

## **CHOSEN 1031**

### Chapter 1031

Chloe bit her lip gently, a hint of sadness creeping into her heart Rose, who was always cheerful, radiant, and confident, had such moments too.... \* ... Yeah, you got a point ”

“So, you must come to see me off tomorrow, got it? I want Morrison to know that I’ve got a badass friend like you backing me up, just in case he decides to mess with me too much.”

Chloe chuckled lightly. “If he’s truly afraid of me, that’d be awesome.”

“Then remember to give him a warning tomorrow! Scare him a bit.”

“Will do”

“We’ve got a deal then. My flight’s at half past nine tomorrow morning. After you finish work tonight, come straight to pick me up. Then you can stay over at my place.”

Chloe blinked. Was that part of the plan?

Sure.”

“You took so long to answer. Are you afraid Mr. Harper won’t approve?”

Chloe paused for a moment, “No such thing.”

“Hmm, that’s reassuring.”

After hanging up, Chloe didn’t put down her phone, propping her head up with both hands.

Rose...

After a while, she let out a sigh, lifting her head ready to work. Her gaze swept over her computer screen, where two people were still clashing.

A news headline, "StanTheMan is the other man," kept appearing and disappearing, then reappearing again.

Chloe clenched her teeth—these two men!

All the users of this platform were probably close to tears. Their carefully maintained platform was thrown into chaos by these two troublemakers. Even if the problem were resolved, the restoration and maintenance work would take a lot of time and effort.

Was it because they thought programmers were pushovers?

She closed her eyes, took a deep breath, opened her eyes again, put her phone aside, and stared at it for a long time. Then she slowly moved her hand to the keyboard!

With her eyes closed, she hit a few keys. When she opened her eyes, a whole screen of dense codes appeared on her computer screen.

She instantly closed her eyes again, her temples throbbing, as if someone had pulled a nerve in her brain, causing a cold sweat to break out from the pain. Bearing the pain, she scanned the screen, then began to type rapidly.

The social media platform had clearly been messed up by these two. After they broke through the firewall, some programmers were trying to fix

urgently, but Chloe still managed to break in with ease..

Then came the sound of rapid typing again, and the top spot of the trending news was replaced by “Congrats on Rose’s wedding!”

All the netizens were avidly following the news. They were taken aback when this unrelated headline suddenly appeared.

“Where did this come from?”

“Is it Aamon or StanTheMan?”

“What’s this Rose... Oh, I remember now, she’s the future wife of Morrison from the R City. They are getting married because of her pregnancy.”

“But why did she suddenly pop up? This news appeared like a bolt from out of the blue.”

“Hasn’t enough strange stuff happened today? It’s a bit odd, but I’m used to it.”

“Congrats on the wedding! But who put this news up?”

“Is this someone publicly challenging the two big shots?”

“It’s about to get interesting, but I bet it’ll be taken down by those two soon.”

“Excited to see what happens next.”

Everyone waited and waited, but there was no response. It took almost twenty minutes for the news rankings to change. The top few spots were all occupied by the “Congrats on Rose’s wedding!” news.

Everyone was flabbergasted. What a strange turn of events!

“Maybe, because marriage is a good thing, they’re being noble and not fighting over it.”

“Right! Wishing Rose a happy wedding”

“Wishing Rose a happy wedding”

“Happy wedding...”

Looking at the screen, Chloe finally let out a sigh of relief. She had witnessed the childishness of men today.

Her phone beeped, and Chloe glanced at it coldly before picking it up. It was a message from Damon-

[Sorry, won’t do it again. Don’t be mad.]

It won’t be home tonight. After work, I’ll go straight to Rose’s place and stay with her.]

After a while-

[You don’t want me anymore?]

Chloe was almost choked by her own saliva. She couldn’t imagine the expression Damon had when he said this.

[Rose is leaving for the R City tomorrow morning. It’s her last night here, and I’m going to see her off at the airport.]

[Can I object?]

[No.]

["Crying"]

Chloe couldn't help but laugh. He sent such a cute sticker...

After that, Damon didn't say anything else. Then, Stanley's message came.

[Chloe, it's all that guy's fault for provoking me. You're not mad at me, are you?]

Chloe replied with a simple [Busy.]

The more she said, the more Stanley would go on and on.

After work, Chloe went straight to Rose's place, and the two of them bought groceries and meat from the supermarket.

Rose was pregnant, and take out was always a concern, so they decided to cook at home.

Rose seemed in high spirits, her laughter ringing out. She was just like how she was back in school. After dinner, Chloe was dragged by Rose to the bathroom. They scrubbed each other's backs, then put on their pajamas and lay down on the bed. They reminisced about their school days, the happy times, the sad times, other classmates, and their past lovers.

"By the way, have you seen Lance since?"

"No. Been busy since my foot healed, no chance to see him."

Hearing Lance's name, Chloe's brows twitched slightly.

"You've never been to the Olson Group?"

“Nope.”

Rose took a deep breath, took Chloe’s hand, and said,

“Sometimes, I can’t help but marvel at how time flies. Regardless of whether our past was filled with joy or hardship, we’ve come such a long way. We’ve grown up. Marriage... something we could barely even imagine back then is about to become reality.”

Chloe listened to Rose’s reminiscences and reflections, a faint smile on her lips. She occasionally chimed in. Finally, Rose stared at the ceiling, her face expressionless, her beautiful eyes shimmering under the light.

“Life’s got so many curveballs, man. Cicely married for love, and love screwed her over. You gave it all for Lance, only to be played. But now, you’ve got Mr. Harper... Chloe, are you happy now?”

Chloe nodded, “Yeah. The thing with Lance, it wasn’t love.”

Rose chuckled, “I guess, Cicely married Seth for happiness too... So no matter what, I’m gonna choose to marry for love.”

She turned to Chloe with a smile, “Morrison is my kind of man, and I believe the one I love is worth loving. I can’t possibly get it wrong, right? If I go the extra mile, he might fall for me too, right?”

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Chloe nodded seriously, lifting their intertwined hands, gently caressing her cheek with the back of her hand.

“You’re so beautiful, so perfect. How could you not be? It was Morrison who couldn’t see the truth. I believe that in the future, Morrison will fall head over heels for you and won’t be able to live without you.”

“Haha, then I might get annoyed.”

The next day, Chloe drove Rose to the airport, checked in her luggage early, and stayed with Rose waiting for Morrison.

In the morning, Rose insisted on leaving early, so Chloe bought her some breakfast on the way. Although she didn't eat much on the way, she was hungry again and started munching.

Chloe smiled quietly. Rose never ate more than three meals a day. Her self-control was always incredible, sometimes awe-inspiring. Now, she ate whenever she was hungry. Guess this was what being pregnant did to a woman....

Thinking about Damon's firm stand against having children, she still felt a bit down. Did he just not want kids because it was more convenient?

Rose was having a baby, and she didn't want her child to have a big age gap with Rose's, which would make pairing them off tough in the future...

After Rose finished eating, she glanced at the time.

“It's nine o'clock. Morrison should be here.”

Her face didn't show much emotion, but the faint gleam in her eyes couldn't be hidden. Laid-back, confident women could still feel a bit anxious

when it came to love.

“Call me the moment you reach R city, got it?”

“Got it.”

“I’m heading to R city the day after tomorrow. Just send me your address then, no need to pick me up.”

Rose sighed, “Alright, alright. If you keep saying that, why don’t you just come with me to R city.”

Chloe pretended to be angry, “Really, Rose? You’re already sick of me and you haven’t even seen Morrison yet?”

Rose raised an eyebrow, “Who would dare? I still need you to have my back.”

After saying that, she looked at her watch again. Chloe gave her a glance and didn’t say anything. After a while, Chloe furrowed her brows.

“Did Morrison’s flight get delayed?”

Rose’s face was a bit pale, and she shook her head, “No, his flight landed on time.”

Chloe squinted her eyes, “Call him!”

Rose took out her phone with a numb look, her slender fingers paused slightly on the screen. Chloe saw that she had already tried calling him dozens of times. But Rose still dialed the number, put the phone to her ear, and the sound of the phone being off came through.

Rose listened to the same sound over and over again on the phone, her expression eerily calm.

Chloe swallowed hard, then took the phone from Rose’s ear. The call had already ended automatically, Chloe dialed again, and after hearing the “sorry” sound, she put away the phone with a cold face.

At that moment, an announcement for the security check started playing in the airport, Rose finally blinked her eyes and slowly stood up.

“What are you doing?” She instantly grabbed Rose’s hand, her eyes full of warning.

Rose smirked, “My legs are getting numb from sitting too long.”

Chloe frowned, glancing at her legs. She wore skinny black pants, a camel-colored coat and had her hair tied up for convenience. Her face was masked with a smile, but Chloe wished she would just break down and cry in front of her. But Rose wouldn’t cry. She was never the kind of

woman who cried easily.

Chloe held Rose’s hand tightly, watching as the queue at the boarding gate shortened, her grip on Rose’s hand tightened.

Only after the last person passed through security did Rose finally say in a light tone. “Chloe, you’re hurting my hand.”

Hearing this, Chloe immediately loosened her grip but didn’t let go. Rose chuckled softly, placing her other hand on Chloe’s wrist. Then she looked up at Chloe, her smiling face not revealing anything.

Im not that stupid. No matter how pathetic I may be, I would never stoop so low as to beg for a proposal at the Witt family’s doorstep.”

Chloe’s eyes flickered. She finally let go of her wrist, and Rose pulled her hand back.

Hearing the announcement urging her to go through security, Rose laughed again, “Looks like you don’t have to embarrass him today.”

She said, then walked out of the airport

Worried about Rose, Chloe stayed with her after taking her home, not leaving.

“Aren’t you going to work? Let’s cook something then.”

At around ten, seeing that Chloe had no intention of leaving, Rose said with a laugh, as if nothing had happened.

“I remember when Cicely married Seth, she was happy... So no matter the outcome, I want to marry for love. Morrison is the man I chose. I believe the person I love is worth my love. I’m not that bad, right? If I work hard, is there a chance he might fall for me?”

Nobody knew better than Rose what emotions she was feeling when she said these words last night.

Nobody understood Rose better than her. She was graceful, confident and wouldn’t allow

TO step on her dignity!

She had given up too much to marry Morrison; there were countless rumors about Rose threatening Morrison with the baby to get him to marry her. Especially in R city, how many people were green with

envy at the illustrious Witt family, and how many slanderous rumors were there? Just how cold was Morrison’s heart? Not only did he ignore these rumors, but he also continued to deeply hurt Rose!

Chloe felt bitter inside.

When she found out that Lance was with Keira and didn’t care whether she lived or died, her heart ached. But that pain didn’t last long before it was quickly replaced by anger.

Perhaps it was because Damon suddenly appeared and cut that pain in two. More importantly, she didn’t love Lance.

But Rose was different. For her, Morrison was an existence she was willing to sacrifice her life for. The deepest wounds were often given by the ones we love the most.

Even just a sentence, an action, were like a sharp blade.

“Rose, at least when you’re with me, don’t be like this...”

She watched as the smile on Rose’s face suddenly turned stiff.

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Then, she gave a bitter smile and said, “I’m really heartbroken, but I don’t want to have a full blown cry fest about it. I’d rather... I’d rather let it out in a different way...”

Her voice gradually became choked, and tears suddenly gushed out, falling straight to the ground, causing a tiny splash.

Rose quickly covered her eyes with her hand, “These tears... they can be so disobedient sometimes.”

Chloe’s eyes reddened too, because sometimes tears just didn’t stop when you told them to. She walked over, wrapped Rose in a tight hug, bit her lip, and tried to keep her emotions under control.

“Chloe, do you think he missed his flight and has to catch the next one back?... But he should have given me a heads up, even just a text would

do...”

“Or is he playing a prank on me? But he’s not the type to joke around...”

Chloe didn’t answer, letting Rose talk to herself and come up with the most likely, yet cruel answer. Rose leaned against Chloe, crying, her shoulders trembling slightly, the sorrow was palpable.

This was the saddest Chloe had ever seen Rose.

After a while, Chloe gently patted her shoulder, "Alright, you've probably cried enough by now. You're carrying a baby, you need to control your emotions. Weren't you hungry? You sit here, I'll go prepare some food."

"Okay."

Rose sat in the corner of the sofa, her face tear-stained and red, her voice a bit nasal. Chloe went into the kitchen to prepare the meal. After finishing, she called Rose to eat. But she saw Rose's hand resting on her belly, looking out the window. She softly asked her.

"Chloe, do you think I should keep this baby?"

Chloe's expression changed slightly. She sat next to Rose, looking at her seriously.

"From the perspective of our relationship, I don't want you to keep the baby."

Rose's expression faltered, but she listened to Chloe continue, "We aren't kids anymore, Rose, and we can't just act on impulse. We can't just disregard everything. We have too much to consider. Abandoning this baby or there would have consequences we need to bear. Even if we don't consider the reputation and influence of the Witt and Davis families for now, the media will definitely broadcast your situation."

Chloe looked at her, her expression seemingly unmoved, perhaps she had already considered these consequences and was prepared to bear them at any time. But how could she bear to do it?

Chloe held her hand and took a deep breath, "Keep it. This has nothing to do with Morrison."

Rose's pupils flickered, "Nothing to do with him?"

Chloe smiled, placing her hand on Rose's small belly.

“Yes, nothing to do with him. Let’s just say this is our baby.”

Rose stared at Chloe and paused for a moment before blinking.

“Haha...” She finally couldn’t help but laugh, “Chloe, you...”

Seeing her laugh, Chloe heaved a sigh of relief, also breaking into a smile.

Rose was amused by Chloe’s idea, she was laughing so hard on the sofa, she could hardly contain herself..

“I once said we should be together, but you said I couldn’t bear a child for you. Now look, we have a baby! There’s absolutely no problem between

US!”

Rose spoke, gently patting her flat belly, “Darling, come, let’s name our baby.”

Chloe smiled, playing along.

Since it’s our baby, let’s call it Promise Summers, we should cultivate honesty from a young age.”

“Promise?” Rose murmured, then smiled, “Okay, let’s call it Promise.”

Chice stood up, gently pulling her up, “Come on, let’s eat.”

Rose put on her slippers. While walking she laughed and said to Chloe,

“imagine, how shocked Mr. Harper would be, you stayed over for one night and the next day, you became the father’ of the baby, haha. It’s hilarious when I think of how worried he was about you being

taken away by me, declaring his territory, introducing men to me. He really has foresight, Crise, have you really become my husband now?"

The word "husband" gave Chloe goosebumps, and she suddenly remembered the jealous Damon. She couldn't imagine what his expression

would be

Well things were so unpredictable

Turned out Damon was right to worry about her getting too close to women. Look at this, becoming a baby's "father", other women probably

couldn't pull it off.

She wouldn't call him unreasonable anymore.

The two women didn't eat much, mostly vegetables and a little meat.

After finishing, Chloe was washing the dishes while Rose went to the living room alone. Not long after, Chloe heard her calm voice from outside.

She turned off the faucet, leaning on the edge of the sink; the kitchen became quiet, and the voice from outside became clearer.

Standing by the window, Rose held her belly with one hand and her phone with the other, gazing at the edge of the city.

"Are you okay?"

"Mm." Her voice was low and indifferent, without any superfluous words.

"I thought you had a plane crash." Her voice remained cold but with a hint of sarcasm.

"I have something here. I can't come back for now."

"So when can you come back?" Rose asked again, "Morrison, our wedding is the day after tomorrow." Morrison was silent for a while before he spoke again in a bland

"Do you really want to marry me that much?"

Rose's lips stiffened, "...Now the whole world knows we're getting married, do you think I can change my mind? You thought about what I'll have to face?"

decision? If we don't get married, have

Morrison on the other side of the phone started to laugh softly. "Have you ever thought about what you'll face after marriage?"

Rose's eyes trembled violently, "Morrison... what do you mean?" "You're a smart person. You should understand what I mean. You

Want to get married, go ahead, after all, you have such a big chip in your belly." Her face turning a bit pale.

The call was cut off, and Rose took the phone away from her ear. The chip in her belly? He also thought the kid in her belly was her ace up the sleeve for forcing him

Nah, that wasn't it. She just wanted to be with him, for her and their child.

A kid needed a mom, and a dad too. But if that was seen as forceful, sneaky, scheming, well... then forget it.

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She didn't want her child to grow up with a warped sense of fatherly love, or worse, to feel like it didn't exist at all.

Rose swallowed the lump in her throat and picked up her phone, dialing a number without hesitation. The call was picked up quickly, an elderly voice filled with cheer from the other end, "Rose, have you landed? We've arranged for someone to pick you up..."

"Grandma!" Rose cut Megan off abruptly.

Megan sounded confused, realizing something was wrong, "What's the matter, dear?"

Rose sucked in a deep breath, steadying her emotions before she spoke again.

"I'm sorry, Grandma. I don't love Morrison, and the baby was an accident. So, this wedding...we're not going through with it."

She paused when she got to "I don't love Morrison", even though she had prepared herself for it.

Chloe's eyes flickered. It seemed like saying it only confirmed that Rose couldn't let go of her feelings for Morrison.

Megan's breathing got heavier, "Did...Did Morrison say something to you?"

"No, Grandma. This is my decision. I don't want to marry someone I don't love. Please understand."

Megan sighed, "I know you love Morrison. I can see it... But regardless, this wedding must go on."

Megan's gentle voice hardened, brooking no argument.

"But Grandma..."

"Listen to me!" Megan's voice got stern, "This isn't a wedding you can just call off. Our family can't bear the embarrassment, understand?"

Without saying more, Megan hung up, taking heavy breaths before calling Morrison.

Morrison stared at the incoming call, his lips pressed together, his cold demeanor more pronounced.

"Grandma."

"Where are you now?"

"Australia."

The old lady sucked in a breath, "Morrison, you're a real piece of work!"

Morrison stayed silent on the other end, his gaze deep and chilly.

Knowing his reticent nature, Megan continued, "Morrison, you better pray I drop dead soon, or I swear I won't hold back on that Mona!"

A glint of ice flashed across Morrison's eyes, "Grandma, you're going too far."

Megan huffed, though she felt a pang of pity, "Morrison, you left Rose all alone at the airport! She's not here for a visit or a family reunion. She's here to marry you! You abandoned her at a time like this. Do you realize how much you've hurt her?"

Morrison's gaze was as deep as the ocean, reflecting the night outside the window, his face still calm. But his lips unintentionally pressed into a straight line. He looked at the reflection in the window, a woman standing with her back to him, not moving. Morrison said lightly, "So, what do you want to say?"

Megan's eyes widened, "What do I want to say? Your wedding with Rose..."

"It will go on as planned." His voice was devoid of warmth, detached from the words he spoke.

Megan sighed in relief, "And you..."

"I'll be back tomorrow."

"Alright."

Morrison ended the call, sparing a glance at the figure on the bed before heading towards the door.

"Morrison."

Near the door, the figure on the bed slowly sat up, one hand on the bedsheet, the other covered in bandages; the blanket slid down revealing her hospital gown.

She had a cute face, but not beautiful. Her skin was pale, she looked frail, but her expression was indifferent.

"Are you leaving?"

"Are you awake?"

She smiled at him, filled with sorrow. With his keen perception, how could he not know that she didn't sleep at all?

“Are you really going to marry her?”

Morrison gave a nonchalant smile, turned around and glanced at her, then lowered his head to fiddle with his cufflinks.

“How long do you think I can keep chasing after you?”

Mona’s face seemed even paler, “So you’re mad at me? Thinking I’m ungrateful.”

Morrison remained expressionless, dropped his hands, stood straight, and stuffed his hands in his pockets.

“You are ungrateful.” He looked up, his tall figure standing at the door, cold and noble, his voice devoid of any fluctuation or warmth, “So there’s no need for me to sacrifice myself for you.”

Mona looked upset, “Then why marry her?”

Morrison turned slightly, his face expressionless, but his coldness was tinged with sarcasm.

“She’s suitable.” A simple sentence, but as cold as ice.

He turned to leave, but Mona chuckled coldly, “Patience...patience runs out eventually. But Morrison, your patience with me isn’t much. You should try and see how long one’s patience can last.”

Morrison didn’t stop. He opened the hospital room door and left.

Mona chuckled, murmuring to herself, “I want to see how long Rose’s patience can last.”

Rose stood by the window, not moving. Chloe silently went back to the kitchen to clean up. After a while, she saw Rose sitting on the couch, looking unnaturally calm.

“Chloe, I’m fine on my own, you should go to work.” She picked up an apple and said casually.

“I’m fine.”

How could she leave her at a time like this?

Rose took a bite of her apple and turned to smile at her, “If you don’t mind, let’s go to the hospital later. I want you to experience what it’s like to be a father.”

Chloe eyed her warily, “What do you mean ‘experience being a father’? You’re not trying to make me say something like ‘I don’t want this baby’, right?”

Rose laughed, “When did you become so cautious? Can’t I joke around with you?”

Chloe remained silent, watching her.

Rose seemed a bit frustrated. “Can you not be so cautious? I really want you to understand what it’s like to be a father, I want to see our baby, let’s go for an ultrasound later.”

Sighing, she rubbed her belly, looking a bit downcast, “I’m working so hard for him now, feeling kinda blue. He really should comfort me a bit.”

Chloe was silent. The kid might not have been fully formed yet, and she was already being asked to comfort this upset mom.

Seemed like life was going to be hectic from here on.

“Then you better start eating. Once you’re done, I’ll take you to the hospital.”

“Okay, darling...”

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The doctor found it both understanding and amusing that Rose just wanted to get an ultrasound to see her baby. The one performing the ultrasound was a woman in her forties, with glasses and a gentle smile.

“Seeing how much you love this kid, I bet you love your husband even more than yourself.”

Rose’s expression froze, then she turned to Chloe and laughed, “Did you hear that, darling? I love you so much!”

The doctor’s face changed slightly, looking at Chloe with some surprise.

Chloe also looked a bit awkward, pretending to be angry and glaring at Rose, which made her burst into laughter.

The doctor spread some gel on Rose’s belly. Her smile slowly fading, and she turned to look at the monitor.

The screen wobbled a bit, then stilled.

“Hmm, the baby has basically taken shape. See, the eyes, ears, nose, and even the tongue are all formed. Such big eyes, it’s going to be a beautiful child,” the doctor said with a smile.

A beautiful child...

Because it was a color ultrasound, the image was very clear. Rose could clearly see the blood vessels on her baby’s head. The eyes were indeed big, and the small arms and legs were all formed.

Her child... Her child with Morrison...

Right in her belly.

The moment Rose saw the baby, tears just sliding down her cheeks.

How could she bear to...

The doctor watched her crying with a smile. She had seen this many times.

Such was a mother, seeing the small life growing in her belly; only those who had experienced it could understand the feeling.

Chloe was also staring at the screen in amazement, clearly seeing a small child quietly lying there, with short arms and legs that couldn't even touch each other.

The child was tiny....

"The main organs and systems are all there, and they're still growing, not fully developed yet. You need to watch your emotions and rest well," the doctor wiped off the gel from Rose's belly with a tissue.

Rose sat up, straightened her clothes, and looked at Chloe with reddened eyes.

"Did you see?"

Chloe nodded, "It's really... amazing."

"I think so too," Rose said with a smile, standing up and leaving the obstetrics and gynecology department with Chloe. Her steps were a bit hurried, as if she was avoiding something.

Chloe thought, maybe Rose's purpose of coming here wasn't just to see the baby.

Not until they stepped out of the hospital did Rose let out a deep breath.

Chloe teased her lightly, "What's wrong? Someone chasing after you?"

Rose smiled slightly, but leaned in and said, "How about that, interested in getting pregnant too?"

Chloe glanced at her, "It seems interesting, doesn't it?"

Rose took a deep breath, "Chloe, you'd better get ready to be called dad when the baby is born!"

Chloe chuckled, finally feeling relieved.

"By then, it'll be quite..." Chloe shivered involuntarily, "...spectacular."

She couldn't imagine what Damon's expression would be like at that time.

Speaking of Damon, his call came.

"Where are you?"

"At the hospital" Chloe replied softly.

Damon's voice suddenly became heavy "You got sick from staying with her for just one night?"

"No I came to the hospital for a pregnancy check"

Damon went sent After a few seconds, she heard the sound of a chair and the clinking of keys.

“Boy or girl? Or both? Which hospital? Stay where you are.”

Then there was the sound of a door opening

Chloe quickly realized something and hurriedly said, “Don’t get excited. This baby isn’t yours!”

A gust of cold wind blew past, and Damon stood still, his voice cold as ice.

“... What did you say?”

Chloe rubbed her forehead, “The baby is Rose’s.”

Damon’s anger eased a bit, then he said, “Didn’t she leave?”

Chloe looked serious, “Let’s talk about this later. I’ll probably stay with Rose for the next few days, you... take care of yourself.”

Damon bit his lip, remained silent for a long time, before finally saying,

“Can I say no?”

“I’m afraid not.”

“You don’t love me anymore.”

Chloe was speechless.

This man... What kind of being was he?

Damon was standing outside his office, wearing a perfectly tailored black designer suit. His tall, slender figure was perfectly wrapped by the suit. The aristocratic air and strong aura he exuded kept people from approaching. His usually bottomless eyes were now empty, and his low voice had a hint of hurt.

This sight scared the two secretaries sitting outside almost to the point of dropping their jaws.

Their thoughts were the same as Chloe's- What kind of being was their CEO?

While marveling, Chloe speculated that perhaps Stanley's appearance had hit him hard. Was he stimulated by something?

But considering Stanley was her old friend and now his trouble, she might have had some responsibility. Thinking this way, she felt a bit guilty. "I still love you."

Damon cracked a smile, "Then you can bring your friend to our house."

"Huh?"

"Emerald Valley Estates, two houses, very convenient. I can keep you guys company."

After saying this, Damon's eyebrows twitched. Why did he want to keep that woman company?

Chloe paused, well... that was one way to go about it.

"I'll talk to her about it."

"Mm." Damon finally seemed satisfied.

After hanging up, Chloe walked over to Rose, "Come stay with me tonight."

Tom by myself..."

Chloe had already started walking away.

Rose quickly caught up and grabbed her, "I've never been to your house, I'll go with you tonight!"

Chloe smiled slightly, "How about I take you to my workplace?"

"Okay... I'll listen to you."

The employees of Starlight International were quite familiar with Rose. She was the lead perfumer of the company's president, her good friend, and now soon to be married.

Yesterday's "hacker battle" ended with the news of her wedding. Her picture was also in the news, so probably not many people didn't know her. When Rose showed up at the office, all the employees she bumped into in the elevator lobby were grinning ear to ear, showering her with congratulations.

With years of experience under her belt, Rose calmly met their congratulations with a smile. The smile only faded slightly when she was finally escorted by Chloe into her private elevator

"Didn't you already give the Witt family the lowdown? What was their reaction to calling off the engagement?"

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Rose tucked her hands in her trench coat pockets, shaking her head lightly. "Megan isn't on board. But Morrison is the groom-to-be. If he doesn't wanna tie the knot, Megan can't call the shots, no matter how controlling she is."

Chloe stole a glance at Rose through the elevator mirror, pursed her lips a bit, and then kept silent.

Once they reached Chloe's office and shrugged off their coats, Chloe asked her secretary to fetch some books from the company's reading room for Rose

The rest was a breeze. Rose parked herself on the couch and got lost in her books while Chloe was busy grinding away at work.

The office had a chill vibe. Every now and then, a secretary would pop in to give updates, but Rose wouldn't even bat an eye.

Whenever things settled down, Chloe would catch a glimpse of Rose, quietly engrossed in her book. This woman, a beauty queen since her young days, knew how to doll herself up and was the apple of everyone's eye in school. She was so flamboyant and confident.

To her suitors, she was a stone-cold rejector. But when it came to her crush on Morrison, she had taken a hit.

Once she asked Rose, "Among all the guys who were after you, there were plenty who were born with a silver spoon in their mouth and were decent blokes too. Why were you only into Morrison?"

To which Rose shot back, "Would you feel disgusted if Lance touched you?"

All Chloe managed to do was blush and shake her head, without uttering a word.

The two of them always had heaps to talk about, including love and sex, which often strayed into adult topics. In high school, it was no biggie for couples to get frisky. It was even more commonplace in college. But Chloe and Lance hardly had any physical contact.

Rose said, "I couldn't be with them. Just the thought of them touching me made me sick. But with Morrison, I didn't feel that way. Because I liked him, I could accept whatever he did."

She added, "Chloe, if I can't be with Morrison in this lifetime, I might stay single forever. I can't stand anyone else touching me. What do you reckon I should do?"

"Perhaps you haven't met the right guy yet. Time changes everything. Maybe you'll meet someone you can gradually accept." That's how Chloe responded back then.

Maybe Morrison wasn't her Mr. Right after all.

Just then, someone knocked on the office door. Snapped back to reality, Chloe replied, and the door opened. A tall figure stepped in. He was always the center of attention, with an exceptional aura, as if he was always bathed in a dazzling light, no matter where he went.

"Tomorrow I'm flying to Paris. Anything you need me to bring back?"

Winston, with one hand tucked into his suit pants pocket, looked straight at Chloe but made for the couch. Then he spotted Rose sitting on the

couch.

He paused in his tracks. Rose looked up, saw him, and gave him a faint smile. Winston nodded faintly in response and sat down on the other end

of the couch.

"Nothing really." Chloe put a pause to her work and turned to him, "Yeah, just make sure to take care of them when Jeanette arrives."

"Sure."

Rose flashed a faint smile. "Remember to wear our company's perfume. Consider it a form of promotion."

Winston shot her a glance. "So, you're the kind of businesswoman who always sees a business opportunity?"

"Seems like you have a skewed understanding of businesspeople."

Winston gave a faint smirk.

"Are you free right now?" Chloe gave Winston a look, asking.

"The fashion week is tomorrow. I've wrapped up today's work."

Chloe pulled out a file. "Perfect. I've got a meeting. You can take Rose out for a bit."

Winston and Rose both looked at Chloe.

Chloe looked up at Winston. "Go anywhere. Just make sure to drop her back before clocking out."

Winston gave Chloe a hard look for a few seconds before standing up and saying to Rose,

"Let's go."

Rose stood up too. "Since there's nothing to do, let's hit the mall and check out our perfume sales."

Chloe nodded, "Good idea"

Rose's eyes twinkled with mischief.

They headed to a nearby mall. Star's perfume was naturally a big hit. But after the initial launch buzz, the sales had tapered off a bit.

The minute Rose reached the counter, she asked, "How much stock have you received lately?"

Recognizing her as the boss, the sales assistant immediately whipped out the stock list.

Rose took a look. "There's still plenty of stock."

The sales assistant nodded. "At first, they were flying off the shelves. But now, it's reached a saturation point."

Rose nodded, didn't say anything, and left the counter right away.

Winston followed her at a leisurely pace. His exceptional aura turned many heads. With a mask on, Winston looked aloof, and his entire aura turned icy.

People would take a quick peek and then hastily looked away.

Rose seemed to be window shopping out of boredom and picked out a pair of flats. When it was time to pay, Rose looked at Winston. "I didn't bring my wallet. Could you spot me?"

Winston pulled out his wallet without changing his expression, took out his card, and handed it to the cashier. Then they headed to a leather goods store.

After picking out a simple and classy wallet and having it wrapped, Winston was about to pay when he heard Rose ask the sales assistant,

"Can I pay with my phone?"

The sales assistant nodded. "Yes."

Winston frowned, puzzled. Just as he was wondering, Rose handed the wallet to him.

“Here, this is for you.”

Winston glanced at the new wallet. “For me?”

“Yep, as a token of gratitude.”

“You don’t have to. I was just keeping you company while window shopping. I was bored anyway.”

Rose shook her head. “You should still take it. Otherwise, I’d feel bad.”

“I’ve already bought it.” Rose looked a bit awkward. The stalemate could only be broken if he accepted the wallet.

In the end, Winston took the wallet.

Rose smiled contentedly. “Now I feel much better.”

“Why?”

Rose leaned towards him, winked, and grinned like a sly fox.

‘Cause I want you to see the real face of a merchant.”

The two of them returned to the counter of Spotlight Beauty once again..

Rose stood at the entrance, coughed a couple of times, then clapped her hands.

“Ladies and gents, we at Spotlight Beauty have a surprise event for you this afternoon!”

Everyone paused to look over.

“Anyone who buys our latest line of perfume will get an autograph from our brand ambassador, Winston!”

“Winston?”

“Wow, an autograph from Winston himself?”

“I want it! I want it!”

A few people excitedly jumped up and raised their hands..

Winston’s face instantly turned sour! What good could come from being around Chloe all the time?!

Chapter 1037

So, giving him the wallet was a setup for this, huh?”

As he turned to leave, Rose grabbed his wrist tightly. She leaned against him, putting nearly all her weight on his wrist..

He struggled, but she held him down with a smile on her face. “If you buy more, you might get a photo with Winston.”

“A photo with Winston?”

Everyone started looking at Winston next to Rose, their eyes filled with excitement.

“Exactly, this is our brand ambassador, Winston. He’s here to surprise everyone today! Don’t miss this chance!”

Rose reached out and removed Winston’s mask. His thin lips were tightly shut, and his jaw clenched, giving off a cold aura.

“Whoa!”

“It’s really Winston! It’s really him!”

“Holy moly, he’s so handsome, he’s practically glowing!”

More and more customers outside the store started screaming at the sight of Winston. They dashed into the store, eager to buy anything they could get their hands on!

Rose held onto Winston tightly in the corner, her smile a bit forced. This guy was stronger than Rose thought.

“Rose, you...”

Winston was so pissed, and he didn’t know what to say

He’d been fooled by this woman! If he’d known this was coming, he wouldn’t have taken that wallet even if it killed him!

“Help out, will you? Do you want our stock to pile up?”

“I don’t care!”

“As an ambassador, it wouldn’t look good for you if we can’t sell our products

“Winston, I bought two bottles of perfume and two skincare sets. Can I take a picture with you?”

Winston kept his face cold and didn’t respond, and Rose quickly said, “Sure, of

that reputation.”

Winston forced a smile, how hypocritical!

course

Winston said his fans are all very sweet. You’re living up to

The complimented fan blushed, “I can’t believe Winston would say something like that. Thank you, Winston, we’ll always support you! Keep going!”

Her sincere and passionate words made Winston feel a bit guilty for almost declining to take a picture with them.

“Thanks. Let’s take the picture.”

After he said that indifferently, the fan ran to Winston’s side. Rose volunteered to take the photo.

Seeing the first fan’s success, the others became even more enthusiastic. By the end, they had practically bought out the entire store’s stock. At the sight of the store emptied by the shopping spree, Rose smiled in satisfaction. This was what a real clearance sale looks like! Winston finally sat in the store’s rest area, his handsome face tight, and so cold he felt like he could spit ice.

Rose came over and patted Winston’s shoulder, “Good job today.”

Winston quickly grabbed Rose's wrist as she patted his shoulder, throwing her off. But just as he was about to swing his arm, he noticed Rose's face turning pale, her eyes filled with terror, and her other hand instinctively cradling her belly.

Winston suddenly remembered, Rose was pregnant. And yet, he had unintentionally pushed her. Her body was already tilting, about to fall over. Winston's face turned worried instantly. He quickly stretched out his long legs to steady her falling body, his hand moving from her wrist to her waist. His long legs also moved to correct her tilt, letting her fall onto him instead.

Rose fell into his arms, sliding down slightly. Winston held onto her waist tightly. Rose also reacted, instinctively grabbing his shoulders trying to steady herself in the end, Rose ended up with one knee on the couch, stopping her fall.

Winston was left utterly confused by her actions. He carefully spread his legs, afraid of pressing on her knee."

Rose's hand was still clutching his shoulder, a faint fragrance wafting into his nose, making his face change slightly.

Everything happened so fast, and Rose quickly extricated herself from his arms as soon as she came to her senses. Winston felt a chill in his arms, he rubbed his hand, then looked up at her.

"Are you okay?"

Rose straightened her clothes and shook her head, "I'm fine."

"That's good, Winston said indifferently.

Rose frowned, "You're very strong"

Winston was speechless, and he stood up from the couch. "It's getting late, we should go home."

Rose nodded, then followed Winston out of the store.

Chloe looked at the latest news online, a smirk on her face. She knew Rose couldn't behave, but she didn't expect it to escalate this far. As she refreshed the webpage, a new piece of news immediately shot to the top. The photo showed Rose and Winston looking intimate in the store, causing a huge uproar.

Chloe stared at the scene, a bit taken aback, her brows furrowed.

Netizens started furiously discussing, "Rose is getting married tomorrow, why is she so cozy with Winston today? Is she cheating on Morrison?"

"Why is the bride still in P City the day before the wedding?"

"Did the wedding get called off?"

"What?! Isn't she pregnant? Why would Winston want her?!"

"There's no way, this must be a coincidence."

Chloe immediately called Winston.

"Did you see the news? What happened?"

Winston glanced at the message, his voice cold. "She was about to fall. I just caught her."

"Where were you guys?"

"At the Spotlight Beauty counter."

Chloe breathed a sigh of relief, "Tell your agent to get the security footage from the store and clear up this matter."

"I know."

Chloe suddenly cut Winston off, "Let me talk to Rose."

Rose picked up the phone, "Chloe."

"Rose, do you think we should clear up this news right away?"

Rose frowned.

Chloe cut right to the chase, "If you really don't plan on marrying Morrison, let's leave this be for now. Given the Witt family's standing in R City, they might not want to go through with this wedding. We'll clear this up after tomorrow. If you're okay with it... we can sort it out now."

Rose pondered for a moment, then coolly said, "Let's deal with it tomorrow."

Alright, then you'll have Winston tell his agent to hold off until tomorrow!"

"Okay

After the call ended, Rose handed the phone back to Winston, "Chloe said we'll deal with it tomorrow."

Winston pursed his lips, "Is that really okay? Isn't your wedding tomorrow? Won't there be

consequences?"

Rose gave a bitter smile, "That's exactly what I'm hoping for."

Winston glanced at her through the rear-view mirror but didn't say anything else.

Meanwhile, on an international flight to P City, a slender hand of a man tightly held a pitch-black phone, displaying a photo of a woman in a man's

embrace

He had a light smile on his face, looking incredibly handsome, noble and elegant. Yet, it also revealed an indescribable cold sharpness that sent

chills to the bone.

Chapter 1038

After Chloe clocked out, she went grocery shopping and then headed back to Emerald Valley Estates with Rose.

When Damon got home, Rose was lounging on the living room couch, watching TV and munching on a pear. Upon seeing Damon, Rose cracked a grin so wide it was borderline uncomfortable.

"You're back?"

Damon's icy gaze told a different story. He'd been giving Chloe the cold shoulder, seemingly waiting for her reaction. He took off his coat without saying a word and made a beeline for the kitchen.

Rose shrugged and took another big bite of her pear. Despite her dissatisfaction with Damon's attitude, she was enjoying the moment.

The sound of running water echoed from the kitchen. Chloe was washing dishes. She smelled his familiar scent and was about to turn around when she felt him close in behind her, wrapping his arms around her waist, resting his head on top of hers, and letting out a soft sigh.

Chloe finished washing the dishes, turned off the water, and turned around in his arms to look up at him.

Up close, his face was striking. What a charmer.

“Why are you here?”

Damon pinched her waist, holding her tightly, looking down at her with a pitiful look in his eyes.

“Did you miss me?”

His tone suggested that if she didn't admit to missing him, he was on the verge of bursting into tears. But he'd had a big fight with Stanley yesterday, and if she gave in now, he'd be a lost cause.)

Chloe replied casually, “Did you guys mess up Twitter's system?”

Damon's expression faltered, a hint of guilt flashing across his eyes.

“No, we helped them fix a bunch of bugs.”

Chloe raised an eyebrow, “So you hacked into their system, messed things up, and then altered their data?”

“We didn't alter anything. We just improved it,” Damon emphasized. “Consider it our way of saying sorry.”

Damon rested his forehead against Chloe's, “We were just trying to make amends, right?”

Chloe blinked, "You always have an excuse, but if you do this again..."

"I'll let you call the shots."

Damon cut her off, then leaned down to kiss her. Their lips barely touched, but it could be considered a kiss. Then Chloe pushed him away. Damon furrowed his brow, he wanted to kiss her again. But Chloe simply smiled, "Rose is out there."

Damon's face hardened, "Isn't she getting married tomorrow?"

Chloe sighed, "I'm afraid that wedding might be off."

She was torn. If Rose missed this chance, her chances of getting back with Morrison were slim to none. It was a decision that could affect the rest of her life... If it were her, if she had to choose to let go of Damon... She looked up at the man in front of her, hesitation in her eyes.

She couldn't do it. Even thinking about it was painful. If the day ever came, she would be filled with despair.

She closed her eyes. When it came to emotions, she was a rookie. Suddenly, being with Damon felt like a hard-earned victory.

Eventually, Damon was kicked out of the kitchen, and Chloe quickly prepared a few dishes and set the table.

Damon had changed into more casual clothes, and Rose was already seated at the dining table.

Chloe warded on her hand and foot, and Rose felt awkward under their watchful gazes. What finally brought Damon down a peg was Chloe choosing to sit next to him, which greatly improved his mood.

After dinner, Rose helped Chloe clean up the kitchen. Chloe couldn't help but ask again.

“Rose, are you sure you’re okay with not marrying Morrison?”

Rose paused. They’d been avoiding the topic all afternoon, but it resurfaced eventually.

“I’m not okay with it,” she said. “But Morrison hates me now.”

“Aren’t you scared?”

“I’m not scared. But I’m afraid he’ll hurt our child... They all say I’m using the child to marry him, and it makes me feel so hurt. All I wanted was for my child to have both a father and mother, a complete family. How did I become some scheming woman?”

“But when I think about it, I suppose I am using it, using it to marry Morrison... Morrison thinks so too. He hates me for influencing his decisions, for messing up his life. I’m afraid his hatred will affect our

child... I can handle it, but our child can’t. Rather than risk hurting our child, I’d rather eliminate all possibilities from the start...”

Chloe listened in silence. So Rose was giving up love to protect her child?

“Do you think the man you love would hurt your child?”

Chloe didn’t understand. Was such a man worth loving?

Rose gave a small smile, “Do you think he’s been a good man all this time?”

Without hesitation, Chloe shook her head, “Apart from his looks, I don’t see anything lovable about him.”

Frowning, Chloe asked, "What on earth do you love about him?"

Rose chuckled, "If I knew exactly what I loved about him, I could just find another man with the same qualities. Why would I bother being so hung up on him?"

Chloe was left speechless. "Well, you could summarize his good qualities and use that as a standard for finding someone else."

"Didn't you say it yourself? Apart from his looks, what good qualities does he have?"

Chloe was at a loss for words. Love sure was complicated.

The two of them left the kitchen and settled down on the living room couch. They continued their conversation.

"So what are you going to do about the baby? If the Witt family agrees not to have the wedding, they probably won't let you off the hook that easily."

Rose's gaze was steadfast, "I won't back down."

"But if they keep pestering you, it's going to be a problem."

Her eyes flicked to the figure at the top of the stairs, and Rose let out a long sigh.

"I don't care about all that. At the end of the day, you're the father of this child, so you should be the one to handle this."

Chloe nodded thoughtfully, "Yeah, I'll figure something out."

The tiny figure she saw in the ultrasound earlier today flashed through her mind. She bent down, gently touching Rose's belly, a hint of tenderness in her eyes, "Our baby is so beautiful."

Rose raised an eyebrow, speaking to her belly, "See how much your dad loves you? You gotta treat your dad right, you know?"

Chloe chuckled softly, "Do you think he can understand?"

"He can understand. I want him to know who his dad is before he's even born."

A shadow fell from the stairs, a blast of cold air hitting them in the face.

"What are you guys talking about?"

Chapter 1039

Chloe's face froze instantly, Rose arched an eyebrow, leaning into Chloe's arms, looking up at the suddenly appeared man. He looked pissed, as if he wanted to rip her into shreds.

"Damon, you look really scary."

Rose carefully observed Damon's expression; she could clearly see the twitching muscles on his handsome face. She was almost laughing inside, this man's possessiveness was too intense.

Damon, what a perfect man. The seriousness and sternness he exuded were hard to ignore, his anger was like a raging fire.

Chloe felt a bit guilty. She knew very well...

Damon's gaze fell on Chloe's face, and he called out in a low voice, "Chloe..."

His voice was filled with threats.

Chloe lowered her eyelids, side-glancing at Rose who was taking pleasure in her discomfort. How could she not see that Rose was doing this on purpose. She just loved to stir the pot!

“This situation is actually a bit complicated...”

Chloe gently brushed her hair, pushing Rose’s shoulder away from her.

“So you’ve become the child’s father?”

Chloe’s mouth twitched, looking extremely awkward.

This situation sounded absurd. How could she, a woman, possibly become the child’s father. What kind of weird situation was this?

She lowered her head to look at the ends of her hair, not daring to meet Damon’s eyes.

Someone... has to take responsibility...”

Damon’s face got even colder.

Rose was shaking with laughter at the side. Chloe’s conceding appearance was just too funny. A gleam of mischief flashed in her eyes before she continued, “Actually, Chloe treats me the best. Damon, just let us be, Chloe has already named the child. Promise Summers, sounds good, doesn’t it?”

Damon’s eyebrows twitched.

Promise Summers?

Chloe finally understood, the closest friend was the one who gave you the most trouble! Rose, how could you bring all these things up.

Rose yawned, rubbing her eyes, "Chloe, I'm tired, let's go take a bath and sleep, where's the room?"

Chloe gritted her teeth and said in a low voice, "Rose, you've gone too far..."

"What, you won't even let me sleep? Then why did you invite me?"

Rose feigned an aggrieved look, leaving Chloe speechless.

If Damon wasn't at least a little bit sensible, knowing Rose was pregnant, he would probably throw her out the window. What a troublemaker!

The room temperature was originally moderate, but now it felt like an ice cellar, chilling to the bone.

Damon stood there, pondering how to deal with the troublemaker Rose.

"It's still early to sleep, why not watch a movie."

Rose and Chloe were both taken aback. They both turned to look at the man who spoke.

Where was his temper? The issue was just going to pass like this?

Rose was hoping that Damon would immediately pick Chloe up, take her upstairs, throw her on the bed, and give her a good lesson.

Chloe was also troubled by this issue, not knowing how to solve it, but this man's action surprised her.

However, if it was not a problem, then it was just fine.

“Yeah, it’s still early, let’s go watch a movie.”

Rose naturally accepted this suggestion. She picked up the remote control, searched for a movie that was available online. Damon silently turned around and left

Rose watched his retreating figure, nudged Chloe lightly and whispered,

“Hey, somethings off, what’s up with Mr. Harper?”

Chloe glanced at her, responded with a smile but no words

“What do you think will happen next?”

“He’s going to toss you on the bed and give you a good lesson!”

Chloe tossed the remote control aside, going to strangle Rose, “I knew you were up to no good!”

“Hey hey hey, you’ve got it all wrong, I’m just trying to spice your lives up...”

In reality, Chloe just lightly pinched Rose’s shoulder. Rose didn’t feel uncomfortable, still remained calm, and said something that made Chloe blush.

Soon after, Damon came back, he calmly sat down next to Chloe, holding her, distancing herself from Rose.

Rose felt her decision to come here today might have been a mistake.

Chloe’s face was slightly red, but she still glanced at Damon’s face- he was expressionless. His face reflected the light from the TV screen, looking unresponsive.

Unclear what he was thinking.

The movie was good, and soon after, she was immersed in the plot. But not long after the movie started, the doorbell of the apartment rang. Chloe got up to answer the door, but was pushed back onto the sofa by Damon. He got up to open the door.

Shortly after, he called out "Rose".

Rose frowned, was someone looking for her? She got up and walked over, saw the door only half-opened, she asked in confusion, "What's up?" Damon coldly hooked up the corner of his mouth, and suddenly reached out to grip her shoulder. One hand opened the door, and before Rose could react, he gently pushed her out.

"Ah!"

Rose was startled, but her body landed in the arms of the person outside the door. Her mind was a complete mess, she looked up and saw a familiar face, the person was smiling, but there was no warmth. She looked at him, then stood up, turning her head to look at Damon inside the door.

A coat was thrown out, landing directly on her head. Rose pulled the coat off, angrily looking at Damon, "What are you doing?!"

Damon was expressionless, "He's the one who got

you pregnant. Don't get the wrong person."

Rose was stunned, instantly feeling angry; now she finally understood Damon's previous actions.

So this was his plan all along!

"We've already named the baby! It'll be calling Chloe, Dad!"

Damon walked to the door, kicked Rose's flats out from the entrance.

"You should ask the man behind you if he agrees."

"What's going on?" Chloe's voice came from behind.

The apartment door slammed shut.

Rose stood still, this damned Damon!

"Rose, Rose..."

Outside the door, before she and Morrison could even sink into an awkward silence, Megan's voice popped up from behind.

Chapter 1040

Rose stiffened, turning around to see Molly and Megan rush towards her.

"Granny... Ms. Molly..."

Megan grabbed Rose's hand tightly, "Rose, that jerk got what he deserved. If you're still not satisfied, do you want me to kick his ass some more?" Rose's eyes drifted to the man beside them. The sarcastic smile on his handsome face revealed his distaste for her.

"Granny, I've told you about the wedding..."

"The wedding must go on!" Megan cut her off, her tone uncompromising.

“Let’s go back to R City together.”

Rose took a couple of steps, then stopped..

“You probably haven’t seen the news. My reputation is in the gutter right now. If I marry into the Witt family, I might tarnish their name...”

Megan turned to look at her, her gaze serious and stern.

“Tell me, is everything they’re saying on the news true?”

“...”

Seeing Rose hesitate, Megan understood and chuckled, “What a coincidence that the news came out just now. Do you think I’m an idiot?”

Megan patted Rose’s hand and looked at Morrison, who was standing not far away.

“Rose, no matter what Morrison was like before, he came back before the wedding. That shows he chose you. You like Morrison, and you’re just going to let this opportunity slip by? People are selfish, you have to fight for yourself at least once. If you miss it, it’s truly gone... Your child needs his biological father and the best that the Witt family can provide. Don’t just think about the present and ruin your child’s future...”

Rose was in a mess right now, but she was moved by these words.

Megan stared at her sharply for a few seconds, gripped her hand tightly, sighed deeply, and whispered,

“Honey, sometimes in life you have to give up everything for what you want. Who knows what the future holds?”

Rose's mind was in complete chaos....

Rose was thrown out by Damon. Chloe stood up to open the door, but Damon stopped her.

"Let her make her own decisions. This isn't something you should meddle with."

Damon carried Chloe to the couch.

"But we've discussed this. I know she doesn't want to get married."

Damon brushed her hair gently, his gaze focused and serious, "You don't understand."

"I'm her friend."

"Yeah, so tell me, does she like Morrison?"

Chloe paused, "...She does."

\*See, that means she wants to marry him." Damon pulled her into his arms, leaned back and gently kissed her lips. His voice was deep. "Just like how I love you and want to marry you. Do you understand?"

Chloe hesitated, "What if I don't want to?"

"That's not an option." Damon kissed her, "You have to be mine."

Chloe was somewhat moved, and she looked down at Damon, her eyes filled with thoughts.

Loving Morrison but not wanting to marry him? This thought pained her.

After a moment of silence, Damon lightly bit her lip.

“Huh?”

Chloe winced in pain, and she looked down at him, her expression somewhat puzzled. Damon squinted at her, his gaze seemingly filled with danger

She smiled apologetically, then kissed Damon’s lips. Just as Damon was leaning in for more, he was stopped by Chloe’s finger against his lips.

“Huh?” Damon raised his eyebrows at her.

“Do you really not want kids?”

Damon paused, “They could be a hassle.”

“You don’t like kids?”

“I only like you.”

Chloe smiled, “Your words are always so sweet, like honey.”

“Why don’t you have a taste?”

Just as he was leaning in again, Chloe pushed him away. “We can’t. We have to attend a wedding in R City tomorrow morning.” Damon frowned, and Chloe kissed his forehead, then looked at him with a bright smile.

“I love you.”

Damon's eyes darkened instantly, but Chloe had already gotten off his lap, quickly walked to the door, and opened it. There was no one outside.

詩

A flash of realization crossed Chloe's eyes. He closed the door, ran to the balcony, and looked down. By the dim street lights, she saw Rose being half-dragged into a black car.

The man in the black trench coat blended into the darkness, standing upright. Although his face was unseen, his indifference seemed to be his default state.

Megan's cane suddenly hit the man's back. Though Chloe couldn't hear what she was saying, it seemed as if Megan was trying to advise him. The man stood there silently, allowing Megan to hit him with her cane, not resisting at all.

Chloe squinted her eyes.

So Morrison was the kind of man who could put up with this?

She smirked slightly, stood straight, and turned to leave the balcony. Perhaps she should really attend the wedding tomorrow.

She called the public relations department of the company ahead of time and asked them to handle Winston and Rose's situation.

Winston had no scandalous rumors, and nor did he care for them, so the news report today stayed a hot topic. Releasing the full video now would clear up the misunderstanding. Though the video was silent, it showed Winston's grim face, Rose nearly pushed out, and finally, him pulling Rose back into his arms.

Everyone knew Rose was pregnant, so Winston must have been trying to save her. Fans didn't want their idol to have any relationship with other women, they used the term 'gentlemanly' to describe him.

Idols belonged to everyone, not just one person.

All in all, it was a predictable drama.

Before bed, Chloe surprisingly received a message from Cicely.

“Where are you?”

“I’m home.”

“If you’re free tomorrow, let’s go to R City together.”

“Where should I pick you up?”

After quite a while of silence, a reply finally came in.

“I’ll come see you at your place tomorrow.”

Chloe stared at the message on her phone for a long time, then responded with an “Okay”. After that, there was no other reply.

Putting down her phone, Chloe turned to look at the man next to her, who seemed down in the dumps, her lips curving slightly. She approached him, her voice soft.

“Damon...”

Damon’s gaze slid to the corner of his eye, looking at her coldly.

“Don’t talk to me like that.”

Provoking him like this, what a ruthless woman she was.