

Chapter 542 Keely's Madness

When Keely heard Marco's statement, she lost all her previous fantasies and expectations. Almost instantly, she became weak and broke into a cold sweat.

The hand in which she held the knife was trembling endlessly and her mind was a mess. She couldn't help but ask herself, how on earth did she end up like this?

She had done so much to survive and she just couldn't bear the thought of dying. But she knew very well that Marco didn't like being threatened, especially not by someone who was risking their life to do so.

When she made this decision, she knew it meant that there would be no possibility of her being with Marco anymore.

Hell, she couldn't even figure out if Marco's statement meant that he would come or if it meant that he simply wanted her to face the consequences, or perhaps both.

Whichever it was, there was no going back for her anymore.

She chuckled and shook her head in self-mockery. Even if she hadn't resorted to this, would she have been able to go back to Marco? Of course, it was never possible.

So, that was why she had to fight for an escape route in a bid to survive.

Meanwhile, people were flooding into the live stream and



the screen was filled with tons of messages. Keely held the knife to her neck and fixed her cold gaze on the screen, keenly watching the comments.

Some of the people recognized who she was and were astonished to see her attempting to commit suicide. Some questioned if she was using it as a publicity stunt to gain sympathy, while others urged her to hurry up and kill herself instead of wasting their time. Also, there were those who criticized the others for lacking empathy and they advised Keely not to act impulsively.

All kinds of comments were being posted, but most of them looked outrightly malicious.

Keely screwed her eyes shut, forcing herself to ignore what all of them were saying. Holding the cold blade pressed against her neck for so long, her hand was becoming sore. When it got to the point where she could hardly hold on any longer, Marco arrived.

The man she was crazily in love with came, but he had an icy and indifferent expression on his face as he stood a few steps away from her, looking down at her pathetic appearance.

Keely gazed at his handsome and noble face, and her eyes couldn't help but fill up with tears.

She was glad that he had come, but she just wished he had not seen her in her current state.

How did things deteriorate to such a point?

No matter how hard she tried to come up with an answer, she just couldn't understand why Marco, who had been so good to her, had become cold and heartless towards her.



He was someone Keely had liked since she was a young girl, but she just never could have him for herself. Even when she got engaged to Jorge later on, she only did it in order to get closer to Marco. But unfortunately, it ended up pushing Marco further away from her.

Keely's emotions were complex right now, and she said in a choked voice, "Marco..."

But Marco, with a look of impatience, closed his eyes and took a deep breath. "Enough, Keely," he interrupted her. "Stop calling me like that. What more do you want from me?"

When she heard Marco's icy tone, she felt a mixture of sadness and resentment. Trying hard to suppress her emotions, she pointed at Carl and the others, "Tell them all to leave. I have something to say to you alone. Come with me to my room!"

Carl became anxious when he heard this, and he said to Marco, "Mr. Bryant, her mental state is not right. Please don't..."

This made Keely highly agitated and she pressed the knife harder against her flesh, screaming, "Get them out now!"

Everyone was scared and they began to take a few steps backward. Meanwhile, Marco's brow was furrowed in surprise.

Initially, he thought Keely was just acting up. He never expected that she would be ready to hurt herself. In fact, the only reason he came was to prevent any impact on Loraine.

But seeing Keely actually dig the knife into her flesh, he realized that she was truly on the verge of madness.

He quickly gestured for his subordinates to step back.

Though the place belonged to the Powell family, Jane clearly had no authority to prevent Marco from doing anything. She could only stand aside and watch the two as they entered the room.

She was also very anxious. She stared at the door nervously, praying and hoping that Keely would be able to use her act of desperation to win back Marco. But at the same time, she also feared that Keely would go completely insane and end up causing trouble for her and the Powell family.

Meanwhile, inside the room, Keely held the knife to her neck and instructed Marco to close the door.

Marco remained still for a moment before finally giving Carl a signal and then closing the door slowly.

Carl immediately understood what Marco had meant and he instructed his subordinates to wait outside.

After pondering for a moment, he sent a message to Loraine on his phone.

Despite the fact that crazed Keely believed she was important to Marco, Carl was certain that Loraine was the rightful future wife of Marco.

As a responsible and intelligent employee, he knew he had to inform Loraine about what had happened in order to prevent any unnecessary misunderstandings in case the live-stream situation escalated.

After sending the message, Carl breathed a sigh of relief. Even though it was likely that Loraine might be asleep and not see it, it was still better to have informed her in advance.




He knew all too well that Marco had suffered greatly today for keeping the information from Loraine about going to the cemetery with Keely.

After a while, he looked towards the room again, his mind still filled with worry, and let out a sigh.

He truly didn't know how in the world Marco would be able to handle the situation with the mad Keely.



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Chapter 543 Why Did You Choose Her

After the door closed, only Keely and Marco remained in the room.

Keely looked at the man who had enchanted and bewildered her with deep affection, and whispered gently, "Marco, it's just the two of us now."

Marco furrowed his brow and replied coldly, "So what?"

He calmly observed Keely, waiting for an opportunity to regain control over her.

In that moment, blood stains trickled down Keely's neck. It was a horrifying sight. Yet she appeared oblivious to the pain as she pointed sorrowfully at the walls of the room, her voice filled with anguish. "Marco, look at this; look at the photos adorning these walls. Don't you remember anything about our past?"

Marco's eyes flickered to the pictures adorning the walls, his reaction one of pure repulsion.

Countless photos filled the room, most of them showing him and Jorge, a few with Keely standing amidst them.

Yet, every picture with Jorge had been savagely removed by Keely, leaving behind only the ones with her and Marco.

Keely's laugh was a soft sigh, laden with bitter memories and wistful reminiscence.

"Do you recall, Marco? I've known you since we were mere children. You've always had this aloof demeanor, indifferent to others. Many children were scared of you, but I wasn't. I thought you were cool and wanted to get close to you."

Her lips curled up into a ghost of a smile as she wistfully thought of those innocent days. But that brief moment of softness swiftly transformed into a searing bitterness.

"I yearned to be near you. I made every effort to stay by your side. Marco, you can't comprehend how much I desired to be engaged to you. But why did it have to be Jorge?"

Marco's brow creased at the sharp bitterness in her tone.

Both of them were acutely aware that Keely didn't harbor feelings for Jorge, rather, her affections leaned toward Marco.

But Jorge had feelings for Keely and was her protector, so Marco had kept his distance, never confronting the situation.

In his usual aloof manner, Marco said, "Jorge was always there for you. Even during your family's trials, he never considered breaking off the engagement. Isn't that enough?"

Keely's smile was tinged with sorrow. "Yes, Jorge was good to me, but what made it better was the chance to be closer to you, to be part of your world. In those days, when my family was in crisis and my health faltered, Jorge's friends shielded me, and even you tended to me more than usual. I was overjoyed because I thought it meant I could finally be near you. But..."

But the barrier of her relationship with Jorge meant Marco



could never truly bridge the gap between them.

Keely always felt that what kept her and Marco apart was a single chance, and that he did reciprocate her feelings.

A sense of relief crept over Keely when Jorge fell into misfortune.

Marco, maintaining his impassive demeanor, retorted, "Yet you were Jorge's fiancée. He remembered you till his final breath."

Laughing, Keely admitted, "Indeed, Jorge died protecting you and left me in your care. I assumed it was destiny's gift, a chance for us to be together. But instead, you cared for me more, yet kept a greater distance, never letting me in. Why? Why is that so?"

Before Marco could respond, Keely burst out in bitter resentment. "Even when you didn't give me a chance, I was the only woman who stood by you. I believed I could wait for you to accept me, but then you rushed off to marry that despicable Loraine! She was just a peasant girl, how could she compare up to me? Marco, why did you choose her?"

Marco's brow furrowed more deeply as he retorted frostily, "Enough, Keely!"

She was lunatic and showed no respect to Jorge, who was now watching from above. Marco felt sorry for Jorge.

Keely gritted her teeth, bitterness infusing her words. "No, it's not enough! Why does Loraine matter so much to you? I was first in your world, Marco! I knew and loved you before she did. My love for you far outweighs hers. I should be the one you marry. I should be the young madam of the Bryant family!"



Caught in her fervor, the knife pressed against her neck dug a little deeper, staining her pale skin with another streak of blood. Marco's intense gaze focused on the knife, his voice echoing deep within the room. "Keely, what are you planning?"

Lifting her chin defiantly, a wild resolve gleaming in her eyes, Keely challenged, "You wouldn't want me dead, would you, Marco? If you don't wish to betray Jorge's dying wish and turn Loraine into a murderer, scorned by all, then marry me!"

Before she could finish her sentence, a cold and clear voice interrupted from outside the room. "In your dreams! Marry Marco? Don't even think about it!"



Chapter 544 Facing Danger

Upon hearing that voice, Marco was taken aback, and Keely's expression abruptly shifted as she turned her head towards the door.

That tone was unmistakable, even if the one who possessed it turned to ashes... It was unmistakably Loraine's voice!

Keely's gaze was glued to the doorway, her eyes aflame with resentment.

Moments later, the doorknob turned, and the door swung open, revealing a figure standing at the entrance. Radiating a chilly and composed aura, the person cast a disdainful gaze upon Keely.

Indeed, it was Loraine!

Keely's eyes filled with red-hot rage as she bellowed, "Stop right there! Don't dare to take another step! If you even try to come in, I'll..."

"What exactly will you do?" Loraine quirked a brow.

Keely's fingers tightened around the knife she held, her blood loss rendering her hand numb and ineffective. Unable to take action, she could only glare daggers at the intruder, demanding, "Loraine, how dare you show up here? Who let you in?"

Loraine spared a cursory glance around the room and scoffed, "Why? I'm here because I felt like it. Do I need your approval?"



Her eyes met with Marco's, the two sharing a silent, significant look.

Upon witnessing their quiet understanding, Keely's fury grew. She declared in a stern tone, "You're not on the Torres family's territory anymore. You've invaded a private residence, and you..."

Loraine smirked, turning to look at Jane who was standing near the entrance. "Did I actually invade your private property?"

Jane quickly shook her head, her expression transforming from shock to eager deference. "Of course not! Miss Torres, you are our esteemed guest. We are honored to have you here!"

Loraine Torres was a name Jane was well acquainted with. She had not only stumbled upon it in news stories but also heard it numerous times from Keely.

Yet this was her first encounter with Loraine in person.

Keely had portrayed Loraine as an imbecilic and malicious woman, a country bumpkin devoid of manners and etiquette, who had managed to find her place in the Torres family through sheer luck and a fortunate reincarnation.

However, seeing Loraine in person, Jane understood that Keely's portrayal was nothing but fiction.

Loraine was far from the crude country girl Keely had painted her to be. She was a picture of beauty and charm. From the moment she stepped in, she had dominated the scene with her self-assured calmness and elegance, a stark contrast to Keely's description of an unsophisticated peasant.

Keely, speechless and without a rebuttal, turned her gaze to Carl, demanding, "Did you invite her here? I see what you're doing. You're trying to send me to my grave, aren't you?"

Carl's face held an expression of innocence and confusion. He too was baffled. He had just sent the message, and Loraine was already here?

Observing his perplexed demeanor, Loraine chuckled and held up her phone, indicating, "Before your message, someone had already informed me with a comprehensive breakdown of the situation, even more detailed than yours. Hence, I was able to make it here promptly."

This time around, Marco had learned his lesson. He had chosen not to act alone and had decided to update Loraine before she even arrived.

Loraine then cast a glance back into the room, her smile swiftly replaced by a serious expression.

Marco had already briefed her about the unfolding crisis, so she was aware of the gravity of the matter.

Keely's live-stream suicide act, if further escalated, could have dire repercussions, far beyond mere public scorn and insults.

Loraine said softly, "Keely, do you believe you can manipulate Marco with your death threat? Then you have made a wrong plan."

Nobody was better acquainted with Keely's true colors than Loraine.

Ever since Keely's plot to swap kidneys, Loraine had been exposed to her malicious intent and madness. Subsequent



incidents continued to unmask Keely's true character repeatedly.

Hence, it didn't shock Loraine that Keely would resort to such an extreme tactic.

Keely was cornered, and in her desperation, she was taking a huge gamble.

For a woman who had served jail time, held a bad reputation, and was universally loathed, if she couldn't leverage this drastic course of action, she wouldn't have a shot to be forgiven.

Under Loraine's scrutiny, Keely felt as though her thoughts were being stripped bare in broad daylight. She experienced a mixture of shame and resentment, gritting her teeth as she said, "Loraine, don't overestimate yourself. If anything untoward happens to me today, it will be all because of you! You will be the murderer!"

Hearing this, Marco cast a worried glance at Loraine. He had promised to be transparent with her and had disclosed everything, but he didn't want her in harm's way.

Nobody could guess the actions of a madwoman.

With this thought, Marco couldn't help but sternly instruct Carl, "Get Loraine out of here now!"

Loraine's brows knitted together as she gave him a disapproving look, asserting calmly, "I'm not leaving, Marco. Believe in me, I can manage this."

Marco's gaze was firmly on her, his eyes revealing a blend of helplessness and adoration. "It's not that I doubt you, it's just that I worry about your safety."



Keely watched them engrossed in their private conversation, seemingly oblivious to any external disturbance, which agitated her to the point of grinding her teeth. Finally, she shouted hoarsely, "Shut up! Are you trying to drive me to my death? I'm warning you, even in death, I won't let you escape unpunished!"



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Chapter 545 Only In Death Will You Truly Lose

As the live broadcast rolled on, the viewers who tuned in began to grasp the situation from Keely's frenzied rants.

Keely, despite her reputation being damaged due to prior instances of duplicity and copying, hadn't committed an act that warranted the loss of her life. Both overtly and covertly, online viewers began to advocate for Keely and subtly place blame on Loraine and Marco.

"Reconsider your actions, young lady. Life surpasses any issue you may have. A man's not worth your life!"

"Right! Self-love is what's paramount! Stand tall, so you can have the chance to fight back, no matter the pressure!"

Some even extended their sympathy towards Keely over her admission of love to Marco. "Keely did what she did all for love. Surely, Marco should've agreed to her first! A human life's more precious than anything else!"

"Exactly, Marco only loses love, but she's putting her life on the line!"

As Carl witnessed the comments from netizens shifting towards moral judgments without personal involvement, a deep frown formed on his face.

The scenario he dreaded the most unfolded. When ignorant netizens stumbled upon a live stream of someone attempting suicide, they would undoubtedly sympathize

with the person in distress.

Keely had ensnared them all in a precarious situation. Dealing with public opinion in such a matter of life and death required utmost delicacy.

He contemplated shutting down the live stream, but that might exacerbate the situation.

Given Keely's current mental state, maintaining the live stream served as evidence of the ongoing crisis. If the stream were to be stopped, netizens' wild speculations could thrust Loraine and Marco into the harsh spotlight of public judgment, regardless of Keely's fate.

Carl found himself in a dilemma, his worry for Loraine growing. At a time like this, any word from Loraine could easily be twisted and misconstrued. He genuinely didn't know how she would handle this hellish situation.

Loraine, however, understood Carl's concerns. She had braced herself mentally for this.

Ignoring the various advice from the live stream audience, Loraine didn't aim to soothe the situation or reconcile. Instead, she scoffed and taunted Keely, "You think Marco would marry you with your reputation in tatters? What a dreamer!"

Keely's face hardened, visibly agitated by Loraine's taunt. She snapped back, "Who are you, Loraine, to judge me? Weren't you just a village girl hiding your true self when you married into the Bryant family? Why could Marco marry you then, but he can't marry me now?"

Upon hearing this, Loraine retorted forcefully, "I didn't fake sickness to deceive Marco, or scheme to destroy someone's reputation or copy their work. Keely, it's not your social



rank, but your character that makes you unfit for Marco. Your true colors are clear for all to see. Even if you were to die, they'd say it was a relief!"

Keely, enraged, shrieked, "You're spouting lies! That won't happen! Listen, I'm on a live stream, everyone's watching. Everyone knows you're the one causing me harm! You're the murderer!"

Those tuning into the live stream were stunned by Loraine's prior comments and started flooding the comments with their takes.

"How could Loraine say such things? It's too harsh for Keely!"

"Indeed, we're talking about a human life here. Isn't Loraine being excessively harsh? Even if Keely wronged her in the past, there's no need to push someone towards their demise!"

Keely grinned and held up her phone, pointing the screen at Loraine. "See, everyone is defending me and criticizing you!"

Loraine cast a brief look but seemed unfazed, scoffing, "So what? People will badmouth me for a month or two and then move on. After your death, you'll fade from memory. I, on the other hand, will go on unaffected. I'll lead a good life and everyone, including Marco, will eventually forget you. Only in death will you truly lose."

Hearing Loraine's words, Keely's rage pushed her to the brink of insanity. She locked her gaze on Loraine with a near-demonic intensity, murmuring to herself, "It won't happen, it's impossible. I won't lose to you!"

Deep down, Keely's resolve wavered. She was no longer sure if she wanted, or even had the courage, to die.



Carl looked at Loraine, perplexed by her decision to provoke Keely and stir up the anger of the live stream viewers. Observing Marco's composed demeanor, however, Carl opted to stay out of the situation.

From the moment Loraine spoke, Marco understood her strategy.

She was intentionally riling up Keely to shift her focus.

Thus, Marco played along, awaiting an opportunity. He noticed Keely's emotional turmoil causing her grip on the knife to loosen.

Seizing the moment, Marco lunged forward, grabbing Keely's wrist and twisting it!

"Ah!" Keely cried out in pain as the knife clattered to the floor.

