

## **CHOSEN 1121**

### Chapter 1121

Otherwise, it would be hard to imagine a Damon with personalities like Elizabeth would look like!

As she walked through the door of the villa, the housekeepers in the living room all turned their heads to look at her. It was Marina, who had always been in charge here, who first greeted her.

“Is that you, Chloe?”

Chloe Summers smiled and nodded. Before she could speak, Elizabeth immediately came over and grabbed her wrist.

“Oh my gosh, you’re finally back, I’ve been driven up the wall by these people.”

Elizabeth complained as she pulled Chloe down onto the sofa. She pointed to the two people in front of her.

“No need to introduce Marina, who’s always been in charge of the Harper family in P City. This is Addie, who just came from Hong Kong. She used to serve Presley. Presley has been raving about her since he came back, so I had her come over! Addie, this is Chloe, Damon’s future wife.”

Addie glanced at Chloe, smiled politely, but then said, “Mrs. Harper, when you told us to come back, didn’t you say that Damon would be too busy with his engagement? The wedding isn’t even set yet, isn’t it a bit early to be calling Chloe Mrs. Harper?”

Addie, who had been a servant for the Harper family her entire life, had managed the Harper family perfectly and had earned Presley’s trust. She had always been managing the servants, and over time, she had developed a sense of superiority and arrogance.

Hearing Addie say this, Chloe raised her delicate eyebrows slightly, and a hint of thought flashed in her eyes.

Elizabeth wanted to say something, but Chloe grabbed her hand. Then she looked up at Addie and said, "It's just a title. If Addie doesn't want to use it, she doesn't have to, it's okay."

After hearing this, Addie couldn't help but look at Chloe again and laughed. "Ms. Chloe, you're taking it too seriously. It's only a matter of time before you and Damon get married. Wouldn't it be nice if we all called you 'Mrs. Harper' together when you're married?"

Chloe nodded, her smile faint. "That sounds nice."

Seeing Chloe appear humble and polite, easy to get along with, Addie also breathed a sigh of relief, chuckled twice, and said, "I hope Ms. Chloe won't mind, I've been a servant for so long, I'm a bit old-fashioned and used to following the rules. If I've stepped over the line, I hope you can be understanding."

Chloe's eyes flickered with sharp wisdom. She made a quick analysis of Addie, but her face remained a gentle and harmless smile. "It depends on how feel."

Addie's face stiffened. She thought Chloe would continue to appease her, but instead, she suddenly said something so straightforward, leaving Addie at a loss and somewhat displeased, "Everyone makes mistakes. If we nitpick every time, it won't look good..."

"Addie." Chloe calmly cut Addie off, her face no longer bearing the smile it had just moments ago.

"If you define yourself as an old-fashioned servant, then you should act like one. You all can make mistakes, can't I get angry? Throughout history, there/ has never been a rule that a master has to tiptoe around their servants, right?"

Addie gave a stiff smile.

"You said you wanted to follow the rules, not calling me Mrs. Harper. For our first encounter, of course, I'll show you some respect. But your respect, in my eyes, weighs about only this much. If you ask for too much, well..." you would be asking for trouble.

Chloe didn't finish, but everyone understood her meaning.

Addie knew her plan to establish authority had failed. She had thought that as a trusted servant of Presley for many years, so even if she was Damon's future wife, she should still show some respect.

After all, it was likely that Chloe would be the one managing the whole family in the future. Elizabeth had not been involved in the household affairs for many years, if she wanted to learn how to manage the household, she could only learn from Addie, but now....

Huh. Forget it! Whether she will become Mrs. Harper in the future was still up in the air.

She came from a humble background. How could she possibly enter the Harper family?

Addie didn't understand what Elizabeth was thinking, abandoning Wendy, who had grown up with Damon, in favor of this woman. Having been with Presley for so many years, she could still understand some of his thoughts. The one he really liked was that girl from the Alonso family.

Just as she was thinking about these things, Wendy walked in from outside. Seeing Wendy, she immediately smiled, "Ms. Alonso, you're here?"

Her attitude was completely different from how she treated Chloe. She had watched Wendy grow up, and almost everyone took for granted that Wendy would be Damon's future wife. Now, with another woman suddenly appearing, Addie naturally viewed Chloe as the other woman intruding on Damon and Wendy's relationship.

Wendy paused for two seconds, then broke into a smile, "Addie!"

"Hehe..."

Seeing that Wendy remembered her, Addie was even happier. However, Elizabeth was icy cold. She didn't choose to stay home and manage the household affairs back in the day, and it seemed like a mistake now.

It even made some people forget that they were servants. Now Addie walked in the door and wanted to assert authority!

“Elizabeth, what’s wrong? The atmosphere was strange.”

“Why are you here?”

There was no warmth in her voice as usual, it was freezing cold. Addie’s heartbeat suddenly quickened. Why did Mrs. Elizabeth suddenly treat Ms. Alonso like this?

Wendy’s face froze for a moment, and she glanced at Addie next to her, her voice filled with a hint of grievance, “... My mom called me and said someone from Hong Kong would be coming today, and she asked me to come over and help you arrange things.”

“It’s the thought that counts. But we have Chloe at home. If anyone needs to help out, it should be her!”

Wendy’s face turned even paler, “I’m worried that Chloe and Addie aren’t that familiar with each other, afraid there might be some misunderstandings...” “So what if there are misunderstandings? They’re just a few servants! What’s there to fuss about?”

## Chapter 1122

Elizabeth had been holding back her anger for a while, and Wendy’s words just gave her the perfect chance to let it all out. She seized the opportunity to vent her fury with everything she’d got..

Chloe almost burst out laughing. That was spot on!

Addie’s expression kept changing. Anyone who was not a complete idiot would have realized that Elizabeth’s words were directed straight at Addie! A few servants exchanged glances, then lowered their heads and fell silent again.

Addie's face turned extremely awkward. Wendy was being scolded for no reason, and she too was at a loss. "Elizabeth, you..."

Addie, with teary eyes, grabbed Wendy, took a deep breath, and said, "Ms. Alonso, enough already. She's mad at me. No matter how hard I try for this family, we servants are always the underdogs!"

Elizabeth rolled her eyes at Addie's sob story.

Chloe was stone-cold. Seeing Elizabeth genuinely pissed off this time, she finally got up, and turned to Addie. She said coldly. "So what? Do you want to be part of our family? Your salary comes from us, and we cover your room and board. If we can't get a return on our investment, why would we need you?"

Addie's face turned sour, She stared at her, "You..."

"Chloe, Addie has been taking care of the Harper family and Presley with all her heart. How could she just be a simple servant? She earns and deserves her wages, doesn't she?"

"That's exactly what she deserves! She works, and we pay her! It's as simple as that! Do we enjoy being mistreated or what, paying big bucks to have her here to give us a hard time?"

Wendy's face turned sour. This woman...

"Addie has been working for the Harper family for over forty years..."

"That's because she's been paid by us for over forty years!" Chloe emphasized, then turned to Addie, who was feeling wronged, "Are you trying to use your seniority to take advantage here?"

Addie was truly awed by Chloe's sharp tongue. She was left speechless by her powerful rhetoric.

Wendy suddenly realized something. She was here to be verbally abused by Chloe! Barely two minutes into their meeting, she was already being scolded. She'd say one sentence, no, half a sentence, and Chloe would fire back with ten.

“You...”

Not until Chloe paused for several seconds and the room fell into an awkward silence did she realize she needed to say something. After some thought she mumbled, “I understand you don’t like me, but that doesn’t mean you can take out your grudge on innocent people.”

Chloe laughed coldly, “From the moment you stepped through this door, have I said anything harsh to you?”

Wendy widened her eyes, thought about it, and it seemed she hadn’t. She looked at Elizabeth sitting on the couch, whose face darkened. Biting her lip she took a few seconds to organize her thoughts; recalling her mother’s advice, she decided to be polite. “I mean no harm. I’ve spent a lot of time with the Harper family since I was a kid, and Addie has always taken good care of me. So I might favor her a bit. But regardless, Chloe, you’re holding a grudge. Addie has been with the Harper family for many

years, and no one has ever treated her like this. There are things she already understands. There’s no need for her to be lectured by us youngsters...”

She understood some things?

Chloe sneered silently. What things did she understand? That Wendy was the future lady of the Harper family?

Chloe kept her cool on the surface, her tone was calm and harmless, “If things aren’t too much, I can compromise, but everyone should know their place! How others see you is their business. If I treat you like a servant, but you insist on acting like you’re the lady of the house. The result is that you’re unhappy with me, and I find you irritating! This resentment will grow, and I still have the power to deal with you!”

Addie was so angry she was speechless. That last line was meant to provoke her, wasn’t it?

Elizabeth finally took a deep breath. Seeing Chloe scold someone into silence was very satisfying. She stood up, her gloomy face gradually cleared up, she strutted around and wrapped up the matter.

“Chloe is right!”

Addie was in tears but didn’t dare say anything more. Wendy led her to a sunny corner outside the villa.

“Addie, I’m sorry. I just can’t get along with Chloe, and I’m sure I’m partly to blame for how she treated you today. I’m the one who got you into this mess.”

Wiping away her tears, Addie grabbed Wendy’s hand with fervor. “I understand you. I watched you grow up. of course, I know how you feel about Damon. If it wasn’t for Chloe showing up out of nowhere, you’d definitely be Damon’s partner. Ms. Alonso, you still can’t let go of Damon?”

Hearing Addie say this, a bitter smile appeared on Wendy’s face. “Addie....how can I just let go...my only dream since I was a kid was to be with Damon one day. All these years, that hasn’t changed. When I found out Damon was suddenly with her, I’m heartbroken...”

Her feelings for Damon were real, and so were years of anticipation. Expressing her heartbreak unavoidably revealed her true feelings.

Addie looked at her sympathetically, gently patting Wendy’s hand, “It’s a shame I can’t do anything for you...”

Wendy suddenly clutched Addie’s hand, her eyes filled with despair. “Addie, I don’t want to give up Damon just like that...”

“Huh?” Addie looked at Wendy in surprise...

Walking into the house, Addie quietly approached Elizabeth and respectfully asked, “Mrs. Harper, what time is dinner? So I can prepare in time.” But Elizabeth didn’t look at her, instead turning to Chloe, who was trimming the branches of a plant nearby, and asked, “Chloe, is Damon working late tonight? About what time will he be back?”

“No special arrangements have been mentioned, so he should be back at his usual time.”

## Chapter 1123

“Alright.” Elizabeth replied, her tone indifferent, “Seven it is.”

Addie nodded, “Okay.”

She then lifted her head to look at Wendy standing by the side, and without any expression, turned and walked away.

Before she even got into the kitchen, she heard Wendy’s low voice.

“Well, Elizabeth... Chloe... I’ll let you be...

Elizabeth glanced at her, “You’re not going to stay for dinner?”

Wendy smiled, “There’s some business at the company that needs my attention. I won’t bother you any longer.” “Oh.”

Elizabeth didn’t say much more, just replied, “Be careful on the road then.”

“Okay.”

After leaving the villa, Wendy glanced at her watch, bit her lip, and hurried towards her car. Her car slowly pulled out of the Harper family driveway and gradually picked up speed, zooming down the road.

Wendy gritted her teeth, her face taut. As she saw a black car slowly approaching from a distance, she gripped the steering wheel and slammed the accelerator to the floor. The window was wide open, the cold air rushing into the car, whipping her long hair around. She bit her lower lip, her face twisted in pain.



As Damon drove around two bends, he saw a sports car coming towards him. He furrowed his brow, slightly turning the steering wheel, moving towards the inner side of the road. He tried to avoid the out-of-control car, holding the steering wheel with one hand, his brow furrowed, silently watching as the oncoming car got closer and closer.

Despite the distance, Wendy clearly saw the handsome, composed man in the car.

Years of effort, years of infatuation, years of persistence, filled her heart with endless grievances. She gritted her teeth until her car got closer and closer to his black Bentley, then abruptly turned the steering wheel. The car skidded along the mountain wall for a while, before coming to a stop not far from Damon's car. At the moment of collision with the mountain, Wendy's head slammed against the car window. The airbag had already deployed, blocking her view completely.

Damon calmly observed the stopped car. He stared at the car full of airbags for a while, then unbuckled his seatbelt, opened the car door, and got out. He was tall and straight, his expensive suit exuding an enchanting elegance and nobility.

As the airbag slowly deflated, Wendy propped up her head, leaning back in her seat, squinting at the man standing not far away. His clothes were well-tailored, fitting him perfectly. His physique was unparalleled.

Wendy watched him quietly, blood trickling down from her hand. She bit her lip, her face pale, tears rolling down her cheeks.

Just looking at him like this made her heart ache. Why was she always so close to him, but never able to win his heart?

It seemed so natural for them to be together. Everyone thought so. So why did he still focus on other women? He was right in front of her, yet she didn't even have the right or courage to touch him?

She truly loved him, her desire to be with him was so strong it was driving her crazy. Even now, he wouldn't show her even a hint of tenderness?

"Get out."

His cold voice rang out. Wendy stared at the stern man in front of her. She bit her lip, but still straightened up and unbuckled her seatbelt, pushing open the car door.

But the car door was blocked by the mountain, so she couldn't open it. She turned to look at the passenger door, intending to move over, but felt dizzy and weak.

Slumped in her seat, Wendy's tears flowed even more freely. She wasn't pretending, the wound was real, the dizziness was real, and the weakness was real.

Because she knew Damon too well. No pretense would escape his discerning eyes. So she really crashed into the mountain, just to get a chance to get closer to him.

This was Damon, cold and ruthless, a man all women couldn't touch. But the more he was like this, the more she wanted to get close to him.

A gust of cold wind blew from above, then she was pulled out of the car by a force. She was dragged out, flung against the car, just managing to steady herself, a dull pain emanating from her waist.

Damon stood across from her, a few steps away, staring at her coldly.

"What do you want?"

Wendy's eyes trembled, and she lifted her head to look at Damon, blood still flowing from her forehead.

"I don't have an agenda, just want to talk. Her voice trembled, her expression full of grievance, tears sliding down her cheeks, making her look stubborn yet pitiable.

Damon coldly stared at her, his lips parting slightly. "Speak."

He didn't waste a word.

"What do I have to do for you to be with me?"

"You don't have to do anything. The two things are unrelated."

Unrelated...

So no matter what she did, it was only her concern, and whether he would be with her or not, had nothing to do with it.

Really... it was a cruel clarity.

1

"Damon... if there was no Chloe, would we have a chance to be together?" She spoke with a sad tone, her hands were balled into fists, and tears were streaming from her eyes as she earnestly eyed Damon.

"No chance." His expression and tone were like ice that hadn't melted for thousands of years, capable of freezing hearts.

Wendy's gaze trembled, and she finally laughed coldly, "I don't believe you."

Tears mingled with laughter, "The you from before never treated me like this! Every answer you give now is so clear and firm, is it because of Chloe? Are you hurting me like this because of her?"

"Yes," Damon's face was calm, "Is there a problem?"

He didn't give any other woman a chance for his wife. Yes, he actually felt he deserved a reward.

Wendy's face turned pale, her hands trembling, "....theh why...why did you save me just now?"

Damon glanced at his wristwatch, Wendy knew it was a cheap watch Chloe had given him, a pair with the one Chloe wore.

He lifted his head, his tone indifferent. "There are many reasons. We grew up together, so the possibility of becoming strangers is not high, and would be

too pretentious. Secondly, you can't just die like this. Lastly, I have some scores to settle with you."

If the first reason made her ecstatic, the last two reasons felt like being pushed from heaven into hell.

Settling scores...

So he wanted to settle the debts she owed him from before.

Chapter 1124

Even though he was the kind of guy who couldn't give a rat's ass about anyone, she felt a bit better knowing that he was like that with everyone. At least she was the only woman in the world who could get close to him. She had a special status all to herself.

But now... He had given all his affection to Chloe!

All because of Chloe! Chloe had snatched away the very thing she had pursued all her life!

Her nerves were shaking, her eyes filled with venomous hatred for Chloe, as if they had been soaked in poison. Her rationality was submerged; she was filled with extreme hatred to the point where it felt like her blood was boiling!

She wished she could tear Chloe into a thousand pieces, her hatred had never been so clear and intense.

It was Chloe, who had suddenly appeared and taken everything that was hers!

Who could understand the feeling of having the man she had protected for so many years being taken away by someone else. Nobody could!

Her yearning to be with the man in front of her was like a knife to the heart.

But she couldn't have him! Couldn't have him!

If it weren't for that damn woman, sooner or later, he would have chosen her!

The veins on her forehead were exposed, her neck was stiff on both sides, and her face was trembling slightly, distorted with anger.

"You want to settle accounts with me? You know we grew up together! More than twenty years of friendship, can't compare to the few months she's been with you? What kind of love potion did she give you to have you head over heels for her?! What's wrong with me? Why am I not good enough, why can't I compare to her?!"

She yelled in anger. For the first time in front of him, she didn't hold back, tears streaming down her face. She was soaked in anger and sorrow, "She was born into the Summers family, despised by her own family, and had a fiancé who abandoned her! Haha... The CEO of the Harper Group, actually picking up someone else's trash..."

His brows furrowed, a wave of terrifying anger surged in his eyes!

"Slap" His strong arm swung up and down without any hesitation.

She only felt a gust of wind, followed by a heavy slap on her face. Her body leaning against the car, although supported by the car, still swayed a bit, her knees hitting the back wheel. Because of her elbow propping against the car, she managed to avoid collapsing on the ground.

There was a taste of fresh blood in her throat, and she couldn't help but cough, the spittle bright red blood.

Her eyes widened, horrified, heartbroken.

He really showed no mercy. When had he ever really hit anyone?

Last time it was Felix and Elsa. This time it was her!

All because of Chloe!

Chloe!

He used to always protect her, not letting anyone bully her. Even when others made fun of her, he would stand up and fight back for her. But now, others no longer bullied her, instead, it was he who had slapped her hard!

Damon's voice was icy, carrying a chill, his face was like layers upon layers of frost.

"If you can't speak like a human, then why shouldn't I rip your mouth open?"

Wendy was stunned for a while, her face numb, and she could clearly feel the slap he had given her, causing her face to swell quickly. She had just been injured in a car accident, her forehead bleeding, but he showed no pity, instead, he slapped her hard again.

She cried out in pain, looking at Damon with tears streaming down her face. Her face was disturbed, but it was also red with rage and wrath; she resembled a young kid who had been wronged. "You hit me?... You actually hit me..."

Damon was filled with indifference, the coldness in his eyes not subsiding.

At this moment, Wendy suddenly realized, that his indifference had turned into a murderous intent! She had only made a few comments about Chloe, and he wanted to kill her?

“Why are you treating me like this? Tell me, what did I do wrong?!”

Damon looked at her coldly, his voice deep, “I don’t have time to study what’s good or bad about you! Anyone who opposes her, in my eyes, is not good! You provoke her time and time again, I don’t argue with you, not because I pamper you, but because she is willing to play along! You’d better know your limits, don’t cross my line! We grew up together, but I don’t owe you anything, and I have no responsibility or obligation to grow old with you!”

Wendy’s heart ached like a knife cut; every word Damon said was like a brand, deeply imprinted on her heart.

The mountain wind was chilling to the bone. It felt like someone had cut a hole in her chest, and the cold wind kept blowing in, freezing her to the core.

“If you want to talk about friendship, my friendship with Felix is the same as yours. If you’re not clear about your position, you can refer to him...”

Wendy’s face turned pale instantly, she suddenly covered her ears, shaking her head violently. “No... I won’t listen... I know nothing...”

Damon looked at her coldly, there was no warmth in his eyes. His ruthlessness was so profound, it was terrifying.

Sometimes Wendy didn’t understand how a person’s heart become so cold and hard. Could it be that everyone in the Harper family was like this?

But he could be gentle as water to Chloe.

She really hated him!

The sound of another car's engine was getting closer and closer, finally, it stopped. "Oh my god, did you two have a car accident?"

Nathan's relaxed voice came, followed by the sound of a door opening and closing. He strode over. Originally, he was a bit worried about Damon's situation, but when he saw the scene, he immediately understood what had happened.

He put his hands in his pockets and leaned back slightly.

"Um...Damon, did I interrupt you?"

Interrupted him scolding someone? Damon gave him a sideways glance, and walked towards his own car. As he passed Nathan, he commanded coldly, "Take her to the hospital at the foot of the mountain."

Nathan pulled a face, watching Damon's back, discontentedly said, "I just got here.... and you're assigning me this task!"

"One more word, and I'll cut off your tongue."

After this emotionless sentence, the door slammed shut with a "bang".

## Chapter 1125

Nathan clamped his mouth shut, watching with wide eyes as the luxurious but unassuming black car started up, smoothly passing by him, then nonchalantly speeding away.

This calm demeanor hurt more than if he had floored the gas and left. He seemed unfazed by the harm he had caused. Wasn't he feeling cold-hearted? Seeing Wendy's pathetic state, Nathan's flippant expression gradually disappeared. "When I met you as a kid, you weren't as stupid as you are now. You've done so many disgraceful things, how dare you still show your face in front of Damon? You think just because you can ignore the past, others will too?"



As he said this, he glanced at the car behind her, scoffing, "You even stooped to hurt yourself."

Wendy's eyes flickered for a moment, her face turning ashen.

Self-harm, indeed. If not for that, Damon probably wouldn't have stopped...

Nathan unceremoniously dragged her into the car, and with a grumbling tone of dissatisfaction, turned around and started driving back downhill.

Back at the Harper family, Chloe and Elizabeth had each prepared a vase. Upon seeing Damon's return, Chloe walked up to him with a bouquet of white roses and small irises in hand and thrust it into his arms.

Damon's lips twitched upwards as he lightly touched the vivid yellow irises. "Mrs. Harper, are you confessing your feelings for me?"

Chloe replied with a smile, "Have I confessed to you too few times?"

Damon shook his head, stretched out his long arms to pull her into his embrace, and murmured, "Not really. Let's do it like this, at least once a day from

now on."

Chloe casually started untying his tie, "Aren't we going to make the florist rich?"

Damon chuckled softly, "I just realized, you seem to have a thing for money."

Chloe shot him a look, "It might be the only thing in this world that I'm interested in."

"Oh?" Damon squinted his eyes, a hint of threat in his tone.

"If people don't earn money, wouldn't that be boring? I can earn money, which proves my abilities. Of course, it also proves that my taste is top-notch."

She didn't forget to praise this penny-pinching man in front of her. As she took off his tie and suit jacket, Chloe said with a beaming smile. "So you don't need to worry, so far, I'm very satisfied with the money you have. Keep up the good work, make me more interested in you, and hopefully you can keep getting richer."

Her smooth forehead was glowing, her pretty face brimming with a mischievous and bright smile.

"I'm honored that my money can satisfy you. But if I'm broke one day, would you lose interest in me?"

"How could I?" She reached out to touch the yellow iris in his arms, saying, "With my capabilities and good taste, we can work together... do you think we could become the world's richest people? If you become the world's richest man, what else would you want to do?"

The language of iris flowers, unity, and joint efforts.

Damon watched her movements, a slight smile on his face.

World's richest? Ha. How much money did the world's richest have? One day he had to calculate his own wealth.

His eyes were filled with amusement as he leaned down to kiss her forehead, "I will take care of you."

Upon hearing this, Chloe chuckled. "You sure have big ambitions."

She turned around, hanging up the coat and tie on the nearby rack.

Damon headed towards the bathroom. Chloe watched his retreating figure, patted the freshly hung suit, and raised an eyebrow.

To his surprise, Chloe followed him into the bathroom. Damon paused in washing his hands, then straightened up, gave her a glance, and with a slight smile, pulled her into his embrace. He raised his other hand to close the bathroom door, then locked it with a “click.”

Chloe was trapped between the door and Damon’s body, his eyebrows slightly malicious as he bent down to her, his hot breath fanning her face, his lips barely touching her cheek.

“What do you want to do by following me in here?”

Between the opening and closing of his lips, he was kissing her face with a feather-like touch.

Chloe laughed, seemingly no longer as nervous about his proximity as before. She looked at him, her long eyelashes sweeping across his face. “Did you run into Wendy on the way?”

Damon raised an eyebrow, watching her squirm in his arms against the door. He couldn’t help but laugh.

He let her squirm in his arms. For a moment, he forgot that this little woman had a pretty sharp nose.

He lifted her chin, looking down at her with a doting smile, pretending to ask. “What is it?”

“There’s a woman’s scent on you.”

He stroked her jaw, leaning down to rub against her lips twice, “Are you jealous?”

Chloe pursed her lips, “Did you touch her?”

“Yep, I did.”

A slight pain came from his chin, and he realized she had bitten him. Just the right amount of force. He could clearly feel the outline of her teeth marks

left behind.

“Her car crashed into the mountain.”

Chloe’s eyes flickered, then she laughed lightly. “I see. I was wondering why she left without seeing you today.”

Damon pinched her chin, “So are you just going to let that bite go?”

Chloe placed her hands behind her, leaning against the door, looking up at the two teeth marks on his chin. She couldn’t help but laugh, then leaned up to kiss them. Then with a “click,” the locked door was opened, and she quickly turned around and ran out.

Damon watched her run into the living room, his gaze slowly darkening.

He had witnessed her gradually overcome her past shadows, the once indifferent face finally filled with life, and the cold eyes also gained something desirable.

If Herschel wanted to erase all of this... He wouldn’t allow it.

Coming out of the bathroom, he saw Nathan walk in from outside, hands in his pockets.

Seeing Damon, he greeted him, “I’ve sent that woman to the hospital. I think you were a bit too much. She’s a woman, and you hit her until she vomited blood, that’s really too much.”

Chloe and Elizabeth came out of the kitchen to call for dinner, just-in-time to hear Nathan’s words. They both looked surprised, turning their gaze towards Damon at the same time. Before they even got a chance to ask, they heard Presley upstairs, leaning on his cane, his voice deep and stern.

“Who’d you smack?”

## Chapter 1126

Elizabeth frowned slightly, a trace of confusion on her face. She exchanged a glance with Chloe next to her, both of them having suspicions about this “who”.

She shot Damon with an unhappy look. After all, it was a girl who got beaten up and was even spitting blood, this....

“Who did you hit?!”

Seeing Damon didn’t answer immediately, Presley’s eyes widened. He banged his fist on the stair railing, his voice booming with authority.

Damon coldly glanced at Nathan, the troublemaker. Nathan awkwardly chuckled and took a step back, cradling his cheek. “I didn’t mean to.”

Damon averted his gaze, turned to Presley, and uttered nonchalantly, “Wendy.”

Chloe’s eyes fluttered, her red lips firmly pressed together.

“You!” Presley was so furious that his mustache quivered, “Why did you hit her?”

“I wouldn’t hit her without a reason.”

“You can’t hit her even if you have a reason!”

Patience was wearing thin in Damon’s eyes, and he retorted in a low voice, “I hit her, that’s it. There are no ifs or buts!”

Chloe's lips curled into a small smile, but she quickly lowered her head to hide it.

Elizabeth shot her a glance, leaning closer to whisper, "So, how about it? Your husband is quite the hunk, right?"

Chloe's face reddened slightly, her lips curling up again.

Elizabeth continued, "But this hunkiness comes at a price. Make sure you make it up to him tonight."

Presley was fuming, "You... you're such a fool!"

Damon's face was cold and impassive.

Presley knew that despite his cool exterior, Damon was proud and stubborn. He could easily brush off huge issues if he was willing, but he couldn't tolerate even the smallest things if he wasn't. Everything depended on his mood, but mostly, he was indifferent, let alone resorting to violence. Now, he had hit a girl, and not just any girl, but Wendy, who had grown up with them.

"She's been pampered since she was a kid. Who would dare to hit her? Aren't you afraid the Alonso family will turn their backs on you?"

Chloe's face darkened suddenly as if realizing what price—Elizabeth had been referring to. That was quite a big price indeed! But... um, could she just compensate by making up to him tonight? If only it was that simple..

Damon spoke with an icy demeanor, "Do you think I am so weak that I can't stand without the Alonso family?"

With a single sentence, his boundless confidence was unquestionably revealed.

Chloe wore a faint smile, but it was genuinely calm. Her eyes, usually as brilliant as the stars, had now mellowed down, tranquil, and serene.

Wendy had always looked down on her, which was not exactly wrong. If she hadn't shown up, they probably wouldn't have to worry about the relationship between the Alonso and Harper families.

Damon didn't explain why he attacked Wendy, but she could guess that most of it probably had something to do with her.

Wendy didn't hate the Harper family; the only one she probably resented was Chloe. If she pushed the Alonso family to the limit, the only one affected would be Damon.

Her smile faded into deep thought. Seeing her serious expression, Damon walked over to Elizabeth, pulling her into his arms.

Chloe didn't notice and bumped into his solid chest, a twinge of pain spreading across her forehead.

"Hey, slow down..." Elizabeth saw Damon's abrupt movement and couldn't help but chime in.

"What are you thinking about?" His low voice was noticeably menacing. Chloe looked up at him, his handsome face was looking down at her with furrowed brows and a stern expression.

He seldom looked at her with such cold eyes.

"I..." Chloe closed her mouth, at a loss for words. Her thoughts were complex, and she didn't know how to explain them at the moment.

Damon watched her quietly, his eyes dark and bottomless, flowing with cold, sharp wisdom, his hawk-like gaze locked onto Chloe.

His intelligence allowed him to see through people with ease. He held her waist tightly as if trying to meld her into his body.

“Damon...” she called his name softly, the somber aura radiating off him making her fearful.

“This has nothing to do with you. Don’t put the blame on yourself! Even without you, I wouldn’t have any close contact with the Alonso family. As long as I don’t marry Wendy, the Alonso family will keep flaunting their lineage in front of me.”

Chloe understood this was a threat. How could someone like Damon ever yield?

She was just considering some extreme situations. Wendy’s feelings for Damon had reached a point of obsessive infatuation. Such a person, when pushed to the limit, might go all in. If she couldn’t have him, no one else would either.

Seeing her lost in thought again, Damon frowned deeply. He had said so much, if she still cared about the family status and chose to back down, he... would break her legs!

“Chloe!” His low, stern voice made Chloe’s eardrums vibrate.

“What are you doing?” she rubbed her itching ears, and looked up at him unhappily, “Just say what you want to say. I’m right here! I can hear you!”

Damon glared at her, his eyes seemingly aflame. This woman, she really knew how to rile people up!

“Did you hear what I just said?!”

“With you shouting like that, how could I not? Why the sudden outburst?”

Damon involuntarily tightened his grip on Chloe’s waist, his heart filled with pent-up anger. How did he end up with a woman like this, who could get him riled up like this!

“I’m not angry!” he denied in a low voice, his tone filled with evident anger.



He was truly helpless with this woman! He couldn't hit her, nor could he scold her! This woman he'd spoiled rotten, and no matter what, he had to continue spoiling her.

"You're saying you're not angry? You're clearly furious!"

"I did not!" He retorted in a low voice, his tone growing even heavier.

Chapter 1127

"You can ask others!"

Damon turned his head, his icy gaze slicing over the faces of Elizabeth and Nathan standing next to him like a razor. The two immediately huddled together, watching him warily.

"Do I look angry?" Damon genuinely asked.

Elizabeth and Nathan exchanged a glance before nodding.

Damon's eyes instantly turned serious and they immediately shook their heads. They said in unison, "You're not angry."

Satisfied with their response, Damon turned to Chloe and emphasized again. "I'm really not angry!"

Taking a look at the tense duo beside her, Chloe was at a loss for words. She opened her mouth, her bright eyes flickering, her face suddenly changing, her voice carrying a hint of grievance. "So... you guys are ganging up on me?"

Well... Elizabeth and Nathan looked at each other. They were indeed unable to speak the truth under Damon's intimidation.

They hadn't thought much about it, but now that Chloe mentioned it, they did seem to be "ganging up" on her.

Damon's face changed too. He turned to look at the two "culprits" with displeasure. Yet, he still gently patted Chloe's slender waist. "I'm not bullying you." The two "culprits" were left speechless! So, he meant they were the ones bullying her?!

They were innocent!

Chloe managed to suppress her laughter, "So, were you really angry?"

Damon nodded and said softly, "Yeah, I was angry."

In the living room, Elizabeth, Nathan, and Presley were all stunned into silence, unable to utter a word.

What was the point of them being here?

They were discussing the serious issues resulting from Damon hitting Wendy. How did it end up with them flaunting their love?!

1

Nathan blinked in confusion. How did this situation develop?! Didn't he just firmly say he wasn't angry?! And even threatened them, but in the end, he admitted it?

Presley, too, was staring wide-eyed at his emotionally volatile grandson, completely befuddled.

Then he looked at Chloe with an even stranger expression! Femme fatale!

Only then did Chloe reveal a smile, "Then why did you get angry all of a sudden?"

“Because you were leaving.”

Upon hearing this, Chloe immediately clutched Damon’s shirt, as if she was afraid of being abandoned by him!

“Who said that?!”

After careful thought, it seemed no one had said that.

Presley angrily asked, “You hit Wendy! Are you just going to let this slide?”

Damon frowned, “What else can I do?”

“You.....” Presley was left speechless with rage.

“Alright, alright, let’s eat! Let’s just drop this matter!”

Elizabeth stepped in to mediate, leading everyone towards the dining room.

“Just like that? What do you mean by ‘just like that’?” Presley was still not giving up.

Elizabeth took a deep breath, spread her hands, “Then what can we do?”

Just as Presley was about to speak, Elizabeth cut him off. “Do you want your grandson to apologize? You think that’s possible?”

Presley was taken aback, his words stuck in his throat.

“Get Damon to apologize? You might as well ask him to ascend to heaven directly.” Royce’s deep voice sounded from behind. Elizabeth turned around and walked towards Royce.

“Darling... it’s dinner time!”

A hint of a smile flashed across Royce’s face. He bypassed Presley, took Elizabeth’s hand, and headed straight for the dining room.

Whose love was sweeter? Each generation of the Harper family had a sweeter love story than the last.

Nathan looked at his empty hands, feeling a sense of injustice. Was he the only one without a lover?

Addie had been instructing the servants to serve the dishes. When all the dishes were on the table, it was almost filled.

“Today’s meal is quite abundant.”

Alyssa casually commented. Addie immediately laughed. “It’s all everyone’s favorites. I might have made a bit too much.”

Hearing Addie’s words, Elizabeth’s face immediately darkened.

Chloe, who was sitting next to Damon, also frowned. She raised her head and glanced at Addie.

Addie was also looking at her, smiling faintly. “Ms. Chloe, I’m sorry, I’m not too familiar with your tastes, so I just made a few dishes. See if they suit your palate.”

“If you don’t know her tastes, can’t you ask? Isn’t Marina still here? Can’t you ask her?”

Elizabeth suddenly interrupted Addie. Mentioning Marina, she looked around but didn’t see her. “Where’s Marina? Where is she?”

“Hey, I’m here, Mrs. Harper, what can I do for you?” Marina quickly responded, coming out of the kitchen. Because of Elizabeth’s urgent call, she rushed out without even washing the dirt off her hands.

Elizabeth glanced at her; noticing the dirt stains on her work clothes, she frowned, “Why are you so dirty?”

“Oh, Addie said she wanted to make mashed potatoes tomorrow and asked me to prepare some potatoes. I dug some up from the backyard and brought them over. I was just selecting the ones to use tomorrow morning.”

“Selecting?”

Marina casually nodded, “Yes, Addie wants the larger potatoes.”

Elizabeth scoffed, “Isn’t making mashed potatoes about boiling them first and then mashing them? What does the size of the potato have to do with it?” Addie interjected, “When preparing food for the masters, of course, we should choose the best.”

“Masters...” You’re really crossing the line!

Elizabeth had to bite her tongue to stop herself from spouting off at the mouth. Just that very afternoon, she had made sure to establish who was who, and now here she was, constantly bringing up this whole master and servant thing!

Wasn’t this just a straight-up provocation?

But if she made a big deal out of it, wouldn’t that just be playing right into this woman’s hands.

“Marina, Addie might not know what Chloe likes to eat, why didn’t you give her a heads up?”

Marina looked all kinds of flustered, “I was out back picking vegetables the whole time. Addie said she knew...”

## Chapter 1128

Elizabeth snorted, “Addie, if you knew, why did you just say you didn’t?”

Addie paled, “...I was cooking at that time, and I was swamped, so I just answered off the cuff...”

“You always address your master formally, but when it comes to cooking for Chloe, it becomes an offhand reply. I told you to call her Mrs. Harper, but you insisted on calling her Ms. Chloe. It seems that Damon’s wife didn’t win you over.”

“This... Addie didn’t expect Elizabeth to put her on the spot at the dinner table. She cooked a full table of dishes, hoping to get some compliments, but didn’t expect not to get a single word of praise, but instead caused this embarrassment.

“I didn’t mean anything else... I just think that Damon and Ms. Chloe are not married yet...”

“Enough! Just eat!” Presley suddenly interjected, cutting off Addie’s stammering words.

Elizabeth sneered, her gaze shifting to Chloe and Damon. “Yes! Addie is right! So I need to remind you, don’t always be busy with work and forget important things. The engagement ceremony is coming soon! Can you focus on that a bit?”

Chloe was stunned.

“This involves the honor of our Harper family. The engagement ceremony must be held! One thing at a time, after the engagement there is the wedding ceremony. Damon, especially the wedding ceremony, the grander, the better. We have to show the world what your wife looks like!”

“Mmm. I know.”

Addie's face changed slightly on the side, she stepped back and kept quiet.

Engagement... There was also the wedding and divorce!

It was just an engagement. It was just a pity for such a good person as Ms. Alonso, who must have been heartbroken again.

After the Paris Fashion Week, Starlight International became the biggest winner and a hot topic in foreign media. Everyone was very surprised when they learned that the president of Starlight International was the perfumer, Star, so Chloe in P City also became one of the hot topics abroad.

Then her upcoming engagement news was also dug up by the media.

The date has been set, and many people had come to P City in advance to witness Star's engagement ceremony.

Jeanette and her group arrived in P City last night, jet-lagged from a whole night and day.

All domestic entertainment media hoped to interview this shining star of the fashion week as soon as possible. When they learned that tonight's celebration banquet was at The Watson Hotel and they also received an invitation from Starlight International, they were all surprised.

"Ms. Summers is really generous, the celebration banquet is selected to take place in a seven-star hotel!"

"Infinity Media must be disappointed. We are all in the same city. Beverly and Jacob left very confidently, but now they have returned in silence."

"Ms. Summers really has a good eye. There was Jeanette before, and the few people who were arranged into the fashion week this time, their acting skills are all great."

“The key is that this time fashion week’s clothing brand is said to also be a brand–new brand endorsed by Ms. Summers. It has not yet been listed but has already attracted the attention of the world.”

“Crysti is now also an artist under Starlight International. She has been following Philip before and has starred in several dramas without receiving much attention. I don’t understand why Ms. Summers would sign her! She has been in this industry for so many years, if she had the chance to become famous, she would have become famous long ago.”

“Who knows? Let’s wait and see what kind of surprise Ms. Summers will bring us.”

“Ms. Summers’ influence is really great. The Watson Hotel usually does not allow media to enter and exit, but this time they agreed to Ms. Summers’

invitations ...

As night fell, the seven–star hotel of the Watson family stood there, its tall building almost piercing the dark sky, with twinkling lights reaching the clouds. Outside the hotel, the lights were dazzling, the red carpet was hundreds of meters long, and a huge LED wall displayed photos of the stars who participated in the fashion week.

In the photos, they were all wearing Inherent’s clothes, with gorgeous makeup and fresh and exquisite clothes. Although they seemed to be different from the current fashion trend, they did not deviate from it, forming their own style without falling into clichés.

Each photo was enlarged, and even so, the exquisite makeup was still flawless, perfectly matching the style of the clothes, showing each person’s uniqueness!

Everyone’s face was full of confidence, just a casual look was the most perfect posture.

All the guests looked up at the photos above their heads and couldn’t help but exclaim.

There was a stir among the media outside the door, just because the two who appeared on the red carpet this time turned out to be Philip and Melinda, who had just announced their engagement.



The occasion tonight, these two appearing together, became a very topical combination.

Philip gave up his long-time girlfriend, and now, the girlfriend he just gave up immediately signed with the now eye-catching Starlight International. And Melinda had just got engaged, but her family situation was something everyone heard of now.

Both Philip and Melinda had their best smiles on their faces, calmly facing the camera as if their feelings had not been affected at all. However, Philip was not happy, because he moved fast, and he was able to persuade Melinda to let her father give him part of the funds, otherwise, even if he got engaged, he would lose more than he gained.

Compared with the arrogant and rude Melinda, he would rather get along with the obedient Crysti, which would make him feel more relaxed. But, marrying Crysti, a girl with no background who could only help him save on his acting fee, was not as good as tying the knot with Melinda who could support him to a greater extent.

“Why are they both here? Did Ms. Summers invite them?”

“Most likely.”

“He brought his fiancée to see his ex-girlfriend sign a contract with Starlight International? What a ballsy move.”

“But why did Ms. Summers invite them?”

“Who knows.”

When Melinda stepped into The Watson Hotel again, her face turned sour. Just thinking about her father's ill deeds with that vile woman, Tiffany, in this hotel, which led to a clash with the Harper family and caused her family to go bankrupt overnight, she felt repulsed by this hotel.

She took a deep breath, glanced at the man next to her, and casually asked, "Your girlfriend who's always been following you around just signed a contract with Starlight International. How do you feel about that?"

With a sneer, Philip replied, "What could I possibly feel? I gave her opportunities too..The reporters were right. If she had any talent, she would have become famous a long time ago. Chloe and I have a bit of a tiff, I guess her poaching Crysti is just her-way of throwing a small punch at me. Otherwise, why would she bother with Crysti, a nobody? Although it wouldn't cause her a loss, it wouldn't bring her any substantial benefits either..."

## Chapter 1129

Hearing Philip say this, Melinda gave a cold laugh.

"You're talking like, Ms. Summers invited us today probably just to make you feel pressured, or to make me feel uncomfortable. After all, I no longer have my father's support, and I'm not doing as well as I used to. Meanwhile Crysti, who you once turned down, is now a star at Starlight International! If I'm guessing right, Ms. Summers might give her special attention from now on!"

They reached the elevator hall, where a few people were waiting for the elevator. Seeing the two of them coming together, their eyes turned weird, full of obvious disdain and contempt.

"Oh, if it isn't Melinda. What, were you invited too?"

The first woman to speak was dressed to the nines in a tight purple mermaid dress, looking quite similar to Melinda.

1

In the showbiz world, Melinda had taken quite a few roles from her. Now that Melinda was in a downward spiral, many people were happy.

Even someone with the IQ of a rock would know that those who lost their advantage in showbiz were often bullied. But knowing this and staying calm were two different things.

“None of your business.”

1

The woman laughed and glanced at Philip. “You’ve had quite the lucky life. You had your father’s support, and now that you’re down on your luck, you have Philip to look after you. Poor Philip, though. Threw away a useless Crysti, thinking he would marry a successful woman and make it big. But instead, he ended up with another useless...”

“Hey, you’re wrong. I heard that Melinda invested in Philip’s new drama! Doesn’t sound useless to me.”

“Oh, true. Now that I think about it, Philip dumping Crysti doesn’t look like such a loss.”

The group laughed and chuckled, showing no respect for Philip and Melinda.

Philip’s face turned sour. He knew that his sudden decision to be with Melinda would cause gossip, but hearing himself described as someone who relied on women made him uncomfortable.

The elevator arrived. They got in and went straight to the top floor. No one spoke in the elevator.

Arriving on the top floor, they walked into the banquet hall.

The luxurious crystal chandeliers, double-layered carved transparent floor, and a large indoor pool were in the center. The room was luxuriously decorated and illuminated by the lights, exuding an unparalleled sense of luxury that made everyone feel more confident. Some were even checking their dresses, scared they wouldn’t fit in with the lavish surroundings.

“Wow!”

“My god, this is so luxurious!”

“It’s really gorgeous, Starlight International is amazing! They chose such a luxurious place for the celebration.”

“I’m really shocked! This place is amazing! I’m even tempted to switch to Starlight International.”

The crowd was obviously attracted by the luxury, expressing their admiration. But behind them came a scoff.

“A bunch of country bumpkins.”

People turned their heads and saw Melinda, arm in arm with Philip, looking down on them with contempt. A few people looked embarrassed, and the woman who had spoken to Melinda in the lobby said, “Right, we are country bumpkins! Unlike you guys, your dad even picks a seven-star hotel for his mistress! Can’t even begin to imagine, someone actually hooked up with his wife’s niece. Can’t wrap my head around what that feels like! Unfortunately, we can’t understand your complicated lives! You guys really know how to live it up!”

“Ha...” People around them chuckled.

Melinda didn’t expect them to bring this up. Her once mocking face turned serious, and she looked extremely uncomfortable. “Shut up or I will shut your up!”

“So, we can’t speak the truth now?” The woman immediately retorted.

Melinda’s face turned pale with anger, and Philip rubbed her shoulder.

“Let it go, babe. They’re not worth it. Think about the baby.”

Only then did Melinda remember that she was pregnant. She took a deep breath and slowly calmed down.

Then she sneered at the women, “Even if you want to switch, you should see if Starlight International wants you. Do you think they’re a garbage dump, taking in any trash?!”

After saying that, she looked at the several people whose faces had turned ugly and laughed satisfactorily. She looked around the luxurious venue and said, “You guys are worshiping this place just because it’s rented? If you want to admire someone, admire The Watson Group who owns the entire hotel!” As she spoke, Melinda’s eyes turned to the golden flower window in the corridor. Only then could she see the faint lights, proving the high floors of The Watson Hotel, one of the few top buildings in P City.

“Just having this seven–star hotel is enough to be shocking, let alone the fact that the Watson family owns more than one...”

By the end, Melinda didn’t know whether she was talking to the women or to herself.

Philip also looked around the environment because of this, his eyes slightly flickering. Melinda was right. If they were to admire someone, it should be the enormous Watson Group. Just looking at this hotel was enough to prove how wealthy the Watson family was.

“Philip, let’s go in.” Melinda, who seemed to have come back to her senses from her contemplation, didn’t want to continue arguing with the women. As

she was about to enter the venue with Philip, the door of an elevator nearby slowly opened, and the people inside came out one after another.

This was a wide–sleeved, knee–length dress in a dusty blue hue with a sleek silhouette that showed off the shoulders. However, it beautifully emphasized the elegant body, which exuded a natural grace and serenity without a whiff of extravagance. Every movement radiated a natural expression of femininity that only women who are adored can possess

Cicely made her entrance first, inevitably drawing the attention of several people. She didn’t linger on anyone but turned to look at the elevator.

Someone was slowly emerging from the elevator, pushing a wheelchair.

And surprise, surprise, it was Crysti who was sitting in the wheelchair.

## Chapter 1130

No one would have thought they'd bump into each other under these circumstances.

Crysti was still recovering from her injuries, but she didn't want to be cooped up in the hospital. There was a celebration party today where Chloe planned to officially announce her joining Starlight International, so she tagged along.

Despite being wheelchair-bound and somewhat immobile, Chloe had Miles doll her up anyway. Her gorgeous forehead was on full display, contacts replacing her usual glasses. Her beautiful features stood out even more now.

Dressed in a white dress with a thin blanket covering her legs, Miles' meticulous styling made her look completely different from before.

If she weren't sitting in a wheelchair, if it weren't for her somewhat familiar eyes, Philip wouldn't have recognized her. He would never believe that the woman before him was the same Crysti who used to follow him around.

.

Surprise flashed in Philip's eyes, his body stiffening slightly. Melindá, quick to notice his reaction, gritted her teeth and gave Philip a hard tug.

Crysti glanced at Philip, her gaze lingering on his arm where Melinda was holding on to him, before shifting her gaze away. She was acting colder than a stranger.

Cicely stood by, witnessing Crysti's demeanor, her eyes slightly shifting. Pretending to be strangers? A smirk tugged at her lips before her face turned serious again.

"Let's go in," she said nonchalantly. Her assistant pushed Crysti past Philip, with Cicely following behind calmly.

From the same elevator they came out of, two more people emerged.

The man was tall and handsome with a solemn face, and the woman was stunning, resembling a goddess.

Philip's gaze followed Crysti, even after they had long left, he couldn't take his eyes off her. Seeing this, Melinda was boiling with rage!

Upon entering the hotel, they were met with sneers and mockery. Now seeing Crysti, who appeared to be a completely different person rendered Philip speechless.

Everyone's attitude towards her changed overnight, even Philip. It was all because of her shameless father!

Crysti purposefully dolled herself up today, just to rub it in her face!

Despite the sudden turn of events, how could she have accepted it so quickly? From heaven to hell, and now the only person she could rely on, Philip, was acting this way! Even though Philip eventually composed himself, Melinda was still fuming.

Upon seeing Crysti at the banquet hall, all the artists who used to follow her were now swarming around her.

"Crysti, congratulations on signing with Starlight International

"I heard you were personally invited by Ms. Summers, Crysti. You're on fire! Don't forget about us. Ms. Summers has such a sharp eye!"

"I heard that Ms. Summers has already arranged a role that fits you perfectly. You'll be a star in no time."

Crysti just politely smiled in response.

In this competitive environment, it's hard to tell what's real and what's not. Faced with all these fair-weather compliments, she could only respond with a polite smile. She didn't enjoy being fawned over. If she did, she wouldn't have left home to follow Philip, taking insults and doing all the grunt work. But what she didn't care for was something others cherished and enjoyed. Melinda watched her from a distance, grinding her teeth in anger.

At that moment, some people noticed the pair and compared them to Crysti, their faces turning weird. Crysti inevitably saw the two of them, a cold laugh in her heart and a smirk on her face.

Her subtle expression ignited Melinda's rage. She marched up to Crysti's wheelchair, blocking her path.

Crysti frowned, looking at the two people in front of her, her gaze icy and piercing, causing Philip to feel a bit disoriented. "Crysti..."

"What do you want?" Before Philip could finish his sentence, Crysti cut him off with a cold tone.

Seeing Crysti's cold and disdainful attitude, Melinda sneered. "What's with the attitude, Crysti? Being signed by Starlight International wasn't something to be proud of. Your cold and condescending attitude, what's the deal? Is it because Philip dumped you? He gave you a chance and you didn't have the ability to make it big. On top of that, you're a good-for-nothing who can't help him in any way. Have you looked in the mirror? What gives you the right to act so superior? Oh, you think you're amazing now because you've changed your image? You're still a useless waste!"

Melinda grew more and more agitated as she spoke, venting all her pent-up anger from her family's bankruptcy on Crysti.



Crysti watched as Melinda blocked her path and started making a scene, gritting her teeth. She was never one to have thick skin. A couple of whispers behind her back—would make her blush, not to mention now, being yelled at in public.

Everyone's attention was now on them. Philip, being a man who valued his dignity, tried to pull Melinda away. "What are you doing!"

"What? I called her a good—for—nothing. Was I wrong?"

Philip didn't respond, seemingly agreeing with her.

After a moment of silence, Melinda sneered, "See, you think so too."

"That's enough, stop fighting. Everyone is watching us!"

"Let them watch! Didn't they invite me here to humiliate me? Isn't this grand event meant to announce Crysti's upcoming success? Let everyone watch and see when Crysti will make it big!"

Crysti clamped her mouth shut, eyeing the woman in front of her who was on the verge of losing it. A cold smirk suddenly appeared on her frosty face.

"Me, good for nothing? Melinda, how exactly did you manage to stand your ground in the entertainment industry with your so-called real talents and

skills?"