a damning testimony, the weight of her own voice turning against her, leaving her exposed and vulnerable in the charged atmosphere.

The truth was now laid bare for all to hear.

Keely had assumed Loraine's identity, weaving a web of deception that ensnared everyone around her.

Her lips moved as if to form words, but all that escaped were desperate, incoherent fragments—muffled gasps and stammered sounds that betrayed her panic. "It's not true... I didn't... I really am Loraine..."

But her frantic explanations felt weak, crumbling under the weight of the undeniable evidence. It was over, and the gravity of the moment settled heavily in the air; everyone knew it. The truth loomed larger than her desperate claims, leaving her isolated in her unraveling facade.

Vincent's cold gaze bore into her. "The proof is right here, Keely. Are you still going to deny it?"

Her voice faltered, barely escaping her lips as a whisper. "No... no... I..."

Her initial panic began to twist into something darker. Fear

drained from her expression, replaced by a sinister determination. The stark realization that her plan had crumbled and that the Wilson family would get back at her hardened her resolve, igniting a fierce defiance in her gaze.

Her eyes flickered with a dangerous glint as she made a sudden, reckless decision. In that moment, the remnants of her fear vanished, replaced by a fierce determination to take control, no matter the cost.

She forcefully lunged toward Damon, who was closest to her, and seized him. With lightning speed, she pressed the tip of the syringe she had been holding against his neck before anyone could react.

The room fell eerily silent, the air thick with tension. Everyone stood frozen in shock.

Damon's entire body went rigid, his breath catching in his throat. He didn't dare move, paralyzed by fear as he felt the cold metal of the needle pressing against his skin, the gravity of the moment suffocating him in silence.

Rowan's eyes narrowed, his voice a low, steady growl. "What are you trying to do, Keely?"

Vincent's voice dropped to a menacing tone. "If you dare hurt Damon, I swear you will die a painful death."

But his threats did not deter Keely. Her voice trembled with frantic intensity, each word laced with a raw, unrestrained urgency. "All of you, back off! Let me go, or I'll take Damon down with me!"

Damon's heart pounded in his chest. He hadn't anticipated that the woman he had cared for so deeply wasn't the real Lorraine.

Vincent and Rowan locked eyes, the gravity of the situation

weighing heavily on their minds. With Damon's life on the line, every decision had to be measured. For the moment, they had no option but to focus on soothing Keely's turbulent emotions.

The standoff stretched into an uneasy silence, neither side willing to break the stalemate. The air crackled with tension, a palpable weight that made every breath feel heavy.

But then, something unexpected occurred. Keely's body faltered, her limbs suddenly feeling leaden. Her vision swayed, blurring at the edges. She stumbled, her grip on Damon slipping away.


As realization dawned, panic surged through her, her face a mask of fear. "What... what did you do to me?" Keely shouted, her voice trembling with desperation.

The woman on the bed smirked, her voice laced with triumph. "Mr. Cruz anticipated you'd act recklessly once the truth emerged. So, when I touched you earlier, I injected you with a mild sedative."

Keely's eyes widened in disbelief as she glanced at her wrist. There it was—a tiny, almost imperceptible pinprick where the needle had pierced her skin just moments before.

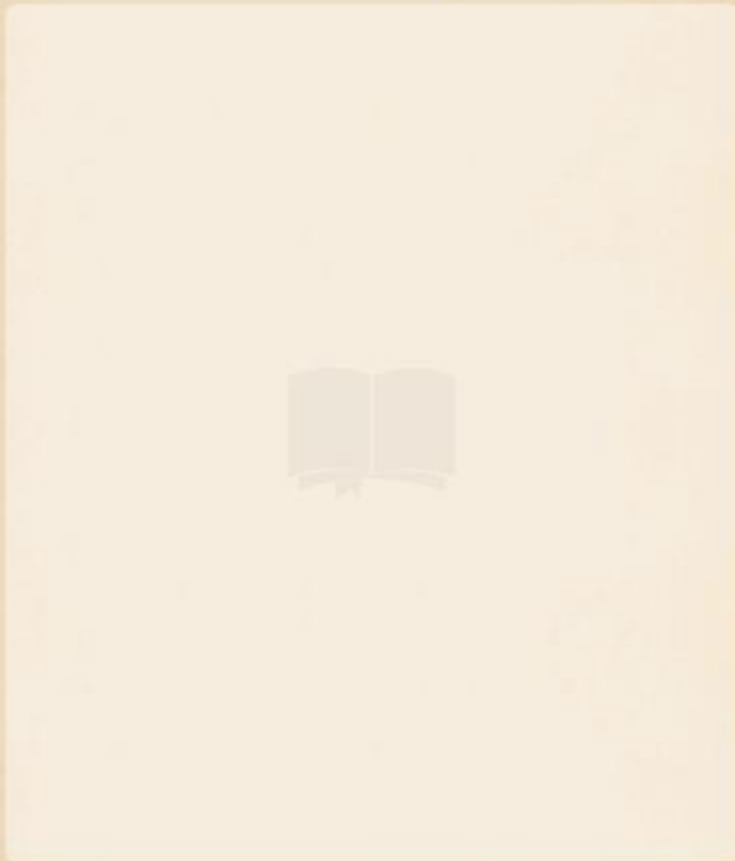
"No... this can't be happening... How did Marco know I wasn't Loraine? How could he have anticipated this?" Keely's voice trembled with confusion and shock, her mind racing to unravel the implications.

Vincent's voice was laced with contempt. "Marco saw through your act from the start. He knew you weren't

Chapter 1353 Her Desperate Attempt To Escape  +120 Points at most
Loraine.*



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