

## CHOSEN 1001

### Chapter 1001

Among the colleagues' words, there were both exclamations and murmurs. The reporter snapped back to reality, shaking his

head.

He was sure he wouldn't pursue her! He couldn't even if he tried.

"Did I hear she's already engaged?"

"Can't find any dirt on that! The guy never showed his face, then even Ms. Summers herself disappeared. Can't find any info."

At this point, a few others joined the conversation, "Could it be some nouveau riche?"

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"Who knows? My guess is yes, those rich folks tend to be bold and reckless."

"So you're saying Ms. Summers aren't?"

"Tsk, at an age desperate for marriage, you think she's got the luxury to be choosy?"

The reporters dispersed one by one, and the sky gradually darkened. Chloe decided to drive herself today instead of letting Damon drive. They had agreed on a time, and she drove back home—on her own.

The whole way, Jeanette's new single was on repeat. The lyrics were simple, but she really liked it. She even sang along a few times. It almost felt like she was brainwashed from hearing it so much.

When she got back to Emerald Valley Estates, Damon's car was right behind hers.

After parking, Chloe walked up to Damon, her beaming smile was almost blinding.

"Why are you so happy?" Damon caught her as she almost lunged into his arms, looked down at her face and asked softly.

Chloe looked up at him, raised an eyebrow, "Don't you watch the news? The internet is buzzing right now."

Damon caught on and smiled at her. "So, that's why you're so happy?"

Chloe blinked, "Shouldn't I be happy? You can't possibly imagine how hot Jeanette's single is today..."

The smile on Damon's face vanished instantly, "So your happiness is because of Jeanette's hot new single?"

Chloe's smile froze for a moment, "... Yes, she's brought honor to Starlight International..."

By now, they had reached the elevator. Chloe pressed the button, smiled at Damon and stepped in.

Behind her was a slightly cold figure. Using a bit of force, he pushed her into a corner of the elevator, his back against the wall, hands on her waist, leaning down to kiss her lips.

The kiss had a hint of anger and a dash of hurt.

"The elevator, huh..."

He didn't give her a chance to speak, and her words were swallowed.

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The body in front of her gradually lost its coldness. He passionately sucked on her lips, entwining his tongue with hers. Chloe was suddenly kissed by Damon. She struggled subconsciously, but to no avail. Her body went limp, clinging onto his shoulders, reciprocating his kiss.

The elevator slowly ascended, and with a 'ding', the doors opened. Chloe managed to gather a sliver of sanity amidst the chaos, gently patting his shoulder while he held her.

Damon didn't let go of her, instead holding her even tighter. His unique scent enveloped her. He wrapped his arm around her waist, leading her out of the elevator. They remained in close contact, and he never stopped kissing her the whole time.

Chloe glanced around the lobby. Thankful that the high-end apartment was empty.

With a mix of fear and vigilance, she was drowned in his kiss, stumbling towards their apartment. When they finally reached the apartment entrance, Damon continued pressing Chloe against the hallway wall. His tall figure enveloped her petite frame, bending slightly to hold her waist tightly, kissing her fervently.

The quiet hallway echoed with sounds that made people blush.

Chloe felt Damon's intense kiss, like he was about to devour her right there in the hallway. She panicked, reaching out to key in the passcode, but fumbled and the alarm sounded. When she tried again, Damon grabbed her hand, pressing it against the wall, forcing her to focus on him.

She had lost the strength to hold her bag, which fell to the ground with a 'thump'. Helpless against his dominance, her body responded to his provocations, kindling some desire. Right at their doorstep, Chloe let loose, wrapping her arms around his neck,

standing on her tiptoes, pressing her soft body against Damon's chest, reciprocating his kiss.

“Click” went a sound.

Just as their passionate kissing was reaching a fever pitch, when things might take an unexpected turn...

The door next to them was suddenly opened from the outside.

Chloe was startled, eyes widened, struggling subconsciously. Damon frowned, lifting his overcoat to shield the woman in his arms, her face flushed from the kissing. He looked up at the person opening the door, his eyebrows furrowed.

“What are you doing here?”

Upon hearing this, Chloe half turned in Damon’s arms, her hands on his overcoat, revealing a pair of bright eyes. When she saw the person leaning against the door, arms crossed, smiling at them, she paused, her puzzled eyes blinking.

“Seth? What are you doing here?”

Seth still had a faint smile, calmly saying, “You two are quite interesting, expressing your passion right outside someone else’s door.”

Chloe blushed, pulling Damon’s overcoat over her eyes, but quickly regained her senses.

“Your home?”

Seth straightened up, his tall figure looking rather imposing. He looked at them, lips curving up slightly.

“Seems like you’ve gotten lost, can’t even find your own front door?”

Chloe paused for half a second. The feeling she had when they exited the elevator suddenly became very clear.

They didn't press any buttons when they got on the elevator. Even with today's advanced technology, there probably wasn't a device that operated on thought alone. So, someone must've pressed the button for this floor, which was why they ended up here.

And the floor plans for these apartments were almost identical...

"Are you... about to go out?"

## Chapter 1002

Chloe looked him over, his expensive suit impeccably tailored and perfectly ironed, complementing his tall and slender figure, with proportions nearly close to perfection.

His face seemed to carry a natural smile, making him appear amiable, refined, and cultured, like a noble young gentleman. But in reality, he was – A hypocrite, an evil person.

Seth, with his narrow eyes, caught the fleeting emotion in Chloe's eyes. A hint of mockery tugged at the corner of his lips, but he seemed indifferent.

"Yes, I'm heading out."

He didn't explain why he had pressed the elevator button then returned. Instead he turned around to face the two, "Want to join?" He didn't seem genuinely inviting them.

"Would it be convenient?" Damon casually glanced at Seth. As he turned his head, his gaze swept through the room, then looked down at the woman in his arms, cuddling his coat. With only her eyes were visible, she looked absolutely adorable.

His gaze deepened, aware of another man nearby, and unhesitatingly stuffed Chloe's head into the coat.

Looking up again, he saw that Seth's eyes had just moved away from his arms, and his eyebrows raised slightly.

Seth looked at him, slipped one hand into his pocket and chuckled lightly, "Seems like it's inconvenient for you guys, maybe you should head back?"

Chloe struggled a bit in Damon's arms, her eyes peeking out again.

"Have you been living here recently?"

Seth's voice was laced with amusement, "The environment here is quite good."

Seth walked out of the door, closing it behind him, standing at the doorway looking at them, "Aren't you leaving?"

Damon shot him a meaningful look, his gaze sweeping over the closed door behind Seth, then he led Chloe towards the elevator. Seth followed them, they entered the elevator, and Seth pressed the buttons for the sixteenth and basement floors.

"What happened to your hand?" Damon asked indifferently, Chloe moving a bit in his arms.

Seth lifted his bandaged hand, his voice flat.

"Accidentally cut myself."

The time between the elevator reaching the eighteenth floor and the sixteenth floor was almost the same. The elevator doors opened, and Damon led Chloe out.

Seth moved the fingers outside his bandage, his indifferent face devoid of any warmth.

When they reached their apartment, Chloe finally struggled out of Damon's arms.

"I was about to suffocate."

She tidied up her messed-up hair, her lips swollen.

Damon pursed his lips, entered the password and opened the door.

Chloe went inside to change her shoes, but the man behind her lifted her up and placed her on the couch in the living room. He then leaned down and kissed her again.

His kiss was passionate, his teeth gently biting her lip, lightly tugging, making Chloe feel a bit scared each time, worried that his impulsiveness would actually bite through her lip.

"Damon..." Chloe called him in his kiss, "Jeanette, she...ah..."

She clearly knew his current dissatisfaction and grievances were because of what. She wanted to explain, but the mention of Jeanette only led to an even more intense kiss from him.

Her painful cry made Damon stop kissing her, his eyes hiding a dangerous undercurrent.

"Are you bringing her up again?"

Chloe looked at him helplessly, "She is just my employee, my source of revenue."

"I can make more money for you than her."

Chloe's mouth twitched helplessly, "Is it the same?"

Damon squinted at her. Chloe stared at his face for a while, then finally bit her lip, put her arms around his neck, tilted her head up and gave him a peck on the lips.

“I’m not interested in women, I...did so much with you...and you’re still imagining things?”

After saying this, Chloe’s face was full of shyness. Damon’s gaze deepened, and he started to undress her.

“It’s all because your friend sent you that vulgar video!”

Chloe closed her eyes helplessly, allowing him to focus on unbuttoning her clothes.

“Even if I saw it, I didn’t feel anything.”

Damon threw her clothes on the floor, bent down and kissed her lips.

“You didn’t feel anything, but I was affected by you.”

Her pants were also taken off; Damon looked down at her, his eyes twinkling with a deep light.

“So, if you have any grievances, go and take it up with her. It’s all her fault.”

Chloe didn’t understand what she was supposed to be unhappy about until she was completely soft on the bed, not wanting to move even a toe. That’s when she really felt the urge to confront Rose Davis.

Damon walked in through the door, Chloe lifted her eyes to see the man sitting on the side of her bed, his hand reaching into the blanket.

Chloe’s eyelashes quivered. Damon’s hand touched her skin, directly grabbing her waist, lightly kneading it.



“Are you okay?”

Chloe glanced at him, bit her teeth and turned—over, burying her face in the soft pillow, making it convenient for Damon to massage her waist.

Damon chuckled softly, while massaging, he laughed:

“I’ll teach Rose a lesson for giving you back pain.

Chloe clenched the quilt, feeling a mixed of emotions.

“The real culprit is you!”

“It’s her.”

Chloe decided to ignore him.

After a few minutes, when the soreness in her waist was a bit better, Damon withdrew his hand, “Let’s eat.”

This man, he was too cunning.

Chloe’s phone rang.

“Get my phone for me.”

Damon returned quickly, his face cold, the phone still ringing in his hand.

"Who is it?"

Damon sneered, "Someone looking for trouble."

Chloe's expression changed, it was Rose. She really gave her a headache, calling at such a time.

"Hello?"

-As soon as the call was answered, Rose's voice filled with amusement came through, "I hope I didn't interrupt anything?"

Chapter 1003

Chloe lightly touched her forehead, "You're not married yet, can you at least try to keep some of that innocent girly charm?" "Hah..." Rose laughed, "I already have a kid, wouldn't it seem a bit fake to still play innocent?"

"Don't blame it on the kid. They're innocent."

Rose laughed again, "Alright, alright, one way or another, I'm about to kiss my single life goodbye. Let's get together tomorrow night and celebrate my farewell to singleness."

Chloe frowned, "Is your health up to it?"

"I'm only pregnant, not disabled. I heard from Kane that No.8 Mansion is pretty great, and I heard Cicely works there... Let's go there. Haven't seen her in years!"

Chloe blinked, her mind instantly going to Seth at the mention of Cicely. Just as she was flashing through her thoughts, she heard Rose say, "Hey, does Seth know that Cicely is back?"

Chloe pursed her lips, so she wasn't the only one thinking that way.

Even though Seth had a new lover now and didn't have any interaction with Cicely, mentioning either of them would inevitably lead people to think of the other. There was a sense that these two can never fully part ways in their lives.

Shaking her head, Chloe brushed aside the unnecessary thoughts in her mind, "He probably knows."

The last time they went to No.8 Mansion, Cicely was there serving drinks in their private room, and Seth was there too. But the two didn't seem to have any interaction.

"Ah, he knows, huh? How does Cicely feel about him? She was so obsessed with him back then, and everyone knows she pursued him. Now that she's back... without anyone to rely on..."

Rose's voice dwindled as she spoke until she finally sighed, "Forget it, let's stop talking about it. Remember to come tomorrow. It's my last single party in life. Invite everyone you can. I'm getting married and moving away, and we might not have many chances to hang out in the future."

Chloe responded softly, "Got it, get some rest."

"Mhm. Have a good night."

Chloe then hung up the call.

There was a sound coming from the bathroom. Chloe rubbed her stomach, not feeling hungry anymore.

Jeanette's new song was still very popular, with online plays and downloads still rising sharply.

The atmosphere at Starlight International was buzzing, every employee was busy, but their mood was very good. Everyone at Starlight International felt like they were dazzling.

Because of Jeanette's new hit song, even those who had doubts about Jeanette had to acknowledge her talent. Investors and big names in the entertainment industry were now focusing their attention on

Jeanette and Starlight International. Even directors of movies and TV shows that were already in preparation were considering Starlight International's artists as their first choice.

In reality, there were plenty of talented musicians. To make a stand in the music industry or even the entertainment industry, both luck and talent were essential. Jeanette, this dark horse, suddenly came to the center stage. Talent was a given, but the most important thing was her luck.

Because she met someone smart and highly skilled.

Under the leadership of such a person, how could Starlight International go wrong?

They not only believed in the talent of each artist but also believed in Chloe behind Starlight International.

The artists in the company got more opportunities and their value also increased. Going out with the tag "under Starlight International" made it easy for them to get more attention.

Jeanette's success had a knock-on effect on the entire company, so when Chloe said that "Jeanette is her cash cow" back then, it seemed she had predicted the current situation.

Moreover, Jeanette's new hit song gained her a lot of popularity overseas, even her previous experiences were dug up, and her songs were naturally so as well.

Jeanette's popularity was certain, and her current popularity was seized at the right time by Chloe.

Because, the Paris Autumn/Winter Fashion Week was just around the corner.

So this was why RM, after giving up on Jeanette and choosing Beverly, came running back to Jeanette due to her skyrocketing popularity after the release of her new song, regardless of the discussions within and outside the circle. Because Jeanette, appearing at the fashion week at this time, would definitely attract special attention from media and RM's brand would undoubtedly shine at the fashion week.

They initially just wanted to gain attention through Beverly and Jacob's wedding. It was obvious, they made the wrong bet. People in the fashion circle were already mocking RM's actions online.

"Such a big brand, is this their vision?"

"Their move is beyond words."

"Thanks to this brand for successfully explaining to me what it means to give up a better choice."

"Congrats to our fashion queen for becoming the ambassador for RM."

When Beverly arrived at the company early in the morning, the artists in the company didn't miss the opportunity to give her gifts and congratulate her on becoming the ambassador-for-RM.

In the luxuriously decorated office, Beverly smashed almost everything to pieces. She was shaking with rage, her beautiful face distorted with fury.

"What does it mean to give up a better choice? What is Jeanette? How can she compare to me?"

The more she thought about it, the angrier she got. After venting her anger, she sat in the chair, hands on her forehead, her eyes red, her voice filled with exhaustion and grievance.

"At this critical moment...is she really up-to the task? Just taking office and she's already messed up my reputation...does she know how hard I worked to get to this position?"

In the face of her anger and the chaos all around, Jacob comfortably reclined on the deep coffee-colored sofa, exuding a sense of leisurely ease.

When he saw Beverly cool her jets, he slowly got up, strolled over to her side, and gave her shoulder a light pat. Beverly slowly lifted her head, grabbed Jacob's hand on her shoulder, and looked at him with teary eyes, her face filled with a sense of wrong and sadness.

“Jacob, I really can’t let all these years of hard work go down the drain, I’ve sacrificed too much to get here...”

With a faint smile on his face, Jacob lowered his head and planted a gentle kiss on Beverly’s forehead.

“I know, babe. Don’t sweat it, we’ve been through hell and back, and we can definitely ride out this storm too.”

## Chapter 1004

Beverly’s face eased up a bit.

“Hey, ain’t I right here with you? RM is a well-known international brand. I’ve already chatted with their designers, and this year’s autumn and winter new styles are pretty slick. Throw in the look I’ll design for you, you’re gonna be the belle of the ball for sure. “Jeanette might be popular, but she’s still just a newbie. International Fashion Week is a big deal, right? With so many international stars around, who’s gonna really notice her? Our job is to totally upstage her at the show. That’s what victory looks like.”

Beverly’s face relaxed a bit more, and a smile crept onto her face.

“Thank god you are here, Jacob... I might have been really upset otherwise.”

Jacob gave her shoulder a comforting pat. “Alrighty, no more worries. We’re going to try on dresses this afternoon, right? Let’s grab lunch first. I’ve got some stuff to do later. You go ahead with your folks, I’ll catch up as quick as I can.”

Beverly shook her head, “No lunch. I’ll feel bloated trying on dresses.”

Jacob just shook his head with a helpless grin, not saying anything. As a stylist, of course, he wouldn’t want his model to have any body issues.

To be fair, for this Fashion Week, Chloe didn't just invite Jeanette. Two other artists who had shot two films and had a decent fashion sense also got the green light.

Miles was all fired up – Fashion Week, long time no see.

At noon, Chloe was about to head out for lunch when she saw Miles hesitating outside her office. Seeing her, his face tightened.

"What's up?" Chloe asked.

Miles took a deep breath before finally saying, "I heard there's a big fashion district in P City. I just met with three artists, and I'm thinking of going there to check out the trending styles. Your engagement party is coming up, wanna come with?"

Chloe stood at her door, sizing up Miles for a while before finally nodding.

"Sure, let's ask Katie to join us. We'll head over after lunch."

"Okay." Miles nodded, "I'll go get her at the studio."

Chloe watched Miles turn and stride off, let out a sigh, and called Damon.

The call was answered quickly, Damon's deep, soothing voice coming from the other end.

"Hmm?"

"I can't have lunch with you today."

Damon was quiet for a moment, "...Why?"

“Something came up at the company.”

“So busy you can’t even spare time for lunch?”

“No, I’m going to eat with them.”

“Who are ‘them’?”

“Well, Miles and Katie. Fashion Week is coming up, they might need some inspiration. ... also thought I’d look at some engagement dresses...”

The first part of her sentence was like a slap in the face to Damon, but the last sentence cooled him off.

“Then have a good time shopping.”

“Okay, make sure you eat a good lunch.”

“Alright.”

Chloe took a deep breath, then called Nathan.

“Chloe, what’s up?”

“I can’t have lunch with Damon, can you keep him company?”

Silence... After a while, Nathan blinked, waiting for Chloe to say more.

“...That’s it?”



“Is there anything more important than three meals a day?”

“Haha, no.”

Nathan sat in his office, forcing a grin.

“Alright then.”

After hanging up, Nathan grabbed some food and headed over to Damon’s office.

“Damon, I’m here to keep you company for lunch!”

Damon glanced at him, then went back to his work. Nathan filled up half the table with food. Looking at the unresponsive Damon, he urged, “Come on, eat!”

“I’m not eating.” Damon answered coldly.

“Why?”

“I’m on a diet.”

“What?!”

Nathan was so shocked he almost fell off his chair.

What did he just hear?

Damon, on a diet? What was going on?!

A big, burly man, dieting to lose weight?

Where did he need to lose weight? Damon was all muscle! Had his life been so comfortable he'd started to gain weight?

He cautiously eyed Damon, and asked tentatively, "Did... Chloe say something about your weight?"

Damon frowned, gave Nathan a piercing look, "You can go eat somewhere else."

"So you're really not eating?"

Damon simply ignored him.

After lunch, Chloe, Miles, and Katie headed straight to the fashion district.

Stepping into the district, the air was thick with fashion.

The stairs of each building were plastered with giant posters of brand ambassadors – cosmetics, clothes, jewelry, all kinds of big-name brands dazzling the eyes. The people walking the streets were all dressed to the nines, each with their unique style.

Chloe was unfamiliar with this kind of place. Cutting-edge fashion seemed far from her reach.

Since Fashion Week was around the corner, many brands hadn't released their new fall and winter collections yet.

Chloe felt they only gave a cursory glance before Miles dragged her to a bridal shop.

"Weren't we here to do some research? Why are we not browsing anymore?" Chloe was confused.

“We’ve seen enough. What I came here to observe wasn’t the clothes in the stores, but the people here. The most important fashion elements are on them.”

Chloe nodded thoughtfully and began to look for a dress she liked in the shop. Katie was on the other side, and Miles followed her.

“Is there something you want to tell me?”

Chloe stopped in front of a dress. Her eyes were drawn to a long burgundy dress and a champagne-colored beaded fringe dress.

Miles glanced at the dress, clicked his tongue softly, and said quietly, “Can I design the look for your engagement party?”

Chloe motioned for the shop assistant to bring down the dress, then turned to look at Miles. Seeing his nervous expression, Chloe couldn’t help but chuckle.

“All this for that?”

“I won’t let you down, promise. On the day you get engaged, you’ll be the most stunning woman in the world.”

Chloe smiled at him. “Sounds good. Why do I feel like you’re trying to make up for some regret with me, though?” Miles looked into Chloe’s eyes, a bit surprised. In the end, he just gave a bitter laugh and shook his head.

Chapter 1005

He finally broke the silence, his voice barely above a whisper.

“I once made a promise to a woman, that on her 26th birthday, the day she married me, I would make her the most beautiful and unique bride in the world, but...”

Miles didn't say anything further, his face showing a hint of sarcasm.

Chloe gave a slight laugh, but continued. "So, the bride is getting married, but the groom isn't you?"

Chloe fell silent. Most dramatic lives revolved around a perfect heroine.

"Jacob is my cousin. My parents died when I was young, and I managed to attend college thanks to their savings. That's where I met Beverly. We dated throughout college and were even engaged. Knowing her dreams, I became a stylist to transform her from a shy and ordinary girl into a beautiful woman. I thought we would always be together..."

"But once a woman becomes beautiful..."

He stopped again. Chloe could guess where he was going with this, and she understood his sentiment.

"Jacob later became my mentor's apprentice, but ended up betraying him, sinking his studio into hardship. At first, I couldn't understand why. It wasn't until later that I found out it was all for..."

Beverly. Chloe couldn't help but scoff internally.

"Jacob's family is wealthier than mine, and he's been undermining me in secret. Look at him now, his career is booming, and

me..."

Katie, who had been quietly standing by the side; showed a clear look of pity and mixed emotions.

"But you, you'll be even better than him."

Chloe picked up a dress, gave him a faint smile, and led Katie into the fitting room. Miles was left standing, Chloe's words and confident smile echoing in his mind. For some reason, the frustration that had been building up for years suddenly seemed to dissipate.

That was right! How could he be worse than Jacob? Opportunity was right in front of him. All he had to do was believe in himself and give it his all.

"...Miles?"

Just as he was taking a deep breath, ready to focus on the task at hand and set new goals, a familiar yet uncertain voice sounded beside him.

He turned to spot Beverly. Seeing the beautiful woman in front of him, Miles's expression changed.

"You..."

He started to speak, but quickly realized where they were and fell silent.

Beverly hadn't expected to see Miles here. She thought the man looked familiar, so she called out tentatively. To her surprise, it really was him. Her expression quickly turned awkward. After a moment, she tentatively ran a hand through her hair and asked, "What are you doing here?"

"Just browsing around."

"Oh..."

Beverly looked uncomfortable, and Miles guessed she might be feeling guilty. So he asked, "Beverly, are you really going to marry Jacob? Or is he forcing you?"

Beverly's discomfort increased, and she didn't know how to respond. As she remained silent, Miles started to speculate. "Is he?"

He took a step towards her almost involuntarily.

“Beverly!”

A harsh voice—cut through the air, and Beverly was pulled aside.

“Hi...” Miles looked at the approaching person and opened his mouth to greet her.

Luisa’s face stiffened when she saw Miles, but quickly morphed into a look of contempt.

“What are you doing here?”

Her cold tone made Miles’s heart sink.

“I just happened to be here. I wanted to ask her something.”

Beverly bit her lip, refusing to look at him.

Luisa knew about Beverly and Miles’s engagement, and she also knew Beverly felt guilty about it. Seeing Beverly’s silence, she felt a pang of sympathy.

“Miles, young people break up and make up all the time. Beverly’s moved on. Why can’t you? Remember, your engagement has been called off.”

Miles clenched his fists, keeping his gaze fixed on Beverly.

“Is he forcing you?”

“Miles!” Luisa reprimanded him, her voice raising before she remembered where they were and lowered it again.

“Your relationship with Beverly is over. I suggest you get over it. Beverly’s status has changed, and she’s about to get married. Don’t do anything to hurt her. If you really love Beverly, you should wish her well. Besides, what can you offer her now? If you were together, would Beverly have to support you?”

Miles’s eyes flickered, but he continued to watch Beverly—in-silence, as though only her answer would satisfy him.

Beverly bit her lip, her brow furrowed. She took a deep breath and finally looked up at him.

“Miles, Jacob didn’t force me. I chose him.”

Beverly stood there in silence, looking calm and graceful in her newest Chanel dress. Her hair cascaded over her shoulders, and the store’s bright lights gave her skin a smooth, porcelain glow.

However, Miles had no interest in her beauty at the moment. All he felt was a chill in his heart.

“For many years, Jacob has been there for me, consistently. Without him, I wouldn’t be where I am today. His family is wealthy, and his parents have always treated me well. He’s now a renowned international stylist. Choosing him was the best decision I’ve ever made.”

“Miles, think about it. What can you offer me compared to him?”

Beverly took a deep breath, a faint smile appearing on her face. It seemed like she had been holding these words in for a long time, and now she finally had the chance to let them out.

“Now that I’m such a big shot, I’ve got a ton of people watching me, waiting for me to slip up. I thought we were done, you and me, after we called off our engagement, but who would’ve thought you’d still...

Well, that’s the way the cookie crumbles, Miles, jut let me go. You and me, we’re just not from the same planet, not now, not ever.”

Miles clenched his hands tightly, then slowly let them go.

## Chapter 1006

After a moment of silence, he took a deep breath and let it out slowly, a smirk of both mockery and relief appearing on his face.

“Remember you once said you wanted to be the center of attention, the most beautiful woman. For you, I studied styling, and accompanied you to competitions. I was the one who molded you into the campus belle bit by bit, yet you, you said that Jacob was the one who has always been there to support you, right?”

“Now that you’re so famous and with so many people waiting to see you make a fool of yourself, you think being with me will make you a laughing stock, is that it?”

Beverly looked troubled, biting her lip and finally said, “...I’m sorry.”

Miles couldn’t help but chuckle sarcastically, “Alright, I get it.”

He took a deep breath, his voice filled with scorn.

“I finally solved the question that has been bothering me for a long time, and I can finally breathe a sigh of relief. But I still want to thank you. Because of you, I chose to become a stylist, which gave my life a direction. I don’t think I owe you anything, so I won’t begrudge a thank you. As for the future...”

Miles’ eyes suddenly became firm and indifferent, causing a chill to run down Beverly’s spine, and she involuntarily took a step back. Amidst her confusion, she heard Miles’ icy voice say, “So, from now on, there’s nothing between us! You’re right, you and I, whether now or in the future, will never be of the same kind.”

Beverly looked slightly relieved, “If you can see it that way, all the better.”



Miles scoffed, took another deep breath, and then fell silent.

The dressing room door was half open. Katie bit her lip hard, glaring at Beverly and Miles, her face filled with anger.

“How could Beverly be so ungrateful? Miles was so good to her, how could she say such things? It’s outrageous!”

Chloe pulled her gaze away from the outside and began to fix her dress. Unlike Katie’s anger, a faint smile appeared on her face.

“There are always a few people who are too much, that make you feel the urge to step on them.”

Katie clenched her fists, her gaze fixed on Miles standing sideways, her heart filled with anger and heartache. She heard Chloe’s words, but didn’t take them in.

Not two minutes later, a man in a white floral suit pushed the door open. Luisa saw the man appearing at the door, her face instantly lit up with a smile. She was about to greet the man, but the man was immediately surrounded by a few people.

“Are

you

Jacob?!”

“I’m the assistant designer here, I’m a big fan of yours!”

“I’m Casey, the stylist here, Mr. Jacob, it’s an honor to meet you. I also participated in the last International Beauty Expo and was lucky to get fifth place, but you’re still the champion, I admire you so much.”

As soon as Jacob appeared, the store's designers, stylists, and assistants, even the customers, all flocked to him. Jacob wore a polite and humble smile, but the treatment of being surrounded and admired inevitably revealed a hint of arrogance on his face.

"Mr. Jacob, the looks you've designed for Beverly at Fashion Week over the past two years have been eye-catching and have garnered attention from the international fashion community. Many renowned international designers want to collaborate with you!"

"I think at the upcoming Paris Fall/Winter Fashion Week, your design will definitely make Beverly the most dazzling presence."

"Although I really want to win this year's International Beauty Expo, since I heard you're also participating, I'm afraid my hopes will be dashed."

Jacob laughed gently, "You're too kind, I just do my best, you should also keep it up."

The stylist in the store nodded eagerly, "I hope I have the chance to learn from you someday."

Jacob glanced around and his gaze finally landed on Beverly.

Seeing this, everyone tactfully backed away. Under Jacob's gaze, Beverly blushed slightly. Luisa patted her hand with satisfaction, smiling as she watched Jacob slowly approach. Then she glanced at Miles standing next to her, shaking her head.

"See, Miles, this is the difference between you and Jacob. Beverly is a star admired by all, and Jacob is a respected and celebrated international stylist. They are the perfect match. And you..."

A look of unabated contempt crossed her face.

"Luisa, Beverly..." Jacob had stepped forward by now and greeted Luisa and Beverly with a smile. Finally, he looked up, as if he had just noticed Miles, his face lighting up with surprise.

“Miles? What a coincidence running into you here! What brings you to P City?”

Miles looked at him coldly, not saying a word.

Jacob raised an eyebrow, pulling Beverly into his arms, brushing her hair back from her forehead.

“Or are you here for our wedding? Miles, you’re thoughtful.”

Miles looked at him expressionlessly, “Congratulations.”

Jacob raised an eyebrow, laughing dismissively. He whispered to Beverly, “Have you chosen your wedding dress yet?”

Beverly shook her head, and the store clerk immediately chimed in, “The wedding dress section is not here, please follow me.” Miles watched as the couple left arm in arm, his face expressionless, as he headed for the second floor.

Luisa scoffed coldly at his side, before following the others out

Miles shut his eyes tight, just as Casey, who had been non-stop singing praises about Jacob’s style, suddenly appeared. He glanced over at Jacob’s direction, then turned to Miles and asked:

“You a stylist too?”

Miles slowly opened his eyes, gave him a cold look, then replied, “Yeah.”

“Do you know Mr. Jacob?”

“Nope.”

Casey frowned, sizing Miles up and down, his eyes filled with disdain.

“Figures. You’re a nobody, how would you possibly know the famous Mr. Jacob?”

After spitting out these words, he was about to chase after Jacob and his crew, when the shop door swung open.

Nate was the first one to shove the door open. He held it open, standing respectfully off to the side. Then, a tall and sturdy figure walked in, his strides steady and assured.

Chapter 1007

He was decked out in a high-end black suit, oozing an air of elegance. He stopped at the door, his deep gaze cooling sweeping over everyone in the room, finally landing on Casey who was nearest to him.

His gaze was icy and deep, like frost on a winter’s morning, causing Casey to startle, almost losing his footing.

Someone casually strolled past him, and when Casey looked again, it was just the nobody from before.

“Mr. Harper, what brings you here?”

Nate closed the door behind him, whispering something to Damon who then gave a nod of approval.

“You’re Miles?”

“Yes.” Miles responded confidently, glancing towards the dressing room and whispered, “Ms. Summers is trying on dresses in there.”

With a nonchalant “Hmm”, Damon started heading towards the dressing room.

Casey was left staring at Damon's retreating figure, his powerful aura sending chills down his spine.

Who was this guy? Why was his aura so strong?

"Casey, quit daydreaming and come help Beverly with her styling."

"Oh... right."

The thought of interacting with Jacob filled him with excitement.

Chloe pushed the door of the dressing room open only to find Damon's familiar figure standing there.

"What are you..."

Damon's gaze slid over her. The red and champagne colors of her dress made her stand out, elegant yet stunning.

Her unique aura, coupled with her exquisitely beautiful features, were breathtaking. Every time he saw her, he was taken aback by her beauty. His gazes were intense yet shone brightly, as he slowly closed the distance and pulled her into his arms. "You shouldn't be trying on dresses alone."

Despite not being in a suit himself, Damon still managed to outshine everyone else when standing next to Chloe.

His aura was strong, his demeanor noble, yet in front of Chloe, he showed a tender and doting side that left people's hearts fluttering.

The seemingly tough guy now had a beauty in his arms. The seemingly strong woman now appeared delicate. Together, they painted a picture so captivating, and it was hard not to stare.

The store clerk who had been with Chloe was left with a shocked expression on her face. She had been cautious in her service to Chloe, trying to make everything perfect, not daring to be negligent.

She knew Chloe was engaged but she had no idea who her fiance was. During her low-profile stay in P City, everyone who knew her was guessing the identity of her fiance, but no one could figure it out.

So, was this her fiance?

Before, they had guessed it might be a nouveau riche or an ordinary man. Marrying Chloe would save them twenty years of struggle, no, a lifetime of struggle.

But then again, men had their pride. Marrying a woman more powerful and capable than themselves, overshadowing them everywhere they went, no one would accept that.

Ms. Summers was beautiful, wealthy, intelligent, and the CEO of a company. Who dared to marry such a powerful and outstanding woman? Who was worthy?

And then... This man, with his exceptional demeanor and strong aura, didn't seem like someone who relied on a woman to rise to the top.

Chloe's face turned a slight shade of red, "I was just trying it on..."

'T'll keep you company."

His deep voice lingered in the air, making it seem as if they were immersed in his tenderness.

"Help me pick a suit, okay?"

Chloe looked up at his suit, adjusting his collar slightly.

"I think you look good in anything..."

Damon chuckled, "So do you."

The sweetness between them left the onlookers at a loss for words.

In the end, Chloe picked out a pure white suit for him. When Damon entered the dressing room, everyone gathered around the door, eyes glued to the closed door of the dressing room.

Chloe stood quietly at the front, hands clasped together, also anticipating the moment Damon would open the door.

She was used to seeing him in black suits, always exuding such a stable and mature demeanor. When he was in a bad mood, the all-black outfit only highlighted his aloofness.

White... She had only seen him wearing a white shirt, and he still looked handsome enough to make one's heart skip a beat.

Her lips pressed together tightly, her hands clasped in front of her tightening unconsciously.

This area had already been restricted by Nate. Time seemed to drag on, even Nate was glancing inside from time to time.

He had just seen the white suit Chloe picked out for Mr. Harper. To be honest, having been by Mr. Harper's side for so many years, he had seen him in a white suit, always in dark-colored clothes.

He never thought he'd see the day Mr. Harper wore white, let alone what he'd look like in a white suit.

never

After what felt like an eternity, the door of the dressing room finally moved a bit. Everyone held their breath, and as the door opened smoothly, Damon appeared in a white suit at the doorway of the dressing room.

Several people gasped in shock, staring in awe at the handsome man standing before them. The air seemed to freeze in that moment.

Even Nate couldn't help but be surprised.

What kind of man was this?!

The white suit wasn't much different in design, except for the tie at the collar which was now a white boutonniere, and a round crystal brooch was added, making it look even more noble,

His tall and slender figure exuded an aloofness that came from within, a feeling that made people hesitant to approach him, with some even feeling like they would be tainting him if they did.

Chloe's heart pounded faster, her cheeks flushing red, Her breath shortening.

She suddenly felt like this man's presence was somewhat unreal. But thinking of them sleeping in the same bed every day, the warmth and feel of his embrace, and the sensation of his body against hers...

Now appearing so aloof and noble, his fierce look showed that he was also a man infatuated with worldly desires.

Indeed, this noble demeanor could truly bewitch people.

She raised an eyebrow slightly, exhaling softly. The term "wolf in sheep's clothing" seemed to apply not only to Seth.

Damon's gaze was fixed on Chloe, slowly approaching her. His steps were calm and unhurried, as if every step was a gift to the floor. The others kept staring at him, their faces showing expressions of awe.

They were all clueless, even Damon himself, that this man they saw as Mr. Perfect, had been labeled by Chloe as a "wolf in sheep's clothing."



## Chapter 1008

“So, what do you think?” Damon stood in front of her, gazing down at Chloe with a gentle smile.

Chloe returned his smile nonchalantly, reaching out to adjust the boutonniere on his lapel.

“You look incredibly handsome. Words can’t even begin to describe.”

Damon cocked a satisfied brow, “Do I match up to you?”

Chloe’s movements halted as she looked up at him, “Isn’t that supposed to be my question?”

Damon grasped her soft hand, bringing it to his lips for a gentle kiss.

“You’re the only one for me, and it can only be you.”

Chloe’s heart rate quickened, and she looked up at him, her eyes shimmering faintly.

Everyone else present was admiring the beautiful scene, but none of them could comprehend Damon’s words.

Yet Chloe understood perfectly. When they first met, in his room, on his bed, his slender fingers gently stroking her cheek, he told her that only she was worthy of him in this world. She thought he was arrogant then, but he had just smiled.

Now, she was already with him. At a time when she had no intention of falling in love again, she was irresistibly drawn to his dominant presence in the shortest span of time.

Only she was worthy of him. Only she could be his.

He couldn't have made it clearer.

Others might not understand, but how could she possibly not? He was as domineering as always.

Knowing that she understood him, Damon smiled and naturally leaned down for a kiss as she lifted her head.

Damon could kiss her anytime and anywhere, never shying away, and Chloe would always blush furiously in response. She buried her face in his chest to avoid the gazes of others, hiding her shyness! But Damon really enjoyed seeing her blush.

Everyone present was surprised. They never thought that two people who were seen as noble and cold, calm and dominant, could be so different when together.

Their behaviour was completely natural, his tender pampering of her and her gentle submission to him... not pretentious at all.

This was the unique understanding between them. It wouldn't work with anyone else.

"Do you want to try some others?" Damon asked.

Chloe shook her head, "This one is fine."

"Okay."

Damon never interfered with Chloe's decisions.

They changed out of their clothes, with Katie discussing with the shop assistant on where to make alterations, like making the waist thinner, adding more fringe designs, or shortening the hemline.

Chloe didn't spend much time trying on clothes. Katie only came over to take a look when she was changing at the end, but she managed to pick out so many details.

Miles stood silently next to Katie, his gaze falling on the dress.

Chloe and Damon walked side by side towards the shop's exit, and Miles and Katie trailed behind them, whispering.

The shop assistants were stunned by their elegance and deeply moved by their love. After they left, they were all still in a daze.

Because Damon was there, she naturally shared a car with him whenever possible. And she handed the keys to Miles. As he took the keys, Chloe looked at him and suddenly asked, "Is the International Beauty Expo an important makeup competition?"

Miles was taken aback for a moment before answering, "Yes, it's considered one of the authoritative awards in the makeup industry. With this award, one can gain high recognition in the industry."

"Have you ever thought about participating in this competition?" Chloe asked.

Miles gave a wry smile, "How could I not?"

He didn't continue, but Chloe started laughing, "So it seems Jacob is not all that."

"What?" Miles asked.

"He doesn't even dare to let you participate in a competition, do you think he's so great?" Chloe retorted.

Surprise flashed across Miles' face, he was at a loss for words.

Chloe glanced at him, "Don't you have anything to say?"

Miles opened his mouth, a hint of hesitation flashed across his face. Chloe looked at him again, then turned around to open the car door.

"Ms. Summers!" Miles suddenly panicked, rushing forward to grab Chloe's hand, "I... I want to participate in this year's competition, I hope to do so as Starlight International's stylist..."

Suddenly, Miles felt a sharp pain in his hand and reflexively pulled back. He looked up to find Damon standing next to Chloe, staring at him coldly.

The hand he just grabbed was now tightly held in the man's palm. A hint of embarrassment flashed across Miles' face, he rubbed his fingers and dropped his hand to his side.

"I'm sorry..." he apologized.

1

Damon's gaze was as sharp as ice, piercing Miles' face and causing him to shiver.

"I... I was just... in a rush..." he tried to explain.

He paused, then looked at Chloe again, "Ms. Summers..."

"If you want to participate, then do so. My Starlight International doesn't need a weak and incompetent stylist." Chloe said indifferently.

Miles' jaw tightened slightly, and although Chloe's words were not comforting, they strengthened his determination.

"I won't let you down," he stated firmly.

Chloe gave a faint smile, "I think so too."

With that, she bent down to get into the car.

Miles stood still, the feeling of his ego being hurt by Chloe's words just now vanished instantly. To have Ms. Summers' trust like this, he wouldn't let her down. He watched as Damon's car drove away, and only when he couldn't see it anymore did he take a deep breath and let it out heavily. Looking up at the fashion-filled district, filled with billboards of international stars endorsing high-end fashion brands, glamorous and grand, he had always dreamed of standing at the peak of fashion, and he believed that he could achieve this dream in his lifetime!

His conversation with Beverly and every word and expression from Luisa were deeply etched in his memory. He had come to terms with breaking off his engagement with Beverly, even though it had been years.

But being treated like this by Luisa and Beverly, there was no way he wasn't feeling anything. Aside from the initial sadness, what remained was a heap of anger and indignation, sparked by humiliation.

He still remembered the stir that Jacob's appearance had caused. He admitted that he was just an average Joe, with all the emotions any person would have.

Beverly said he was no match for Jacob.

He couldn't deny it now, but-

Life was a rollercoaster. Today you were on top, and tomorrow it might be my turn!

Being poor in youth didn't mean one was gonna be a nobody in the future!

norman

## Chapter 1009

One day, he's gonna stand at the top, making all those who had looked down on him, who insulted him, look up at him.

She and him, from two different worlds? Without a doubt! Now and even more so in the future!

It was like his mind had suddenly been opened, and everything felt so much lighter.

Letting out a relaxed sigh, he mumbled to himself, "Let's go."

There was no response from his side. He turned and saw Katie was also gazing at the fashion street, her face full of determination and confidence.

"Miles..."

Katie slowly began, "I've never dared to say this before, afraid that people would laugh at me for being too arrogant. But today, this feeling is especially strong... I want to be a fashion designer, I want to create clothes that are highly praised, that people will love, chase after, and even adore. I want to make my work known to the world!"

The woman who was always quiet, always looking down, always self-deprecating, now her expression, her words, her tone, were all unfamiliar to him. But not completely strange.

Her current state, and his current state, were so similar.

He suddenly understood why Ms. Summers had brought Katie along when he proposed to come to the fashion street.

He nodded, looking down at her, "You can do it."

Katie smiled and nodded confidently. "Chloe has given us this opportunity, Miles, should we really collaborate? I'll design the clothes, you're in charge of the styling, and we help each other and move forward together, ok?"

These days, he was well aware of Katie's capabilities. So he didn't think that her dream to become a world-renowned fashion designer was an impossible thing at all.

However...

"Haven't we been working together for a while now?"

A faint smile appeared on his face as he gently touched Katie's head. Katie's face turned slightly red. She raised her hands to hold onto her hat in case he knocked it off.

At the same time, she also understood what Miles was saying.

Yes. That was it.

From the beginning, Chloe had always tied her and Miles together. But Chloe never explicitly said it. This decision was actually in their own hands. Only now did they understand that it was best for them to work together.

They looked at each other, then broke into laughter.

What they now realized was something that Chloe had already considered and planned. She was already moving in that direction long ago.

Towards Chloe, they were filled with sincere admiration and respect...

On the second floor of the dress shop, in front of the transparent window, Beverly was standing there in a beautiful white dress. She had inadvertently seen Miles and a petite woman standing together, and

she just instinctively stopped.

The confident look on Miles' face, and his gentle smile towards the girl next to him, all stirred up some unknown emotions in her heart. These

emotions felt like a loss, like fear.

"What's wrong? Don't you like this wedding dress?"

Jacob came to her side; at the sight of the elegance and nobility the wedding dress brought out on her, he couldn't help but praise her.

She was his ideal model. Without Beverly, his career might not have gone so smoothly.

"No, this wedding dress is beautiful."

Miles and the girl downstairs had already left, Beverly turned around, showing Jacob a sweet and elegant smile.

"I believe, no matter what wedding dress it is, you can make me the most beautiful bride."

Jacob gently touched Beverly's beautiful cheek, his mouth curved up, his eyebrows raised slightly,

"Of course."

Beverly's smile became even sweeter. She took a few steps forward, gently leaning into his arms.

"In my heart, I know you're the best stylist."



Jacob happily accepted the woman's praise in his arms, "When I win the championship again at the International Beauty Expo, it will be a three-peat, then I won't just be the best stylist you know, but I will win the hearts of people all over the world."

Just like the International Perfumer Star, who had won the championship three times in a row, no one in the perfume industry could shake his

status.

He would be the same. His goal was far more than being the best in a woman's heart. For his ambition, Beverly genuinely felt proud.

"I believe in you. You definitely can."

Beverly leaned in Jacob's arms. Even though she said these words, the image of Miles kept coming to mind, and an inexplicable unease arose in

her heart.

"Alright, if you're not quite satisfied with this wedding dress, we can look at others. We have plenty of time."

'Mhm."

Back at the company, Damon found Nathan sitting in his office, playing with his phone. Seeing him return, he just casually greeted him,

"Got a lot of free time?"

Damon sat down on the chair, his face cold, as if he never had a good face for Nathan. Nathan put down his phone, his face saying, "See how hard I'm working, you should praise me."

“Damon, haven’t you seen how hard I’ve been working these past few days?”

Damon frowned, remembering that during this time, Nathan would come to his office to sit for a while every morning, at lunch, and even in the afternoon.

Nathan’s presence was punctual and continuous. This proved that he was in the company all day.

He gave him a cold laugh. They really spoiled him too much; just being punctual to work made him feel so great.

“Keep it up.”

Nathan raised an eyebrow, seemingly unimpressed by his words. Then he picked up his phone again and started playing with it out of boredom.

Damon rarely saw him looking so uninterested. He glanced at him, then turned to open his computer, the screen showing a stock market data graph.

“What’s up with you? You look like you’ve been dumped by your wife.”

Nathan’s bored expression immediately became tense, a bit of gloom appearing on his handsome face.

“Did you send someone to spy on me?”

Damon pulled the corners of his mouth, his gaze moved from the computer screen to Nathan’s face.

“Did Yulia really leave with someone else?”

Nathan’s face suddenly became very heavy, he stood up from the couch, clutching his phone, and coldly walked towards the door.

Damon sat up straight, wireless mouse in hand, eyes glued to the shifting computer screen, not once looking away.

“Watch your rep, dude. She’s still technically your wife. I don’t know all the details, but if there’s no love there, you better sort it out pronto. Avoid any scandals, it’s no good for either of you. And try to keep your nose clean.”

Nathan moved to the door, his grip on the handle tightening, a palpable tension radiating from him that lowered the temperature in the office.

Damon shot him a side glance, a slight arch to his brow, a smirk tugging at the corner of his mouth.

“Tonight’s Rose’s last hurrah before tying the knot. If you’re feeling down, why not come along with me?”

Nathan’s rigid expression gradually softened. He turned around, looking at Damon with a grateful expression.

“I knew it, you always have my back.”

Damon’s smirk deepened, he finally turned his head, giving Nathan a warm smile.

“As long as you’re happy, that’s all that matters.”

Chapter 1010

Nathan was nodding his head in succession, looking genuinely moved.

“You’re so caring. Of course I’d be touched.”

“Mhm.”

“I’m truly touched! Beyond words!”

In a luxurious private room of No. 8 Mansion, Nathan chugged down the drink in his glass, slamming the glass onto the table afterwards. Then, he lifted his head, glancing at Damon, who was sitting in the corner.

Damon was quietly enjoying a game with a woman and some others. He seemed to be having a great time.

Meanwhile, in front of Nathan, bottles of booze piled up.

“Chloe, you lost again.”

Rose covered her mouth, laughing. At the same time, another bottle was added to Nathan’s collection.

Nathan cracked a faint smile, gritting his teeth.

With an apologetic look, Chloe said, “...I think I’ll stop playing. Luck is just not with me today.”

It was a simple toothpick drawing game. After a dozen rounds, she had drawn the shortest stick in most of the rounds. Damon hadn’t made her drink much, but the penalty drinks for losing the game all ended up with Nathan.

“There’s only one special toothpick, and it ended up with you multiple times. It’s not bad luck, it’s too good,” Damon murmured, in a voice that was criminally alluring.

Rose rolled her eyes, “This is MY bachelorette party, not a stage for you two to flaunt your love, okay?”

Then, she turned to Nathan, shaking her head in sympathy.

“You guys are too much. What on earth did Nathan do wrong?”

Damon cast a glance at him, chuckling lightly.

“He’s in a bad mood, I just gave him an excuse to drink! He should thank me

Nathan downed another glass, chuckled, then picked up another one, downing it in one go before staggering to his feet.

Everyone in the room looked up at Nathan, noticing something was off. Nathan glanced at Damon in the corner, then smiled, “Chloe, I heard you’ and Damon went to try on engagement outfits this afternoon, right?”

Everyone knew the relationship between Damon and Chloe, so them trying on engagement outfits didn’t surprise anyone.

People started to shift their attention away from Nathan, picked up their glasses, and resumed chatting with their friends. But Chloe sensed something from Nathan, “What’s up? Any problems?”

Nathan scoffed, swaying his way to Chloe, “Don’t you think Damon is even more handsome than usual?”

Thinking of Damon in white this afternoon, Chloe couldn’t help but blush.

“...Yes.”

Though it was true, it made everyone uncomfortable. Nobody wanted to witness their PDA. Except for Rose, who was about to get married soon, who else was leading a good life now? The room was full of single men and women, unable to handle even the slightest provocations.

Nathan forced a bitter smile. “Yes, Damon skipped lunch today to try on outfits with you.”

Damon's eyebrow twitched. Nathan instantly felt an icy glare piercing into him.

Nathan was feeling extremely uncomfortable. He initially thought Damon had invited him to blow off some steam and vent his frustrations. He didn't expect the real purpose to be to have him drink for them!

Hearing that Damon skipped lunch, Chloe couldn't help but ask, "Why didn't he eat?"

Nathan was waiting for Chloe to ask this. He smirked, ignoring the icy glare that seemed to want to impale him, and said, "Damon said he wanted to lose weight, did you know? Hahaha..."

He didn't know why Damon suddenly wanted to lose weight, but when he found out Damon left the office to try on outfits with Chloe in the afternoon, he almost died laughing in the office.

Such a perfect man, thinking about losing weight to try on outfits, wasn't this a joke?

Those who had initially ignored Nathan's words were now stunned, watching the handsome man laughing his head off.

Rose blinked, being the first to react, and started laughing. This laughter was like a spark, the room immediately filled with suppressed laughter.

Chloe couldn't help but laugh too. "How do you need to lose weight?"

Damon's face darkened; staring at the instigator who was still laughing, he abruptly stood up,

Nathan instantly sensed trouble and ran towards the door. Just as he was about to reach the doorknob, Damon grabbed his collar. Nathan

screamed but was dragged out by Damon.

After Damon left, the laughter in the room exploded.

“Haha, I’m dying, Chloe, Damon is too cute.”

“Oh my god, Damon actually started to diet to try on outfits? Hahahaha...”

Ella pouted, “Damon is on a diet, and you guys are laughing? Damon’s body, that’s my ideal type.”

Noah frowned, speaking in a low voice,

“Ideal type? Have you seen it?”

Ella glanced at him lightly. “Oh.”

Noah eyed her sideways but said nothing more.

When Chloe looked at her Ella explained, “It’s obvious. No matter what Damon wears, he always looks super handsome. His body must be great.” Chloe smiled, not thinking too much about it, but she noticed Ella seemed off today, so she gave her an extra look.

Screams from Nathan echoed from the hallway. Passersby would cast strange looks at them, then quickly leave.

A few minutes later, Damon straightened his clothes, tossed Nathan, who was lying on the floor to the side, and as he stepped back, he bumped into someone behind him.

Hearing a small commotion, he turned around, only to see a waiter continuously apologizing to him. He didn’t respond, looking down at the scattered items on the floor.

A bunch of cheap plastic bags.