

CHOSEN 1201

Chapter 1201

Rose was happily chatting with Elizabeth, but Damon got back earlier than expected. He saw Chloe standing there with stuff in her hands, so he went up and took the bag from her.

“What are you doing standing around here?” His voice was deep and captivating, making Chloe involuntarily shrink her neck a bit and look at him sideways.

Damon casually planted a kiss on her cheek, then stood straight up, extended a long arm and circled it around her, pulling her into his embrace. Being suddenly kissed in front of so many people, Chloe’s face turned red.

“You’re back.”

Damon looked down at the bag in his hand with a smile, “You’re making dinner?”

“Yes, I’m making it for Rose.”

“Really?” Damon raised an eyebrow, looking down at her, his eyes holding a subtle warning.

I’ve also ordered fresh seafood. Should be here any minute.”

Damon nodded in satisfaction upon hearing that, and then added, “Indeed, the seafood should arrive quickly.”

Chloe chuckled, “Did you bump into the delivery guy on the way?”

“I did.”

Just as he finished speaking, a car horn was heard from outside.

“Can you take these to the kitchen for me? I’m going to get the seafood.”

Chloe stepped out of Damon’s arms and headed for the door, Damon raised an eyebrow and then headed straight to the kitchen with the stuff. “Mr. Harper, you’re back?”

Even though, in Rose’s heart, Damon’s image alternated between the noble Mr. Harper and a weirdo, she was sitting next to Damon’s parents after all. She had to be polite.

Damon glanced at her and responded indifferently.

Rose was a bit upset inside, but she didn’t show it. Why was she upset? Because she could infer from Damon’s cold attitude towards her that he was not pleased with her.

There was no need for her to like someone who was not pleased with her, even though there was no deep hatred between them. They were actually partners.

The servants in the kitchen were all busy, and as soon as Damon walked in, he handed the bag over to them, who quickly took it from him. Having him carry these things himself made them feel a bit uncomfortable.

“This is for Ms. Chloe.” he said, just in case they used up all the ingredients, leaving Chloe with nothing to cook.

“Alright, we’ll help her prepare first.”

Damon nodded indifferently; just as he was about to leave, a low exclamation came from the kitchen.

Then an older servant came out, “Mr. Harper.”

Damon stopped in his tracks, watching as the servant walked up to him and handed him two boxes.

“How can you put this stuff with the food? Did she forget?” The servant chuckled, Damon looked down at the two boxes, surprise flashing in his eyes, then he took them.

The servant smiled again. Staring at the two boxes, he couldn't help but say. “Your child, will definitely be the most beautiful and outstanding in the world.” The servant kindly reminded them it was time to have children, then walked back into the kitchen with a smile.

Leaving Damon alone, who stood in the dining room staring at the two boxes of condoms for a while, until Chloe walked in with two foam boxes. Inside were fresh frozen shrimp and fish.

Seeing Damon standing there, she was a bit confused. “What are you doing standing here?”

Damon looked up at her and handed her the stuff in his hand, “This...”

“Hold on.”

Chloe walked into the kitchen with the two boxes. When she came out again after having the servants help clean the shrimp, Damon was no longer in the dining room. She didn't think much of it, figuring it wasn't a big deal, so she turned and went back into the kitchen.

In the course of an afternoon, Rose and Elizabeth had established a deep friendship. During this time, Elizabeth even called Nathan and asked him to bring Yulia and Anya over for dinner.

Therefore, in Greenfield Village, today was undoubtedly the liveliest day in the manor. Everyone was less restrained than they usually were around the Harper family and enjoyed the meal.

However, throughout the whole process, only Royce and Damon barely spoke.

As soon as Anya arrived, she stuck to Chloe. Chloe initially peeled a shrimp for Damon every now and then, but once she arrived, hattention was entirely on her, making Damon's expression even darker.

Every now and then he cast cold glances at Anya's adorable face.

Sometimes when Chloe noticed her man's bad mood, she would peel a shrimp for him and give him a smile. Only then would Damon eat the shrimp with a darkened expression while watching Chloe's smile.

After this happened a few times, Rose, sitting across from them, couldn't help but laugh, then she tried to eat the shrimp while Chloe was comforting

Damon

But Chloe took the shrimp away. Chloe smiled at her, "Eat something else. Don't you like all those dishes? Eat those."

Rose was a bit upset, "You're playing favorites. All the seafood goes to your husband"

Chloe put a shrimp into Damon's dish, and then glanced at Rose, "You can't eat that

Elizabeth couldn't stand it anymore and interjected, "Chloe, there's so much seafood, Damon can't finish it all by himself. Rose is a guest..."

Right..."

"Rose is pregnant right now, she can't just eat seafood indiscriminately."

Elizabeth paused, turned to look at Rose, her eyes wide open. "Rose, are you pregnant?"

Rose's face was full of shy smiles, "I'm 88 days in."

“68 days. You’re pregnant...” Elizabeth was both surprised and happy, her fork and knife wavered a bit, then she served some food into Rose’s plate. “You must eat more... Why didn’t you tell us sooner!”

forgot....

“Oh my God!” Nathan laughed from the side, “Are you even a woman? How can you forget you’re pregnant? Good thing we didn’t take you bungee jumping earlier, it would have been dangerous.”

“Go away.” Elizabeth scolded Nathan with a sharp tone and gave him a glare, “You talk as if you’ve carried a baby before. All you do is talk. If you’re so capable, have Yulia carry a baby and see for yourself.”

Nathan turned his head and glanced at Yulia’s belly, whispering, “Maybe there’s already a baby in there.”

Chapter 1202

Nathan glanced at Yulia’s belly and whispered, “Maybe there’s a bun in the oven.”

“What did you say?” Elizabeth didn’t hear clearly and thought Nathan was saying something inappropriate again.

1 said I got it “Nathan stressed again, then took a big bite of his food

Yulia lowered her head, her ears blushing

Sitting in Chloe’s arms. Anya stared at Rose with her big eyes and asked, “Do you have a bun in the oven too?”

A gentle smile unconsciously appeared on Rose’s face, “Yes”

Anya's eyes sparkled. "Does Yulipop have a bun in the oven too?"

Just as Yulia was about to answer, Nathan interrupted, "Maybe!"

Vulia's face immediately turned red. She turned to look at Nathan and whispered, "What are you babbling about?"

"Can you be sure you're not?"

Considering their previous intimate encounters, they didn't take any protection. How could she be sure?

At this point, Anya's attention had shifted to Chloe, her little hand gently touching Chloe's belly, asking in an innocent voice, "Do you also have a little bun in the oven?"

Seeing Anya's hand on her belly. Chloe was stunned.

A bun. In her belly?

A sudden pang hit her heart. At this moment, she wasn't thinking about how a baby comes about, her mind was completely filled with anticipation and

excitement

A child of her's and Damon's...

She looked up at Damon, a slight smile unconsciously appeared on her face.

Elizabeth immediately burst into laughter, "Maybe, you already have a bun in the oven."

Chloe blushed slightly, smiling as she patted Anya's head. Hearing Elizabeth's words, Anya's eyes instantly lit up, like the starry sky in the night, shimmering with a twinkling light.

"Wow..." She exclaimed in surprise, her little hands clapping together. "So many buns!"

Hearing Anya's words, Elizabeth also got excited. "This is great! I can hold several babies at once!"

"So many buns" Anya clapped her hands again.

Elizabeth directly took Anya into her arms. "You're a good bun too."

"Yes..."

The dining room was bustling, Elizabeth was talking about how to take care of babies, starting from the newborn stage to the first month, even to daily routines, such as changing diapers, bathing, dressing, eating, playing...

Speaking of these, Elizabeth was full of enthusiasm, discussing things needed to be prepared during labor, as well as baby's bed, clothes, formula, etc. Rose listened attentively, and the two of them unconsciously started planning going to the mall to personally pick out items and find out which brand's products are the best to use.

"You're on your 88th day of pregnancy today, the day after tomorrow will be the 90th day, right? I'll accompany you for a prenatal check-up the day after tomorrow, and we can go shopping at the mall. Chloe and Yulia, you should come along too, and you can learn some related knowledge."

Yulia and Chloe glanced at each other, feeling a bit uneasy. If they were not pregnant, it would seem a bit inappropriate.

Royce also indulged Elizabeth in fantasizing about her children.

After dinner, the atmosphere in the living room was still lively. As a future mom-to-be, Rose and Anya got along very well. Chloe could also clearly see that the usually stern and reserved Rose, who often appeared serious and rarely smiled in public, had a warmth in her eyes when facing Anya that Chloe had never seen before

Every exchange of glances was filled with immeasurable tenderness. Things she would never have noticed before now seemed incredibly interesting, like drawing with Anya, playing guessing games, or playing little games on her phone, etc.

Even in the end, Rose, who was supposed to be with Chloe, took Anya early into the guest room prepared for her.

Royce, Damon, and Nathan all went into the study.

Anya and Rose had a blast, while Yulia and Chloe returned to their bedrooms to quickly freshened up while they had time..

Chloe came out of the shower, drying her hair while she opened her tablet and searched for “Debt Collection.”

The search results showed a lot of legal knowledge. She searched “Debt Collection”, “movie”, and Chloe suddenly chuckled softly. Indeed, there were all kinds of movies in the world

She was sure that the movie “Debt Collection Damon had mentioned before was completely made up by him, but now, there really was a movie with a similar name.

She read the movie synopsis. The movie seemed both interesting and boring, but Chloe had no intention of watching it, so she closed the page.

Today, she burned \$200 million and a luxury villa. At the time, she was really pissed off, but now, she felt somewhat ashamed. Although the \$200 million had nothing to do with her, the Summers family’s villa was real. If she sold it, and did some charity, it might help a lot of people

But at that time, if she didn't do that, she really couldn't calm her anger.

She let out a sigh and tossed the tablet onto the bed. Just as she was about to pick up the hairdryer to blow-dry her hair, she was stopped by someone. She looked up, the mirror reflected Damon standing behind her.

"Why are you sighing?" he asked.

Turning on the hairdryer, his slender fingers gently ran through her hair.

Chloe looked at the man blow-drying her hair in the mirror and softly said, "I was a bit impulsive today; now I'm regretting about burning down that house."

Damon smiled slightly, "I can build you another one."

Chloe shook her head, "Nah, no need. If we did that, Carolina would definitely still try to weasel her way in."

"Just because she tries everything doesn't mean I have to let her in, does it?"

Damon murmured, twirling her soft hair in his fingers, "I will build that villa again. She can see it, but she won't be able to live in it. It will only bring her more pain."

Chapter 1203

Probably imagining Carolina's anxious face upon seeing the villa, Chloe couldn't help but laugh.

"You're so bad."

He turned off the hairdryer, placed it aside, then sat on the bed, gently pulling her into his arms.

Fresh out of the bath, Chloe was only wearing a loose nightgown. Her supple body appeared even more slender within the confines of the gown.

Her long hair cascaded over her shoulders, partially veiling half of her face. The damp fragrance emanating from her body quickened the heartbeat of those around her.

"How am I a bad person?" His voice was low, and his deep gazes were fixed on her with an appealing emotion in them.

Chloe's heart raced, her body involuntarily softening. "You're a scheming man. I misspoke earlier."

Damon raised an eyebrow, "A scheming man?"

He repeated the phrase softly, then smiled slightly without a reply. He wrapped his arms around her waist, placing her in the middle of the bed. He lowered his head to kiss her lips, then worked his way down to her jaw, finally burying his head at her collarbone and nibbling gently.

Chloe's body trembled involuntarily, and her hand braced on his shoulder. "What are you going to do?"

Damon followed the motion of her force and propped himself up, removing his own shirt. His deep gazes were fixed intensely on her. "You guess." Although he invited her to guess, his intention was clear. Chloe felt a little nervous, "You already... yesterday afternoon..."

"You said it, that was yesterday afternoon. What does it have to do with today?" As he said this, he reached out and easily removed the nightgown she was wearing, and then went on to say, "Of course it doesn't matter, every second is a new experience, and every time is a different one."

"But I will be very tired..."

Damon had almost kissed every part of her body. "Are you tired? Do you dislike it because you're tired?"

Chloe shook her head; anything she could say now would be pointless.

Her body was filled with pleasure, all her nerves trembling. Chloe was somewhat helpless, but in the last few seconds before being overwhelmed by climax, the topic they had discussed in the restaurant was all she could think about.

Baby. Child.

She was very much looking forward to it, to see who their child would resemble more. Her rationality was starting to blur, but she clearly heard his deep voice in her ear. "Do you feel good?"

She heard him, but she tightly closed her eyes and didn't answer his embarrassing question.

"Or, do you not want a child?"

Her eyelashes fluttered slightly as she opened her eyes and stared at the man who stopped moving, her voice quivering a little, "Why would you ask that?"

Damon didn't respond, pulling out two boxes of condoms from under her pillow.

Chloe's eyes widened. "You're going to use this?!"

Damon squinted his eyes, a seductive wickedness flashing across them. "If you can't control your desire, then I can choose to use this."

Chloe was speechless. When had she ever been unable to control her desire?! She suddenly stopped, looking at the two boxes in Damon's hand, then closed her eyes.

Rose...

...I didn't buy these." She opened her eyes, plainly looking at Damon, "I want a child, I want our child, and why would I buy these?! It's you who can't control your desires."

Damon was slightly taken aback, then let out a low chuckle and lowered his head to give her a kiss on the lips, "Right, it's me."

Chloe suddenly hooked her arm hard around his shoulders, lifted herself up close to him, and kissed him hard on the lips, saying in an almost commanding tone, "Hurry, I want a baby!"

Damon was stunned for a moment, then chuckled, followed by a sigh of helplessness. This woman... She can also take him by surprise when it came to

sex.

"What are you laughing at. Stop laughing..."

Chloe's face was already flushed, did he think she wouldn't be embarrassed saying these things?!

Damon was still laughing. The more he laughed, the more embarrassed Chloe became. "You..."

Damon suddenly pinned her down, his voice full of amusement. "Usually at times like this, don't command me, plead with me, then I'll hurry..."

Chloe's face darkened, her body trying to move up. "Let's sleep then."

Her waist was caught by him, he pulled her body closer again. His move made Chloe moan softly, Damon held her waist, his body pressed against hers. "I'll fuck you good this time."

Afterwards, they went at it again until late into the night.

Staying in the same room with Nathan again, Yulia wasn't worried at first. Ever since she made that stupid mistake and had those crazy moments with

Nathan, they hadn't been alone together. She had thought that this time she had brought Anya back and there still wouldn't be the awkwardness of two people alone, but now Anya was in Rose's room.

She just came out of the bath when she ran into Nathan at the door. Lost for a moment, she stood in place for several seconds, then turned and walked towards the door. As she passed him, she hurriedly said, "I'm going to check on Anya."

"Okay Nathan responded indifferently, sidestepping and unbuttoning his suit.

It was only when Yulia was out of the room that she exhaled heavily. She didn't know what Nathan was thinking now. It seemed like ever since that incident, he'd been distant. Towards her, he spoke even less.

Just now at the dinner table, he could still chat and laugh with others normally, his casual and free-spirited demeanor completely different from how he was with her. It's as if he wasn't the same person.

Maybe, she really was the person he couldn't stand the most in this world. She had deceived him, completely crossing his line. A trace of emotionless smile appeared at the corner of her mouth...

She stayed in Rose's room for quite a while. As long as women were willing to chat, time didn't matter to them. If it wasn't for Anya falling asleep, the two of them would still be chatting.

Chapter 1204

"I could let Anya sleep with me. She doesn't hate me, which is quite rare."

Rose had never had any experience playing with a child. Being a rich lady, she wouldn't possibly spend her free time playing with children. Plus, she didn't have the time to interact with kids. Her life was always filled with classes and learning special skills. As she grew up and had her own business, she had even less time.

Now she was a mother. Tonight, during their chat, she realized there were so many things about children she didn't understand. Yet, children were such lovely beings.

Watching Anya's rosy cheeks, Rose would always unintentionally show a gentle smile.

"Better not, you're pregnant now. Don't let her hurt you. Plus, she wakes up pretty early which can disturb your sleep." After saying this, Yulia bent down and gently picked up Anya, "It's late, you should rest."

Rose nodded, "You too."

She carried Anya back to the room, pushed the door open with her elbow. As soon as she entered, a smell of alcohol drifted in. She furrowed her brows, carrying Anya as she walked in. As expected, she saw Nathan in a black bathrobe, casually lounging on the windowsill of the room. He held a phone in one hand; based on the sound playing from its speakers, he must have been watching a video. In the other hand, he held a wine bottle, already consumed halfway.

Was he drowning his sorrows in liquor? Not at all. Judging by his casual demeanor, it seemed more like he was just killing time.

When she came back with the sleeping Anya, he moved his finger, exiting the video. Then he lifted the wine bottle and took two big gulps.

It was a bottle of Romanee Conti. Any wine found in Damon's estate would certainly be vintage. However, his attitude toward fine wine was far from refined. There was no savoring, tasting, or elegance in his approach. However, his sharply defined face exuded determination and a certain rugged handsomeness. He was born to be a man of high society, with an air of nobility that had penetrated into his bones.

His bathrobe was half-open, revealing his healthy skin tone and muscular chest. If you ignored the fine wine in his hand, his casual demeanor was flamboyant and domineering. Every part of him was what women desired.

He finished the wine, maintaining his posture, only turning his head towards the window, not intending to pay any attention to Yulia.

By then, Yulia had already lifted the quilt and gently placed Anya on the bed. Probably interrupted, Anya wrinkled her little brows, her mouth moved as if she woke up. Seeing Yulia, she mumbled “mama”.

Yulia didn’t respond, just gently patted her. Before long, Anya fell asleep again.

Yulia took a deep breath, then stood up, walked to the other side of the bed, casting her gaze on Nathan who was still sitting by the window. Nathan gazed at Yulia’s reflection on the glass. She wore a simple nightgown that accentuated her slender figure, with her hair cascading over her shoulders. She stood there, upright, and even though he was seated, she didn’t reach his height. His throat moved a few times, then he lifted his head and took two gulps of wine.

Finally, he put the wine bottle aside and turned to look at her. The moment their eyes met, Yulia’s heartbeat accelerated. She glanced at the almost empty bottle of Romanee Conti, lightly pursed her

lips, lifted the quilt beside her, preparing to go to bed and no longer deal with this obviously drunk man.

Her movements were a bit hurried, as she felt the man behind her was closing in. Before she could get into bed, he successfully grabbed her wrist. In the end, he pulled her forcefully into his firm chest. She struggled a few times, but couldn’t resist his strength. Finally, her wrist started to hurt from his grip, but she still couldn’t break free.

“What do you want?” She raised her head and glared at him angrily, but didn’t really yell.

“Aren’t I supposed to sleep?” Nathan leaned in and said, his breath carrying the aroma of wine.

She felt both embarrassed and angry, trying to push his chest. Her palm half-covered his chest; the firm touch and clear temperature made her want to withdraw her hand subconsciously. But in this situation, if she backed off, it would only make it more awkward. So she didn’t back off, and looked straight into his eyes. “Nathan, have you gone mad? Drinking a whole bottle of wine in the middle of the night!”

She was in a state of complete panic. She couldn't retain her cool in the presence of a drunk. Especially considering he had been intimate with her previously, but they still didn't talk much.

There was a crazy past between them. It was something that would make her blush just thinking about it for a second. It was already difficult for her to stay indifferent with him normally.

So had he really gone mad? In such an awkward situation between them, he still drank so much alcohol! Did he think that if he got drunk, he wouldn't remember anything and thus wouldn't feel awkward?

"Do you want a drink?" As he said this, his strong arm held her waist tightly, practically dragging her to the window. She was trapped between the window and his chest, with nowhere to run. She watched him pick up the wine bottle and put it to her lips.

"Drink it."

"I won't!" She growled.

Nathan furrowed his brow, his slightly unsteady gazes deepening as he lifted a hand to grasp her chin. "Drink. After you finish, I have a question for you." "I won't..."

Her refusal was of no use. Nathan had already lifted the wine bottle, and the red liquid flowed out instantly. She subconsciously closed her mouth tightly, shaking her head to dodge, but the grip on her chin grew tighter.

The bright red liquid flowed down her lips and chin and into her clothes. The cold feeling made Yulia very angry.

This madman!

She reached up and pushed Nathan's chest away with all her might, "Nathan!"

Nathan chuckled lightly, "Can't you just behave?"

After saying that, he lifted his head and downed the rest of the wine in the bottle. Then he held her chin again and kissed her lips. He forced open her tightly closed mouth, and made her drink the wine in his mouth.

When he realized she was about to spit out the wine, he lifted her chin, and kissed her deeply. He opened her throat and the wine flowed down almost completely. Despite this, Nathan did not release go of her. It was as if once he was satisfied, he never wanted to let go again. He sucked on her evasive tongue, the two of them danced and twisted in her already helpless mouth.

Chapter 1205

She struggled and tried to push him away, but he was like a brick wall, immovable. Her breaths were turning into gasps, her strength dwindling from the struggle. In front of this hunky guy, she felt like a rag doll, at his mercy.

She gave up resisting, and he raided in her mouth more indulgently, their kisses becoming more and more intense, their breaths growing hotter and hotter.

This crazy, domineering kiss was messing with her head, making her recall all those wild scenes she had been suppressing. Memories were flooding back like a movie reel. The visual impact and the sensory overload left her feeling dazed for a moment.

It wasn't until Nathan's kisses trailed down to her neck, following the wine stain, and started to inch into her nightgown that she snapped back to reality. "No! Nathan!"

Both her hands cupped his head, trying to push his kisses away. Her loose nightgown was almost stripped off by him.

"Just ask your question! Hurry up!"

Nathan finally looked up at her, his eyes filled with a hazy drunkenness and a heavy desire. He looked just like last time.

Yulia's heart was thumping louder, her nerves on edge. "What do you really want to ask?"

Nathan leaned closer, pressing her against the window behind her.

"Yulia. His deep voice made Yulia's eyelashes flutter, her hands tightened on his chest.

"Just ask."

Nathan was quietly staring at her, his fingers caressing her chin, his fingertips lightly played with her lips. "Anya calls you mum. Is she your biological daughter?"

A flash of panic crossed Yulia's face. "Anya is my sister..."

"Your sister?" He said in a low voice. Yulia looked at him. Suddenly his eyes cleared up, he was staring at her intensely, and the look in his eyes startled

her.

"My grandma said Anya looks like me. My mum said the same. They also said Anya looks like you. She looks like me, she looks like you, so she must be our child."

Yulia swallowed hard, her heart felt like it was going to jump out of her chest. "What are you thinking? We didn't even know each other before. How could I have your child?"

Nathan was staring at her, then suddenly broke into a laugh. "I also think Anya looks like me."

Yulia averted her gaze, "Maybe it's because you like her a lot."

"Really?"

“...Yes.”

Yulia replied softly, hoping to quickly end this conversation.

Nathan stared at her again, and after a moment of silence, his hand slowly slid from her chin to her collarbone.

Yulia's patience and energy were nearly drained by him tonight, she tried to push him away again, but what she got was the sound of her nightgown being torn apart. She was taken aback and looked down to see her nightgown torn in half. “...Nathan!”

As she tried to cover herself with the torn pieces of her gown, he grabbed her hands and pinned them against the window behind her.

“Whether you've borne a child or not, I'll find out after I have a check.”

Check what? How could this kind of thing be checked?!

“Nathan, stop messing around! Please?... I've explained to you from the beginning, Anya is my sister, so it's normal she looks like me!”

“No.” Nathan gave a low chuckle, “It's more normal for your daughter to look like you.”

Yulia was struggling, her breaths heavy and ragged.

“Mummy...”

Despite their subdued voices and hushed breaths, the sounds of their conversation still disturbed the sleeping Anya on the bed.

Hearing Anya's voice, Yulia's feelings of anxiety and panic intensified. She shifted her body, moving past Nathan's shoulder to look at Anya, who was turning over on the bed.

A passionate kiss descended upon her, ravaging her lips and teeth without restraint, almost engulfing her breath.

"Don't... Anya will wake up... Her voice trembled as she spoke intermittently, yet it failed to make Nathan stop.

"Nathan..." She called Nathan's name with a hint of despair, her gaze fixed on Anya on the bed. She saw Anya turn towards them, her eyes still closed, and then drift back into sleep.

Yulia breathed a sigh of relief, but then she felt Nathan's hand sliding over her body, finally stopping on her lower abdomen.

Yulia stiffened, what was he looking for? She let out a sigh of relief and gradually grew quieter, allowing him to explore.

There was nothing there for him to find. If it were a C-section, there would be.

"Have you had enough?" She asked softly, looking down at the man who was still looking for scars.

Nathan looked up at her, his dark gazes held something mysterious, like an abyss, as if he wanted to swallow her whole. Suddenly, he started laughing.

pulling her closer by the waist. "Do you think I'm so ignorant that I don't know that there are cesarean sections and natural births?"

Nathan kissed her lips, slowly moving to her ear, nibbling it with just the right amount of force, his voice sexy and husky. "I've heard that if you've had a child, this place will..."

Yulia only felt a wave of humiliation rising from within her, she froze for a moment, then started struggling again..

He firmly gripped her wrists with both hands, pressing them against the glass window with unwavering force. She couldn't break free at all! "Nathan, you're insane! Insane!"

She struggled, swearing repeatedly, her voice filled with anger. However, Nathan's breaths were suddenly becoming ragged. His throat was bobbing up and down violently, his eyes filled with intense passion.

The Yulia under him was still struggling with all her might, cursing loudly. "You're insane, a freak..."

But the man in front of her showed no reaction. The gap between her strength and his, her momentum and his, made her feel both humiliated and aggrieved. In the end, she still couldn't beat this man.

Chapter 1206

Tears uncontrollably streamed down her face, turning her eyes red.

"You freak, you lunatic...Nathan..."

Nathan stared at her, watching her struggle, curse him, glare at him, crying so pitifully... The emotions in his eyes grew more intense.

Suddenly, she felt dizzy. He picked her up and roughly tore off the last piece of clothing on her. Her freshly bathed body carried the scent of body lotion, and after the struggle she had just had and with the sweat she had got, that scent was even more intense and tantalizing.

"Crazy, freak... let me go!"

Nathan suddenly bit her ear, kissing and gnawing fiercely. His breathing was heavy, hot, chaotic.

“Don’t...”

“Don’t what! The more you resist, the more you cry... the more I want you!”

Just as he finished speaking, without giving Yulia any chance to react, he picked Yulia up and placed her on the floor to the side, where he pressed her body tightly from behind, forcing her to prop her hands on the wall.

Something of his pressed against her, making her nervous. She drew in a sharp breath, wanted to pull away, but his arms were tightly coiled around her. “Don’t...Nathan...Anya’s there...Anya will wake up... don’t do this...”

Now, she was even willing to compromise. She wouldn’t mind sleeping with him, but at least, not here. Anya had already been woken up once. If this continued...

Nathan stood behind her; at the moment his mind was overtaken by desire. He had drunk, but wasn’t drunk enough to lose his sanity. If he was only trying to scare her at first, now, his reason was drowned by alcohol and desire.

There were two addictive things in this world. Alcohol and women. And he had encountered both. Especially her fragrance, her soft body, her feeble resistance, and tears, all made him want to possess her immediately.

His body was filled with an unprecedented impulse and excitement.

“Nathan...please...don’t...” Yulia was really scared of this man.

“Don’t beg me!” His voice came from behind her. She could feel his warmth, and her heart was almost jumping out of her throat, “I won’t let you go tonight.”

It was not that he didn’t want to let her go, but that he couldn’t.

“I want you, I want you so much that I feel like I’m going to explode.”

Before Yulia could fully understand his words, he had already fully thrust into her. He groaned in her ear, causing her body to almost slip to the ground. The room fell into silence, Nathan had his wish fulfilled, gently kissing her neck and ear. Yulia breathed hard, trying to adapt to the current situation.

Her body was suddenly invaded; she felt that even a slightly deeper breath would let her feel the man inside her more clearly. She was scared, scared that a single breath could arouse his endless desire..

Just like last time, she couldn’t focus. She was afraid of that uncontrollable feeling. She couldn’t grasp anything.

However, from the beginning of tonight, it wasn’t something she could avoid by being cautious. Nathan’s desire for her was far beyond this.

He rarely considered her feelings, waiting for her to adapt. He gave her what he thought was enough time, and finally made a move.

Yulia breathed hard, he groaned, and then started to move without reservation. Wild, indulgent, crazy, and intense.

Yulia bit her lip tightly, her thoughts scattered. She was led to the window, facing Nathan, her hands weakly resting on Nathan’s muscular shoulders. She bit her lip, suppressing the urge to moan out loud, her responses unconscious as she involuntarily endured and responded to him.

But he didn’t seem to be satisfied, kissing her lips wildly and growling in a low roar, “I want to hear you...Yulia...like last time, okay? Let me hear you...”

Yulia clenched her teeth tightly, knowing that this was the only thing she had to hold on to now. Nathan seemed to know what she was afraid of, and suddenly hugged her again, holding her butt, turned around, and walked past the bed....

“Don’t...” Yulia hugged his neck, her gaze fixed on the sleeping girl on the bed, almost breaking down.

Nathan ignored her, holding her straight into the bathroom, kicking the door closed with his foot, and placing her on the sink. He thrust hard again, "I want to hear you..."

"I can't..."

Her resistance only seemed to provoke his more violent onslaught. He was like a beast that had just tasted meat, catching delicious prey and savoring it over and over again.

In the end, she was completely lost in the daze, holding onto the only anchor she had tightly to prevent herself from getting lost. Sometimes she was pushed to the top, sometimes she fell to the bottom abruptly. This process was repeated over and over again.

Before Yulia's consciousness completely disappeared, she seemed to hear Nathan say something. "If Anya is not my child, then you give me a child!"

He had been saying embarrassing dirty talks all night, so she had a subconscious resistance to his voice.

She heard it, but didn't care.

The next day, Yulia felt she hadn't slept much. As she was deep in sleep, she felt someone lift the blanket and pick her up. She opened her eyes and saw Nathan's resolute and handsome face. He was holding a shirt in his hand, and draped it over her.

She instantly sobered up and subconsciously moved backward, staring at him warily. "You...what are you trying to do?"

Nathan raised an eyebrow slightly, his gaze wandering over her, a smile of evident interest playing at the corner of his lips. She seemed to remember something, and looked down at herself, her face instantly turning very red.

She wasn't drunk last night. She remembered everything that happened last night.

As for Nathan, he was never gentle in these matters. He was fierce, domineering, and unrestrained.

Now, there was hardly a spot on her body that he hadn't left a mark. Her entire body was covered in bruises he had left.

Chapter 1207

"If you don't wanna be busted by Anya and answer her endless questions, you'd better keep your clothes on and save yourself the trouble."

She looked at the marks on her body. No need for Nathan to say it again, she started buttoning her shirt nervously.

"Shameless, crazy!" Thinking about what he did last night, she had an urge to vent.

Nathan raised an eyebrow again, "You want more?"

"You..." Yulia immediately caught on and bit her lip.

After she got dressed, Nathan stood up, crossing over Yulia to lie in the middle of the bed, with the sleeping Anya beside him.

Yulia turned her head nervously, afraid that he would wake up Anya. Fortunately, Anya was sound asleep.

She had just heaved a sigh of relief when Nathan pulled her onto the bed. Her heart started racing, she looked at him. "You..." "Aren't you tired? Go back to sleep."

Yulia looked into his eyes, not knowing what he was thinking. She didn't know what he thought of what happened last night.

He had been drinking. Did he lose control because he was drunk? Or was he pretending to be crazy with the help of alcohol.

If it was the former, then what did his current behavior mean? Did he just need a woman, so it didn't matter if it was her? Or was it because it was her, that he thought it was justified.

"Are you still drunk?" She couldn't help but doubt, otherwise, how could he become so principle-less.

Nathan chuckled, buried his head in her neck and mumbled, "Yes."

Then, Yulia froze. Nathan bit her neck, his hand sliding into her shirt, all the way to her chest. She was so scared that she grabbed his hand, her breathing was all over the place.

"Nathan! Knock it off!"

"I'm still drunk." Obviously pretending to be drunk, he grabbed her hand and put it on her chest.

Yulia's face instantly turned red. She struggled, but he held her hand and touched her boobs twice. She felt so ashamed of touching herself with her own hands.

He laughed softly in her neck, his voice echoed in her ear, making her annoyed.

even turned him on more.

Yulia couldn't understand his behavior and thoughts. She clearly resisted everything he did, but it's useless, and How should she deal with this shameless man? She felt helpless. "Can you stop it? Nathan, what are you thinking?" She sounded very angry, even a little impatient.

Nathan's movements didn't stop. He seemed not to care about her question, nor her obvious emotional fluctuations.

“Nathan...”

He suddenly kissed her lips, much gentler compared to the madness last night. It made her a little stunned.

“You’re so loud.”

After the kiss, he spoke with a lazy tone. His fingers threaded through hers, causing her body to tremble.

“What are you thinking?” she asked again.

“Do you feel good?” he suddenly asked back.

“... What you did last night was totally rape, and you’re asking me this?” she contradicted him.

Nathan chuckled, his hand suddenly sliding between her legs.

“You were raped but felt so good, so the answer to this question might be a bit embarrassing for you. How about we do it again, and then you answer my question? Maybe you just like being forced?”

She really wanted to slap this shameless man. How shameless could this man be to say such a thing?!

“If you feel good, then it’s good. Why are you denying your feelings?”

Yulia suddenly moaned softly. He got his way again. Nathan’s question was indeed hard to answer. In her 25 years of life, this kind of thing was rare.

She didn’t feel anything? Impossible.

She couldn't deny that she did enjoy it. You could even say that she really experienced the beauty of it.

She was not a conservative woman, and once she enjoyed it, she would greedily want more. It was a physical instinct, a instinctive greed.

Nathan's hand roamed in her, and she bit her lip, her cheeks flushed.

"Let's see..."

Nathan stopped, his hand touching her clit.

Wet and slippery. Now everything was clear.

"Your body is more honest than you."

Yulia bit her lip, and gave him a slightly dazed look.

Nathan paused for a moment and suddenly rolled over and pinned her down, whispering, "Do you want to rest? If you don't, let's do it again."

Before her eyes was his broad, strong chest, his smooth skin, his chest rising and falling as he breathed, filled with a mesmerizing wildness. She slowly looked up at him, bit her lip, glanced at Anya, and her eyes became resolute. "No..."

She suddenly widened her eyes, her mouth was already covered by Nathan's hand. "I shouldn't have asked you that question."

Nathan had known her answer the moment she looked at Anya, so he reacted ahead of time and entered her when she was about to speak.

In the early morning, could he really accept her rejection?

Yulia stared into Nathan's eyes, feeling his behavior was completely beyond normal. She looked at him, then at Anya several times, reminding him to be aware of the surroundings.

Nathan just whispered, "It's okay, I'll be careful."

Yulia helplessly rolled her eyes; in the end, she had to close her eyes.

Nathan was indeed very careful, Yulia waited for a while, then slowly opened her eyes. Her heart suddenly started racing.

Nathan was bending his arm, propping on both sides of Yulia's head, his jaw slightly tense, his dark eyes staring straight at Yulia's face.

The moment Yulia opened her eyes and met his gaze, he stopped his movements and unexpectedly lowered his head to kiss her lips.

Chapter 1208

His kiss was passionate and tender, making Yulia's body weak as she willingly accepted him.

"Do you like it?" he asked, his voice low and restrained.

Yulia closed her eyes and didn't answer.

"As long as you like it, that's all that matters," he said.

The beautiful illusion in Yulia's heart shattered. Now she finally understood why he always asked her, "Do you like it?" and "As long as you like it."

What he meant was that as long as they were both satisfied, that was enough. There was nothing to lose for each other, so why not?

Why care so much? Why always question the reasons and purpose? Perhaps Nathan saw through everything.

As long as the two of them had a compatible relationship, as long as they liked each other, as long as they satisfied each other, it was enough. Nothing else mattered.

Yulia silently smiled. Nathan was right. Enjoy the happiness of the present.

She embraced his shoulders and peacefully fell asleep in his arms afterwards. Nathan also held her without a care, a faint smile lingering at the corner of his mouth. He peacefully fell asleep while holding her.

After a night of revelry, and a morning of hot sex, both of them woke up later than usual.

Anya sat up in bed, rubbed her eyes, stretched lazily, and then turned her head to see the tall figure lying beside her, facing away. She blinked her eyes, looked carefully, and exclaimed in surprise, quickly covering her mouth.

Seeing the two people tightly embracing on the bed, her eyes were filled with joy. Nathan and Yulipop were sleeping in each other's arms!

She had never seen this before!

Even when they slept together, she had never seen them so intimate. She smiled happily, carefully got out of bed, and found Yulia's phone. She walked to the other side of the bed and took a picture of the two of them.

In the photo, Yulia leaned against Nathan's chest while Nathan's chin rested on her head. He was asleep but still seemed to be smiling, so handsome. Of course, Yulipop was beautiful too.

Anya wanted to freshen up, but her small stool wasn't in the room, so she had to climb onto the bed and sit cautiously next to Nathan and Yulia, starting to take pictures. The phone now had a photo of two adults and a little girl together.

After she had finished playing, she supported herself with both hands on the bed and looked at the two people embracing each other. Her face was filled with happiness.

It wasn't until ten o'clock in the morning that Yulia opened her eyes, and at the sight of the strong chest in front of her, she paused for a moment, then rolled over. Nathan also woke up.

The room finally came alive. Yulia glanced at the clock on the wall, froze, blinked her eyes, and then suddenly flipped over and pressed herself onto Nathan's body.

Nathan held her waist, his voice a little hoarse. "Still want more?"

Yulia looked at the empty space behind Nathan and lowered her head to look at him. "Where's Anya?"

Nathan turned his head to glance at the spot where Anya should have been sleeping behind him, but it was empty. He paused for a moment, then relaxed. "Maybe she woke up and went out on her own. There are so many people in the house, she wouldn't..."

Nathan's words were interrupted as he looked behind Yulia and saw the adorable little girl lying by the edge of the bed. He couldn't help but smile. "She

wouldn't leave this room."

Yulia followed his gaze and indeed saw Anya lying by the bed, curled up into a ball, looking cute and pitiful. Her eyes immediately softened, and she reached out to pick her up and put her back in bed, but Anya woke up.

She blinked sleepily and first showed a sweet smile. "Nathan, Yulipop, you're awake."

Yulia still held Anya in her arms and kissed her smooth little face. “When did you wake up?”

“A long time ago. When you two were sleeping together, I was playing by myself, and then I fell asleep too...”

They were sleeping together...

“Nathan, does Yulipop smell nice?” Anya asked, facing Nathan.

Nathan propped himself up with his hand, looking at her while slightly smiling. “She smells better than you.”

Anya pouted but didn’t seem unhappy. “Yulipop smells the best.”

“Yes. She smells great.”

Yulia blushed a bit. “Alright, we should go freshen up. It’s getting late.”

“Yes, I’ve already slept twice.”

Yulia carried Anya off the bed. She was wearing Nathan’s shirt, which just covered her buttocks, and walked into the bathroom.

Nathan raised an eyebrow, then lay back on the pillow, gently pulling the covers. After a night of passion, the scent of Yulia lingered on the sheets. Anya was right, that woman really smelled wonderful.

Since they woke up late, Yulia felt a bit embarrassed as she went downstairs. After all, Nathan’s parents were staying with them, along with Damon, Chloe, and other guests. Missing breakfast was indeed awkward. But she still had to go downstairs.

Elizabeth was sitting in the living room watching TV and smiled when she saw Yulia coming down. She stood up immediately. "You're awake."

Anya was the first to run down, holding Yulia's phone.

Yulia felt a bit embarrassed. I'm sorry... I..."

I understand. Young people are like this..."

Yulia's face reddened even more.

"I'm hungry!"

"Poor child! I'll have someone bring you breakfast right away!"

A servant promptly said, "Understood, I'll go right away."

Elizabeth nodded and then turned to Nathan and Yulia. "You two should go eat as well. Breakfast is ready for you."

She sat down on the sofa, holding Anya in her arms. Nathan then pulled Yulia towards the dining room.

"Anya, did you oversleep? How did you wake up so late?"

"I didn't oversleep. Nathan and Yulipop overslept... I woke up very early, and they were still sleeping. Then I fell asleep again by myself."

"So that's how it was..."

Anya nodded earnestly. "They were sleeping together, and they slept very soundly!"

They were sleeping together? How did they sleep together?" Elizabeth asked curiously.

"I took pictures!" Anya said excitedly.

Chapter 1209

Elizabeth's eyes lit up, "Where's the photo?"

"Right here!"

Yulia, who was on her way to the kitchen, halted and glanced at the phone in Anya's hand. Damon, Chloe, and Rose, who had just walked in, also looked at Anya's phone.

Yulia's legs suddenly went weak. So this was why Anya had been so insistent on taking her phone.

Anya was planning to tell everyone about it.

"Wow... that is so cute!"

By this time, Elizabeth had seen the photo on the phone. It showed Anya in various poses and cute expressions, with a uniform background of Nathan and Yulia sleeping in each other's arms.

If she went to bed late, then it's understandable that she got up late.

Rose and Chloe also approached to take a look, then glanced at the two who hadn't entered the kitchen yet. They all chuckled.

Yulia was so embarrassed that she wanted to crawl into a hole. Was she raising Anya just to expose her own photos? She gave an awkward smile to Chloe and Rose before quickly walking into the dining room.

After they finished breakfast, which was already close to noon, Elizabeth decided not to let anyone leave.

“Ladies, let’s play bridge! Gentlemen, play chess!”

This arrangement was perfect. However, the gentlemen didn’t follow her suggestion to play chess, instead choosing to stay by their wives’ sides. They all stayed close to their wives. Rose sat alone, tapping on the table. “You’re all ganging up on me?”

Chloe looked at her and laughed, “When did you learn to play bridge?”

“Mobile games!” Rose answered without hesitation, then smirked at Chloe, “Have you never played bridge?”

Chloe nodded, “No, I haven’t.” Where would she find the time to play bridge?

Rose squinted her eyes and smiled, “That’s okay, it’s easy to learn! You’ll get it after a few rounds.”

Chloe looked at her and gave a slight smile, “Let’s make a bet.”

Rose nodded, showing no signs of fear. “If I lose, my son will take your last name. If you lose, you’ll be my next husband.”

Chloe nodded, “Okay.”

Damon, sitting nearby, his face turned gloomy. Those two bets, either making her a father or a husband, then where should he go?

Nathan, watching from the side, couldn’t help laughing. “Go for it, try to make her cheat on her current hubby.”

Damon's gaze swept across him coldly. Nathan coughed and looked away, "Let's start."

The first round began, Damon watched as Chloe didn't even know how to sort her cards, so he helped her.

"You know how to play bridge too?" Chloe looked at him, full of surprise and admiration.

"I used to watch my mom play."

Elizabeth laughed, "What? You only watched me play a few times twenty years ago."

"That's enough."

If he had to spend a lot of time learning this, then it wouldn't be a popular entertainment anymore.

The first round, Chloe played terribly. Her cards were sorted by Damon, but she messed them up.

Rose sat beside her, playing well and winning a round. Damon sat coldly on the side, if Chloe lost she would have to become someone else's husband, if she won, she would have to become someone else's father. He didn't like either outcome.

He gave Rose a cold look. She was already married, she should behave.

Maybe she needed some lessons.

By the second round, Chloe was still playing terribly; even when she drew good cards, she played them chaotically.

She needed Spades, but played them all out, giving Rose the opportunity. As a result, Rose won another round!

“Chloe! You’re not doing this on purpose, are you!? If you keep playing like this, Rose is going to win big!” Elizabeth couldn’t help but speak out. If Chloe kept playing like this, Rose would definitely win big this round.

“Yes... you’re playing really... bad! It’s like you’re deliberately picking cards to play...” Yulia also couldn’t help but blurt out. It was almost like she was doing it on purpose.

Chloe looked confused, “Really? I don’t really know how to play, I’m just trying... So she’ll win big like this?”

*I think you’re really going to become Rose’s next husband today.” Elizabeth was unhappy, jealous of Rose’s big win.

Rose just smiled happily. “Chloe is a beginner. Cut her some slack!”

Chloe continued to play Spades, and with each card she played, Yulia and Elizabeth became more worried. They were afraid that she would let Rose win

Elizabeth was very nervous, and she told Chloe: “You’re really scary when you play cards. Can you please stop playing Spades, we’ve already said that Rose might win!”

Chloe looked helpless, “But I don’t need those cards.

“Even if you don’t need those cards, you can’t let someone else win.”

“Okay.” Chloe nodded.

Damon had no idea what to do with Chloe. His mom was right, he watched as she played out all the ‘Spades’ she had sorted, as if she knew how Rose could win.

But in the end, his eyes lit up with interest. When it came to being cunning, no one could beat Chloe. She gave others hope first, then quietly dashed it. She had four of spades five. How could Rose win?

The first round, Rose basically let her grasp the basics of bridge. The second round, she figured out the card pattern. Now she definitely knew that Rose needed the spades five in her hand, which was why she dared to make such a bold move.

Now, all the cards in her hand were good, plus her four spades five, so this round, the biggest winner was not Rose, but Chloe.

She was playing dumb here, wasn't this cunning?

When it was her turn to play the last card, she placed the four spades face down on the table, concealing their faces. She smiled and said, "It's my turn again, can I pick a card from there?"

She pointed at the pile of cards in front of Yulia.

That was a heart.

Elizabeth took a glance at the card and pursed her lips, "You take it."

Chloe grinned, reaching out to pick up the card. Then she turned to Damon sitting nearby, winked, and asked, "Did I win?"

Chapter 1210

Damon glanced at her and cracked a smile.

"You won."

“What?!” Rose yelled out in discontent. She leaned to check Chloe’s cards and was completely taken aback.

When Chloe revealed her cards, Elizabeth and Yulia both gasped in surprise.

“What are your four cards?” Elizabeth asked.

Chloe showed those too.

Elizabeth’s jaw dropped, and she sympathetically glanced at Rose. Rose, who had been so happy just a moment ago, was now left without a shred of hope.

She twitched her lips, “Chloe! You... you didn’t do this on purpose, did you?”

“What?”

Nathan, who was watching Chloe, said, “You tricked everyone by pretending to be a newbie.”

Chloe raised an eyebrow, “Anyways, I won.”

Everyone fell silent. Thus, even though this was Chloe’s first win, she won big. The other three were completely stunned and worried for themselves.

Before the last round, they played a game of dice. Chloe was rolling the dice, all the while grinning. Before the dice stopped, she looked up and said, “Three points, it’s Yulia’s turn.”

Damon’s gaze became sharp in an instant. Nathan too looked at her with a look of surprise. His gaze slowly moved to Damon, and noticing his odd expression, he couldn’t help but look back at Chloe.

What a... coincidence? Could she really be that lucky?!

In the last round, Elizabeth won. But in the end, Chloe won the most.

"In the future, your son will use the Harper family's surname."

Yulia frowned instantly, "Aren't you a Summers? Since when did you start using the Harper surname?!"

"I married Damon, so I should use Damon's surname."

Damon, who had been solemn because of the bet, finally had a change in expression. Your name with my surname.

It was normal for a woman to add her husband's surname after getting married.

Rose, "You're not married to him yet."

"I am already married."

"... What did you say?!"

Chloe laughed at Rose's surprise, "Damon and I have already gotten our marriage certificate."

Rose's eyes widened, it took her a while to blink, then suddenly she said, "That doesn't count!"

"What?"

"The bet doesn't count!" Rose stood up, "I don't want my son to use the Harper surname."

"Why? The Harper surname is nice, and that way I get another child."

Elizabeth was naturally happy; she loved children the most.

Chloe laughed, "A bet can't be broken. I already consider your son as my own."

Rose paused, "You should get a daughter quickly. That way my son will be a Harper then."

Chloe arched an eyebrow, "Really?"

"Our relationship is so good, it's normal for our children to be engaged from a young age, right? Of course, it's real."

"What I mean is, letting your son become a Harper?"

Rose paused, looking troubled, "My son, I think he might be too macho. If you let him live with the Harpers, I'm afraid he..."

That's why it's called a bet." Chloe cut off Rose's words lightly, "I've already made concessions, you should be satisfied. You should understand, a bet can't be broken."

Rose hesitated for a long time before finally agreeing. "Fine! It's decided."

Chloe smiled. Life in the future might be quite interesting. Although the child was still in Rose's belly, and his personality was still unknown, but based on Rose and Morrison's personalities, having their son live with the Harpers... If that day really came, she was looking forward to seeing what kind of reaction her future son-in-law will have.

Damon was also in a good mood, and seeing Rose's troubled expression, he said coldly:

"Don't be so presumptuous. Maybe, my daughter won't even like your son in the future."

Rose's eyes widened, she was angered by Damon's words. But it didn't take long for her to mumble, "It doesn't matter, as long as my son falls for your daughter. Anyway, once they're married, whether your daughter likes him or not can't be changed"

Damon's expression turned dark instantly. Thinking about how his future daughter might be possessed by a Witt, he was furious! "If he dares to touch my daughter! I will break his legs!"

*If you dare break my son's legs! I'll have my son elope with your daughter!"

Damon sneered, "I'd like to see, is there any place in this world that I can't find."

Rose was almost suffocated by his arrogance, "You're just showing off because you're rich and powerful, aren't you? What's so great about you!"

"I am great" Damon said calmly, and even Chloe who was standing beside him felt like hitting him.

People who showed off their wealth were indeed annoying. But... Rich and powerful people were indeed great.

Rose gritted her teeth, unable to defeat Damon. She was very livid.

The others found it funny, but Elizabeth, seeing Rose getting really angry, worried it might affect her health and said:

"These are all unknowns, maybe Chloe's first child is a boy too."

Nathan cut in, "Two boys can get married too."

Elizabeth glared at him, "How can two boys get married?!"

"They can be gay." Nathan blurted out.

The living room fell into silence, then Nathan gave a loud shout. Elizabeth kicked him hard under the table.

Rose burst into laughter, "Even if he's gay, he should be the one wearing the pants."

Silence fell among them again.

"Senna." Damon suddenly called a servant in a low voice.

Senna hurried over, "What can I do for you?"

"Go find some folks and throw this woman out."

After Damon finished speaking, his cold gaze fell on Rose, whoser smile froze on her face.

Of course, in the end, they didn't actually throw Rose out.

The fire at the Summers family mansion yesterday was still a hot topic online.