

Chapter 1354 We Keep It From Him

"No! That can't be true!" Keely's voice trembled with disbelief, her expression a whirlwind of shock and rage. "Marco is smitten with me! I even went as far as undergoing plastic surgery to resemble Loraine. How could he have been plotting against me all along?"

Vincent looked down at her with icy indifference, not bothering to explain to her.

Rowan subtly gestured toward the door.

Within moments, a group of bodyguards burst into the room, swiftly restraining Keely before she could make another move.

Vincent pulled Damon close, his voice soft and reassuring. "It's over now. You're safe. Don't worry."

Then he turned to the bodyguards, his expression becoming cold once more. "Take her back to the Wilsons' house. Keep her under heavy surveillance."

Realizing she was trapped and that Marco had outsmarted her all along, Keely sneered. "So what if you've captured me? If anything happens to me, you guys will never see Loraine again!"

"Still talking back when you're doomed, huh?" Rowan shot

back, his voice laced with disdain.

Vincent's patience had worn thin. "Enough. Stop wasting time with her. Get her out of here!"

As the guards dragged Keely away, Damon, having finally regained his composure, couldn't contain his worry any longer. "Where's Loraine? What happened to her?"

Rowan, deep in thought, finally spoke after a moment. "Marco probably knows. I'll contact him and get the details."

Before Rowan could leave, Vincent interjected, his voice low yet charged with significance, "Actually, I've already seen Loraine..."

"What?" The surprise and hope in Damon's and Rowan's faces were unmistakable. "Then take us to her!" they exclaimed in unison, their voices filled with anticipation.

Vincent paused, his expression sad. "The situation is a bit complicated. Loraine has lost her memory and undergone plastic surgery. She doesn't remember us, and her face has changed completely."

Rowan furrowed his brow, caught off guard by the revelation, yet he chose to remain silent.

Damon was visibly shaken. "How could this happen?" he said, his voice trembling. "We have to bring her back and take care of her. She needs us now more than ever."

"No," Vincent replied, his expression grave. "We can't risk overwhelming her. Marco believes there's a powerful force behind what happened, possibly linked to Eplistan. If we

push too hard, it could make everything worse."

Damon still wasn't convinced. "But—"

Vincent gently interrupted, his tone comforting, "Don't worry. I'll be with her soon. We're both going to be on the same variety show, and I'll watch over her to ensure she's safe."

Damon sighed, finally relenting. "Alright. But we can't leave everything to you. I'll leverage my connections in the government to apply pressure on Eplistan and find out who's really behind this."

Rowan nodded, a determined look in his eyes. "I'll reach out to Wesley. He has strong connections in the entertainment industry and can help look out for Loraine."

The three men settled into a seamless rhythm, dividing the responsibilities with practiced ease.

Damon hesitated, a shadow of concern crossing his face. "But what about Dad? How do we explain all of this to him?"

Vincent and Rowan exchanged a knowing glance, both arriving at the same conclusion. "We keep it from him—for now!" they said in unison. "The last thing we need is to add to his worries."

Damon nodded, fully grasping the weight of their decision.

Together, the three of them headed back to another room, determined to divert Joseph's attention with a visit to his old buddy. They knew that in moments like these, a familiar face and shared memories could bring a much-

needed lift to his spirits.

Meanwhile, Loraine stood backstage, adjusting the hem of her lake-blue dress while the staff busily prepped her for her next appearance.

As she stepped onto the stage, she scanned the audience, searching for a familiar face, but found nothing.

A strange emptiness settled in her chest, a quiet disappointment that she couldn't quite grasp. It felt as if something crucial was missing, leaving her adrift amidst the vibrant energy of the stage.

"Why do I feel this way?" she wondered, her brow furrowing slightly. It was as if she had been waiting for someone important to show up, someone whose presence would make everything feel right. But who could that be? The thought nagged at her, intertwining with the performance ahead, leaving her restless as she tried to piece together the fragments of her unease.

Before she could unravel the strange emotions swirling inside her, a staff member approached with a gentle nudge. "We're about to start filming," they whispered, drawing her back to the moment.

Startled from her thoughts, Loraine blinked and offered an apologetic smile. "Sorry about that," she said softly, setting aside her confusion as she centered herself for the task ahead.

  

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