

CHOSEN 1261

Chapter 1261

A calm voice quietly chimed in, the tone soft but the words landing clear and strong on everyone's ears.

Chloe's raised hand froze mid-air. She blinked in surprise, then slowly turned towards the entrance.

At the banquet hall entrance, someone was pushing a wheelchair inside. The lady in the wheelchair wore a hat, her head slightly lowered. From Chloe's position on the stage, she couldn't even see the woman's chin. But her hand shook slightly, her gaze glued to the woman in the wheelchair, as if she were a toddler learning to walk, cautiously turning to face the crowd.

The crowd once again parted, all eyes on the lady in the wheelchair, curiosity piqued.

"Who's she?"

"No idea."

"Where'd she pop up from? Seems like she's here to back up Ms. Summers."

The wheelchair finally came to a halt not far from the stage.

Jonah, who had been standing by, swayed a bit, gazing at the woman in disbelief. How could this be?!

He took a few steps forward, excitement taking a hold of him, but suddenly remembered the current situation.

Ever since she left, Chloe's life had hit rock bottom. He, as her grandfather, had failed to protect her. Even Chloe's engagement party had turned into a farce.

Chloe claimed she was Damon's fiancée, but most people there didn't buy it. The Alonsos were brazen enough to say Chloe was a nobody, treating her like she was beneath them. The Summers family offered her no support, and in the end, her own grandmother intended to sell her off to a Viscount from Y Country.

He was too ashamed to face her.

Grace frowned at the lady in the wheelchair. "Who are you? What do you mean by what you just said!?"

"Seems you're not too bright if you can't even understand plain language."

Grace's face turned sour. "Mind your own business, this is between the Alonsos and the Harpers, and has nothing to do with you."

"Your business?" The lady's voice was light, faintly amused. It was clear that she commanded the room with just a few casual words.

As Mrs. Alonso, Grace was used to being fawned over by high society. Now, being outdone by a woman in a wheelchair, she was none too pleased. "Excuse me?!" She spat furiously.

One was calm and composed, even seated in a wheelchair, exuding an air of clear, cold dominance that demanded respect. The other was impulsive and rude. Despite standing on a stage and bearing the title of Mrs. Alonso, Grace seemed crude compared to the woman below.

"How can this matter be only yours? Your daughter's marrying the CEO of the Harper family, but the CEO is actually set to marry Miss Summers. The Harpers, the Summers, the Alonsos, do you just think Chloe is alone and easy to push around?"

No one to rely on?

Grace paused, then burst into laughter. "Or what? Her grandmother's ready to abandon her, her grandpa can't stand up to her grandma, and her own father's useless. Who do you think can step-up for her in the Summers family?"

She sneered, as if recalling something amusing, then turned to Alyssa. "So even by family status, the Summers can't even muster a decent guy to marry her. Alyssa, no offense, but I think you might be getting too old, trying to play charity?"

Alyssa didn't seem offended and just smiled coldly. "Even if this was charity, we'd rather give charity than marry a stuck-up Alonso. Don't you find yourself ridiculous?" Grace's eyes twitched. She glared at Alyssa, her face a grimace of anger and pain, "So, Alyssa, you're really throwing away our friendship for this lowly woman."

Alyssa didn't reply, instead a mocking voice came from the crowd. "Friendship should be mutual, not something you can exploit at will."

Grace's fury flared again, she shot a glare at the woman in the wheelchair. "Who the hell are you? I warn you, if you know what's good for you, stay out of my way. What right do you have to interfere in our business?!"

"Right... hmm..." The soft voice lingered, after a long pause, and the woman in the wheelchair slowly raised her hand, removing her hat.

Chloe's hands clenched tight, her body shaking slightly, her heart pounding uncontrollably. Her eyes quivered, tears burning at the corners. She bit her lip, her gaze locked on

the woman.

The woman took off her hat, slowly lifted her head, her eyes meeting Chloe's without flinching. Chloe's eyes trembled, tears spilling over. Her chest tightened, then abruptly relaxed, her knees buckling, nearly falling over. Her throat let out a whimper, almost a sob. If Damon hadn't been there to catch her, she would've collapsed right there.

!

Chloe clung to Damon's arm, her eyes fixed on the woman's face. Despite her blurry vision, she refused to blink. She leaned heavily against Damon. This was just like when Damon suddenly appeared. It felt almost the same.

She had always believed that in this crazy world, Damon was her rock, her go-to guy. So, whenever he showed up, all her toughness and stubbornness would just crumble. She didn't have to fake bravery, and she wasn't scared of him seeing her vulnerable side. Because she knew, as long as he was there, she wouldn't get hurt.

Before, she thought she only had Damon. But she never saw this coming. Today, of all days, she...

"Damon..." She couldn't believe it, instinctively gripping Damon's arm tightly. "I think I see my..."

She couldn't finish her sentence, she was scared of getting her hopes up, scared of mistaking someone else for the person she longed for. The letdown after that would take a long time to recover from.

She locked away all memories of her mother in the deepest corner of her heart.

"It's your mom."

Chapter 1262

Damon was the one who said it, with a fone that left no room for doubt.

Chloe's eyes trembled slightly as she slowly raised her head to look at him, tears dropping onto his pristine white sleeve in the process. Her lips quivered as she looked at him. "...it's you..."

Damon gently tugged at her lips and pulled her tightly into his embrace. "I'm so relieved that we found her before our engagement ceremony."

Chloe felt her heart being overwhelmed by warmth and tears. What should she do? How should she react?

Her mom...

She turned her head again to look at the woman on the stage. Yasmine raised her head, giving her a faint smile. "Chloe."

She still remembered when she was a child, her mother holding her, her gaze piercing the darkness and looking into the distance. Her voice was calm and gentle, whispering, "Chloe, you'll have friends, a family, partners who will struggle alongside you, love you, support you, a lover who will treasure you. Chloe, you will never be lonely, even in the darkness, you'll never get lost."

Chloe was crying hard, like a child.

Seeing her cry so heartbrokenly, Damon held her tightly in his arms.

"Thank you, Damon... thank you..."

She couldn't express her gratitude to Damon in words. She wanted to, but felt that whatever she did, it wouldn't be enough to repay Damon for all he had done for her. She had never stopped looking for her mother all these years. Everyone said her mother had died. Even the silence of all these years made her believe that there were no miracles in this world.

But miracles did exist. The fact that Damon appeared in her life was a miracle.

She stood up from Damon's arms, looked at Yasmine, hesitated on the spot, and finally took a step forward, slowly walking towards her. She didn't notice the gazes of the people around her. She just stared at the face of the woman who had changed a bit but was still familiar. As she got closer and closer/she dared not even blink. Everyone around was curious. Who was this woman that made the normally strong Ms. Summers cry so hard?,

"I've never seen this woman before, who is she?"

"I'm not sure, she looks familiar, but I can't remember..."

"She seems to have some resemblance to Ms. Summers..."

2

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2

People were whispering, looking at Chloe standing still in front of the wheelchair, looking down.

Yasmine raised her head, staring at her daughter whose eyes were red and swollen, almost greedily taking in her appearance. She slowly reached out her shaking hand, hesitantly grabbing Chloe's hand that was at her side. "Chloe, I'm sorry..."

Chloe placed her hand over her chest, where too many feelings of pain, grievance, anxiety, shock, and joy were hidden. Her hand was wrapped in a warm and soft palm. This familiar feeling made her hard heart turn incredibly soft. Her lips were trembling, after a long time of suppressing her feelings, she finally said slowly, "...mom."

"Mm." Yasmine's tears suddenly fell.

Those close to them had their eyes wide open in shock, full of disbelief.

"Mom? She's Ms. Summers' mom?".

Someone exclaimed in shock, immediately the banquet hall became noisy.

“How is that possible? Didn’t Ms. Summers’ mom pass away?”

“Yeah, how could this be...”

“Yes, it can’t be, didn’t she commit suicide six years ago?”

“But... they never found her body...”

2

Even Carolina, who was pushed off the stage by Nate, was stunned. She endured the excruciating pain all over her body and struggled to stand up from the ground. She firmly said, “It’s impossible!”

As she limped towards the crowd, she said, “Yasmine died six years ago! I saw it with my own eyes, she’s been dead for six years, how could she still be alive...”

Before Carolina could finish her sentence, she froze the moment she saw Yasmine. She stood there in shock, her eyes filled with terror and disbelief...

Yasmine slowly turned her head to look at her, her expression gradually turning cold. “If you hadn’t assumed I was dead, you probably wouldn’t have dared to treat my daughter this way.” The way she spoke was devoid of any respect for her elders.

Carolina’s face turned even more awkward, and she involuntarily took two steps back. “You’re not dead?”

Yasmine smirked. “It seems I’ve disappointed you.”

“Oh my god, she really is Ms. Summers’ biological mother.”

“That’s...Yasmine, right?”

“Ah..yes.”

Yasmine’s death had caused everything about her to gradually fade over the six years. But whenever someone mentioned Yasmine, they knew that she was not someone to be messed with lightly!

Almost everyone in P City knew Yasmine. They respected her, revered her, and feared her. She was intelligent, ruthless, and decisive. No one dared to offend her lightly, because they never knew when her would suddenly put them in danger. If anyone had a bit of understanding about Chloe now, they would know just how tough her mom

was.

This mother–daughter duo was virtually the same person. If there was any difference, it was that Yasmine had a few more years of experience, so her methods and momentum were stronger than Chloe’s. You could tell from what she just said to Carolina. Towards this mother–in–law of hers in name, her attitude was more of arrogance rather than respect.

But right now, they were still shocked by one fact – Yasmine wasn’t dead, she was back!

With this mother–daughter duo back to being together again, P City might become even more restless.

Oh, so she’s got backup now.”

of chloe’s

Grace, standing on the stage, gradually came back to her senses. She still didn’t understand why everyone reacted so strongly to the sudden appearance of Chloe’s mother. “Now that the Summers family has one more person, what can you do? Does your status become noble because of you, a lowly person?”

Chapter 1263

“So, the Summers family just got a new member, and you think that changes something? Is she suddenly high—and-mighty?”

Grace’s words hung in the air uncomfortably, shifting the room’s opinion of her.

Yasmine just leaned back in her wheelchair, casually raising an eyebrow.

“Nate.” Damon’s voice sliced through the awkward silence. This time, Nate didn’t act but signaled his men to surround Grace.

“What do you think you’re doing? Damon, you’re stepping out of line. I’m your elder, the lady of the Alonso family, how dare you... Ahh!”

A loud slap echoed through the room, followed by Grace’s shriek. Wendy was taken aback that Damon would actually slap her mother in front of everyone. She was frantic. “Mom! Damon...you can’t... Damon... Grandpa!” Damon’s cold indifference forced Wendy to seek help from Presley. Little did she know, all this chaos was instigated by Presley himself.

“Keep going!”

Wendy’s pleas fell on deaf ears, only making the slapping sound echo even louder.

Everyone in the room couldn’t bear to watch the spectacle.

“If you guys don’t feel embarrassed, I’m curious to see just how shameless you can be,” Damon said indifferently.

Presley hadn’t expected Damon to go this far. Publicly slapping Grace was a recipe for chaos!

“Stop!” Presley finally found his voice.

“Keep going.” Damon’s eyes were as cold as ever.

“Damon! You think tonight’s drama ain’t big enough?!”

“You’re the one who didn’t want this engagement party to go smoothly. What’s one more joke? What’s the difference?”

“Have you lost your mind?!?”

Damon remained silent.

Presley was gasping with rage, “Are you blaming me?!?”

Damon merely squinted at him.

“You ungrateful brat! Everything I’ve done is for your own good! What’s so good about Chloe that you would ignore Wendy? Your feelings? How long have you known each other? What kind of bond could surpass that of you and Wendy growing up together? What can she give you? Sure, the Harper family is influential now, but who knows how long that will last? Have you heard of preparing for a rainy day? Or are you going to wait until it’s too late to regret?!?”

“Regret?” Damon chuckled, “There’s nothing in this world I could possibly regret. If there was.

He turned his gaze to Chloe. If there was any feeling, it was all for her. He regretted not meeting her sooner, regretted letting her shoulder everything alone, regretted not doing more for her, regretted not providing her with more care and love, regretted letting her cry, get hurt, and suffer so much.

Damon didn’t say it out loud, but everyone understood what he meant. Presley felt a chill. His worst fear was coming true, and there was nothing he could do to stop it. His most prized grandson was

indeed tangled in love.

For a woman, he could give up everything.

Yasmine watched from the stage as Presley, filled with despair, finally spoke. "Presley's thinking is nothing more than hoping for the Harper family's continuous prosperity to remain the dominant force. But we don't know how long this world will last, so the idea of eternal prosperity is a joke.

"Have you ever thought about where you're putting Alyssa with your actions today? Is your relationship with Alyssa just a trade of interests, maintaining superficial harmony while not caring about each other at all?"!

Presley was stunned, his eyes bulging, "You..."

"What? Did I say something wrong? Does Presley still have feelings for Alyssa? That's not right, is it? If you truly loved Alyssa and had a happy life with her for many years, why is it unfilial and foolish for your grandson to find someone he likes? Presley, don't you think this is contradictory?"

Presley was speechless for a moment, his first instinct was to look at Alyssa. "I'm not..."

"Hmph." Alyssa scoffed, leaving Presley's explanation hanging. "It's so hard for you to be stuck with me."

Chloe tugged at Yasmine's hand. No matter how outrageous Presley was, Alyssa was someone she didn't want to hurt. Wasn't her mother just adding fuel to the fire?

Yasmine fell silent for a moment, and Grace's punishment also stopped. She was livid. "How dare you hit me..."

Grace's speech was unclear due to her swollen lips, but Yasmine understood. "There's nothing that stops us from hitting you."

"You're not anyone special. Hitting you is letting you off easy."

Wendy watched her always proud mother be humiliated like this. Before she could feel sorry for her, Yasmine's words sent her rationality flying, leaving only indignation, humiliation, and rager

"Not anyone special, my mother is the lady of the Alonso family, you..."

"You're also the Alonso family's miss, the future head of the Alonso family." Yasmine cut off Wendy, "You keep bringing up the Alonso family, and it's getting really annoying."

She paused, her gaze falling on Wendy, her smart eyes lingering on her for a moment, then she smiled gently, with a hint of disdain.

"Honestly, you're not as pretty as my daughter. Your figure can't hold a candle to my daughter's tall and slender body..." She laughed. Yasmine paused for a moment; everyone else in the room fell into a brief silence, then they all burst into laughter.

"Hahahaha...." Kane was laughing so hard that he was practically rolling on the floor.

Nathan who had just arrived suddenly slipped and almost fell. "Wow, it's really your mama!" He said with a laugh. His voice wasn't loud, but it was noticeably clear.

Chapter 1264

Immediately, the whole venue burst into subdued laughter.

"Haha, she's definitely her mom..."

"There's no doubt about it, she's her real mom."

"Her own mom..."

Standing next to Yasmine, Chloe's face turned red, and her ears reddened too. What were they talking about? This was so awkward!

Even Damon, standing on the stage, couldn't help but smile slightly.

Yasmine frowned slowly. "What's so funny? Did I say something wrong?"

Damon shook his head lightly and said, "You didn't say anything wrong."

"So, I said, you should feel lucky to marry my daughter. And of course, your taste isn't bad either."

Nate was almost moved to tears. From the presidential palace of B Country to now, Yasmine finally gave Damon an approving look. It was not easy. Wendy stood aside with a gloomy face. Being compared with Chloe and being inferior to her in every way, especially in terms of looks and figure, was really heart-breaking!

Especially since the man she loved most also readily agreed that her looks and figure were inferior to Chloe's.

This was really heart-breaking.

"Not only these, but your temperament is also not as good as my daughter's. You do not have my daughter's intelligence, you can't do housework, and your business aptitude is obviously not as good as my daughter's.

"You can't compare to my daughter in any way. Who gave you the confidence to think that every man has to fall in love with you?

"You and your mother only care about wealth, look down on people, and consider yourselves superior to everyone else. Do you think you can bully my daughter because of your family's status? I originally thought the property I left for my daughter was enough to protect her from being bullied after marriage. But I didn't expect my daughter to have a really unique taste and choose a family like the Harper family."

At this time, Alyssa suddenly interrupted, "It was me who liked Chloe and let my grandson pursue her!"

Damon smiled slightly. "It was me who actively pursued her."

People didn't quite understand how these two got together, but all eyes were on the tall, cold, and handsome man standing on the stage. How did such a man persist in pursuing a woman, regardless of everything? It was unimaginable.

Yasmine nodded. "Yeah, I think so too. Otherwise, my daughter wouldn't have taken a fancy to you."

Everyone was shocked. Wasn't this too much? But Damon just retracted his gaze, and his eyes filled with warm approval, not the slightest displeasure or anger. "Yes, you're right."

Yasmine looked at him for a while, then lowered her gaze and spoke again. "I know well how excellent my daughter is, and she is aware of her own value. Even if you are the CEO of the Harper Group, she wouldn't give priority to you."

Although she didn't want to admit it, she couldn't deny that family background was indeed an important factor. Otherwise, she wouldn't have left the property to Chloe before leaving. This was also the dignity and confidence she left for Chloe.

Damon tugged at his lips. "I know, she rejected me because of this once."

Rejection. This word shocked everyone present.

Yasmine knew her daughter better than anyone else. Ms. Summers actually rejected the pursuit of the CEO of the Harper Group. If Damon's pursuit happened to someone else, wouldn't they be over the moon?

Chloe was full of emotions. She knew that everything tonight was Damon's respect for her in front of everyone. He made her not be doubted by others, showing that she didn't covet the Harper family's wealth and status.

She was moved by his care and consideration, and this emotion far exceeded the temptation of material things.

Yasmine could feel that her daughter was full of love and trust for Damon. She smiled slightly, her eyes warm and satisfied, then turned to Presley on the stage and continued. "I support any choice my daughter makes! If the property I left for her is not enough to match the status of the Harper family, then I can give her more. Do you think the Alonso family is of great help to the Harper family? Then if the Alonso family is under my control, would you want my daughter to marry into the Harper family?"

The whole place fell silent. Did she really know what she was talking about? What a crazy statement! The Alonso family?! What a concept, she actually said she wanted to control it?

Grace was so shocked by her words that she was dizzy, but she still heard her words clearly. "Do you want to give the Alonso family as a wedding gift to your daughter?!"

Yasmine smiled lightly. "Why not?"

Her words were calm and composed, sounding as casual as saying "Let's have a burger tonight." But in fact, this sentence seemed too incredible to

anyone.

Grace came back to her senses from the shock, laughed in disbelief as if she had heard some big joke. Almost everyone present didn't believe her words, including Presley and Alyssa, Elizabeth, Royce, Nathan, Seth, and others.

However, only Chloe and Damon's faces remained unchanged when they heard her words, Chloe had always had such a plan, she planned to gradually weaken the foundation of the Alonso family and did not rule out the possibility of gradually incorporating the Alonso family under her control..

Her mother's decision was obviously to turn what she considered unnecessary into a necessity. She thought that if she could do something, there was no reason her mother couldn't do it. So she believed it.

As for Damon, he thought it was best to take over the Alonso family ASAP. That way, he didn't need to worry about any future issues they would cause. If Yasmine needed a hand, he was down to help.

Just one Alonso family? Even if he had to deal with them slowly, he would handle it well.

"How could that possibly be..."

"Yeah, no matter how capable one is, it's impossible to bring down a deeply rooted family like the Alonso's all alone, right?"

Everyone was shaking their heads, either shocked or in disbelief.

Yasmine, with a playful smile in her eyes, didn't seem bothered at all. "If it's a wedding gift, then Chloe ain't walking down the aisle till the gift is ready."

Chapter 1265

"What!"

The room was in uproar!

They were already engaged!

So, was the wedding still up in the air?

If the Alonso family wasn't secured during their lifetime, did that mean the wedding was off?

Using the Alonso family as a wedding gift was already unexpected. Did they still want to secure the Alonso family in the shortest time possible? How was that even possible? The shortest time must've been at least three to five years, right? This estimate was pretty generous towards Yasmine.

Presley was so shocked by Yasmine's words that he was speechless. This was unbelievable!

A woman with such big ambition? Want to own the Alonso family? Even he hadn't thought of this.

Wendy was completely blank, shocked by these words. Yasmine's words were clearly arrogant and unrealistic, but she almost inexplicably believed them. After the shock, she felt a little happy deep inside. Owning the Alonso family, what a pipe dream!

She announced her engagement with Damon tonight, and all she wanted was time. Now with this sudden twist from Chloe Summers' mother, could this engagement be null and void? Then she would have more time to cultivate a relationship with Damon.

"No!" Alyssa suddenly said determinedly.

"Right! No, no, no!" Elizabeth also hastily waved her hand, firmly opposing this proposal.

"Why?" Yasmine asked.

"Because I still want great-grandchildren."

"Because I'm eager for grandchildren."

Alyssa and Yasmine almost spoke at the same time, expressing the same sentiment.

Yasmine frowned. "What does wanting grandchildren have to do with getting married?"

Alyssa and Elizabeth were both stunned. Nathan, Kane, Seth, Stanley, and Claud were all shocked.

Everyone was flabbergasted. What? Having grandchildren didn't relate to getting married?

Yasmine frowned again. "In this day and age, having children before marriage isn't unusual, is it?"

Everyone was shocked. Could she not drop these bombshells out of the blue? Wasn't this a typical sudden change of topic?

Alyssa and Elizabeth both agreed. They all nodded in agreement. "Sure! Sure, sure, totally possible! Hahaha..."

Chloe smiled helplessly and looked up at Damon, who also smiled chuckled. Thankfully, he and Chloe were already married, or he would have to wait a long time.

Not to mention three to five years, even three months, would be too long for him.

"Haha... It's hilarious, you actually want the Alonso family as your daughter's wedding gift? Utterly ridiculous! I might believe you if you can live that long! But until then, your precious daughter will always be overshadowed by my daughter!"

Yasmine gently shook her head, then seemingly casually touched her forehead.

"Ms. Grace," She said softly, then lowered her hand, looking up at the woman on stage with a smiling face, and said quietly,

"You've been Ms. Grace for so long, have you forgotten your original status?"

Her words were calm but profound, making everyone in the room quiet down. Their instincts told them that something unexpected was about to happen. Grace's smug expression was instantly frozen on her face. Her expression shifted a few times, and in the end, she looked somewhat awkward.

“What do you mean?” She looked at Yasmine warily, seeing the faint smile on her face. She suddenly felt uneasy.

Yasmine smiled slightly. “What I mean is before you look down on others, think about whether you’re in the position to do so.”

Grace was somewhat flustered. “I... why wouldn’t I be, I..”

“Do you think you deserved to be Mrs. Alonso back then?”

Yasmine looked up at Grace. “I’ve always believed that everyone in this world has their own pressures in life. As long as they don’t do anything illegal, no matter what profession they are in, everyone deserves respect, and no one is inferior to anyone. Since you wanted to compare ‘qualifications’ and status today, let’s compare...”

Grace stared at Yasmine, her face suddenly turned extremely awkward.

“You tell me, my daughter, as a world–renowned perfumer, CEO of Starlight International, legally owning many businesses, is not suitable to be part of the Harper family. Back in the day, you were just a nightclub dancer, what qualifications did you have to take the position of Mrs. Alonso?”

“What did you say!!” Grace’s eyes widened instantly, her legs went weak, and she almost fell to the ground.

“What? A nightclub dancer?”

“She was a nightclub dancer?”

Is this true?”

“You... you’re talking nonsense!” Grace suddenly yelled, her voice shrill.

Yasmine smiled. "If I dare to say it, it's because I certainly have evidence. Even if you try to hide it, what happened has happened."

Grace turned pale, full of fear. Her appearance made those who initially didn't believe Yasmine start to believe.

"You're slandering me! If you have evidence, show it!"

No one could possibly have evidence because she had already cleaned up everything before.

Yasmine suddenly laughed, her eyes also squinted with laughter, "You want evidence, okay."

Grace's heartbeat almost stopped. She was sure Yasmine couldn't possibly have any proof. But then, how would she know without any evidence? Wendy stared blankly at Grace, her eyes filled with disbelief. "Mom, what she's saying... It's not true, right?"

"Of course not!"

Just then, an old man in a hat emerged from the crowd and walked up to Yasmine. "Yasmine, I've got all the documents," he announced. "Great! We can post these online so everyone gets a chance to see

the splendid and inspiring life of hers."

Chloe glanced down at the old man and whispered, "Bryson?"

"Yes, Ms. Chloe," he replied.

Grace looked at the documents in his hand and began to shake uncontrollably.

Wendy's mind suddenly went blank, as if something had exploded in her head, sending out a buzzing sound. Her nerves were rocked by intense pain, leaving no room for thought.

"M—mom..." she called out to Grace timidly. Seeing the panic in Grace's eyes, she instinctively took a few steps back. Her first thought was to put some distance between her and Grace.

Chapter 1266

Was her mom really a nightclub dancer?

'Ms. Alonso,' Yasmine looked at Wendy, calling her softly, then shook her head with a sigh after staring at her for a long while. "You were born prematurely. Your mom had an induced labor, giving birth to you two months early."

Grace screamed, "Shut up!"

Yasmine seemed to ignore her. "Do you know why your mom gave birth to you two months early?"

Wendy shook her head palely, "No idea..."

"Because Cole Alonso's wife was giving birth that same night. She wanted to give birth to you before his wife did, so you could be the first child of the Alonso family. Then she could rise in value, easily becoming the honorable lady of the Alonso family... But even so, you were born thirteen minutes later than Ms. Phoebe.

"So, Ms. Alonso, you're not actually the first child of the Alonso family, and strictly speaking, you're not the future heir of the Alonso family either..Thus, you have no right to act all high and mighty in front of my daughter, got it?"

She was just a child born to a nightclub dancer trying to climb up the social ladder.

"To be honest, I'm not interested in the secrets behind your rich families, even if I knew, I shouldn't tell you, but..." Yasmine's voice suddenly turned cold. "Why are you always picking on my daughter? Isn't it great to live your fancy lives? The last thing you should do is bully my daughter. You probably don't

know much about me. I'm actually a kind person, but I can't stand being wronged, and I tend to fight back. Yes, I admit, I hold grudges."

The crowd was speechless. Was this what she called "holding grudges"? Could she not say these contrasting things with such a serious face? It made them unsure whether to take her seriously or not.

"Impossible!" Wendy suddenly screamed. "I am the first child of the Alonso family. Damon, you have to believe me, she's lying, I really am the first child of the Alonso family..."

Damon dodged Wendy, who was lunging at him. "Whether you are or not has nothing to do with me."

"No... Damon, listen to me..."

"So... my mother wasn't the other woman?" Phoebe looked pale. She spoke, her voice full of pain, on the verge of tears.

She lifted her trembling eyes to look at Grace on stage.

"You're the other woman? The night my mother gave birth to me, why did the doctor lie? How did my mother die? Were you involved in her death? What... what did you do that night?!"

Phoebe's words were incoherent, but they hit like a ton of bricks, causing a storm of shock. If anyone gave these questions some thought, the answers should be obvious, right?

Phoebe had always been obedient and well-behaved. The news tonight was like a bomb dropped out of the blue, catching her off-guard. She suddenly understood why Grace had been so wary of her all these years. She had always kept a low profile, never fighting or coveting anything that didn't belong to her in the Alonso-family, but Grace was always on guard against her.

Even when she showed up here to attend the engagement party, Grace sharply rebuked her. It turned out, that Grace had always been suspicious.

Grace didn't look at Phoebe but avoided her gaze and looked elsewhere.

"Speak up!" Phoebe broke down.

Just as the situation was about to escalate into an Alonso family feud, Damon rubbed his temples and said softly, "Nate."

"Mr. Harper," Nate responded immediately.

"Please escort all the Alonsos out. They are not welcome here!"

Wendy felt as if she was plunging into an abyss. How did things turn out like this? Wasn't she supposed to become Mr. Harper's fiancée today? Why did her status as the first child of the Alonso family suddenly become so unstable?

"No, I am the first child of the Alonso family, and the future of the Alonso family is mine..."

"Let go of me! Presley, Presley... Are you just going to stand there and let them treat us with such disrespect? No matter what, the Alonso family won't just leave me hanging!" Grace was now being pushed off the stage. She turned back and yelled at Presley, completely losing her noble demeanor. It was too embarrassing, and her behavior was too hard to watch.

Presley kept his lips sealed, his face pale. Even after being the lady of the Alonso family for so long, that vulgar and lowly aura, it seemed, could never be

hidden.

How did Phoebe's mother really die?

The night Phoebe's mother gave birth, Cole was held up by some business with the Y Country shipping line and didn't make it back. The story of Grace being a club dancer was strictly concealed at the time. If it were just Grace, none of this could have been possible. Someone must have been helping

her.

Phoebe's thoughts were interrupted by a piercing scream.

"Let them go!"

Looking over, a beautiful and exquisite girl emerged from the crowd. Grace and Wendy saw her and couldn't help but feel relieved.

"Becky!"

"Becky..."

Becky walked up to Wendy and stared at her for a moment. "Do you want to marry Mr. Harper?"

Wendy's face tightened. She had forgotten, Becky had always had a thing for Damon.

"When I brought him up before, why didn't you say a single word? Were you laughing at me behind my back?"

"No, Becky, I wasn't..."

Becky slapped Wendy across the face. "You snake! How dare you get close to Mr. Harper, and even gain Presley's approval to almost become his fiancée?! You've been deceiving me this whole time!"

Everyone gasped, unable to bear it, too embarrassed to watch the spectacle Grace and Wendy were making any longer. It was just too much.

But after arguing with Wendy, Becky glanced back at Damon on the stage. Thinking of Grace and Wendy's shameless, common behavior, she knew she could not lower herself to their level.

She was the granddaughter of the queen of Y Country. She had to rise above everyone else in stature and demeanor!

With that thought, she lifted her chin and declared, "I am Becky, daughter of Princess Ava of Y Country. Grace is my aunt, and Wendy is my sister. You can't treat them like this!"

Princess Ava of Y Country...

Chapter 1267

Yasmine's hands were gripping the armrests of her wheelchair lightly. Her head was down, her emotions unreadable. Bryson, who had just walked out of the crowd, calmly put his hand on the back of her wheelchair and patted it gently.

Presley looked helpless and exhausted, closing his eyes lightly. The thing he was worried about had really happened. The princess of Y Country had come in person.

Although Grace had once been a girl in a dance hall, her close relationship with Princess Ava of Y Country still existed. How severe would the loss and consequences be for the Harper family if their relations with Y Country worsened because of this?

"You all know that even if what she just said is true, it still can't change the fact that Wendy is the future head of the Alonso family. For so many years, the Alonso family has been training her as the future head, and we have been supporting her to become the head of the Alonso family."

"As for this woman saying she wants the Alonso family as a wedding gift for her daughter, that's impossible. As long as my mother, Princess Ava is alive, how can she just stand by and watch the Alonso family fall into the hands of others?"

This situation was really hard to handle. The original idea of the Alonso family as a wedding gift for her daughter was weird. Now there was the involvement of the Y Country royal family in this matter. It was probably really going to put Mr. Harper and Ms. Summers' wedding on hold indefinitely. The now irrational Grace calmed down instantly after Becky's reminder. She seemed to wake up from a dream, and she really wanted to slap herself. What the hell had she done? How could those people influence her?

Thinking about this, she immediately straightened up, adjusted her messy clothes, lifted her head, and regained her pride.

"Presley, you were the one helping Wendy make decisions today. We couldn't possibly do this without your consent. Now that the situation has turned out this way, Wendy and I, and the whole Alonso family, have become a laughingstock. How do you think we should handle this?"

Presley's face turned green and purple. The Alonso family was asking him to take responsibility now?

Presley didn't speak for a while, and Alyssa next to him scoffed sarcastically, "A case of shooting yourself in the foot."

Presley's anger was even more intense, and hearing Alyssa say this, he became even more furious. He began to say, "Tonight was supposed to be Damon and Wendy's....."

Wendy's previously indifferent heart was reignited by Presley's words. She didn't care about anything else now. All her dignity was thrown to the back of her mind. As long as she could be with Damon, even if her mother was pressuring the Harper family this time, she didn't care.

She knew how hard the road ahead would be, but she didn't care about a little more difficulty. She firmly believed that no woman in this world could surpass her love for Damon. So, whether it was one year, two years, five years, or ten years, Damon would eventually see her merits.

Presley's words were interrupted by a cough. Yasmine covered her mouth with her hand, coughed twice, and then slowly raised her head, casually saying to Alyssa on stage, "Sorry, Alyssa, I've changed my mind."

“...What?” Alyssa was suddenly confused. “What do you mean you’ve changed your mind?”

Yasmine reached out and pulled Chloe’s hand, saying,

“I was thinking, since Chloe’s marriage to your grandson makes Presley so unhappy, then let’s cancel this engagement.”

The whole room fell silent, and everyone was taken aback. What was going on? Didn’t she just say they would respect all her daughter’s choices? Why did she suddenly change their mind?

Damon’s face suddenly turned gloomy, his voice low and cold.

“No way!”

“Absolutely not!!”

“Definitely not!!!!”

Alyssa was so excited she almost jumped out of her wheelchair, and Elizabeth rushed to Chloe’s side in a hurry!

Chloe didn’t expect her mother to suddenly change her mind, there was no warning at all. She looked up at Damon, only to find that she was already tightly held in his arms.

Yasmine shook her head. “I can’t possibly let my daughter marry into the Harper family and have to adapt to others’ demeanor. Since Presley has already chosen his satisfied daughter-in-law, we won’t insist anymore. My daughter is so excellent, she has no trouble getting married. So... I now announce tonight’s engagement ceremony between Chloe and Mr. Harper... is cancelled!”

Yasmine’s voice was calm, but this sentence was like a stone crashing down, making a loud noise.

Chloe pursed her lips, looking at Yasmine who was tightly holding her hand, but didn't speak.

Of course, Elizabeth didn't agree and quickly said, "Yasmine, you can't do this, the engagement ceremony has already started. You can't cancel it now."

Alyssa also nodded in agreement. "Yes, Damon... didn't Damon just hug Chloe? So... that hug means the two are engaged!"

Elizabeth nodded vigorously. "Yes, yes, yes! They're engaged, and next is the wedding! Hahaha... Yasmine, happy engagement, happy engagement..."

Alyssa, "Congratulations, congratulations..."

Then Alyssa and Elizabeth signaled to the people around them, and the people around them echoed in turn.

"Congratulations to both of you, may you always be happy..."

"Congratulations on your successful engagement, wishing you a happy and fulfilling life..."

"Congratulations, may you always be happy..."

The current burst of congratulations was so laughable that it was hard to hold back a chuckle. Clearly, this was the Harper family stirring up emotions, pushing for an engagement, and insisting on making it happen. Wasn't the Harper family being a bit too stubborn right now? What a surprise. To marry Ms. Summers, the Harper Group was really going all out, without any regard.

Despite all this, Yasmine remained unshakable. "I'm serious."

Her calm and firm voice brought silence to the entire banquet hall. Alyssa and Elizabeth were both stunned.

"If I've said this today, I'll definitely make it happen. Chloe doesn't necessarily have to marry into the Harper family! But I am dead set on giving her the entire Alonso family as a wedding gift! If you want to continue today's engagement ceremony, go ahead. It's just a formality."

After saying this, Yasmine paused, and looked up at Presley, her face devoid of any emotion, exuding an air of cool composure.

"Please remember, if you refuse this marriage proposal, it won't be so easy to have Chloe marry into the Harper family again in the future."

Chapter 1268

Bryson finished saying, spinning his wheelchair around.

"Chloe." Damon frowned, hugging Chloe tightly, unwilling to let her go. Chloe looked up at him, blinked slightly, seeming a bit helpless.

"Chloe..." Yasmine called out to her. Chloe lowered her eyes, seemingly torn between staying and letting go, constantly gazing at Damon from his embrace.

Dressed in a white suit, he looked noble and handsome. His inherent noble temperament evoked admiration and awe. His arms were tightly wrapped around Chloe's slender waist, while her hands were gently placed on his chest.

They gazed at each other, their eyes filled with emotions. Together, they were a visual feast. Their good looks and indescribable aura made a perfect match.

"Alright. You two shouldn't see each other for a while," Yasmine's calm voice echoed again, full of authority.

People around shook their heads, and sympathetic eyes landed on the two tightly embraced figures. They were indeed pitiful, enduring one blow after another.

Damon looked down at Chloe. "The engagement party kinda went okay." Though not perfect, he was too preoccupied to care about anything else right now, only wanting to confirm one thing.

Chloe nodded, "Yes." Otherwise, her persistence tonight would have been in vain.

"Mm," Damon responded in a low voice. He lowered his head, resting it on Chloe's forehead, and whispered, "Did you enjoy meeting your mom?" Chloe nodded again. "Mm...Thank you."

Damon pursed his lips. "...But I'm not happy now. If I knew she was going to pull such a stunt, I should have delayed her appearance."

Chloe gave a small smile at Damon's grumpy tone, finding it amusing.

Did she know the feeling of having something snatched away just when it was within her grasp? Damon actually felt this way now. Especially when the one snatching his stuff was someone he had brought back.

"Enough, you two. You're not kids anymore, can't you act more mature in public?" Yasmine's icy voice echoed again, causing Chloe's eyelashes to flutter, her face showing a trace of worry.

Not seeing each other for a short period... How long exactly was this short period?

However, the crowd disagreed with Yasmine's words. They came tonight to enjoy the show. They were a visual feast together, extremely pleasant to the eye, worth watching over and over again. What was wrong with showing some affection? You guys should show even more affection right here!

Under Yasmine's repeated urging, Chloe finally left Damon's embrace.

Just as Yasmine approached, Chloe's hand was pulled into her palm. Her warm palm enclosed her warm hand, and Chloe suddenly felt the oppressive world brighten.

"Oh dear, why did you let her go?" A voice suddenly came from behind.

Someone pinched Damon's waist hard, causing him to shudder slightly. He immediately turned his head, watching as Alyssa's hand was about to hit him. His eyes darkened, and his long legs stealthily took a step sideways, causing Alyssa's hand to miss, successfully avoiding the embarrassment of being hit in public.

Alyssa looked at her empty palm and continued, "That's your wife-to-be, and you just let her go?"

Damon didn't respond, but the gaze he had on Chloe suddenly cooled.

Chloe stared coldly at the woman who suddenly blocked their way, her voice icy. "Can I help you?"

Her expression was a world away from the woman who was just in Damon's arms. Even though everyone had seen it with their own eyes, they couldn't connect the current Chloe with the woman from before. That powerful icy aura made everyone present look sideways.

Becky didn't expect the woman who had barely spoken since the beginning to suddenly exude such a strong aura, leaving her mind blank for a moment. When she finally snapped out of it, she felt annoyance surge in her heart, glaring at Chloe, then shifting her gaze to Yasmine. "I see you didn't take my words to heart, did you?"

Yasmine kept her head down, not looking at her, her voice icy. "Move."

Becky's hot temper was ignited by Yasmine's dismissive attitude. "You want to stick up for your daughter, but you need to consider the reality! You keep saying you want the Alonso family! You're dreaming big! I advise you to know your place, compromise with Grace and Wendy sooner, or when the Alonso family really gets angry, you won't have a home to go back to."

Yasmine smiled quietly, "Compromise?"

Becky lifted her chin arrogantly, "Yes! As long as you compromise, I'll convince the Alonsos not to take action against you."

“Oh?” Yasmine’s tone was slightly raised, “What counts as a compromise?”

Becky laughed, glancing at Chloe, who was standing silently with a cold face. Thinking of her intimacy with Mr. Harper, and the fact that she was his actual fiancée, her anger flared.

A lowly woman! Did she even deserve Mr. Harper?!

“Compromise requires sincerity! Didn’t you guys used to kneel to beg for mercy? Then you guys should kneel and beg for their forgiveness!”

Becky’s words made everyone present gasp in shock.

Yasmine’s brows lowered, her eyes were icy, and a vein on her forehead was twitching. She sat there quietly, not saying a word, but exuding an

oppressive aura.

The surrounding air became exceptionally quiet. Then, the tense atmosphere grew even tenser, like a tightly stretched string that only needed a slight touch to snap.

“Ms. Becky, I suggest you tone it down a notch. Your arrogant antics are tarnishing the image of the Y Country’s royalty. Besides, this is not Y Country, and you can’t just do as you please! If you’ve got nothing else to do, why don’t you just head back to your Country, and stop making a fool out of yourself here!”

The smug look on Becky’s face froze instantly, her eyes filled with fury at Yasmine. “How dare you talk to me like that?!”

“Bryson.” Yasmine ignored her, simply motioning for Bryson to wheel her away.

“Stay right where you are!!”

Chapter 1269

“Hold it right there!”

In front of everyone’s eyes, Becky endured such a great insult. How could she tolerate Yasmine just leaving like that? Once again, she stood in front of Yasmine and angrily said, “You guys are so disrespectful. I can’t tolerate this kind of treatment. I asked you to compromise with the Alonso family because of the friendly relations between our two countries. Don’t push your luck!”

The crowd went silent. Indeed, the relationship between countries was the most sensitive topic in the world. No matter who was right or wrong in this situation, if it escalated, both parties would suffer.

“Move Yasmine said indifferently, ignoring Becky’s arrogance.

Upon hearing this, Becky didn’t move aside. Instead, she stood more firmly in front of Yasmine,

“Apologize!”

In front of so many people, how could she be treated like this by a common citizen? This wouldn’t be fair to her status as the princess of Y Country. Grace and Wendy, who were standing nearby, regained some of their self-esteem because of Becky’s presence. They were waiting to see the always arrogant Chloe kneeling on the ground and begging for mercy tonight.

Right now, they were eager to see Chloe kneeling before them, pleading and apologizing. Wendy was staring at Chloe, hoping she would kneel before her any second.

However, Chloe suddenly looked up, took her gaze off the silent Yasmine, and shot a chilling look at Becky.

Wendy, who was watching from the side, was so scared that she took two steps back.

However, Chloe had no time to pay attention to her. She took two steps closer to Becky, narrowed her eyes, and her voice turned cold. "Apologize?" Becky shivered at the sight of Chloe's approach and her piercing gaze. "How dare you raise your voice at me... Ah!" Becky's scream echoed through the entire banquet hall, followed by the sound of a crisp slap.

Everyone sucked in a breath out of shock. The sound of the slap and Becky's scream echoed in the air. When people came to their senses, their surprised expressions turned into excitement.

Finally, the moment had come.

Chloe's blow left Becky totally stunned.

The exquisite face was slapped to one side by Chloe, clearly marked with Chloe's five fingerprints. It was evident how hard the slap was.

Becky, who had now regained her composure, pointed at Chloe in frustration and anger.

"You dare to..."

But Chloe suddenly approached Becky, her gazes sharp as knives.

"You said you wanted an apology, right? Fine."

As she spoke, she raised her hand and slapped Becky again.

"Sorry." Slap!

"Sorry." Slap!

"Sorry." Slap!

Chloe was formidable, and no one could match her.

Each time she slapped Becky, she would apologize. This method of apologizing was truly unique.

Becky was dazed from the beating. Each time Chloe slapped her, she would step back. But Chloe kept hitting her, getting closer, not giving her any chance to breathe. It wasn't until Chloe was tired that she stopped her hand, staring coldly at Becky. "Do you want me to continue apologizing?"

"You... you dare hit me... Is anyone there?!"

Becky had completely lost her mind. It was only then that she remembered she had brought some people with her today. Those people she brought with her were also shocked.

Becky got hit! No one thought that someone would dare to hit Becky.

"Grab her and make her kneel and apologize to me!" Becky pointed at Chloe, shouting angrily.

But the people she brought with her did nothing. Looking up, Becky noticed that those people had all been restrained.

"A bunch of idiots!" Becky was so angry that she stomped her foot.

"Just you wait, I won't let this go, I will get back at you!" she pointed at Chloe, "One day, I will make you kneel and apologize to me."

Chloe sneered, but before she could speak, Yasmine, who had been silently sitting in her wheelchair, slowly opened her mouth, "If we kneel, can you guys handle it?"

Becky immediately turned her head and looked at Yasmine, "Who do you think you guys are?"

Yasmine looked up at Becky and chuckled. "Go back and tell your mother that I will visit her in a few days. I will have a good talk with her about who we really are."

She then turned her head, glanced at the frightened Grace and Wendy, "Instead of wanting to see us make a fool of ourselves, you should worry about yourselves. As for kneeling and apologizing, forget about it. Tell Cole that I am taking the Alonso family. If he wants to blame someone, blame himself for marrying a bad luck wife and having a bad luck daughter."

After saying this, Bryson pushed Yasmine towards the door.

"Chloe." Yasmine beckoned her.

Chloe cast a cold glance at Becky in the corner, responded, and followed Yasmine towards the door.

The drama was over, but it felt like there was more to come. Grace and Wendy's behavior tonight, that was some show.

"I haven't seen many people as shameless as them."

"Who gave them the courage to do something so shameless?"

"Just now they were acting as if they were both wronged and generous because Mr. Harper couldn't come, turns out they just wanted to reap without sowing, huh?"

"This is too outrageous! This is just too outrageous!"

Wendy and Grace stood there, facing the judging and whispering of the people around them, their faces pale.

Everyone involved in this matter felt their brains were overloaded with all this shocking information, including those who had just complimented Grace and Wendy, and even belittled a few of Chloe's guests in order to please them. And there was also Viscount Rhys, who had been loudly proclaiming his

intention to bring someone to steal the bride. Also Carolina, who hadn't recovered from the fact that Yasmine was still alive.

Not until Yasmine and Chloe's figures completely disappeared from everyone's sight did they all breathe a sigh of relief. Tonight, it was finally over. "Mr. Harper....." At this moment, Nate appeared beside Damon. His face was pale, devoid of any color, and his sweat had gathered on his face, dripping down.

"Nate, what's up with you?" Elizabeth was the first to notice that Nate was off his game, she couldn't help but ask.

"I'm okay, it's just that Mr. Harper, he....."

Chapter 1270

Nate finally couldn't hang in there any longer. His body shuddered and he dropped to one knee.

"Nate!" Elizabeth immediately went to help him up. Her hand brushed against his waist and felt something damp. She paused, lifting her hand to find it covered in blood. Her face turned pale instantly. "Oh my God, Nate, are you hurt? What the hell happened?"

Nate shook his head slightly, "I'm okay, and Mr. Harper is also..."

Also...

Elizabeth froze. She looked up at her son standing beside her, her anxious gazes sweeping over him. His white suit was spotless.

Nate was wearing a black suit. If you didn't look closely, you wouldn't notice the blood, but it was very obvious on the white suit.

Suddenly, Elizabeth's eyes narrowed sharply, her gaze fixing on the back of Damon's hand. Blood was seeping from his sleeve, sliding down his hand and dripping onto the ground.

“Oh my God...” People gasped at the scene. Elizabeth, however, had a steely look in her eyes. She helped Nate to his feet.

“Call an ambulance, now.” As soon as her words fell, a group of people rushed into the banquet hall.

“We’re from the emergency center. We received a report that there are two injured people here...”

Damon’s eyes slightly moved, and he gave a small smile. His future mother-in-law had got quite a few tricks. Her considerations were very comprehensive. And her timing was just right.

If Chloe found out he was hurt, she’d probably cry her eyes out.

Downstairs, Chloe glanced at the two ambulances parked at the hotel entrance. Seeing this, Yasmine quietly said, “Bryson arranged a place for us in P City...”

Chloe pulled her gaze back from the ambulances and said, “I have an apartment in P City, Mom...”

“You’re living with Damon?”

Chloe pressed her lips together. Her silence was as good as a confirmation.

Yasmine glanced at her and said, “Then let’s go to the villa Bryson arranged.”

“...Okay.”

They didn’t wait long before a spacious, comfortable car pulled up next to them. The man who got out of the car turned out to be Winston.

He was tall and upright, his face calm, and his black suit made him look particularly handsome.

“Ms. Yasmine.” He greeted Yasmine casually, then said “Excuse me” before bending down to lift her carefully into the car.

Watching his skilled movements, Chloe suddenly felt that this man seemed to have a special relationship with her mother. “Are you guys hiding something from me?”

After setting Yasmine down, Winston gave Chloe a cold look. “Do you think it makes any sense for us to hide anything from you?”

Chloe looked at him suspiciously, but found she couldn’t refute his words. The survival of her mother was absolutely good news. Their silence made no

sense.

“We always believed that Yasmine would come back.” Bryson, who was usually silent, said quietly.

Chloe recalled that Bryson had always shown deep respect for her mother. His respect was obvious and unhidden.

Her mother was the master, Bryson the loyal servant. Although aristocratic families also had servants, it was rare to find someone like Bryson who was so careful and respectful, his admiration evident in every word and action.

Bryson’s words warmed Chloe’s heart a little. They had always believed that her mother was still alive. So they were prepared for everything, waiting for the day her mother would return, so that they wouldn’t be caught off guard. If that was the reason, she would believe it.

Just before getting in the car, Chloe furrowed her brows and looked back at the ambulance. For some reason, she felt uneasy.

“Don’t you have anything you want to ask me?” Yasmine asked, noticing her daughter’s constant looking back.

Chloe turned to look at Yasmine. "There's a lot I want to ask you." She replied.

But they had been apart for over six years. There were too many questions, and she didn't know where to start.

"We have plenty of time." Yasmine said, then gestured for her to get in the car.

Chloe bit her lip, glanced back at the ambulance again, then hesitantly got into the car.

The bullet had been successfully removed. Damon looked pale, but not at all flustered. His calm demeanor made it seem as if he hadn't been the one who got shot.

Elizabeth stood beside him, her face calm. She was always like this, the more anxious and worried she was, the calmer and more composed she appeared, not giving anyone any chance to see through her.

In fact, aside from panic and worry, she was mostly angry with Presley.

Outside the ward, Alyssa sat quietly in her wheelchair. When Elizabeth saw her, she said, "Mom, Damon's fine. It's late, you should go home and rest."

Hearing this, Alyssa sighed in relief, "Well, that's good."

Elizabeth pushed Alyssa away, completely ignoring Presley standing next to her. She knew it seemed deliberate, but she couldn't help it. If she talked even one more word with Presley now, she would lose it.

She and Presley were bound to have a showdown. But now was not the time. She didn't have the mood or energy to quarrel with him now.

By the time they got back to the villa Bryson had arranged, it was already late. There were too many questions left, but it wasn't the right time to ask them.

After watching Yasmine fall asleep, Chloe finally left the room. The moment she closed the door, the smile on her face slowly faded, and her brows furrowed.

Something felt off tonight. Based on Damon's stubborn attitude in the past, even if her mother strongly opposed their relationship, he wouldn't let her leave so easily like tonight. But he didn't say anything and just let her go with her mother tonight.

Back in her room, she tried to call Damon, but no one answered. Her brows furrowed deeper; she made a lot of excuses for Damon in her mind.

It was already late at night, who could she ask about his condition? His parents? After such a big event, they were probably asleep by now. Nate? If he was still hanging out with her in the dead of night, then she should start worrying.

After some thought, she finally decided to give Nathan a call.

This night...

No, these past couple of days and nights had been kinda rough for Damon.