

CHOSEN 1071

Chapter 1071

Chloe and Yulia's cheeks turned even redder Royce pursed his lips and didn't say anything more.

Presley put on a stern face, Dinner time now?

Upon hearing the order, everyone picked up their cutlery

Both Chloe and Yulia heaved a sigh of relief. The awkward scene finally came to an end

Nate carried a pot of soup and invited everyone to have together. But he was stopped by Damon, "Arrange the security work properly. You all should go home and spend some time with your wives and children Don't neglect them."

Nate looked down at the soup in his hand in confusion, "What about those who don't have wives and children?"

Damon said expressionlessly. "Those who have girlfriends should go find their girlfriends. Those who don't have a girlfriend, then figure it out by yourselves"

Nathan couldn't help but laugh, "Ha ha, how could the effects of the medicine show up so quickly? It's not Viagra

Damon said, "Do you want to have some now? Perhaps it will take effect in a week"

Nathan coughed, "The effects of the medicine are quite fast

If Yulia was using her period as an excuse now, would she still use it as an excuse in a week?

Nathan almost dug a hole for himself!

Nate finally had a rough understanding about what kind of soup this was

Dinner finally ended Because of Anya's presence, everyone had long forgotten about the incident in the restaurant

After chatting in the living room for a while, Chice and Damon went back to their room. As soon as they entered the room, Chloe breathed a sigh of relief She habitually stood beside him, unbuttoning his clothes with a focused expression

"You did that on purpose, didn't you? Chloe asked

"Hmm?" Damon slightly raised his eyebrows, looking at her with a faint smile in his eyes

Chloe rolled her eyes and said. "You intentionally let Nate bring the men in didn't you?

Damon slightly smiled, "I didn't say to let him bring men in with guns

The buttons of his shirt were gradually undone revealing his sturdy chest is body and skin were very attractive he was clearly dodging the issue Chloe helplessly tiptoed and took off his shirt

"Didn't you see how angry your father was just now? Chice asked,

Damon smiled lightly. He can't kill me, can be?

Chloe was speechless Sometimes this man was so shameless that it was unbearable

He took the sleepwear from her and grabbed her wrist, pulling her close into his arms Her cheek touched his chest His warmth and scent instantly fried her nose. Chloe struggled a bit, but was held tightly by hom

"Are you going to The Watson Hotel tomorrow? Damon asked

Chloe quietly leaned in his arms, listening to the heartbeat from his chest

"I should go. After all, I promised him" Chloe said

"Hmm. Take care of yourself" Damon said.

Chloe smiled, it's a seven-star hotel, what could possibly go wrong?"

"The people in that hotel, especially men, are not good ones" Damon said

"How do you know?" Chloe asked

"What sort of people do you think would stay in a seven-star hotel?" Damon asked

"Hmm, definitely very rich people" Chloe said

Damon nodded seriously, "Yes. Rich men are not good guys. They like to deceive beauties Stay away from them and don't be fooled"

Chloe couldn't help but laugh. She looked up at him. Before she could say anything, he leaned down and kissed her lips

"Of course, except me" Damon said.

What a shameless guy! Chloe laughed, her bright eyes sparkling

She reached out, gently poking his shoulder with her finger, "You're the biggest womanizer Think about what you did to me in just a few days, you Pred me wrapped around your finger"

"I didn't deceive you" Damon's voice was filled with laughter, deep and charming

"I don't believe you! Don't you remember your inauguration day? Dare you say you slept in the car all night and did nothing" Chloe said

Damon thought for a moment, shook his head, "No."

Chloe raised her eyebrows at him, "Really?"

Damon emphasized, "Really."

Chloe frowned, seemingly thinking about something, mumbling to herself.

"So when I'm drunk, can anyone easily deceive me? Then who was it that night who made me kiss him?" Chloe asked.

Damon squinted his eyes. Chloe suddenly pushed his shoulder, saying seriously, "If the person that night wasn't you, then I might have married the wrong person. Let go of me!"

Damon snorted, his arms wrapped around her, preventing her from moving. "Marry the wrong person? The name you were calling that night was mine. Who else do you want to find?"

Chloe pursed her lips, a smile flickering in her eyes, "Didn't you say you never deceived me? If that's the case, the man who made me kiss him that night definitely wasn't you."

Damon chuckled, pinching her waist, "Cunning little fox."

"Let go of me, I need to find my big liar." Chloe slapped his arm, trying to get him to let go.

Instead, Damon bent down, picked her up, and headed straight for the bathroom.

“What are you doing? Let me go! I got the wrong person. I’m going to find the one who deceived me.” Chloe said.

He put her on the anti-slip mat in the bathroom, then turned on the faucet of the bathtub. Next, his tall figure pressed the fleeing Chloe against the wall. He looked at her blushing face, pinched her smooth chin, his voice full of amusement.

“Where do you want to go?” Damon asked.

He put his other hand on the wall above her head, his heavy body close against hers. His upper body was completely bare. Yet it seemed not lewd at all, but full of an intoxicating masculine charm.

Chloe’s face turned even redder, but she still said, “I want to find the one who really deceived me.”

“Humph.” Damon chuckled, “Why do you want to find him?”

“He took advantage of me when I was drunk and kissed me. Of course, I want him to take responsibility.” Chloe said.

Damon’s lips gently brushed her skin, “Then you don’t have to look anymore.”

Chloe tilted her head, feeling the guy’s fiery lips tracing a path from her neck to her collarbone. A tingling sensation shot from the soles of her feet to the top of her head in an instant.

“Why?” Chloe asked.

Damon chuckled under his breath, his voice deep and husky, “Because the jerk who fooled you was me.””

“Hmm?”

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After Damon said that, maybe to punish her or something, he nipped gently at her collarbone, causing Chloe to let out a surprised moan. Before she could react, his tongue was already exploring her mouth. His hot breath scorched her skin, his deep voice echoing in her ear. ‘Don’t tell me you wouldn’t want it to be me, hmm?’

Chloe was panting lightly, arms around his shoulders, her eyes half-closed. She could feel his breath all around her.

“...You.” She panted, out of breath.

“Hmm?” He didn’t stop kissing her.

Chloe clung to his shoulders, “Just you. Even if you’re the biggest con artist in the world, I’d still let you fool me.”

Her body trembled slightly. Damon suddenly took her earlobe into his mouth, his hot breath making her ear tingle. “I plan on fooling you for a lifetime.”

Chloe smiled, giving a soft “hmm” in response. Then his kiss covered her again, as if he wanted to take her breath away.

Only when she was near suffocating would he give her a chance to breathe. A second, maybe two... Then he would kiss her passionately again.

In their kisses, their breaths intertwined fervently. In a daze, she realized her clothes were long gone. She felt a warmth wrapping around her. When she came to her senses, she found herself in the bathtub.

After adjusting her position, she let out a comfortable sigh, and pushed the man leaning over her away. "It's been a while since I had a good soak. Please go out."

Damon was speechless. She wanted him to leave just like that? Cold-hearted indeed.

Maybe knowing he was upset, Chloe looked at him, smiling. "Or you could take a shower over there, then leave."

She pointed at the shower next to them.

Damon's expression darkened slightly. He looked at her, "I want to bathe with you."

Chloe slid a bit further into the bathtub. Her long legs stretched out, almost taking up the entire length of the tub.

Damon wondered, was she showing off her long legs?

"The tub isn't big enough."

She said, smiling, lying there, her face full of mischief.

Damon looked at her bright smile, the corner of his mouth curving up slightly.

He remembered the first time he saw her at the hospital park, her expression was distant, aloof, sad, and even wary. She wrapped herself up too tightly, like a prickly hedgehog, refusing to let anyone get close or hurt her. But now, what was in front of him was a sight that no one could ever see in their lifetime.

He loved her deeply, cherishing every emotion she showed him.

He put his hand into the water, grabbing her long legs tightly. Chloe gently pulled her legs back, looking at him tenderly. "I think we should take a break today."

Damon didn't say anything. Chloe added, "Or else you might really need to have some soup to replenish your energy."

The hand under the water suddenly moved. The man frowned, looking conflicted. "You were tired last night. Let me give you a massage."

Chloe smiled. That's a nice suggestion. Lying in the bathtub, Chloe was clearly on the verge of falling asleep. However, the sudden sound of water and a rush of cold air made her open her eyes.

Her smooth skin was covered with dewy droplets, giving off a faint sweet scent. Damon's throat tightened a bit, his voice turning hoarse. "Don't sleep in the bathtub, you'll catch a cold."

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Chloe gave a small smile, silently resting her head on his shoulder.

After helping her dry off, Damon put her to bed, covered her with the blanket, then went to the bathroom, quietly turning on the cold shower.

He did get a bit carried away last night. But who could blame him when she was so damn irresistible?

The next morning, they got up together. As they were coming downstairs, they heard sighs coming from the living room.

"Should we get a doctor to check?" Elizabeth suggested.

"It's not like him... Does he have someone else?" Alyssa speculated.

“What on earth are you guys worrying about? Didn’t we say last night that Yulia wasn’t feeling well?” Presley said, red-faced.

Alyssa gave him a cold glance, “Only a fool would believe such an excuse.”

Presley clamped his mouth shut, his eyes wide, then turned his face away.

“Well then, maybe Nathan should have some soup to boost his energy.”

Chloe pinched her forehead, hoping this topic would pass quickly.

“You two got up together?” Elizabeth turned her head and saw them, smiling as she invited them to come down, then looked at the two people behind them. “You guys are up too.”

Nathan came down with a long face, Yulia followed him quietly. Seeing Nathan’s cold face, Elizabeth sighed. “Boys are such a worry. Girls are so much better. Nathan, don’t waste the stuff your dad bought.”

Nathan twitched his mouth, “I won’t.”

Damon and Chloe looked at him together.

At his gloomy face, they exchanged a glance. Maybe he really did have some issues.

After breakfast, everyone went to work. Elizabeth went into the kitchen to get Maca, but when she opened the cabinet, all the Maca was gone!

She stood there for a moment, her face darkened instantly. “Nathan!!”

She rushed out of the villa just in time to see Nathan’s car leaving.

Sitting in the passenger seat, Yulia asked puzzledly, "Where are you planning to take all that stuff?"

"Distribute them to my friends!"

Yulia sipped her lips lightly, whispering, "Those things must be worth a lot of money."

Nathan glanced at her, "You still care about that money?"

Yulia was silent for a long time and didn't continue the topic. "I won't be coming home tonight."

The atmosphere in the car suddenly turned cold. His eyes were icy, looking straight ahead. The light outside came through the window, shining in his eyes, the spots of light flickering, giving a sense of unease.

"Why?"

"... Tonight I'm going to the movies with Ronald, the one we didn't get to see last time..."

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They had to cancel last time because Anya was critically ill, and she and Ronald had been swamped lately.

Nathan smirked slightly. "And then?"

Yulia clenched the fabric of her clothes, "The annual conference is just around the corner. I can't delay it anymore."

No more delays.

Nathan sneered, "So you're saying, you're planning to give yourself to him tonight?"

His mocking words felt like icy needles piercing her heart. It was as if her blood had stopped flowing. She felt cold all over.

The car seemed to speed up without her realizing it. The scenery outside the window was retreating faster and faster. They were about to catch up with Damon's car in front.

"Congrats, you're about to get what you want."

Yulia's eyes quivered slightly, then she also put on a sarcastic smile, "Thanks."

Thanks? Ha. How considerate.

Nathan didn't speak anymore. The atmosphere in the car became chilly.

"Drop me off at the office first. I'll handle things there before heading to the hotel."

"Alright." Damon agreed. Thinking of the man staying at the hotel, his brows furrowed, "Call me if anything happens."

Chloe nodded slightly, her ears twitching a bit. She glanced at the rearview mirror. Nathan's car behind them seemed to be racing wildly up the mountain road, the roar of the Aston Martin engine deafening.

She frowned, "What's up with Nathan?"

Damon also looked at the rearview mirror. Nathan's car was about to overtake them, and the honking suddenly became harsh in the quiet suburban road. Damon's face darkened slightly. He gently steered the car to let Nathan's car pass.

"Did he have a fight with Yulia? Hurry up and follow them. Don't let anything happen."

"It's okay," Damon said indifferently, "He knows what he's doing."

Chloe watched as Nathan's car swiftly turned the corner ahead, making her heart skip a beat.

If she were in that car, she might have been okay with it. But that was Yulia. How could such a gentle and calm woman handle such a shock?

Luckily, they didn't have an accident. Nathan's car paused for a moment, then continued on. Yulia held tightly to the handle on the car roof, her face pale. "Could you...slow down a bit?"

Her other hand was clenching her clothes at her chest tightly, her voice trembling.

Nathan glanced at her, smirked coldly, "Don't worry. I've put up with you for so long. Now that we're finally getting a divorce, I wouldn't let you die at this moment. I don't want to be a widower."

He said so, but seeing Yulia scared, he gradually slowed down.

Yulia didn't want to bother with him, but she felt an insurmountable pressure in her heart. She rubbed her temples, trying to ignore the suffocation in her heart, and took a deep breath. "Nathan, do you have to insult me like this to be happy?"

"Yes." Nathan looked straight ahead, a sarcastic smile on his lips, "Should I praise your loyalty instead?"

Yulia's eyes widened. She suddenly felt her eyes dry and wanted to rub them.

She knew what he meant. She seduced him into bed, forced him to marry her, but now she was flirting with her ex-boyfriend, and might even do something with him tonight....

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Nathan had already made it pretty subtle. Ha...

"Nathan..." Yulia paused.

She felt her eyes warming up, and her throat souring. She quickly suppressed her emotions and said, "It was your...idea..."

"Yes. It was my idea, but not every woman would agree. Only you would." He said it nonchalantly.

Yulia looked at his resolute profile, shut her mouth, and didn't say another word. The more she said, the more hurtful it would be.

Slowly, she calmed down. She turned her head to look out the window and didn't speak for the rest of the trip.

As soon as they entered the city, Nathan parked the car on the side, irritated.

"Get out." He said suddenly.

Yulia didn't respond. She unbuckled her seatbelt and opened the car door.

The morning chill hadn't completely dissipated. When she opened the door, Nathan felt a gust of cold wind. But soon, the car warmed up again.

Nathan watched the woman in the trench coat standing by the flower bed, his irritation not subsiding. He hit the gas and drove off.

Yulia watched the traffic on the road, not blinking in case her tears would fall. At this moment, her phone in her bag started ringing. She sniffled, took out her phone, and answered.

"Hello."

“Yulia, I brought you some brownies. How long before you get to the office?”

“...” Cars honked on the road.

Ronald frowned slightly, “Where are you right now?”

Yulia bit her lip, “I’m at the entrance of the south side of the city...”

To avoid Damon and Chloe seeing her, she went behind the flower bed.

Ronald paused for two seconds, then said seriously, “Find a warm place to wait for me. I’ll pick you up.”

“No...”

“Yulia!” Ronald cut her off softly, “Wait for me. I don’t want you to catch a cold.”

Being in the cold, hearing his gentle voice felt like salvation. She even started to crave this warmth. As long as someone could accompany her, she wouldn’t be in such pain.

*... Alright.”

Yulia nodded over the phone. She blinked, and a tear slid down unexpectedly, even surprising her. She quickly wiped her eyes, then hung up the phone.

This place was at the boundary of the suburbs and the city, with nothing but a forest park.

Ronald hadn’t reached the office yet. He turned around on his way there and drove over, taking over twenty minutes.

Yulia waited outside for over twenty minutes. When Ronald saw her figure, he quickly opened the car door and went over.

“Why are you here so early in the morning?”

Yulia shook her head, not speaking.

She was wearing a scarf, and a thin layer of dew covered her long eyelashes, creating a special kind of beauty.

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But Ronald Shaw wasn't in the mood to appreciate it. He furrowed his eyebrows and reached out to touch her clothes. The cold made him shiver. You just gonna stand here?”

Yulia kept her lips sealed, not saying a word.

Sensing that she had no intention to talk, Ronald helplessly reached out and wiped the dew off her eyelashes. His large hand against her frozen skin felt oddly warm

“Why are you so careless?”

Ronald's movements were far from gentle, hinting at his annoyance. But Yulia felt a wave of warmth.

She looked up at the man who towered over her and softly said, “Thank you.”

Ronald looked down at her, expressionless, “Stop saying that to me, Yulia.”

Yulia gave a small smile; her guard against Ronald seemed to be slowly melting away.

Ronald took her hand and led her towards the car.

“Get in the car.”

Yulia didn't immediately reject him like before. Her compliance was surprisingly unexpected. He opened the passenger door, shielding her with the roof of the car as she got in.

A familiar car was parked across the street.

The car window was wide open, Nathan watched Yulia's obedient behavior with a gloomy expression, his hand gripping the steering wheel tightened until his knuckles turned white.

Ronald got into the car, and they drove off quickly.

Nathan's car remained stationary, his eyes staring through the open window, the spot where Yulia had just been standing. What flashed in his mind was Yulia's obedient and indifferent attitude towards Ronald, especially the joy and reliance in her eyes the moment she first saw Ronald.

It seems that their relationship wasn't over yet.

Chloe received a phone call on the road. Instead of going to the office, she asked Damon to take her to the hospital.

Once they arrived at the hospital, Damon frowned, “What does her hospitalization have to do with you?”

Chloe smiled, leaning in to give Damon a peck on the cheek as she unbuckled her seatbelt.

“She's an artist I've had my eye on for a while, and her role is needed even more in the current production. What if something happens?”

“Goodbye, be careful on the road.”

Damon kept his lips sealed. What else could he say since it was work-related?

Chloe bought a bouquet of flowers on her way into the hospital. She opened the door to the hospital room, and the woman on the bed slowly turned her head.

Her face was as pale as paper, her bangs had been swept to the sides, revealing her smooth forehead, and her eyes were filled with sadness.

When she saw the person standing at the door, the woman's eyes trembled slightly, and a flash of disappointment quickly faded.

"Why are you here?" Her voice raspy, weak.

Chloe calmly walked into the hospital room.

"I have ulterior motives with you, of course, I'd come to make my presence known when something happens."

Crysti gave a small smile, a bitter smile surfaced on her face. "Ms. Summers, aren't you supposed to say something nice at times like these?"

She walked to the edge of the bed, holding a bouquet of baby's breath, looking down at her. "Do you believe it?"

Crysti chuckled, "No."

"Well, there you go." Chloe said calmly, "It would be ridiculous if I pretended to be caring to the point where even I found it amusing."

Crysti didn't say anything else.

Chloe continued, "I've already asked the hospital about your condition. Your injuries aren't serious. A fracture in your right leg, concussion, a few minor injuries all over your body, but nothing serious that will leave you disabled. You'll be fine with proper rest, don't worry."

"Seems like I'm really lucky"

Chloe gave a small smile, looking around the empty room.

"Where's Philip? Hasn't he come to see you?"

Crysti's eyelashes fluttered slightly, and remained silent.

"Or does he not know about your situation?"

Seeing that she didn't want to discuss this, Chloe didn't push further. She picked up the flower vase nearby and took the flowers into the restroom. "I'll arrange the flowers for you."

After Chloe left, Crysti's tears started to fall.

Philip... She endured all these years to repay him for saving her life back then, was all this worth it?

The door suddenly opened, Crysti turned her head to see the man she had just been thinking about slowly walk in. She hid the sadness in her eyes.

Chloe was pouring water into the vase when she heard the sound of the door opening, she immediately stopped what she was doing. The restroom became quiet again.

"I heard you had a car accident outside the company last night. How are you, nothing serious right?"

Chloe squinted her eyes. That was Philip's voice; there was a hint of concern in his tone.

Crysti's heart ached sharply.

Heard... So he knew about her car accident last night, but only came to see her this morning.

A dull pain struck her chest. She suddenly felt lost, were all these years of perseverance for such a heartless man?

"...I'm fine."

"That's good."

Philip let out a soft sigh, "The movie is about to start shooting. Take care of yourself. Don't miss the shooting when the time comes."

Crysti's hand hidden under the blanket clenched; she couldn't hide the sadness on her face. "... We're still short on funds aren't we? Why are we rushing to shoot now?"

Philip's expression changed slightly, he turned his face and said, "The funds have arrived, so we're starting the shoot. You're asking a silly question."

Crysti looked up at him, "Where did you get the money?"

Philip kept his lips sealed, "You don't need to worry about that, just be ready to shoot when the time comes..."

"Philip, Philip..."

A soft female voice could be heard, followed by a woman dressed in a fiery red long dress appearing at the door. She was beautiful, sexy and curvy.

Crysti's eyes widened, all her resolutions and beliefs crumbled.

The woman took the initiative to walk over, affectionately took Philip's arm, looked at the pale woman on the bed and said, "Darling, you're so inconsiderate. You should have brought something when you come to see your assistant. Isn't it bad to come empty-handed?"

Assistant?

At this moment, Crysti's face was surprisingly calm. She had to. Right now, she absolutely could not show any emotion in front of this man..

Philip reached out to touch the woman's face, "You really think of everything, huh? Later, I'll have one of my assistants bring over some gifts."

The woman pouted her red lips, "So, are you done yet? We gotta go grab some meds. It's all 'cause of you, didn't know how to hold back last night. You need to think about the baby."

Chapter 1075

Crysti's face turned pale as a sheet in an instant. She looked at Philip in shock, only to find the other woman smirking at her..

"Sorry, my bad." Philip's voice was full of regret and tenderness, but it only made Crysti feel sick to her stomach.

A baby? Last night?

She swallowed her fear and looked at the other woman, the so-called eye candy in the entertainment industry, Melinda.

With her rich dad's connections, she got into showbiz, and with Infinity Media, any script she liked was hers, no matter how much the writer or director stuck to their principles. It was all because she came with a heap of investment.

She strutted into the set with her money, a move considered shady in the industry, but she did it without a care in the world. She was dubbed a eye candy because she was just that, both in real life and on the screen.

Thanks to Infinity Media's efforts, they managed to convince Melinda to take on this role, always securing her father's investment and never looking back.

It was a win-win situation.

The eye candy roles in the entertainment industry did have their impact. There were controversies in the beginning, but people got used to it. After all, you needed all sorts of characters in a show. The eye candy was indispensable in almost every show.

So, in the end, it didn't matter. Being an eye candy was just another character setting.

She suddenly understood why Philip had been insisting on starting the shooting. An eye candy with a ton of money wanting to start shooting, wouldn't that be a piece of cake?

The sad part was that she, from the respected Watson family, was the fool here. She thought she had found real love, defied the Reeds, and ran away from home, just to be with this man. And now, this man had just slapped her in the face, hard.

"Ha..."

Crysti suddenly chuckled, then burst into laughter. "Haha...hahaha..."

Her shoulders were shaking violently, she was almost laughing her tears out. Her sudden laughter in the hospital room seemed mad and eerie.

Philip frowned at her, his face turning ugly. "What's so funny?"

"Hahaha..." Crysti was still laughing. After a while, she finally managed to hold back her laughter and said, "Congratulations, Philip. Your movie, that's been two years in the making, finally found its investor. Your looks and body aren't going to waste."

Chloe tugged at the corner of her mouth in the bathroom, didn't expect this woman to have some fight in her. She kept arranging the flowers in the vase, listening to the commotion outside..

Philip clearly caught her sarcasm, and his face turned serious. Was she suggesting that he had sold his body and relied on pleasing women to achieve his goals?

"Crysti! Have you gone mad?" He couldn't believe it. The woman who used to be so obedient was now mocking him.

Crysti smiled lightly, "I'm not mad. I'm just blind. For the past two years, I've been blindly trusting you, a person who only knows how to hurt others."

"You..."

Philip couldn't stand her insult. He wanted to retort, but he held back.

He knew the new show was about to start, and Crysti's role was crucial. She was the only one who could play the role. If he pissed her off, she would not only quit but would also find someone else to replace her, which would cost him millions of dollars in pay.

"Crysti, I did have something going on last night, and couldn't be with you. I know you're upset with me now. If you want to vent, go ahead and vent at me. I'm willing to take it."

Crysti looked at him with a sarcastic smile.

"Why should you take it? Why should you watch her mood?" the other woman said.

“Melinda, don’t make a scene...” Philip tried to appease her.

“What am I doing? We’re about to get married, and I’m carrying our baby. That woman has been hanging around you for so long, are you planning to let her stick around even after we’re married?”

Crysti kept her eyes down, struggling to keep the smile on her face. She listened as Melinda talked about the baby in her belly and their impending marriage.

They were having a baby, and she was the last one to know?

How foolish! Foolish to the extreme!

Before Philip could say anything, Crysti spoke in a calm voice.

“Of course not. I might be foolish, but I won’t do something so undignified. Rest assured, even if he begs me on his knees, I won’t appear by his side again!”

Melinda was stunned, her heavily made-up face showing a fierce expression.

“Who do you think you are, wanting Philip to beg you on his knees? Who gave you such big confidence?”

Crysti laughed, “Who gave you such big confidence then?”

Melinda turned red, “Bitch! Try me, and I’ll make sure you’re kicked out of the industry!”

"I doubt you have the power to." Her voice was calm, her expression cool, without a trace of sadness or sorrow. Philip quietly looked at her; he once thought she had a unique charm. She was like a well-bred lady, every move pleasing to the eye. When she was with him, she was so obedient, enduring all hardships, that he overlooked it. But that initial charm had left a deep impression on him, so

I was just that later,

the character in the show was designed based on her.

It had been a long time since he saw her. He had completely ignored her before, so now when she stopped being submissive, he was a little taken aback. "I don't have the power? Hmph, I'd like to see if you can get any good scripts in the future? You should think about how you will feed yourself! Don't starve to death!"

Melinda was really pissed off by Crysti's words, especially the charm she suddenly exuded, which she found annoying.

She was just a low-level actress, why was she imitating others' princess-like charm? Disgusting!

Melinda clung to Philip's arm, trying to pull him out of the room, but Philip kept staring at Crysti, his face showing hesitation.

He finally stopped, looked deeply at Crysti, and said, "You're all fired up right now, and it's probably not the best time to be making decisions. Your role is crucial, you know. I've always valued this play a lot, and it's gonna boost your rep in showbiz too... so, cool your jets, will ya?"

"Philip!" Melinda stomped her foot, fuming.

"Alright, alright, let's leave."

Philip quickly wrapped his arm around Melinda, soothing her as they made their way out of the hospital room.

Chapter 1076

The moment the hospital room door closed, silence fell, filled only with the echo of Crysti's scornful laugh.

Chloe arranged the bouquet of flowers into a beautiful shape and placed them in a vase before finally carrying it out.

Crysti didn't watch her, but her eyes were fixed on the flowers on the cabinet.

"Do you think they're pretty?" Chloe asked.

"Yeah."

"Pity they'll wilt by tomorrow."

That caught Crysti's attention. "What do you mean?"

Chloe sat by the hospital bed, playing with her watch.

"Because they've lost their roots, and left their mother plant. For them, the water in the vase is only a temporary nourishment, just delaying their wilting process."

Crysti was silent for a moment, then suddenly laughed, "Are you here to convince me to compromise with my family or to discuss a collaboration with me?"

Chloe shrugged, "If I could achieve both, that'd be the best outcome for me. Sure, I'm mainly interested in you, but if I can snatch up you as the daughter of the Watson family, that'd be even more thrilling! You have just confronted those two with the attitude of a young lady from the Watson family. I think it won't be long before you can return to that position."

“So why bother with this?”

“What would the Watsons owe me if I could help you return to them?”

Crysti’s eyes widened, “Can’t you be a bit more subtle? Why be so blunt?”

“Don’t you get it? Rather than have you guessing and thinking I’m too opportunistic, I’d rather be upfront. At least I’d seem a bit cute then...”

Crysti’s eyes grew wider, full of disbelief. In the end, after pondering for a moment, she burst out laughing. “You’re right... But who would’ve thought, a strong woman like you, wanting to be described as ‘cute’?”

“Better than being belittled.”

Crysti laughed again, “You’re actually quite interesting. I can’t figure out why Lance would leave you?”

Chloe glanced at her, “I wasn’t expecting you to be such a tiger. You just got hurt and you want to give me a taste of that as well?”

“Exactly. If you want to collaborate with me, shouldn’t there be some cost?”

Chloe nodded, “Fine, you can talk about him, if it makes you feel better. But I’m not going to wallow with you. I don’t really feel anything about him now.”

Crysti said with a laugh, “I just need to know you’ve dealt with jerks too. It balances me out.”

Sometimes women do need a bit of a jolt. Without bitter experiences, you never learn right from wrong, and you never grow out of being naive.

Reporters were swarming the hospital entrance.

"Philip, we saw you taking Melinda to the maternity ward. Is she pregnant?"

"Is Melinda's baby yours?"

"Are you two together?"

Chloe stood silently in the hospital lobby, watching the interview outside.

Melinda was confidently holding Philip's arm, her smile sweet. "Philip and I are getting married soon. Thank you for your concern."

"So you're really carrying Philip's child?"

"Yes."

"Then congratulations."

"But what about Crysti who was always by your side, Philip? We thought you two were together."

"Yeah, you two seemed inseparable. Everyone thought you were official."

"You never denied the rumors about you two being together! How come you're suddenly marrying Melinda today?"

"I remember Melinda was with someone else just three months ago."

"Yeah, so how..."

"I remember, Crysti had a car accident near the Reed family's entertainment company last night. She's also in this hospital..."

"Oh my God, Philip brought Melinda to this hospital for a prenatal check today. Isn't that a bit too harsh!"

Philip's previously kind smile slowly faded. Melinda's face turned pale.

"Crysti and I are just colleagues." Eventually, that's all Philip said that before leaving with Melinda.

Chloe smiled faintly, waiting for the reporters to follow them out before leaving the hospital.

She never thought Philip was a good guy. His unprincipled support for Keira was enough to make her sick. Now it seemed he was just using women to

achieve his goals. This kind of man was even worse than Lance.

She frowned slightly and laughed coldly. "They're all the same."

After leaving the hospital, Chloe called Melvin.

"Crysti, she's agreed to cooperate."

Melvin was silent for a moment, "Really?!"

There was an uproar on the other end of the phone, indicating the situation there.

Chloe smiled faintly, responding softly, "Yes."

Melvin cheered, "You're amazing, Ms. Summers! I heard Philip's drama series is about to start shooting too. I thought there was no chance to work with Crysti, didn't expect... was a better actor found for Philip's drama series? Their broadcast time will clash with ours..."

"Clashing time slots?" Chloe chuckled, "So what? Don't you have confidence in your own script? Afraid it will be overshadowed by theirs?"

"No, absolutely not! I just... I just hope if our broadcast time doesn't clash with theirs, our ratings might be higher and we'll have more traffic."

Chloe smiled faintly, her eyes twinkling like stars, "What's the fun in just focusing on ratings? Competition brings challenges, and challenges bring hot topics. Broadcasting at the same time, there's nothing wrong with that. So, you need to work harder, or it'll be embarrassing if you lose..." Chloe's ambiguous words somehow gave Melvin a boost of motivation. Surpassing the competitor indeed filled him with fighting spirit!

"Ms. Summers, don't worry, I'll make this drama a success!"

Feeling Melvin's confidence and passion, Chloe smiled faintly, hung up the phone, and headed straight to the hotel.

She checked out the guest rooms and the dining section, and everything seemed to be pretty chill. The previous regulations were well set up and pretty solid, so Chloe managed to save herself a ton of energy.

When she got back to the front desk, she happened to see a tall guy standing there, leaning on the counter with an arm while the other was pocketed. Clearly, he was chitchatting with the front desk staff.

Dorothy and the others were keeping their professional smiles on, but Rhoda on the side... Chloe didn't really wanna describe her as "flirty", but yeah, that's what she was.

Upon seeing Chloe, Dorothy greeted her, "Ms. Summers."

Everyone turned to look at her, including the guy leaning on the counter.

When Rupin's gaze fell on Chloe, his eyes suddenly lit up. Her aura was absolutely captivating. He'd never met a woman like this before!

This stirred up a strong desire of conquer in him!

Chapter 1077

Chloe nonchalantly approached the front desk, giving a nod to Rupin.

"Can I help you with something?"

Rupin's eyes lingered on her, his invasive gaze causing Chloe's brows to furrow.

She shot him a chilly glance in return, a look that took Rupin by surprise before he chuckled.

This woman, she was pretty interesting. He recognized her now.

"So, you're Ms. Summers. Pleasure to meet you, all of Spotlight Beauty's makeup products are being sold at every Harper Commercial Center. They're doing very well! Especially those perfumes you designed."

Chloe's eyebrows twitched slightly. Harper Commercial Center?

She finally looked up at him. "And who are you?"

"I'm Rupin. My father runs the biggest mall in P City."

The biggest mall in P City? Was that the new mall owned by the Harper family? So, his father was the one in charge of the new mall.

She gave a faint smile, "So you're Rupin, nice to meet you."

This slight smile, although faint, was warmer than her previous cold demeanor.

Seeing this change in her, Rhoda felt a jolt of anxiety. Although she hated to admit it, Chloe was indeed beautiful, had a unique charisma, and was the company's CEO, not to mention her sharp wit. There

probably weren't many women in P City who could match her.

Looks, figure, charisma, skills, even wealth... With these qualifications, if she were a man, she would have been swarmed by women! But she was a woman, a woman who was outstanding in every aspect.

Now that she knew Rupin's identity, her attitude clearly changed. Clearly she was interested in him. Rupin was a man she had worked hard to win over. How could she allow another woman to steal him away?

She gritted her teeth, shot a glare at Chloe, then said to Rupin. "Rupin, you have a meeting to attend, right? Isn't it about time?"

Rupin frowned. He had been waiting just so he could see the person he met in his car last night. He had just met her and hadn't even said a few words before being interrupted. How could he be in a good mood?

Chloe said, "If Rupin has work to do, then I won't hold you up. If you need anything, feel free to let our staff know. We'll do our best to accommodate you."

With that said, Rupin couldn't object. He responded with a disappointed "Hmm", "How about dinner sometime? We're business partners after all."

Chloe gave a faint smile, "If there's a chance, I will."

Rupin seemed satisfied with the reply and left. Chloe's smile faded a bit as she turned to look at Rhoda.

"Is Rupin your boyfriend?"

Rhoda haughtily replied, "Yeah, he is."

Chloe nodded in agreement, "Even though he's our guest, I hope you can maintain your professionalism. You're still an employee here."

Rhoda frowned, "...Alright, I got it."

Chloe glanced at her, "Let me have a look at today's customer information."

"Sure!"

Rhoda handed Chloe the electronic records. As Chloe was about to look away from the document, she noticed a familiar name. She furrowed her brows, handing the electronic record back to Rhoda with a puzzled look.

Stepping away to ponder, she almost collided with a man. She quickly sidestepped to avoid the collision. The man also seemed to realize something, hurriedly stopping in his tracks.

"I'm sorry..."

"It's okay."

It was a common exchange, but when the man saw Chloe, his expression stiffened a bit.

"Chloe?"

Chloe looked at the man's unfamiliar face and asked in confusion, "And you are...?"

The man came back to his senses, gave a shy smile, "I'm Fritz. You might not remember me. We were classmates."

Chloe thought for a while but drew a blank. "I'm sorry..."

"That's okay. I wasn't very noticeable in school, just the one sitting in the corner..."

"You are... the one with the beautiful handwriting!"

Chloe finally realized, her school life had been too busy to pay attention to this unremarkable man. He wasn't much of a social butterfly, and nothing really stood out about him; he was indeed unnoticeable.

Fritz laughed, "If it wasn't for my handwriting, I doubt anyone would remember me."

Chloe smiled, "So, why are you here?"

She tactfully ended their nostalgia and got back to the point. As Fritz was about to answer, Rhoda beat him to it. "Fritz, you better get going. Rupin's

already left. If you don't hurry, you'll get scolded again."

Fritz's smile faded, and looked at Chloe awkwardly, "I better get back to work then. Dinner... tonight?"

Chloe nodded in agreement, "Sure, go ahead with your work."

□

After Fritz left, Rhoda turned to Chloe with a smile. "So, Fritz was your classmate, what a coincidence. He's Rupin's assistant now, and compared to others, he's doing pretty well."

Chloe glanced at her, "Just focus on your work."

After Chloe left, Rhoda sneered, her eyes full of contempt. Dorothy and the others exchanged glances, frowned, but said nothing.

Near the end of the workday, Rupin seemed to have timed his arrival perfectly, he came looking for Chloe.

Seeing Chloe, he hurried over, "Ms. Summers, shall we go for dinner together?"

Chloe glanced at her watch, "I'm sorry, I have plans with someone else."

Rupin was clearly disappointed, but he graciously said, "Next time then."

Rhoda came out after changing her clothes, saw Rupin and Chloe standing together. She noticed the unusual light in his eyes. She became anxious, quickly ran over to him, and clung to his arm.

"Rupin, I'm ready. Let's go!"

Rupin glanced at her, itching to shake her off, but Chloe had already turned and left.

"Let's go, Rupin. I'm starving," Rhoda cooed, hooking her arm through Rupin's and leading him away.

Chloe's actions were initially just a pretense, but when she turned around, she saw Fritz.

Well... She didn't have an out this time. She had to eat with him.

They found a decent restaurant near the hotel. On the way, Chloe called Damon to give him a heads-up.

As soon as he picked up, Damon's deep voice came through, "Hmm?"

"Okay, so first off, I bumped into a college friend by chance today, so I'm going to have dinner with him tonight," Chloe blurted out, afraid that any pause would prevent her from getting her full explanation out.

Chapter 1078

A moment of silence...

After a while, Damon's voice finally came from the other end of the phone...

"Mrs. Harper."

"Uh, yes, that's me!" Chloe sat up straight.

Silence...

Damon didn't know what to say for a moment. He paused, then said, "Which restaurant are you at? I'll come pick you up."

"Um... are you coming too?"

"What do you think?"

"... Welcome."

At the barbecue restaurant, Fritz and Chloe sat facing each other, with Fritz busy grilling the food.

He moved gracefully, without any awkwardness.

“Have you been in P City since you graduated?” Chloe asked.

“Yes. There are good opportunities for development here.” He said, then chuckled, “But the competition is fierce. I’ve been here for so many years and I’m still just an assistant.”

“No way.” Chloe took a sip of water, “Every position has its necessity and potential for growth. Just keep trying.”

Fritz placed the grilled meat on Chloe’s plate but didn’t continue the previous topic. Instead, he asked, “How did you meet Mr. Rupin?”

“Oh, we just met each other. His father is in charge of the mall under the Harper family banner. There’s a special counter there selling my designs. That’s all.”

“I see...”

Fritz thought for a moment, then nodded, “But I still suggest you keep some distance from him. The women around him... Uh, he’s rich, you know... he’s got a way with women. You need to learn to protect yourself.”

Chloe paused; seeing him awkwardly reminding her, she couldn’t help but laugh. “Thanks for the heads up. But I don’t think there will be anything between us, I have a boyfriend.”

“Ah? Oh right, I forgot, you’re about to get engaged. But... you’re still so young, why marry so early... I mean no offense, just that... you’re a good person, good-looking, capable and not short of money, why settle for a nouveau riche...”

“Of course, if you really like him, that’s another story. Not all nouveau riche are crude.”

Chloe chuckled, “Who said my boyfriend is nouveau riche?”

Fritz was taken aback, “The news on the internet...”

“Do you believe those?”

“But your boyfriend’s high-price engagement gift a while ago, it really was shocking...”

Chloe rubbed her forehead, “That... does have a bit of a nouveau riche vibe... Speaking of which... it does resemble the style of a gangster...”

Fritz froze, “Gangster...”

“So that’s how you describe me in front of others?”

A deep and clear voice rang out, causing a tingling sensation to spread through Chloe’s feet and all the hairs on her body to stand up.

Fritz paused, subconsciously looking up at the man next to him who radiated a strong presence. The meat on his skewer fell onto the iron plate with a “plop”.

Chloe glanced at him, whose expression seemed to say “Who am I? Where am I? What am I doing?”.

She looked up again to see a tall, strapping man gazing at her with his handsome and deep face, his eyes not looking friendly. Feeling embarrassed, she smiled slightly, noticing the man’s eyes shift ever so slightly.

She immediately understood his meaning, subtly shifted her body deeper into the couch. Then, the tall figure sat down with a strong aura, his suit button unbuttoned, and he sat elegantly next to Chloe. His handsome face showed no expression, his cold eyes seemingly covered with a layer of frost. But his hand was warm, his long arm directly draped over Chloe’s slender waist, moving her closer to him.

Their intimate posture suggested a deep relationship between the two.

Fritz was dumbfounded as he watched Damon, his eyes moving stiffly in his sockets. He stared at Damon, then at Chloe. After a few times, the more he stared, the more incredible it seemed.

Was he hallucinating? But why would he have a hallucination that had nothing to do with him?

Chloe looked at Fritz's bewildered expression, lightly clearing her throat, "Fritz, this is the 'gangster'."

Fritz's eyes trembled slightly, looking at Damon he muttered,

"Hello, gangster..."

Damon's eyes narrowed, his sharp gaze felt like a knife jabbing into Fritz's forehead. He quickly recovered, shaking his head hurriedly, "No no no, hello, Mr. Harper."

Damon glanced at him, nodded slightly, and elegantly said, "Hello."

After all, he was his girlfriend's friend, he should be friendly.

Chloe nervously told Damon, "This is my classmate Fritz, he's now the assistant to Mr. Stephen's son, who is in charge of the new mall of the Harper family."

The assistant to Mr. Stephen's son?

Damon's eyebrows twitched slightly. Was she complaining to him? A mall manager was starting to play the family business game?

"Why did you two meet?"

Chloe smiled, "Mr. Stephen's son, Rupin, was having a meeting at the hotel."

Damon responded indifferently, then looked at the grill in the center of the table. Seeing this, Fritz picked up the tongs again, placing the meat from the plate on the grill.

The sound of grilling resumed, with Fritz flipping the meat every now and then. When it was done, he would give it to Chloe.

But at that moment. The tong was forcibly stopped mid-air. Damon held a fork in his hand, blocking Fritz's tongs, and looked at him with indifferent eyes. "What are you trying to do?"

Fritz was taken aback, "The meat is ready."

Damon was silent for a moment, took the tongs from Fritz, gave all the meat on the grill to Fritz, and then started grilling new meat from the plate next to him.

His expensive suit was perfectly smooth without a single wrinkle, his every move exuded elegance. The cuffs of his pristine white shirt were immaculate, and the twinkling diamond cufflinks refracted dazzling light under the lamps with every move of his wrist.

No matter how you looked at it, he exuded an incredibly noble aristocratic aura. But then, out of the blue, he started barbecuing.

It was a complete mismatch. In this big barbecue joint, it felt like he was a square peg in a round hole. It was like getting hit with the vibe of "you're too big a deal for this big house."

Chloe and Fritz exchanged glances, both feeling a bit awkward. In their silence, plumes of black smoke started to rise from the grill....

Chapter 1079

What could they possibly say? Any word could hurt Damon's pride.

Damon's face turned cold. He glanced at Fritz, then sullenly put the burnt piece of meat onto his own plate.

Then he said, "I like it charred."

Chloe couldn't help but laugh. Was this Damon's pride?

She took the tongs from Damon's hand and picked a piece of meat from the plate to grill.

Damon watched her with a serious expression, "I'll do the grilling."

Chloe knew his ego was at play, and she chuckled, "But I want to grill for you."

Hearing this, Damon raised an eyebrow, "Alright, I'll give you this chance."

Chloe was amused by Damon's reaction. She started grilling the meat with a smile. She would put the cooked meat on his plate, and occasionally on her own. All in all, she gave more meat to Damon and less to herself.

Fritz, sitting opposite, was quietly eating his own freshly grilled meat, which tasted awful to him now. He wished he could disappear right now. He really didn't want to disturb the couple anymore.

He felt his presence didn't affect the two across the table at all, but he was nearly blinded by their affectionate behavior.

Damon was enjoying Chloe's service, and he was eating happily. During the gaps in grilling, Chloe would pass a lettuce leaf to Damon, with grilled meat wrapped inside. She would occasionally instruct

Damon on how to better enjoy the barbecue.

Sometimes Chloe would think about giving Fritz a couple of pieces of meat, but she would stop under Damon's sharp gaze.

In the end, Fritz was completely defeated by their affection. He even felt a bit dizzy.

Looking at the affectionate couple across from him, he still couldn't believe it.

How did they get together? Why did they get together? If they weren't together, who would they be with?

Was it fate for them to be together?

But the president of the Harper Group...

He was the nouveau riche in the gossip....

He was a gangster...

He was his boss...

He was Chloe's fiancé...

Chloe was his boss....

Fritz felt an indescribable emotion in his heart. After dinner, he saw Damon and Chloe off, with a baffled look on his face.

The world was really big, anything was possible.

It was beyond his expectation. But the president of the Harper Group and Chloe were really a good match.

In the car, Chloe patted Damon's shoulder with a smile, "You did well tonight."

"Hmph," Damon snorted, "I really want to see how many unreliable men will appear around you now."

"Huh?"

Damon gave her a glance, "You're quite careless."

Damon pursed his lips, noted it down for future reference, and would catch them all in one swoop when the time was right!

They went straight to Emerald Valley Estates that night. Surprisingly, they bumped into Nathan at the entrance of the apartment.

He was standing alone next to the artificial hill outside the apartment, barely holding on to the cigarette in his hand.

"Aren't you freezing standing out here so late?"

Chloe smiled slightly. She had never heard Damon say a good word about Nathan. Nathan saw them and didn't joke like he usually did. He threw the half-smoked cigarette on the ground, his voice a bit low.

"Why haven't you guys gone home?"

"It was not a convenient option."

Damon's gaze fell on the cigarette butt at Nathan's feet, his eyes darkened slightly, but he didn't say anything. He pulled Chloe and walked towards the apartment.

Chloe's gaze just moved away from Nathan's feet, and she let Damon pull her into the apartment.

Nathan didn't watch them, he just took out another cigarette, and unlocked his mobile phone. The screen showed all the cinemas near Yulia's company. Then he checked the call records, the first number was Yulia's. Finally, the phone screen went dark, and he held the phone tightly.

Not going home tonight? Having dinner with Ronald, watching a movie, then what?

Then she was going to a hotel with Ronald, the two were boyfriend and girlfriend before, they had feelings for each other, and once they had a chance to rekindle the old feelings...

Damn...

Chloe returned to the apartment. The more she thought about it, the more she felt something was wrong. Finally, while Damon was taking a shower, she

called Nathan.

Nathan saw the incoming call, feeling annoyed. He wanted to ignore it, but after all, it was Chloe.

"Hello?"

"What's going on with you and Yulia?"

"What do you mean? What can I do with her?" His tone was unusually irritable.

Chloe took a deep breath, Yulia is very nice, I don't know what's going on between you that you don't want others to know about, and I don't have the right to ask too much. But... today I saw her hotel reservation at The Watson Hotel, and the time is tonight. She has a home, why would she suddenly stay at a hotel?"

Nathan's eyelids opened violently, "You said she booked a room at The Watson Hotel tonight?"

"Room 1606."

Chloe hung up after she finished speaking.

After a brief pause, Chloe rubbed her forehead. She was still protecting her friends as always.

Violating the privacy of guests, revealing information to Nathan who had an ambiguous attitude towards Yulia...

She's hopeless.

Nathan put away his phone, and threw the cigarette in his mouth on the ground.

She actually booked a hotel by herself! And it was a seven-star hotel!

This woman! She certainly wouldn't treat herself badly!

He couldn't exactly describe his feelings right now. All he felt was anger. And he didn't know why he would feel this way. Now his whole body and mind had only one thought, which was to bring Yulia back!

He quickly got into his car, the engine of the Aston Martin roaring into the night.

The movie was over, ninety minutes passed, and Yulia couldn't remember what she had watched. The entire time, she was trying to adjust her mentality. She was trying to believe that Ronald would really regret it. Recently, his attitude towards her had been very good, gentle and considerate, always caring.

Compared to Nathan's sarcasm, Ronald was undoubtedly better. By comparing the two, you could clearly see who was the top dog and who was the underdog.

But... No matter how awesome Ronald was, he did stab her in the back once. Every time she thought about him touching her, having a heart-to-heart with him, or even getting up close and personal, she felt sick, sick to her stomach.

Why was that, huh?

She liked him, right?

Chapter 1080

They had a thing before...they used to date... Why couldn't they be a couple?!

In the entire 90-minute movie, she couldn't even muster the courage to reach out and hold Ronald's hand that was right next to hers. It was as if it was a sign that if she held his hand, something was bound to happen that night. Something they both knew.

Until the movie ended, Ronald casually took her hand, guiding her through the crowded place.

"It's half past eight, are you going home? Or do you want to grab a drink before we head back?"

Grab a drink...

Yulia's eyelashes fluttered, and she nodded, "Sure, we can get a drink."

Ronald smiled, leading her into his car.

Yulia had no idea where Ronald was taking her. She stayed silent on the ride, her eyes darting past several vending machines outside the window, her hand unconsciously clenched.

When they passed a pharmacy, she finally broke the silence.

“I feel a bit unwell. I want to stop by the pharmacy.”

Ronald pulled over, frowning at her, “What’s wrong with your stomach? Does it hurt a lot? Should I take you to the hospital?”

“No need, I think it’s just indigestion. I’ll get some medicine from the pharmacy. Wait for me in the car.”

Saying that, Yulia got out of the car and headed into the pharmacy. She bought some pills for digestion, then picked up another type of medicine. She got some water from the dispenser in the pharmacy, looking at the pills in her hand, biting her lip, her face hidden behind her hair full of sadness.

Everyone was pushing her. Some wanted her to leave the Dailey family, Ronald wanted her back, and Nathan was pushing her to divorce!

Why was it so hard to protect what she had to protect?

She felt like she had nowhere to go. Her heart was filled with pain and despair. She was helpless, she couldn’t rely on anyone, and she had no other choice.

She gritted her teeth, downed the pills with water. Her stomach felt cold from the water. As she felt the pills go down, her eyes watered. She tossed the cup into the trash, composed herself, then left the pharmacy.

Back in the car, Ronald looked at her, worried, “Are you sure you don’t want to go to the hospital?”

Yulia shook her head, “I suddenly don’t feel like getting a drink anymore.”

Ronald started the car, “Then I’ll take you home.”

“I’m not going home. I booked a room at The Watson Hotel.”

Ronald’s brows furrowed, his voice grew heavier.

“Yulia...”

“Let’s go to the hotel. I don’t want to go home tonight...”

Yulia interrupted Ronald, she had nowhere else to go, right?

Her determination made Ronald press his lips together, but his gaze followed the line of Yulia’s jaw to her neck, his body stiffened, then he silently drove on, still heading towards The Watson Hotel.

Nathan stood at the entrance of The Watson Hotel, his gaze cold as he stared at the entrance.

Every time a car pulled in, his eyes would lock onto it like a dart, until he confirmed that the people in the car were not Yulia and Ronald, then he would look away, searching again.

He tried to call Yulia multiple times, but her phone was always off.

So annoying! It was just a movie, did she really need to turn off her phone?

Or did she do it on purpose! Intentionally not letting anyone disturb her?

Even though he was standing at the entrance of the hotel, his anger about to reach its limit, but he was still wondering, would they suddenly change their minds and not come here tonight?

Go somewhere else? Or straight to Ronald’s place?

The possibilities made him hope that they would actually come to the hotel, because only then would he have a chance to find them.

However, Yulia's complexion was getting worse and worse on the road. She could clearly feel her body temperature rising, the increase in body temperature made her fearful.

She turned off the AC in the car, hoping that her body temperature wouldn't rise so fast.

"Too hot?"

Ronald noticed her action and casually asked.

"Mhm." She quietly responded, looking out of the car window.

Her hands were tightly clutching her purse, the rise in body temperature making her body tremble.

Seeing Yulia shivering. Ronald's eyes darkened, "Yulia, I won't force you. If you're not ready, I won't do anything."

Yulia bit her lip. He wouldn't force her, but there were others who would.

The car kept moving, but at the next intersection, it took a different turn. Surprised, Yulia asked, "What are you doing?" "Taking you home."

"No..."

She shook her head. She had come this far, how could she just give up? But she had to admit, she felt a little relieved at this moment.

She wasn't ready. She didn't want to. She couldn't!

Just give her some more time...

Nathan's patience was running out, his uneasiness growing stronger.

When the guard saw Yulia in Ronald's car at the entrance of Emerald Valley Estates, he looked at her a bit strangely.

"Welcome back!"

At this moment, Yulia's face was flushed, her body weak, and she turned to the guard and nodded.

She didn't think about why the guard who never greeted her suddenly greeted her today. Because of Yulia, the car was let into the estate.

When they arrived at the apartment building, Yulia unbuckled her seatbelt and practically fled from the car. As soon as her foot touched the ground, her body went limp, and she almost collapsed.

"Yulia!"

Seeing this, Ronald quickly got out of the car, and went to Yulia's side, catching her wrist. When he touched her skin, he clearly felt Yulia's body jolt and her burning temperature.

"Don't touch me!"

Yulia tried to shake off Ronald's hand, but found him getting even closer.

"Yulia, are you sick?"

"No...I'm fine...you can go now, I'll head up..."

“No way, you’re not well, I’m taking you to the hospital.”

“No...it’s not necessary...”

“Yulia!” Ronald sounded annoyed, he sternly said, “Stop playing around. Come to the hospital with me...”

He was jabbering away, forcing open the car door next to her almost aggressively, practically shoving Yulia inside.

“No...”

Yulia was struggling, barely getting a sound out, when suddenly, her vision blurred. Ronald, who was supporting her, was abruptly yanked away, followed by the sound of fist fighting.