

CHOSEN 1181

Chapter 1181

“What? Injured?”

True to being a good friend, the shocked expression on the other end of the line was quite satisfying to Chloe. “What happened?” Rose set her half-eaten apple aside, her face nearing the screen as if trying to discern the details from Chloe’s face.

“Things are a bit complicated, I’ll explain when you get here. I’m fine for now. Don’t worry.”

“Okay...” Rose let out a sigh and picked up her apple again.

Chloe couldn’t help but chuckle, then asked casually, “How’ve you been? Living alone in the mansion with Morrison? He’s probably at work now, right? Is he coming back with you tomorrow?”

Chewing her apple, Rose seemed to slow down a bit, but soon she regained her composure.

“I’m doing well, and yes, living in the mansion with him. He’s busy now, and probably won’t be coming back with me tomorrow.”

Chloe noticed Rose’s reaction and couldn’t help but wonder if things were as smooth as they seemed. “Let me pick you up from the airport tomorrow.”

Rose didn’t refuse, considering she was pregnant and going out alone could be a bit concerning.

They chatted for a bit more, Chloe reminding Rose to avoid any radiation exposure before hanging up.

Afterward, Chloe opened her video player and started browsing through the recommended movies. Her eyes were on the screen, but her mind was elsewhere.

Could Rose really handle it all alone? She couldn't imagine, would Morrison still hurt her even after she's pregnant with his child?

When Damon returned to the bedroom from his study, he saw Chloe sitting in the chair, hugging her knees, lost in thought. He made some noise deliberately to avoid frightening her. Chloe looked up and saw him coming over through the mirror.

0

Dressed in a black suit, Damon looked handsome and calm, exuding an aristocratic aura. However, Chloe sensed a hint of gloom and harshness in him. She looked up, blinked, and then the man was standing beside her, lifting her onto the soft bed.

"What are you thinking about?" Damon kissed her cheek and asked softly. Chloe looked at him, his face bearing a faint smile, as if the gloomy atmosphere before was all her imagination.

"Huh?" His slender fingers gently caressed her cheek, his face drawing closer to hers again, his deep eyes like the endless night sky, as if to draw her in. "Rose is coming back tomorrow. I need to pick her up."

Damon's gaze paused slightly, his eyebrows twitched almost imperceptibly. They were so close that she could see his eyelashes clearly. Therefore, his almost imperceptible movement was actually very obvious.

"She's coming alone, and she's pregnant, so I'm a bit worried."

"I'll arrange for someone to pick her up."

"..." Chloe didn't say anything, just quietly looked at him.

After a while, Damon's fingers gently pinched her chin, his deep gaze finally landed on her lips, and the obvious prelude to a kiss made Chloe's heart race, feeling a mix of anxiety and shyness. Soon, the man's

lips covered hers, their lips rubbing against each other, his tongue gently tracing the shape of her lips, the warm and soft touch was full of temptation.

She felt a current surge from deep within her, circulating throughout her body along the path of her blood. She gripped his suit tightly, pushing him away slightly.

“What’s wrong with you?” she asked.

He seemed a bit off today. Although he was suppressing his emotions, she could still notice it.

What was he busy with in the study?

Damon gently brushed the hair off her face, then kissed her on the face.

“Do you want to take a nap?” He changed the subject.

“Are you planning to nap dressed like this?”

Damon paused, looking at her slightly flushed cheeks and smiled. “Is there a problem?”

“What do you think?”

“I think it’s great.”

Chloe blinked, “What’s so great?”

Wearing a smile, Damon gently rubbed her reddish lips with his fingers and murmured, “Because I found out that dressing up attracts you more...”

Chloe's face turned red instantly. Seeing his gaze, she felt a bit uneasy. "What nonsense are you talking about!"

Her reaction only made Damon laugh more. "It seems you really enjoy watching me slowly undress..."

"Stop talking!"

His voice was already low, and now he was saying these romantic things in her ear, she was completely unable to respond. She put her hand over his mouth and forcefully pushed him away.

This was too embarrassing! How did he suddenly start being a rogue again?

"Do you want to sleep or not?"

His voice came from her palm, making it feel warm, and she instinctively let go.

"Stop being such a flirt!" Chloe warned.

Unable to bear it, Chloe pushed Damon away, dove into the blanket, and covered her head, giving him no chance! Through the blanket, Chloe could hear Damon's joyful laughter. Soon, he began to pull the blanket from her head.

"Alright, I'll stop teasing you, come out."

"You really won't tease me anymore?" Chloe's muffled voice came from the blanket.

"Ha... I promise."

Looking at the blanket in front of him, Damon thought his wife was just too adorable.

Chloe paused for a moment before crawling out of the blanket, and there was Damon, smiling at her. Then he raised his hand and placed it on her belly, patting gently. "Alright, let's nap."

Only then did Chloe truly relax.

She didn't know when she fell asleep, all she knew was the last thing she saw before drifting off was Damon's face.

Later on, she vaguely remembered she was supposed to pick up Rose at the airport tomorrow, but she hadn't received Damon's approval yet. She wanted to ask, but the overwhelming sleepiness left her without the energy to speak.

Watching Chloe sleep soundly, Damon gently touched her cheek, his eyes filled with deep affection. It took a while before Damon pulled his hand back, slowly got up, and headed for the door.

The smile on his face vanished the instant he closed the door. That gloomy vibe Chloe had picked up on earlier was now even more palpable. He walked downstairs stone-faced, the servant who was about to greet him at the stairway was so intimidated by the fierce aura Damon was radiating that she didn't utter a single word.

Chapter 1182

Tucked under a massive shooting range in West Valley, there was a hidden underground dungeon.

From the outside, it looked like any other flatland building, but it was nestled in the back hills, lower than the main entrance.

This was where vehicles came and went in secret, and where outsiders were absolutely forbidden.

Wendy stood at the entrance, her heart filled with anxiety. Ever since she left the Harper family in Nate's car, her eyes had been covered. She'd tried to fight it, and Nate had even taken off the blindfold once. But that had caused the car to stop.

“If you’re not willing to cooperate, Mr. Harper might not be able to see you. Ms. Alonso, please get out of the car.”

In the end, to see Damon, she let Nate blindfold her again.

It wasn’t until they reached their destination that her eyes were uncovered. Looking at the completely unfamiliar surroundings, she felt uneasy and anxious. But in front of Nate, she kept her composure, acting like the sophisticated lady she was supposed to be.

If Nate didn’t know her so well, he might have been fooled by her act. In the past, like most people, he’d assumed she would be the woman to end up with Damon. This wasn’t a strong assumption, because he figured that even if Wendy did end up with Damon, it would only be because Damon had no other choice. Perhaps it was because Damon didn’t like women that Nate had this misconception.

But now, it seemed that the only person who had been clear-headed all along was Damon. Maybe he’d seen through Wendy’s true nature from the start, and never thought about ending up with her.

Nate, on the other hand, obviously had a much shorter sight than Damon. No, maybe Ms. Alonso was just too good at pretending.

Otherwise, how could she have fooled so many people?

It wasn’t until he met Chloe that he gained a deeper understanding of her. Ms. Alonso was always two-faced. On the surface, she was the graceful Alonso family heiress, but deep down, she was far from noble.

Chloe’s appearance was just a catalyst that forced Wendy’s true nature to surface.

She was full of superiority, arrogant, dismissive, jealous, cunning, childish, foolish... All of these traits combined to create the person she was today. She looked down on everyone else, so she believed Chloe wasn’t good enough for Damon, always trying to undermine her. Yet every time, she failed to achieve her goal in a foolish manner. She had gambled her reputation and was completely oblivious to it.

Sometimes he really didn't understand how, after all the disgraceful things she'd done, she had the nerve to appear in public again. Why did she assume people would choose to forget the past, stop holding her accountable for her previous actions, and forgive her?

Her arrogance, conceit, jealousy, cunning, childishness, and stupidity were all laid bare, and the root of it all was her baseless sense of superiority!

As the heir to the Alonso family, these two identities indeed gave her a sense of superiority. But her superiority complex was simply annoying. He wished that one day, someone would trample it underfoot!

"Nate, where are we? Is Mr. Harper really coming here?" Wendy asked in a genteel and ladylike tone, but her voice was surprisingly calm.

"Why do you think I had to blindfold you all the way here? He's coming.

Wendy bit her lip, standing awkwardly in place.

She had her answers, but the way the first question was answered made her feel a bit embarrassed. Since she was blindfolded all the way here, asking where here was a stupid question.

She glanced at the other guards from the Harper family standing at the entrance. Their faces were expressionless, but she felt a sense of humiliation. But Nate was Damon's most trusted assistant, and even she didn't dare to offend him lightly.

So she chose to stand silently.

Half an hour later, a black sedan slowly drove in. Wendy watched the car nervously and expectantly, her eyes barely blinking until it stopped.

Nate immediately walked towards the car, but Damon got out of the car first, his tall figure standing in front of the car, his deep eyes slightly lifted, scanning the forbidden land in front of him. His handsome face was expressionless, cold as if he were born without any expressions.

Seeing Damon coming, Nate paused slightly, his face became more serious, and quickly walked to Damon's side.

"Sir."

"Hmm." Damon responded indifferently, closing the car door, and walking towards the dungeon entrance.

"Damon." Wendy timidly called his name, and Damon finally gave her a glance. But there was no warmth or emotion in his eyes, his aura was different than usual, making her both nervous and

enchanted.

"Damon....when Nate took me away today, Grandfather was also there..." The underlying meaning of her words was to remind Damon that he couldn't harm her because his grandfather wouldn't allow it.

Damon understood. He stopped, turned to face her, his tall figure looking down at her.

Wendy held her breath, not daring to look up at him.

"This time... I won't touch you. His voice was so low, the tone so soft, that even though his words lacked emotion, they still sounded captivating and gentle.

Wendy was thrilled, and she immediately looked up at him, her eyes filled with excitement and joy.

"Follow me."

But she didn't see Damon's face because he had already turned his head and was walking towards the entrance.

She hesitated for a moment, then quickly followed. Nate followed closely, his lips tightly closed, not saying a word. Everything that needed to be said had been said over the phone, there was no need to say anything else now. He was also glad that he had already explained everything over the phone. If he had to say it face to face, he probably wouldn't be able to handle the indescribable pressure from Damon!

Nate took the lead, activating the voice lock. The thick steel door, after getting the go-ahead from the smart system, slowly swung open to both sides. They breezed through a couple of security checkpoints, finally landing in a humongous, wide-open room.

Chapter 1183

After passing several security checkpoints, Wendy finally found herself in a massive, empty room. Despite being a prison, the place was decked out in luxurious metallic hues. This was a far cry from the dank, dark dungeons she was used to. It was obvious which one was more comfortable than the other.

Wendy was curious, but also thought it only made sense. The Harper family could have whatever they wanted, after all. This high-tech design was just another thing that money could buy.

From surprise to acceptance, the transition took Wendy only a few seconds. She didn't really feel anything until she stepped into the room, and then she could feel her face stiffening.

At the center of the room, there was a black cage, a stark contrast to the silver hue of the room. Inside the cage, two men were kneeling quietly, hands chained tightly behind them.

As Damon entered the room, followed by a bunch of family guards, the guards at the entrance gave a nod of recognition. The noise stirred the men in the cage, and they opened their eyes, lifting their heads to look forward. Their fierce gaze made Wendy step back in fear. Damon walked straight towards the cage.

Maybe it was the cold metallic decor, or maybe it was the aura of power and nobility that Damon radiated, but the room was filled with a chilly air. As Damon got closer to the cage, the two men inside felt like their blood was freezing.

Despite days of questioning, they had given no information. But when they saw Damon, they wanted to vanish on the spot. Especially as his footsteps got closer and louder, finally stopping before the cage. Just seeing Damon, the two men broke out in a cold sweat.

“What do you have to say?” one of the men asked before Damon could even open his mouth.

Dressed in black formal wear, with a dark shirt and an expressionless face, Damon looked intensely cold. He stared at them for a long time before he finally spoke, his voice as icy as his gaze. “Who were you planning to kill this time?”

“Not you!” The man in the cage answered almost immediately, but his answer was clearly not satisfactory.

f

These two men were obviously trained, prepared for harsh questioning and all sorts of interrogation tricks.

Damon squinted his eyes and asked again, “Who?”

The two men were startled, their lips trembling, but they didn’t make a sound. In the end, they decided that silence was the best choice, so they shut their mouths.

Seeing their expressions, Damon smirked, slowly playing with the cufflinks on his wrist, then leaned back in a chair that Nate had prepared for him. His legs were tightly wrapped in black pants. He lowered his head in thought, making everyone wonder what he was thinking.

A few seconds seemed like an eternity for everyone in the room. Wendy had no idea why Damon had brought her here. The sight of the cage, and the two men chained inside, filled her with dread.

After a while, Damon suddenly said, “Do you think this place is less threatening than the dank, gloomy prisons you’re used to?”

Wendy shivered at his words, while the two men in the cage exchanged a look! Maybe he had a point. The modern atmosphere, high-tech decor, luxurious furnishings, it all seemed quite harmless.

Damon smirked, a cruel smile playing on his lips. "Nate."

"Yes, sir."

Nate responded immediately, walking over to the wall, and pressing a button. The walls started to move, revealing...

After a few seconds, the two men in the cage had gone completely pale. The walls they had been looking at were just a facade. Behind them, there were all kinds of torture devices.

Rows of shiny silver blades, swords, and other sharp objects in all shapes and sizes. Various types of long and short guns, whips, axes, branding irons, and nail boards... There were too many devices for torturing or killing a person to count

"Various forms of torture have existed since ancient times..."

The two men went pale. "What you're doing is illegal..."

Damon stared at them coldly. "You have the nerve to kill with guns. Do you think I'm worse than you?"

The two men's lips turned white. Damon had set up a private prison, used torture, and even had a wall full of forbidden weapons.

"Speak or not?"

Damon asked again, without even looking at them. His voice alone was enough to instill a great sense of threat.

The two men bit their lips, staring intently at the man sitting in front of them.

Nate left Damon's side, and after a while, he returned pushing a cart filled with the torture devices he had just taken from the wall.

"Sir."

Damon raised an eyebrow, glanced at the table beside him, then picked up a gun from the array of torture devices. He played with the gun for a moment, then slowly looked up at the men in the cage.

"One more time, who sent you to kill Chloe?"

Nate pursed his lips. He had guessed that Chloe might be the target and had even investigated people who had offended her in the past, but all to no avail. So, he couldn't confirm the motive of the killer, nor could he give Damon a definite answer.

The two men kept silent. But their silence lasted only three seconds. Then there were four gunshots –
"Bang, bang, bang, bang."

Ah-

"Ah-"

Two hoarse screams filled the room. Damon's four bullets had accurately shot through the small gaps in the cage and hit the two men's kneecaps.

Chapter 1184

Although they were still kneeling on the ground, they were just about to pass out from the pain, panting heavily, and forcing themselves not to make any sounds of agony.

However, Damon didn't speak to them again. Instead, he took off his jacket and said to Nate, "It's a bit chilly, turn up the heat."

Nate responded immediately and turned away.

Wendy watched the two men in the cage closely. She noticed the dried blood stains on their clothes. Now, fresh red blood was seeping through their trousers from their knees and pooling on the floor. Her face was pale as she silently stood there, appearing calm but her body involuntarily shaking. Everyone, except Nate, was puzzled by Damon's actions. The room was at a comfortable temperature, so it wasn't cold. And if it was, why would Damon take off his jacket?

After the temperature increased, Damon didn't speak. He just sat there with his phone, checking emails, and occasionally reviewing documents. He was actually working.

As the room temperature gradually rose, Damon's bodyguard were sweating profusely, his entire back was soaked.

Wendy's face was becoming flushed and unnaturally red. She was sweating too, the perspiration stinging her wounds. The pain was like countless ants biting her, all scrambling to burrow into her wounds.

The two men in the cage were suffering even more.

"Uh..."

"Ah..."

Their moans of pain finally broke free, sweat dripping from their faces, mixing with the blood.

"Ah..."

"Mm..."

The men's moans grew louder, but Damon seemed to be deaf to their pain. He continued reading his emails, not even furrowing his brows.

It was then that everyone realized why Damon had increased the room temperature. When injured, the body reacts to heat similarly to how a corpse decomposes faster in high temperatures. It was a way to slowly torture the men's nerves and endurance.

These two were tough, and they hadn't said a word until now. Luckily, they looked like they were close to breaking.

"Damon..." Wendy suddenly spoke up. Nate glanced at her and couldn't help but smirk. He forgot that she was injured too.

Damon finally raised an eyebrow. He stared at the two men who were now too weak to make a sound. "Are you guys out of energy already?"

He picked up a whip from the display table next to Nate and threw it into a glass container filled with water. He watched as the whip soaked in the water sinking to the bottom. "Try this."

Nate's mouth twitched. He glanced at Wendy, who was being ignored, and sneakily smirked. He fetched the whip from the water and handed it to the bodyguard next to him.

The cage was opened and Wendy watched as the bodyguard with the whip started lashing the two men.

The whip cracked!

"Ah!!"

"Ah!!"

The two men screamed in pain. Wendy's flushed face paled and she stumbled back a few steps. She stared at the men being whipped in the cage, their screams of pain filling her ears. Images of torture filled her mind, and fear washed over her like waves crashing onto a shore.

"Ah!!... Just kill us! Kill us!" Their screams echoed through the room, sounding like the howls of a ghost.

Damon slowly stood up, picked up the gun he had been playing with, and walked over to the cage. His eyes lingered on the red blood that had now seeped out of the cage. A small smile played on his lips. "Rather die than confess?"

One of the men chuckled, "If we were going to confess, we would've done it already! Why would we endure all this? Just kill us! You won't get any information out of us!"

Damon suddenly laughed, a cold sound. "Fugitives?"

The man wore a relieved smile, full of mockery. As if he was laughing at Damon for wasting his energy on them.

Damon was also laughing, but his laugh was cold and deep. "How do you want to die?"

"Just make it quick."

Damon nodded slightly, "Alright."

The man was taken aback. He hadn't expected Damon to easily agree. It took him a moment to react. He coldly chuckled and then closed his eyes, seemingly ready to accept death.

Damon turned his gaze to the other man, "And you? Want it to be quick too?"

"Yes! Just kill me quickly!"

Damon nodded without changing his expression, "Agreed. But let's deal with him first."

Both men closed their mouths, not arguing about who would die first. In the end, they were both going to die! Who would care about living a few extra

seconds?

"Nate, bring them in." Damon suddenly said.

Nate left the room at his command.

"What are you planning now?!" the lead man asked seriously.

Damon smirked, "Didn't you ever wonder why I didn't interrogate you as soon as I caught you and instead let you stay comfortably here for two days?"

The two men's expressions hardened. Usually, people would want to extract information as soon as possible. They would usually interrogate them immediately. But they were just trapped here. Now, as this was brought up, they didn't understand the reason.

Damon's smile was particularly cold, "As fugitives, you should know that indecisiveness is fatal. Do you think you're worthy of being called fugitives?" "Hahaha...When have we ever been indecisive?!"

Damon didn't answer. After two seconds, the door to the room opened.

Nate walked in with two people. The two people Nate brought in were an old woman with white hair and a young woman. The expressions of the two men in the cage immediately changed. When they realized what was happening, they began to struggle wildly, their throats making anguished sounds.

Chapter 1185

After realizing what was happening, he struggled violently, bellowing out from his throat.

“You dirty rat!”

“No, no, please...I beg you...”

Behind him, an old woman was on her knees, trembling, clutching at Damon’s pant leg, her wrinkled face wet with tears.

“I beg you, spare my son...please...”

“Mom!!”

The smile on Damon’s face was replaced with a serious expression. He looked down at the old woman on the ground, then glanced up at Nate, who instantly stepped forward to help the old woman up.

“Please, don’t kill my son...I beg you...”

The old woman was dressed in coarse cloth, simple but clean. Her small and frail body, supported by two household guards, seemed incredibly fragile. “I beg you...I’ll bow down to you...please...”

The mother’s pleading was filled with despair and helplessness. Even the guards, who considered themselves cold-hearted, couldn’t help but feel a pang of sorrow.

Damon looked at her indifferently, his voice cold. “Do you know why I’m doing this to him?”

The old woman couldn’t understand all this. She just wanted her son to live. “Don’t kill him, please...”

“Because he tried to kill my wife.”

Damon's cold eyes quietly fixed on her as he calmly speaks. The old woman froze, staring at Damon in disbelief.

"No...that's impossible..."

Until now, she thought that her son had unintentionally offended some noble, and that was why...

"She's not just my wife, she's also a daughter. Do you understand?"

Damon's gaze shifted to the woman next to him, still sensing fear and hatred in her eyes.

"Do you hate me?" Damon said coldly, a smirk playing on his lips. "That's fine. Because I hate them too... But I can catch them, torture them, even kill them... And you can't do anything to hurt me, no matter how much you hate me."

That was reality.

The young woman's eyes flickered, tears streaming down her face as she collapsed onto the ground, crying in agony. "You bastard!"

The man in the cage watched the sobbing woman outside, biting his lip in pain, forcing himself to stay silent.

Damon slowly turned around, facing the man again, who was called 'son' by the old woman. "I'm giving you one last chance. Speak, or there will be consequences."

"He'll speak! He'll tell you everything you want to know." The old woman immediately cried out.

The man's eyes were bloodshot, filled with hatred. "You wish! You just brought them here to force us to talk, right? You're really underestimating us!! won't say anything. Just kill me!"

During his outburst, Damon sat back down. Just as the man's shout faded, "Bang-"A gunshot rang out.

The old woman's cries abruptly stopped. She turned her head in disbelief to look at her son. He was just speaking, his hands still in chains. But now, his head hung low, lifeless. The bullet had gone straight through his heart.

A deathly silence settled.

"My son!" The old woman screamed.

"He probably thought I was just threatening you and wouldn't actually kill him... Seems like he thought too highly of me. I gave him three chances, but he thought I wouldn't end his life right in front of you."

Damon casually put away his gun.

The old woman was still in shock, her eyes wide, staring at her lifeless son, forgetting to breathe. Eventually, Nate lightly tapped the back of her neck, and she fainted, her breathing recovering.

Everyone could hardly believe that Damon actually pulled the trigger. He ended the captive's life right in front of his mother, without a change in expression.

The other captive was equally in disbelief. He was not afraid of death before, but now, he was terrified of dying in front of his loved ones. Leaving their families was already irresponsible. Now, both captives had to die in front of their loved ones...

This was a permanent shadow, a permanent sin, a permanent fear. What cruelty had they inflicted on the ones who loved and cherished them?

"What about you?"

Before he could recover from the other man's death, Damon's cold voice slowly echoed again.

He stiffly turned to look at Damon, suddenly realizing that beneath the polished exterior of the well-dressed, seemingly indifferent man, hid a ruthless, cold-blooded devil.

“You see, to me, your deaths are just a way to save time. If you don’t talk, it would just take me a bit longer. Your deaths are just tools to buy time.”

“Or perhaps you also think like him, that losing your life for a doomed mission, and showing your toughness, is more important than leaving your wife and child struggling in this world?”

The man’s rigid eyes finally moved a bit, “What did you say?!”

“I’m pregnant.”

The woman on the ground suddenly said softly, her hand on her stomach. She looked up at the man, tears streaming down her face.

“You’re such a bastard!!” The girl didn’t hesitate, glaring at him with red eyes, “You’re not afraid of death, are you?!”

Suddenly, she scrambled up from the ground, rushing to Damon’s side, snatched up a knife from the table next to Nate, held it with both hands, and pointed it directly at her own stomach.

The man shouted out in fear, “No.”

Damon played with the gun in his hand, completely ignoring the woman’s actions.

“I want to tell you, I’ve only loved you in my life! If you’re gone, I don’t want to live either! Since we’re all dying, I might as well go first!”

With that, she swung her arms, the sharp knife plunging toward her stomach.

“I’ll talk! I’ll talk!!”

Seeing her actions, the man’s mind seemed to explode. Nate’s hand quickly grabbed her, stopping the tragedy just in time. The man’s fearful expression eased slightly. He wet his throat, then finally closed his eyes tightly.

“I’ll talk...”

The dead man was carried out of the cage, and the old woman was taken away with him. The young woman and Wendy, who was already pale from fright, were also escorted out of the room.

“Start talking. Tell me everything you know.”

Chapter 1186

“Spill it, spill everything you know.”

While Coy was being treated by the medical team, he gritted through the pain and said, “I’ve been in this organization for seven years, and we’ve been dealing with this one mission for all these years. Honestly, we’ve grown sick and tired of it.”

Damon squinted his eyes, coldly asking, “The mission to kill Chloe?”

Coy immediately shook his head, “Not just Chloe, but... her mother too.”

Damon’s eyes snapped wide open, and even Nate by his side seemed shocked. “So the shipwreck her mother experienced years ago, that was all your doing?”

Coy nodded, then shook his head again. “Not exactly...”

With that, he suddenly started to laugh. "That woman was too smart! If she didn't die, our boss would have! We were sure we didn't leak any information, but she was wary of us way ahead of time. She even found out who was out to kill her from our boss..

"She was so arrogant, she had many ways to find out information from our boss, but she insisted on getting our boss to tell her personally. Our boss lost all dignity. Since she knew who the employer was, we couldn't let her live, so we went on the Summers family's yacht that day. She really drove us nuts!"

"Chloe's mother was on that ship, if not you, who else could've harmed her?" Nate couldn't help but ask. He had found out a lot about Chloe's mother, and he was aware of the incident on the yacht.

"It was her own doing!" Coy suddenly shouted, "She jumped herself!"

"Impossible!" Nate denied, "Based on her character, she would never commit suicide! Besides, she knew very well that you guys were targeting not only her but also her daughter! She wanted to leave her company to her daughter. She would never abandon her daughter!"

Coy first let out a scoff, then burst into laughter. "See, even you think so, don't you? That's why I say that woman was so clever it was terrifying! She knew how to mess with people's minds, and she played us all!"

Nate furrowed his brows and looked at Damon, who was still calm and composed. "What really happened?"

Coy moved and triggered his wound, grimacing in pain. He let out a bitter laugh. "I guess you guys must've looked into everything about Yasmine and Chloe in those years, right? Did you notice that for a few years after Yasmine 'died' by jumping into the sea, we didn't take any action? Chloe, apart from being bullied by the Summers family, was in no danger, right?"

Nate clamped his mouth shut. He had realized this, so he had always suspected that it was actually Nick who had a change of heart, desiring a new wife, which led to Yasmine's death.

At a Summers family dinner, a woman suddenly disappeared, which sparked a lot of rumors. The Summers family then welcomed the other woman and her daughter into their home. The speculation

that the Summers family killed Yasmine seemed to be a widely accepted view. But there was no evidence. So he understood why everyone was saying that it was the Summers family that killed Yasmine, but Chloe was slow to take action against them. It turned out that there were indeed other things muddled in.

“Since Ms. Yasmine had an accident at that time and her daughter lost her protection, why didn’t you just kill her daughter too, instead...”

Before Nate could finish his question, he saw Damon, who had been silent all this while, suddenly raise his head to look at him. Damon’s icy gaze sent a chill down Nate’s spine. He immediately shut his mouth, not daring to continue. He had made a mistake, actually suggesting killing Chloe in front of Mr. Harper...

Nate didn’t finish his sentence, but Coy already understood his confusion. So he volunteered to explain, “Yasmine’s assets were involved in many areas, and most importantly, over the past few years, she had helped Carolina establish Pulse Entertainment. This company is now one of the largest entertainment agencies in P City, attracting widespread attention from domestic and international media! The Summers family also became the focus! As a member of the Summers family, such an incident would definitely cause a sensation.

“The accusations were all directed at the Summers family, and the Summers family was already distressed. If anything else happened to Chloe, it would definitely be thoroughly investigated. If anything shady was found, it would be the most foolish act for our employer to expose his identity.

“So our employer chose not to kill Yasmine’s daughter in order to avoid leaving any clues and exposing himself. Plus, the plan to leave assets for her daughter was the decision Yasmine made after finding out who was going to assassinate them! Think about it, apart from giving her daughter hope for survival and fallback once she left the Summers family, the most important thing she wanted to tell our employer was as long as we didn’t cause trouble, her daughter would definitely not pose a threat to us!”

—

“With Yasmine... every word she said, every action she took, had many layers of meaning. Even if you guessed some of her intents, it would be only after a long time, when you could confirm everything, that you would suddenly discover that her ultimate purpose was something different, or even more! Even if

you had regrets... would you have the chance to regret anything? She considered every aspect of each situation and made no mistakes. Tell me, how terrifying was this woman?!"

It had to be said, when Coy spilled all that, Nate was pretty shaken. Mrs. Summers choosing to take a leap into the sea didn't leave her daughter in a lurch. Instead, she carved out a safe path for her. She went all in for the Summers family, leaving her entire estate to her daughter, all to keep her safe.

All these deep thoughts, if Coy didn't spill the beans, Nate probably wouldn't have thought of them. And all these twists, took Coy seven years to figure

out.

Such a well thought out plan. Seven years... That was truly something.

"Since you guys knew all along that Chloe wouldn't pose a threat to your boss, why the sudden plan to off her?"

Chapter 1187

"Why?" Coy snorted coldly once more. The first time they analyzed Yasmine's behavior, they were scared shitless. Every analysis afterwards, from terror to astonishment, to anger, to doubting everything... only they knew what they'd been through!

Did you know what it felt like to doubt everything? It was like...even the basic equation $1+1=2$ needed to be pondered over!

They were like scared chickens!

Coy suddenly remembered his boss' worsening temper over the years, and his hair that used to be so thick but was now completely gone. All because of Yasmine's torment!

Yasmine jumped into the sea right in front of us! The Summers family said she died, the media reported her dead, everyone said she was dead, and we said she was dead too! But was she really dead?"

Nate and Damon remained silent. Was she really dead?

"Who exactly told us she was dead?"

"She did jump into the sea, but is she really dead? If she was, why couldn't we find her body? By the time we realized what was going on, it was way too late! Even if we wanted to find her body, we wouldn't be able to! Is she dead or not? Was she the type to commit suicide, like you said? If she's not dead, where is she now?

"So you see, she's messing with us again, leaving us guessing whether she's dead or alive! If she's dead, good riddance. But if she's not? She's a major threat, as she knows too much from our boss... She's like a ticking time bomb, constantly threatening my employer..."

"If we don't kill Chloe, she might come back one day and threaten the boss' position. After all these years, whether she's alive or not, killing her daughter is one less threat. The reason we hesitated to kill her for so many years is because we were worried that Yasmine was watching us from the shadows. If her daughter ever got into trouble, she would definitely show up and spill all the beans. Then what the hell have we been doing all these years? Killing her is wrong, but not killing her is also dangerous! We're almost driven mad..."

That's why they wanted to assassinate Chloe. Damon pondered for a while, then gave a slight smile. No wonder Chloe was so smart; it seemed her mother was quite clever. Thankfully, she took after her mother more, otherwise if she was like the Summers family...

He lightly touched his lips, deciding not to think about these impossible scenarios. "So, who's this employer you're talking about?"

Damon's deep eyes stared straight at Coy's face, directly into his eyes. Coy felt as if he'd been put under a spell, unable to move, unable to even look

away.

After a while, he said, "Can you promise me one condition?"

Damon raised an eyebrow, "How much money do you want?"

"You... How do you know I..."

Damon laughed lightly, "You started off killing for money."

Coy was taken aback, then gave a bitter smile. Talking with this kind of person, he could get shot down at any moment. "Five million dollars." "You really know how to ask."

"If you knew the real identity of the employer, you'd think this price is not excessive."

Damon chuckled, "Speak."

"She's the adopted daughter of Queen Julia from Y Country."

At this, Nate was completely shocked! The royal family of Y Country?! Queen Julia's adopted daughter?

She wanted to kill Chloe and her mother?! How did this involve such important figures?

Damon, however, seemed completely unfazed, still calmly seated there as if this answer had been within his expectations.

"Queen Julia is about to abdicate, she's the longest reigning queen in history, and the throne of the Y Country royal family has always been hereditary, regardless of gender. So, this adopted daughter and Queen Julia's two daughters all have the possibility to inherit the throne. What do you think she's worried about?"

Hearing this, Nate began to ponder. This speculation surprised him.

Mr. Harper's taste was truly astonishing. He was uninterested in women; countless ladies tried to contact him without success; despite all the temptation, he chose a woman with a reportedly negative reputation among many.

The woman with a bad reputation not only repeatedly made comebacks but now, she was connected to the Y Country's royal family.

"Mr. Harper!" Nate couldn't help but shout.

No matter what Chloe's identity really was, the most important issue now was her safety. Now that Galen and Coy had been captured and Queen Julia's abdication was approaching, Princess Ava would definitely take action!

"How did you guys infiltrate West Valley?" Damon asked nonchalantly.

"We were planted there by someone, we don't know who, only that this person has a great influence on West Valley."

Damon slowly lifted his eyes, his expression cold, "When did you start attempting to assassinate Chloe again?"

"Five years ago."

Damon's voice sunk further, "How many times?"

Coy gave a bitter laugh, "Lost count. Probably around fifty times in the past five years."

Nate was speechless. Fifty times?

Seeing Chloe safe and sound now, and her clueless demeanor during this assassination attempt, one could tell, that these fifty attempts not only didn't harm her at all, and they didn't even have a chance to get close to her.

How lucky was Chloe?

Nate looked at Coy with a hint of contempt, "You're an assassin organization chosen by the royal family, yet fifty attempts in five years and none were successful..."

"Our skills were inferior to the others."

Nate caught the important point, "Others?"

"Even if Chloe is as sharp as a tack, she's just one person, one woman! We're an expert crew of hitmen, how could we not have offed her in five years if she didn't have someone even tougher

watching her back?"

Hearing this, Nate hesitated for a moment, then seemed to click on something.

Damon slowly got to his feet at this point. Always steady, he seemed scary now. He didn't say anything, just turned and headed for the door. Nate immediately followed. He had a gut feeling about Damon's mood.

He still remembered what Mr. Stanley had casually mentioned when shit had hit the fan in West Valley.

Now, the phrase "the thorny issue is still on the table" had completely confirmed their suspicions.

Chapter 1188

Chloe and Mr. Stanley had always had an unusual bond, and now, Mr. Stanley was silently guarding her!

Holding on for five years was no easy feat, let alone facing fifty assassination attempts by professional hitmen within those years. Who could have possibly imagined the sacrifices and costs involved? How would Chloe feel if she found out about this?

Among all those rivals or other men in Mr. Harper's eyes, Stanley was the only one he really cared about. Even more so now.

The room door opened, and Wendy and another woman were still standing at the door. Seeing Damon and Nate coming out, they rushed into the room without a second thought.

The outside temperature was normal. The sweat on Wendy's body had dried, but the sweat seeping into her scars still made her wounds throb. "Mr. Harper, Wendy called out softly, enduring the pain and fear in her body.

Damon coldly watched her pale and haggard face, his icy expression deepening a bit.

Wendy suddenly felt a chill run through her entire body, an unnamed fear causing her heart to tremble continuously. "Mr. Harper... Did you call me out for something?"

"How stupid are you to ask me such a question?" Damon suddenly said in a cold voice, his gaze and tone devoid of any warmth.

Wendy bit her lip tightly and fell silent in embarrassment.

"In the horse racing, not only did you lose, but you also lost miserably. In the shooting match, you lost again. And in the sudden situation, you were even more laughable! Wendy, think about what you've done since we met again in Hong Kong, it's been a total mess."

Wendy's face suddenly turned pale.

"I'm not hurting you this time, Wendy, not because I pity you, and certainly not because Presley is protecting you, but because Chloe won't let me hurt you, and I respect her wishes. But there won't be a

next time. This is my last warning to you, behave yourself. Next time, the person in that cage will be you.” Wendy’s eyes widened in fear, and her legs gave way. She fell to the ground right in front of Damon.

Damon gave her a cold glance, then strode out. Nate followed him out and saw Damon off to his car. “Mr. Harper, what about Galen and his mother?” “Let them leave.”

“Yes, sir.”

Damon drove off by himself, leaving Nate to handle the aftermath. He arranged for a medical team to rescue the man called Galen in another room. Galen’s mother also regained consciousness.

“Your son is being rescued, and Mr. Harper didn’t hit his vital points.” Nate explained to her, reassuring her. As she cried, she nodded repeatedly.

“For years, your son has tried to harm Chloe multiple times. If it weren’t for someone protecting her, she probably would have been killed by your son and others.”

“I understand. He brought this on himself! Thanks to Mr. Harper for sparing his life.”

Nate didn’t say anything more, turned around, and left the rescue room. He then blindfolded Wendy, led her to the car, and drove off. In the car, Wendy didn’t say a word. Her face, including her lips, were

devoid of any color.

Chloe woke up after sleeping for more than two hours and found that Damon was not in the room. She sat up, tidied her hair, and then got out of bed. She thought Damon would be in the study dealing with his seemingly never-ending work, so she yawned and headed towards the door, planning to go to the study to find him.

However, just as she was about to open the door, she found Damon standing outside. He was dressed in a dark suit, looking somewhat gloomy..

Chloe was a bit surprised, she looked at his suit, and asked, "Where are you going..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Damon walked towards her. She instinctively backed away, but he pushed her against the wall in the corridor.

Before she could react, he kissed her passionately. Chloe blinked, trying to push him away, but he held her tightly. Her body was pressed against his, and his kiss left her breathless. She could tell that Damon's mood was a bit off, but she didn't know why.

In the end, she could only accept his kiss, until he stopped. He still didn't let her go but pressed her forehead against his chest. Their breaths intertwined, passionate and hurried.

Chloe clung tightly to his suit collar; Damon was silent, his eyes fixed on her face. When her breathing gradually calmed, Chloe asked him, "What's wrong?" Damon didn't answer, he lightly kissed her eyes, then her nose, cheeks, and finally her lips again.

"Chloe." His voice was low and affectionate, making her heart race.

"I'm here." Chloe gently lowered her head, her eyelashes trembling slightly as she heard his voice.

Damon held her tightly, as if trying to wrap her tightly in his arms.

Chloe leaned against his chest, feeling the strong unease in him, and she could only hug his waist.
"Damon... What's wrong?"

"I realized I love you very much."

Chloe smiled faintly, hugging Damon even tighter. After a while, she let him go, looked up at this tall, handsome man, and said with a smile.

"You just realized?"

Damon chuckled, "Yeah."

Then, Damon stared intently at the woman in his arms, watching her furrow her delicate eyebrows to different heights. "You just realized?" she repeated, her voice slightly raised.

Looking at the vivid face in front of him, Damon was increasingly convinced that he really loved this woman very much.

Otherwise, why was it... that even when she made such peculiar expressions, he still found it adorable?

"Every time I realize it, I feel I love you more than before."

His handsome face, deep and charismatic voice, and the passionate confession... all made Chloe feel a burning sensation on her face. This man's existence was a crime!

"Is confessing love like this a natural skill for men?"

However, Damon's face turned slightly serious. "Who else has said such things to you?"

Chapter 1189

Damon's face twitched slightly. "Who else has been feeding you such sweet words?"

Seeing Damon's change of expression, Chloe felt she had upset him. She shook her head quickly, "No one!"

But Damon's face didn't lighten up. He leaned down and nipped at her nose.

Chloe yelped, "Stop biting my nose, you're gonna nibble it off!"

Damon was amused by Chloe. He lifted her chin, intending to kiss her, but she beat him to it. To be more precise, she bit him. More specifically, it was like a revenge move. She bit down on his thin, lower lip.

She was about to step back when he pulled her in closer by the waist. "You think you can just bite me and run?"

"You bit me first."

"Well, I kissed you too. Why didn't I see you kissing me back?"

Chloe was left speechless.

"Kiss me." Damon leaned in.

Chloe stepped back, "No, you forced that kiss on me."

Damon raised an eyebrow, "You can force one on me if you like. I promise I won't resist."

As soon as Damon finished speaking, Chloe burst into laughter.

"Not resist? You make it sound like I'm forcing you."

Her blatant mockery earned her a passionate kiss against the wall. The negative emotions Chloe felt when she first walked in the door were now completely redirected. In this moment, it was only about their intimacy.

His fresh breath, mixed with heat, filled her nose. Chloe clung to his shirt as he easily parted her lips and deepened the kiss.

Damon had never felt so good kissing a woman before. With this woman, he broke many of his own rules and experienced feelings he never had before. He watched as she tilted her head to accept his kiss, occasionally responding to him. Her beautiful, serious, and blushing face was indescribable.

He pulled away slowly, smiling as Chloe unconsciously followed his lips, leaning into him. One moved back, the other moved forward, completely unintentional.

When she caught the hint of amusement in Damon's eyes, she stopped and blushed even harder, opening her mouth in surprise.

Damon stepped back a bit, releasing her. His lips were just inches away from hers. His voice was filled with laughter as he said softly, "If you bite me again, I'll make sure to get you back twice as hard in bed."

Chloe paused for a moment, feeling a wave of irritation. His threats always worked on her, and she often found herself at his mercy. As a strong and proud woman, she naturally felt a sense of frustration. Without hesitation, she bit down on his thin lip.

Damon didn't expect her to actually bite him. Usually, when he threatened her like this, she would push him away and keep her distance. What was up with her today? He didn't resist, letting her bite his lip.

After a while, Chloe finally released him. Looking at his bitten, red lips, she smirked at him, but the smile faded a bit when she saw the intense look in his eyes.

"Are you done biting?" Damon asked.

Chloe bit her own lip, looking a bit embarrassed.

Damon said, "I remember the last time you bit me in the car, it was you who drew blood. Is this all you got after all this time?"

She didn't have a response. Did he want her to bite him till he bled?

Damon chuckled softly, "Considering what I said earlier, can I interpret you biting me as a hint?"

Chloe's face turned as red as a tomato. How could she possibly want him to double the pleasure in bed! She couldn't even handle it when he wasn't doubling it!

She quickly pushed him away, intending to leave. But how could Damon agree to that? He stretched out his arm, pulling her into his embrace, and carried her towards the bed.

As her back touched the bed, he pressed his body down on her, followed by a passionate kiss. Chloe struggled. "Stop... It's still daylight!"

"It's okay, I can see everything clearly this way."

Chloe blushed even harder, what did he mean by... seeing everything clearly?

When she felt him starting to undress her, Chloe struggled again. "Stop messing around... your parents are still home."

"Then you'll just have to keep it down."

Chloe felt so embarrassed, she wanted to hide.

When did she ever get loud... Why didn't she know about it?

When Wendy was brought back to the Harper family by Nate, Addie had been waiting at the door. As soon as she saw the car, she ran over. The car door opened from the backseat, and Wendy slowly got out. She almost fell when she landed, but Addie was there to catch her.

"What happened?"

Nate got out of the car too, but before he could say anything, Addie turned to him. "Nate, where did you take her? She's still injured... what are you trying to do to her... can't you think about your future?"

Nate frowned. "I'm Mr. Harper's assistant, and I follow his orders. Whatever happens to me in the future is up to Mr. Harper. Do you think she can have any influence over him?"

Addie glared at him impatiently, holding Wendy up. "Just wait, the day you'll regret will come!"

Nate shut his mouth tightly, watching as Addie helped Wendy into the mansion; he couldn't help but sneer. Addie was so full of herself, so hypocritical. Presley had just woken up from his nap when he heard Addie shouting outside. When Addie brought Wendy in, seeing her pale face, he frowned. "What happened?"

His gaze went straight to Nate, who was following them, but Addie, with teary eyes, said tremblingly, "Presley... Look at her... She was fine when she left... How could he be so cruel to a woman..."

Presley clenched his lips, but didn't look at Addie. He kept his eyes on Nate.

Chapter 1190

Nate said, "Mr. Harper just had a chat with Ms. Alonso, telling her that since they met in Hong Kong, he had seen all her nasty tricks against Chloe, slandering and targeting her. This time, in the equestrian and shooting competition in West Valley, he saw her real ugly side. So, he told Ms. Wendy not to even think about being with him..."

Man, he didn't sugarcoat anything. Presley's face darkened as he listened. Wendy was both angry and humiliated, biting her lip until it bled. However, she didn't even seem to feel it.

The servants who heard the commotion came out, and hearing Nate's words, they couldn't help but snicker. Addie felt the body she was supporting getting heavier and heavier. Looking at the smirking servants, she was pissed. "What're you guys doing standing there? Help us out!"

The servants frowned, looked at Presley, and seeing him indifferent to Addie's arrogant attitude, reluctantly stepped forward to help Addie carry Wendy upstairs.

Seeing everything was under control, Nate turned to Presley and said, "Take care of yourself. I'm out."

Presley just huffed through his nose, lips still sealed shut. "When will they stop fighting? When will they come back?"

"I don't know,"

Presley said nothing more.

In Wendy's room, after Addie had shooed the servants away and closed the door, she saw Wendy lying on the bed alone, her shoulders shaking with sobs.

Addie felt sorry for her and patted Wendy's shoulder gently. "Wendy, you've been through so much."

Wendy clenched the sheets, her face buried in the pillow was wet with tears, but her eyes were wide open and bloodshot. If anyone saw her eyes filled with such rage, they would be taken aback. Ignoring Addie's comfort, Wendy just sobbed.

Hearing her cry, Addie felt a pang in her heart. "Wendy, hiding and crying isn't going to help. Men can't resist a woman who puts in the effort. Chloe is just having her moment now. Who will win in the end is anyone's guess."

Wendy's sobs quieted a bit. "But... Damon said my behavior was ugly. He hates me now..."

Addie chuckled. "That's the past, not the future. As long as you can move on and be the elegant Wendy again, Mr. Harper will see your good side. You just need to let your good side now overshadow your past mistakes. Isn't that good?"

Wendy felt a bit better, but she had a different take on Addie's words. Although she felt a bit more relaxed, due to staying in a hot room for too long earlier, her wounds were hurting badly, and now she felt very dizzy. She wanted to get up and wash her face, but after a wave of dizziness, she collapsed onto the bed and passed out.

Addie immediately thought about her wounds and hurriedly opened her collar to check. She was shocked by what she saw, screamed, and immediately ran out. "Mr. Presley! Ms. Wendy fainted!"

Nate, who was about to leave, stopped at the sound of Addie's panicked voice.

"Mr. Presley, Wendy passed out!"

Nate frowned but didn't move.

"Call the doctor now!" Presley ordered immediately.

Addie immediately called the Harper family's medical team. The doctors arrived twenty minutes later. Seeing this medical team, Nate couldn't help but sneer. They were one of the high-level medical research teams funded by the Harper family with a lot of money. Now they were summoned just because of a fever. Was her life that precious?

But the final examination results surprised Nate. Wendy's wounds all over her body were inflamed, pus-filled, swollen, and even itchy. She also had a high fever! What was more surprising was that because of too many wounds, bacteria had entered her bloodstream, causing a severe infection. If not treated immediately, it could turn into sepsis.

This was terrifying. One misstep, and her life could be in danger.

Nate left the Harper residence without a word. Even as he got into the car, he couldn't help but sigh. Mr. Harper was really something. He said he wouldn't harm her, and he didn't. He took her out, and then sent her back. Even if she died, it wouldn't be his fault.

Mr. Harper was never afraid of the Alonso family. Today, he just added some trouble for Presley because of Wendy's state. After all, this time Presley had messed up with his wife.

What did "messed up with" mean? He could favor someone else, but not liking his wife was not okay!

At least this time in West Valley, Mr. Harper did something for Chloe. It was better than... letting Mr. Harper do nothing at all.

It seemed that Chloe was too dominant, always very rational. If it weren't for Mr. Harper's indulgence of Chloe, if it weren't for Mr. Harper not wanting Chloe to worry too much, then, that day in West Valley, even if Presley tried to stop it, Wendy would've definitely died at the end of Mr. Harper's gun.

When the car arrived at Greenfield Village, it was already dark. Nate waited in the living room for a while, then saw Damon coming down the stairs, adjusting the cuffs of his dark shirt. Two buttons of his shirt were undone, revealing smooth skin and collarbones. His handsome face was obviously wearing a look of satisfaction.

This man was chilly and classy; his posture was elegant and composed, and his face was unbelievably good-looking.

When you mixed all those elements, and added the satisfaction he just enjoyed his time in the arms of a babe, it was really hard to put into words Damon's expression, posture, and vibe at this moment.

What could imagine what this frosty, aloof dude was like in bed.

Nate gave his thigh a good pinch!

Damon plopped down on the couch, every casual move oozing a regal, badass vibe.