

CHOSEN 1291

Chapter 1291

Addie immediately walked forward to welcome them. However, before she had reached the door, she froze for a second when she saw who was there. But then she put on a smile and greeted the two people in front of her.

Royce, with his arm around Elizabeth's waist, completely ignored Addie's enthusiasm and walked into the living room with a cold expression.

Presley's serious face turned even more gloomy when he saw them. "What are you two here for?"

Royce and Elizabeth walked into the living room. They didn't sit down and stood opposite Presley, separated by a sofa.

Royce calmly looked at Presley and asked, "Is Damon here?"

Presley frowned. "No! What do you want with him?"

He had been waiting here for two days, knowing that he had slipped away silently, but he did not know that there was still no news of him.

Royce frowned and thought for two seconds before saying, "No biggie."

Elizabeth frowned. Her sharp gaze swept over the entire living room, then she bit her lip.

That little bugger. Now he'd vanished!

The two of them coming together to look for him just proved that Damon hadn't been in contact with them for a long time. So, he didn't hear about the company? How could that be?!

“...The company issue...”

Presley coughed lightly, intending to discuss the company's issues with Royce, but Royce hugged Elizabeth and prepared to leave. “Let's go.”

Elizabeth smiled, secretly praising her clever husband in her heart. This oblivious attitude felt so damn good!

Presley was indeed interrupted and his eyes widened in surprise. Seeing the two of them about to leave, Addie was puzzled and hurriedly said, “Mr. Harper, Mrs. Harper, you guys just got back, why are you leaving so soon? Presley was about to say something, wasn't he?”

Elizabeth frowned and looked at Addie who was blocking their way, saying coldly, “From the sound of it, are we not allowed to leave today?”

Addie had always known Elizabeth's dissatisfaction with her and was used to her attitude. She straightened her waist and said arrogantly, “Mrs. Harper, Presley has something to say.”

The powerful intimidating attitude she had was like a maid in a TV drama. It was disgusting.

Elizabeth scoffed and walked out of Royce's arms. “Alright then, we won't leave.”

The frown on Presley's face finally relaxed a little.

Addie smiled satisfactorily. “Then Mr. Harper and Mrs. Harper, please sit, I'll go make you some coffee!”

Elizabeth just sneered without saying anything, pulling Royce to sit down on the sofa. Royce let his wife pull him to sit on the sofa, expressionless, without any fluctuations.

Under these circumstances, Presley did not expect his usually reticent son to take the initiative to talk about the shareholder meeting. Although he wasn't talking/ with Damon, Royce was his father after all, and he would never let his son easily give up the inheritance of the Harper Group.

So having a chat with him, having an extra ally, would put more pressure on Damon and might've made Damon more likely to compromise.

"Do you know about the shareholder meeting?"

Royce replied lightly, "I heard some rumors."

Presley snorted coldly, clearly seeing that he was playing dumb.

"This is not a rumor!" He said coldly. "This is indeed my idea. I'm getting old and there will be a day when I have to step down. I must hand over the Harper family to someone I can trust!"

Even Elizabeth, who never cared about company affairs, could hear the threat in his words. She couldn't help but roll her eyes, Presley was so full of himself!

Royce nodded indifferently, his expression unchanged. "The decision is in your hands. Whatever you decide is fine."

"You..." Presley was almost choked by Royce's attitude and words! This was about the company's inheritance, and he was so casual about it, not caring at all?

"If you hadn't..." Presley's words suddenly stopped. He glanced at Elizabeth and pursed his lips. "If you hadn't given up the inheritance of the Harper Group back then, maybe Damon wouldn't be facing the re-election of the chairman today! Having lived for so long, you haven't provided any advantages for your own son. Don't you feel ashamed?"

Royce leaned back on the sofa, his slender fingers lightly resting on his suit pants, and his brow furrowed in-thought.

"Why should I feel ashamed?" He asked. "The position of the heir to the Harper Group not what he really wants. What he wants, he will naturally fight for. I won't interfere, nor will I oppose. I think this is

what he really hopes I would do as a father.”

Presley’s anger was stuck in his chest, so he took a few deep breaths.

“Damon... Damon’s current state, is something he learned from you!”

Royce slightly raised the corners of his mouth. “If he didn’t learn from me, that would be a pity.”

Elizabeth almost laughed out loud at this remark.

Presley was so angry he couldn’t speak. Royce’s message was very clear. For them, the Harper Group was not a necessity. Whether he passed it on or not, they didn’t care.

Presley closed his eyes deeply, feeling deeply disappointed in Royce. This son, who was so promising, had let him down time and time again. “So in your heart, the Harper family is not that important.”

“It’s not that it’s unimportant, it’s just not as important to me as it is to you. Unless it’s absolutely necessary, the Harper Group is something I would never give up.”

Elizabeth pursed her lips on the side. She’d never forget how Royce gave up his inheritance of the Harper Group, gave up everything for her. She used to feel guilty

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for his loss, but then, she got over it. She knew he gave up a lot for her, so she decided to invest more of her feelings to love him.

Plus, smart and capable men were excellent and charming no matter where they were

If Presley hadn't yet decided to hand over the Harper family business to Damon, and wanted Royce and Elizabeth to return to "help" Damon get to his senses, they would never return to the Harper family.

Now, Presley was trying this trick again, hoping to keep Damon.

"Are you really planning on giving up Damon's inheritance?"

Royce looked at him and said, "The decision is in your hands. You can give it to whoever you want but trying to force Damon to compromise with the company... Dad, you're seriously underestimating your grandson."

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Presley squinted at Royce, trying to peer directly into his true thoughts.

He didn't believe that even if Royce had the ability to give up the Harper family's inheritance back in the day, didn't mean Royce could accept seeing his own son making the same choice.

"All these years, Damon has put all his time and energy into the Harper family's company. The company has been progressing under his leadership, and everyone can see that. He's a natural-born leader who needs the Harper environment to grow. Royce, as his father, don't you feel a bit regretful?"

Presley smiled. How could Royce not feel regretful? He was just playing mind games with himself. He thought that as long as they acted indifferent, he would've believed that this matter posed no threat to Damon, thus giving up on forcing Damon to compromise in this way.

However, Royce simply smiled. "The company is moving forward under his leadership, you also think he's a natural-born leader, a manager, and you know he's contributed a lot. He has both merits and sacrifices, you, as his grandfather, know him so well, yet still use these things to threaten him. Don't you think it's too much?"

I'm doing this for the company's benefit!"

Presley had always known that Royce was clear-headed and logical. As soon as he spoke, he understood that he was refuting him with the same reasons. "Do you want him to be like you, making irrational decisions for a woman?! Listening to a woman every day. The company will be ruined sooner or later!" Elizabeth's eyelids twitched; she wanted to argue with Presley right away. Was he implying that she was saying things to Royce every day to destroy the company? Was she mad, hoping that her husband's company went bankrupt every day?!

This old man was insane! What was going on in his head, it was so messed up!?

She couldn't help but want to blow up, but then she saw Addie holding a coffee pot, standing not far away secretly observing the situation in the living room. She immediately felt a rush of anger. She hadn't settled the score with Addie yet. She'd been tolerating her for a long time!

"Having fun?" Elizabeth looked at Addie and asked coldly.

Because of Elizabeth's sudden words, the two men on the sofa slowly looked at Addie.

Addie's face changed, but she maintained a stiff smile, then stepped forward, and poured two cups of coffee. She first pushed one to Presley, then handed one to Royce and Elizabeth.

However, when she handed it to Elizabeth, Elizabeth blocked her movement. Addie was startled, looked up at Elizabeth, and smiled slightly. "Don't you like coffee?" Elizabeth raised an eyebrow. "Are you asking me?"

Addie was a bit confused.

"Aren't you always trying to compete for the position of the house manager with Marina? You don't even know the preferences of the master. What qualifications do you have to compete with Marina?"

Addie bit her lip and her face turned a shade of embarrassing red. She glanced awkwardly at Presley.

Presley frowned, his voice cold. "Do you only know how to cause trouble at home?"

Elizabeth suddenly stood up from the sofa. "How I guide the servants to do their work is my business, just like I don't interfere in your company discussions. I hope you'll respect me! Addie, because of your favoritism, doesn't take her work seriously, thinks highly of herself, and treats our family recklessly!

"How many times has she meddled in things she shouldn't have? In the past, I didn't tell you about these things because of your favor for her. I tolerated it once or twice, but I can't always be so forgiving.

"I have to report to her wherever I go. And she has an opinion about whoever Damon wants to date. Anyone who doesn't know better would think she's the mistress

of the house!

"But is she? The first time she came to P City, she caused trouble for me, claiming to be a servant in front of me. What does that mean, am I oppressing her?

"Why should I tolerate her? Anyway, I'm the mistress of the Harper family, when did the mistress of the Harper family become so weak, having to look at the face of a servant for everything."

Presley's face was extremely ugly, being angered by Elizabeth's words.

"Who told you to look at the servant's face?" Even if he didn't like Addie, she was now widely known as the mistress of the Harper family. If people knew that the mistress of the Harper family had to look at the face of a servant for everything at home, wouldn't that be a huge joke?

"But Addie relies on your 'favor in the Harper family, acts recklessly, and no one dares to offend her! I just scolded her a bit, and you started giving me a piece of your mind. Isn't this boosting her morale? You can ask the servants at home, do they listen to me more, or to Addie more! If you now admit that Addie is the mistress of the house, and even above me, then... ha, I'll tell Alyssa your thoughts for you, so she can willingly give Addie her position."

Addie turned pale with fright. "Mrs. Harper, this..."

Presley's face darkened again. "You're out of line! What nonsense are you talking about!?"

"Am I talking nonsense? Wasn't she the one managing the household for all these years when Alyssa wasn't by your side? Plus with your favoritism towards her, it all points to that, doesn't it?" Elizabeth was fearless, as if she was deliberately provoking Presley's anger.

He was also so angry that he suddenly stood up. "Shut up!"

Elizabeth frowned and said, "Judging by your anger, I must've misunderstood you. Now that everything's out in the open, I just want to hear you out. Do I have the right to manage the household staff or not?"

Presley's face went through a rainbow of colors, green, white, red. Her words threw him off balance. But if he meddled now, wouldn't that be admitting to some shady dealings with Addie?

"I don't need to see it."

Everyone heard that loud and clear. She was free to scold as much as she wanted, but could she stop waving around in front of him?

Elizabeth smiled and said, "Alright, I'm not interested in whatever you guys are discussing."

Standing on the side, Addie turned pale as a ghost, nearly tripping over her own feet. Looking up at Elizabeth who was smirking, she suddenly felt a chill running

down her spine.

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Elizabeth slowly approached her, giving a slight smile, "You wanted me to stay, didn't you? I would stay, as you wish. But now, pack up your stuff and get out of the Harper family!"

Addie glanced nervously at Presley, but seeing him sitting there, lips tightly pressed together, she said, "Aren't you being too harsh?"

Elizabeth turned to look at him, "Presley, you can't bear it?"

Hearing her say 'can't bear it', Presley's face twitched. Finally, he turned to look aside. Addie's face turned completely pale, her voice hurried and tearful, "Presley..." "Everyone wants to be close to Presley, are you starting to act spoiled?" Elizabeth said.

Upon hearing this, even Royce, who was sitting calmly on the couch, couldn't help but crack a smile. This woman, she never gave up until she got what she wanted. A few words from her could make people suffocate.

Only now did Addie realize that all Elizabeth had said was to make Presley speechless. Even if Presley wanted to defend her now, he couldn't. And now, she had no chance to turn back.

Addie tried to explain, "Mrs. Harper, I was only thinking of what's best for the family"

"You mean we're all the troublemakers of the family? Without you, we'd all be fighting?" Elizabeth retorted.

"That's not what I meant." Addie said.

"Of course not. On the contrary, how many times have Presley and I disagreed because of you?" Elizabeth said.

Addie was speechless.

Presley next to her pressed his lips again, thinking, indeed there were a few times.

Elizabeth glanced at Presley's expression, then looked at Addie. She sneered, "Get lost!"

Just because she didn't have time to deal with her before, didn't mean she couldn't when she wanted to! She would definitely punish her!

Elizabeth's mood finally improved a little. With her spirit, she started thinking about her troublesome son.

She had to go find him!

Just like Presley said, Damon had been contributing to the Harper family for so many years, only for someone else to possibly reap the benefits in the end, He might be able to accept that, but she sure couldn't!

Why should her hard-earned achievements be taken by someone else?

"Alright, darling, let's go." Elizabeth said.

Presley was speechless. She just kicked his people out, and now she wanted to leave right away?!

Royce could no longer continue discussing the shareholders' meeting with Presley. Presley had been trying to persuade him. And he had been trying to persuade Presley at the same time.

The two with completely different positions would only get angry if they continued to discuss. Standing up, he suddenly said, "Chloe is a smart woman, and Damon is not a fool. I think it's best for them to be together. As for the daughter of the Alonso family, you should know her character. I guess you wouldn't choose her either if it were you. If we value family background..."

Royce didn't go on, because this was actually the crux of the whole matter. But Presley had already announced that he would call a shareholders' meeting to confirm the next chairman, and the news had already spread. He couldn't take it back.

Robin wouldn't miss such a rare opportunity. He just hoped that he wouldn't do anything irreversible for the position of chairman. Thinking about this, Royce's eyes narrowed slightly, and his face showed a serious expression.

Addie left, and Elizabeth instructed Marina to take good care of Presley.

Now only Presley was left in the living room, his face serious, sitting alone on the couch. He looked angry, but more than that, he looked lonely. This Presley, sitting alone in the empty living room, looked rather pitiful and sad.

Marina sighed silently, shaking her head in her heart.

Why be so stubborn? Wasn't the happiness of the child the most important thing?

With the greatest doctors and the best medicine, Wendy stayed at home for a few days and her wound's finally healed.

There was still a lot of attention on her outside, so she couldn't go out casually. But counting the days, the international makeup competition was about to start.

She got the news that a makeup artist named Miles would represent Starlight International in the competition, and his model was Katie, the daughter of the Higgins family.

Jacob came to visit her with Beverly. Wendy asked him nervously, "Do you think we can win this competition?"

Jacob looked at Beverly and smiled, "Don't worry. This is also an important competition for me, and I'm confident we can win!"

Wendy took in Jacob's confident expression and raised an eyebrow slightly, "What makes you so confident? I heard that you used some tricks to prevent your friend from participating in the competition. Is it really okay to let him participate in such an important competition?"

Jacob sneered, "Tricks? I just put some pressure on him. If he can't handle that, then this industry isn't for him. Survival of the fittest has always been the rule." Beverly standing next to him didn't show any reaction upon hearing Jacob's words. Because she agreed with Jacob's point of view. So, even though she knew Jacob had used some tricks to prevent Miles from participating in the competition, she still thought it was normal.

Every industry was about survival of the fittest, whether it was her entertainment industry or the fashion industry. Some behind-the-scenes maneuvers were practically an open secret. If they didn't understand these maneuvers, they couldn't succeed based solely on passion, dreams, and hard work.

Jacob was full of confidence, but remembering the lesson from fashion week, Wendy asked one more question, "Can you tell me why you're so confident?"

Jacob smiled, a particularly leisurely ease in his demeanor, "You'll understand the day after tomorrow. Will you come to the scene?"

Wendy gave Jacob a two-second stare-down, but seeing no hint of nervousness or unease on his face, she suddenly broke into a grin. "Alright. Don't let me down, okay?"

The buzz from the engagement party a few days ago was still in the air, and her showing up now was undoubtedly a bit of a gamble. Everything hinged on Jacob pulling off a win and stealing the spotlight.

And to top it off, the sight of Chloe and Starlight International in such a sorry state was just attractive.

Just for that alone, she had to see it with her own eyes!

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Katie agreeing to be Miles's model so easily took Chloe by surprise. After all, for a girl who had been hiding in the shadows with a low self-esteem for years, it took balls to step up like this.

The international makeup competition was just around the corner, and thinking of how Wendy was secretly scheming to use Jacob against her, Chloe couldn't help but check on Katie.

Though there was always wins and losses in competitions, she could accept Miles losing a hundred times in the future, but not this one. Even though being competitive wasn't necessary, she couldn't help it. She was just an average Joe!

Since Wendy wanted a piece of the action, once she had forced onto the competitive stage, she couldn't handle a loss.

The big reason being- She couldn't let others question Darhon's good taste.

This competition was important for Miles, and equally critical for Starlight International, and for her.

Early in the morning, Chloe again woke up naturally. She moved her eyes, and saw the light coming in from outside. She instinctively raised her hand to shield her

eyes.

But as soon as she raised her hand, it was grabbed by someone. She instinctively put some strength into it, but it was no use.

She frowned and mumbled in dissatisfaction. Just as she was about to open her eyes, she felt a shadow above. Her nose picked up the familiar fresh scent, with a hint of clean shower gel.

A freshly showered, neat and tidy Damon.

Chloe knew that if she opened her eyes, she would be met with a handsome man. With a pursed lip, she slowly opened her eyes, and the handsome face in close proximity instantly stole her heart.

For a moment, she was completely smitten by this handsome man. Her gaze fixed on Damon's face, greedily taking in his good looks, frozen in place.

Damon stared at her, a slight smile on his face, his deep and charming voice filled with delight, "Good morning, Mrs. Harper."

His voice was simply too pleasant to the ear.

Mrs. Harper... Chloe blinked, pleased by the title. She slowly smiled, lazily lying in the pillow and rubbing her head against it. Then she yawned and looked up at him, "Good morning, Mr. Harper."

As she said so, one of her hands rested on Damon's neck. The warm hand was touching his skin and her fingertips were playing with his soft hair.

Damon smiled gently and indulgently, looking at her bare arm and collarbone. With a flicker in his eyes, he couldn't help but lean down and kiss her.

A deep kiss turned Chloe's cheeks bright red. She turned around, burying her face in Damon's chest, inhaling the fresh scent of the man. Feeling his body heat, her entire heart was filled with happiness and satisfaction.

Damon let her snuggle up to him, her soft body pressed against his. Everything was quiet.

Until the sound of even breaths came from his arms again, Damon paused, unable to help but chuckle. She had fallen asleep again.

In a daze, Chloe slept for about another hour before she opened her eyes again. The man was still by her side. Chloe blinked, lifted her head, and saw the man leaning against the headboard. He was holding a phone, seemingly looking at something.

"What are you looking at?" Chloe asked.

She glanced around and then sat up leaning against his chest, her head tilted towards Damon's phone.

Sure enough, what she saw was the email document she had expected.

Damon let her look, and stroked her slightly messy hair.

“Are you hungry?” He asked.

Chloe nodded, “Yes, I’m hungry.”

Damon gave a slight smile, his slender fingers tapping on the screen, “Give me a sec.”

Chloe didn’t understand, but she got out of bed anyway.

“I’ll go freshen up.” She said.

When she came out after freshening up, the door to the room was just being knocked.

Opening the door, Rose was standing there with a tray in her hand, looking unhappy. Chloe was puzzled by her expression, but when she saw the food tray in Rose’s arms, she instantly understood. She had been turned into a waitress.

Chloe couldn’t help but smile, “What’s with that face, you look so wronged.”

Rose glared at her, stepped into the room, “It’s one thing for me to bring you food, but for your man to threaten me, that’s crossing the line!”

She slammed the tray down, looking at the cool man sitting there gracefully, she couldn’t help but grit her teeth.

“This is an insult to our friendship!” Rose said.

Damon took a sip of coffee from the tray, leaning back leisurely, “Then I take back what I said.”

Hearing this, Rose immediately changed her face, glaring at Damon angrily, “You can’t go back on your word! You...”

Damon looked at her calmly, and Rose immediately put on a smile, “Mr. Harper, you’re a man of your word. You wouldn’t go back on it, right?”

Damon took another sip of his coffee, setting the cup down on the table. “Didn’t you say I insulted your friendship?”

Rose quickly shook her head, “I was just joking, how could I say such a thing to your face? I was just joking, Mr. Harper. Don’t take it seriously!”

Chloe was speechless. Her friend, when did she become so easy to talk to?

Damon was expressionless, “Would you like to stay for breakfast?”

Rose immediately chewed him out silently since she couldn’t express her true feelings.

This man, though he looked refined and elegant, like a gentleman, he was actually a cunning villain!

But, thinking of the promise he made, she swallowed all her emotions. After all, he still needed to prepare breakfast for Chloe, and she could get a promise out of

Damon.

Thinking of how her company might get the Harper family’s help in the future, she couldn’t suppress her joy. After all, in R City, it was hard to keep Spotlight Beauty stable.

Could Morrison help her? Rose chuckled silently, filled with irony.

She separated two people who loved each other, so he should hate her very much. He wouldn't help her, and he might even be the one who wanted her to pay the most. If he didn't cause her trouble when she was in difficulty, she would already be grateful.

So, leaning on Damon was a no-brainer, a win-win.

Surprisingly, Damon didn't give her the cold shoulder. Now he wanted to back out? Over her dead body!

Damon didn't say another word, just silently raised his hand, showing his back of the hand, then gave her a wave. The smile on Rose's face froze, making it hard to bear. This jerk who used her and then get rid of her!

She pretended not to see and turned her head to Chloe, "Chloe, I was just watching the news, that Katie you mentioned before. She had a car accident, did you know?"

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Just moments before, Chloe was feeling helpless about the way Damon and Rose were acting. Upon hearing this news, her face changed drastically "What are you talking about?"

Rose bit her lip slightly. "Seems like you really don't know. Just now, someone posted photos of the accident scene online. I happened to see it. The birthmark on her forehead was quite prominent, I'm sure it's her!"

As Rose spoke, she pulled out her phone from her pocket, found the video she had just watched, and handed it to Chloe. Chloe took it, the video showed the entire accident. She watched it for less than two seconds, and her face immediately turned cold.

After watching the entire minute-long video, Chloe's face was ice cold.

"Feels like that car deliberately went after them." Rose said calmly. The black sedan was noticeably overtaking other cars in a crowded city area, it would squeeze in wherever there was a gap, clearly targeting the grey sedan Katie was in.

When the traffic finally eased on the overpass, the black car suddenly hit the gas, squeezed next to the grey car, nudged its rear, and pushed it into a corner. The grey car hit the concrete guardrail next to it.

Following that, traffic jammed up on the entire overpass. In the video, a frantic Miles got out from the driver's side of the grey car, ran to the passenger side, and rescued the person as fast as possible. The video panned over to a woman, unconscious, with a bright red birthmark on her forehead that was particularly eye-catching. Without a doubt, that was Katie.

Chloe's grip on her phone tightened, and her face darkened. This car accident seemed to be deliberate, and it was obvious that someone was targeting the two people in the car, Miles and Katie.

So, who would do such a thing?

Chloe didn't want to suspect anyone with such dark thoughts, but this clear intentional accident forced her to have her doubts. There could only be a few people capable of doing such a thing.

The International Makeup Competition was tomorrow. If she didn't suspect the people from Infinity Media, then who should she suspect?

"Time to eat."

Damon's cold voice suddenly broke the silence. Chloe opened her mouth to say something but noticed Damon looking at her with a sharp gaze, his eyebrows slightly furrowed. It was as if he had already seen through her. If she dared to say what she wanted to say, she would definitely be punished. But on second thought, she was pregnant now, she couldn't let her mood be too affected, and she had to eat well.

She obediently sat in her chair, only then did a smile appear on Damon's face. He reached out and placed the food from the tray in front of Chloe. "Enjoy your meal, I'll look into the car accident for you."

Chloe nodded, taking a deep breath.

She picked up her utensils. Then as if she remembered something, Chloe returned her phone to Rose, then took out her own phone, clearly planning to call her assistant.

“Handle the situation with Katie’s car accident. First, check her condition, and remember to remind the doctor not to disclose Katie’s condition... if possible, you can ask them... to make the situation look as real as possible.”

Once everything was arranged, Chloe hung up the phone. Just as Chloe was about to eat her meal, she noticed the two people in the room were staring at her. Rose couldn’t help but ask, “What are you

planning?”

“What do you mean by ‘planning’? I’m doing this to minimize the impact.”

Rose was somewhat speechless. “You asked the doctor to make her condition sound so serious, and you say this is minimizing the impact?”

Chloe raised her eyebrow. “So we should wait for someone to really hurt her?”

Rose suddenly understood Chloe’s intent. If they didn’t do this, Katie would be in more danger. But seeing Chloe’s cunning and clever expression, Rose still felt that Chloe’s goal was definitely more than just that.

The breakfast dishes were very delicious, Chloe took a bite and her furrowed brows gradually relaxing.

Damon gave a slight smile, taking a look at his own dish, and gently closing his lips. The two of them didn’t talk much while eating, but Rose still felt like she was a third wheel, so she simply turned around and left the room.

How unfair! Being married was a big deal, huh!

She... she had a child too! Rose pouted, looking down and touching her own belly. She picked up the phone she had just gotten from Chloe and checked the call log.

The first one at the top was from Morrison. She opened it, only to see a few brief exchanges.

She said, [Are you back yet?]

He replied, [Hmm]

She said, [I'm going to stay in P City for a few more days.]

He replied, [Whatever]

He couldn't even be bothered to reply with a punctuation mark.

Looking at his brief response, Rose's smile trembled slightly. She suddenly felt hurt, and the bitterness in her heart gradually rose, almost drowning her entire heart.

But she couldn't blame anyone, it was all her own choice. She didn't even know how far she would have to go down this path before there would be an end

Her eyes started to feel teary, she lifted her head, and took a deep breath, trying to disperse the bitterness in her heart and the pain in her eyes. Her clothes were tightly gripped in her hands.

All she hoped for now was that Damon could quickly help her handle the company's affairs and let her immerse herself in work to distract her attention. That would be the best.

At the hospital, Miles was by Katie's bedside, completely in a state of despair. When Chloe arrived, she saw Miles looking lost and distraught.

She frowned, standing by Katie's bed checking her condition. She had suffered a severe head injury and was still unconscious. Chloe's arrival didn't catch Miles' attention, he was blankly staring at Katie's face.

"This is all my fault." After a while, Miles slowly spoke. His hoarse voice was filled with self-blame and pessimism.

"If it wasn't for me insisting on her being my model, she wouldn't have been in this mess. I was the one driving the car, she was in my car, and I screwed her over..."

Chloe was stone-faced, apparently sharing the same thoughts as Miles.

"She'll be fine."

Miles rubbed his face. "But the doctor said..."

Chloe chuckled lightly, looking up at Miles' forehead. Blood from his forehead had trickled down to his cheeks, and was now dried, yet the wound was still bleeding faintly.

"Don't sweat it, she'll be okay under your watch. You should take care of your wound too."

Miles was a bit taken aback, not understanding how Chloe knew he was protecting Katie. "How did you..."

"Enough, go now! There's a competition tomorrow."

Hearing about the competition, Miles' face turned even grimmer. He glanced at Katie, lying pale on the bed. He got up from his seat and headed towards the door.

"I'm sorry Ms. Summers, could you look after Katie for a bit? I've got to take care of something..." Before he could finish, he was already at the door of the ward.

Chloe frowned, coldly saying, "Hold it right there!"

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Chloe frowned, uttering coldly, "Don't you dare leave!"

Miles' grip on the hospital room door turned his knuckles white, but he forced himself to halt. He hadn't turned around, yet Chloe could sense the anger radiating off him from his rigid stance.

"What are you planning to do if you walk out now? Start a fight? Miles, have you lost your mind?"

His anger remained uncontrollable.

Jacob, that despicable snake, had previously done everything in his power to keep Miles from competing. Now, because of his position at Starlight International, he couldn't deal with him directly, so he resorted to such low tactics!

A car accident... He dared to endanger a life just for a competition!

If Jacob wanted to harm someone, he should've targeted him. Why drag Katie into this? The thought of killing Jacob right now was all too tempting for Miles. Just thinking about how Jacob pushed Katie to this state, Miles couldn't hold back. With a forceful push, he swung open the hospital room door.

"Do you really think Jacob, the man you know, would be so careless and make it this obvious?" The indifferent voice behind him made Miles tense up. "Who do you think he's putting on a show for, and you haven't figured it out yet? Miles, if you walk out that door to confront him today, you'll even lose your eligibility to compete."

That was Jacob's strategy. If he were beaten up by an irate Miles, and it became a media sensation, Miles would hardly have a chance to turn things around. If a person wanted to suppress you, once they succeeded in doing so, they could keep you down for a long time.

If Jacob won the championship again, as a renowned international makeup artist, his glory would unlikely have allowed Miles a chance to expose his crimes, restrain him, or oppress him.

"You think you're the only one who sees something fishy? You think journalists are blind? Then why haven't they exposed this? Don't they want an exclusive? Because there's no evidence. Miles, Jacob's audacious actions are because he's confident no one can easily find evidence. If you go confront him now, it's like walking into a trap, you're practically seeking death!" Chloe glared at him coldly, her words devoid of warmth.

Such an obvious and foolish trap, everyone was waiting to see Miles make a fool of himself, waiting for Miles to hand Jacob the opportunity to strike him, to create the biggest scoop of the year, and he was actually going to do it!

Chloe's words seemed to finally snap him out of his rage. He turned around and went back into the room, his face still filled with indignation and resentment. "But Ms. Summers, we're just going to let this slide? He turned Katie into this..."

Seeing Katie, unconscious on the hospital bed, Miles swallowed hard. His eyes were filled with anguish, defiance, and guilt. It was all his fault, all his fault...

"We should take away what he values most."

Miles looked up at Chloe.

"Don't you know what he values most right now?"

Miles opened his mouth, an answer forming in his mind. Jacob had done everything to prevent him from competing, and now he was doing everything to stop the competition, going as far as not caring

about human lives. Today's accident, whether it happened to Miles or Katie, would've halted the competition. It would be, even better for Jacob if both of them were affected.

All of this, just so he could win the championship without a hitch.

A Three-time consecutive champion. This honor was almost equivalent to Chloe's three-time consecutive champion awards in the international perfume competition.

A Top-level international makeup artist, Jacob had always valued his reputation, and this year's three-time championship was his most important award.

He had known this for a long time, but Miles entered this competition just to gain more recognition.

He was not a complete failure. He might not have been worse than others. He needed recognition. In addition to proving himself, he also wanted to show Chloe that her trust in him was not misplaced!

He indeed wanted to defeat Jacob, but his focus was not entirely on him. But now, he realized his determination to beat Jacob was so strong. He desperately wanted to win this championship, so he would not let Jacob have his way!

Miles' face gradually hardened, and there was a rare determination in his eyes.

Chloe gave a small smile. She didn't think a man's determination was a bad thing. With this determination, a man would have the will to strive, clearly set his goals, and steadfastly achieve them.

And she didn't think competition was a bad thing either. It could help one recognize their shortcomings, correct them or work harder. Because pride wouldn't allow him to be weaker than others.

So, competition wasn't a bad thing. With competition, with rivals, and with the desire to surpass others, one could truly be a high achiever.

She wasn't afraid of Wendy, but rather grateful to her for competing with Starlight International time and again.

She didn't need to think of a topic every time for the company or for every artist in the company. With Wendy, Starlight International, or the condition of the artists in the company, would all become hot news that everyone paid attention to..

Miles' obviously different expression, even his aura was completely different from before. Chloe smiled slightly. Men also needed to grow, and they just needed to find the right opportunity.

She glanced at Katie, lying unconscious on the hospital bed. She had only thought they would end up together, but she didn't expect their relationship to progress so quickly. Chloe blinked. Did she have the potential to play matchmaker?

"Go get the wound on your forehead treated. Tomorrow is the day you need to give your all."

Chloe reminded him again that the competition was tomorrow. With Miles' mood so low today, she was worried it would really affect his performance tomorrow

"I don't think she can be your model tomorrow. Out of the artists in the company, who else do you think would be suitable? I'll notify her immediately."

Miles shook his head. "Anyone is fine, I don't have a specific preference."

Chloe smiled. "You look like..."

"Like I don't give a damn?"

"No, I just feel I can handle anyone. Everyone has the right to be beautiful, and I can make anyone the most beautiful woman."

Chloe nodded. "Do you know the theme for tomorrow's competition?"

"I have no clue. The theme is definitely a secret, only to be revealed when the competition starts."

Chapter 1297

"I'm not sure. The contest theme is definitely top secret, to be announced only when the contest starts."

On the other end at Infinity Media, Jacob lounged on the couch, phone in hand, a hint of sarcasm and glee in his voice."

"Cool, as long as she can't be Miles' model this time. Trying to attract attention with unattractive women, what a genius move."

Makeup artists were best at making ordinary women look beautiful! Such a contrast would stun and amaze everyone. For women like Katie, the transformation would be incredibly noticeable.

As for Miles' skills, he always acknowledged them. From the last time he saw Katie in Hong Kong, he knew that if it was Miles doing her face, he would definitely make her stand out. So, to ensure a third consecutive win, Jacob absolutely wouldn't allow Miles' participation this year to ruin his plans.

If he didn't succeed this year, he would have to start over. He hated wasting time, especially on this matter.

Moreover, he wouldn't allow him to turn their fate around by performing well in the Starlight International competition. While he was around, it would be impossible for Miles to shine.

The recent car accident was just him being ignorant. It was a shame Miles was okay.

According to the hospital report, Katie suffered a severe head injury and would not regain consciousness for a while, perhaps never. While it was unfortunate, as long as Miles missed this makeup contest, what did anyone else's life or death have to do with him?

Without Katie as a model; Miles had already lost half of the contest. Even if he found a replacement model, how could he fully focus on the contest with his shaken state of mind?

Meanwhile, in the mall, Wendy was shopping with Becky. With a relaxed expression, she said, "Tomorrow is the makeup contest. We will face Starlight International head-on, under heavy media attention. Jacob is aiming for a three-peat. He seems confident. I heard Chloe will be there too, you can enjoy her embarrassment."

Becky picked up a piece of clothing and looked at it, her arrogant face full of disdain. That's nothing. I just want that woman to apologize in front of me! Just seeing her embarrassment doesn't satisfy me!"

Wendy chuckled. "There will be many opportunities."

Everyone knew that Chloe and her mother had challenged the authority of the Alonso family. It would be a piece of cake for the Alonso family to deal with them. Wouldn't there be plenty of opportunities to see Chloe's downfall and embarrassment?

When Becky heard Wendy's words, she smiled contentedly. She was just a woman trying to fight the Alonso family, wasn't that asking for trouble?

Seeing her slowly getting into trouble was also a kind of enjoyment.

Becky, full of joy, picked up the skirt she had just seen and went into the fitting room.

Wendy looked around the store, but didn't find anything she particularly liked, so she walked to a corner and took out her phone. Several unread messages were showing on the chat software. When she saw the ID of the person who sent the messages, her eyebrows furrowed, and when she clicked on it, she found a few pictures.

In the pictures were Chloe and Rose, with a city center hospital in the background.

Wendy browsed the photos, her face turned pale, and she felt very uneasy. In the photo, Chloe and Rose went into the obstetrics and gynecology department. Their expressions subtly changed until they left the hospital, both looking very happy and excited.

Clearly, they had received some good news.

What good news? Wasn't Rose's pregnancy already public? Why were they so happy about going to the hospital for a pregnancy check-up?

There was a thought in her mind that she didn't want to think or expect. She bit her lip hard and immediately called the person. The call was quickly answered, and Wendy immediately asked, "What do you mean by those photos you sent? Do you suspect that woman is pregnant?"

The other person replied, "Ms. Alonso, I'm just providing you with some references. I checked the person who registered was a woman called Rose but look at their expressions... If it's just Rose who's pregnant, do they need to be that happy? She's been pregnant for several months, and suddenly found out she's having twins? Also, look at the last photo..."

Wendy clenched her teeth. She understood what the other person meant, but she just wanted a clear answer now. Finding out about twins during pregnancy was impossible, so why were they so happy?

The last photo? She hung up and reopened the chat and clicked on the last photo, which still showed Chloe and Rose looking very happy, but she couldn't see what was different.

She looked at the photo for a long time but couldn't find any clues. Her phone suddenly beeped. It was another message from that person.

[See what Chloe is holding in her hand?]

She opened the photo again, zoomed in, and saw that Chloe seemed to be holding a piece of paper, only a corner was visible. If you didn't look carefully, you wouldn't notice.

Coming out of the hospital with a piece of paper in her hand...

Wendy's face instantly turned icy cold, and she began to feel a chill run through her body.

Chloe, could it be... Her eyes narrowed, and her heart tightened.

However, before she had time to calm her emotions, her phone rang again. Seeing the caller ID, Wendy's eyes wavered, and she immediately answered the call.

"Hello, Addie?"

"It's me, Ms. Wendy," came Addie's anxious voice from the other end.

"Addie, what happened? I have something to ask you, I want to know..."

Wendy was dying to know what was up with Chloe, she was sure that if Chloe really had a bun in the oven, the Harpers would be the first to know. Addie, being part of the Harper clan, must've been in the know!

But before she could finish her sentence, Addie cut her off desperately. "Ms. Wendy, I'm at my wit's end, that's why I called you. Elizabeth kicked me out of the

Harper household. I'm really out on my ass here, I was wondering if you could..."

Chapter 1298

"Wendy, I'm up a creek without a paddle, which is why I'm calling you. I was just kicked out of the Harper family by Elizabeth, and I've got nowhere else to go. Can you..."

Wendy's brows furrowed instantly. "You got kicked out by Elizabeth? How could Presley agree to that?"

"Yes, Elizabeth suddenly lost it, accused Presley of favoring me too much right in front of him, and even brought up Alyssa. Presley had no comeback, so he let Elizabeth give me the boot..."

"Where are you now?" Wendy was getting a bit irked, she needed a mole in the Harper family, not another mouth to feed.

"I'm...still on the road outside the Harper family's mansion. I want to leave, but it's too far from downtown..."

Wendy mulled it over for a couple of seconds, then said nonchalantly, "Just stay put for now, I'll come find you. If we can coax Presley a bit, he probably won't let you go."

Addie hesitated, her voice betraying her reluctance. "But what about Elizabeth..."

"If Presley decides to keep you, Elizabeth probably won't kick you out again so soon."

Addie was over the moon. "Alright, Ms. Wendy, thank you so much. I've been working for the Harper family for so many years, I haven't made any big contributions but I've always been loyal to Presley. I believe he won't be so..."

"Mhm." Wendy cut her off impatiently and hung up the phone..

Addie was cut off mid-sentence, her voice caught in her throat, but all she hoped for now was that Wendy would put in a good word for her so she could stay with the Harper family, so she didn't mind that much. She dragged her suitcase to the side of the road, found a clean spot to sit down, and waited anxiously for Wendy's arrival.

After hanging up, Wendy turned around to see Becky emerging from the dressing room in a stunning dress. She looked at herself in the mirror, very pleased. "Does it look good?"

Wendy nodded absentmindedly. "Very pretty."

Becky gave a proud hum. "I'll wear this to the masquerade ball tomorrow."

Wendy nodded. "Becky, you'll be the belle of the ball... She paused, then said, "Becky, I have something to deal with right now, I might have to leave early, I'll have someone come pick you up. Is that okay?"

Becky was in a good mood, admiring herself in the mirror. “Hmm, you go ahead, I might want to look around a bit more.”

Wendy breathed a sigh of relief.

Miles never left Katie’s side. Despite Chloe’s persuasion, he wouldn’t budge.

Chloe finally stopped bothering him, she had said all that needed to be said. If he still couldn’t accept reality, then it just proved that she had misjudged him.

After leaving the hospital, Chloe went straight back to the company. Everything had been eerily quiet in the days following the engagement party.

The Alonso family had yet to make a move. Did they simply not take Chloe seriously, or were they waiting for Wendy to make a move? But whether the Alonso family was underestimating Chloe or just

giving Wendy a chance to prove herself as the future head of the family, Chloe didn’t care. More accurately, it suited Chloe just fine. The more they overlooked her, the greater her chances of success were, right?

Chloe just got back to the company when she heard the news that the Harper Group was calling a shareholders’ meeting. The old Board of Directors member was stepping down, and a new chairman was to be elected.

Chloe had noticed that Damon seemed to be hiding something from her at home. But she never expected it to be this. How could he hide such a big deal from her at home?

Entering her office, Chloe’s face finally turned cold. She tossed the documents her secretary handed her onto the table, looking very angry.

She walked to the window and took deep breaths. Chloe had been keeping an eye on the Alonso family’s movements, but they had yet to make a move. Instead, she heard from Damon’s grandfather.

If he wasn't Damon's grandfather, Chloe would've given him a piece of her mind. He was simply... incompetent, deceitful, narrow-minded, superficial, childish, and a troublemaker!

Chloe was unable to control her anger, and she put her hands on her stomach, trying to calm herself down, all the while criticizing the old man in her head. She used all the negative words she could think of to describe Presley.

She gritted her teeth and lowered her gaze to her stomach. "You two, you better teach your great-grandfather a lesson when you grow up! He's always bullying your mom and dad..."

Thinking about being a mom, Chloe started to feel better. She pulled up the corners of her mouth, sat down at her desk, opened her computer, and checked out the news on the Harper Group.

The convener of the shareholders' meeting was Robin, but most of the shares were held by a few key people in the Harper family. The remaining shares, combined with Robin's, still couldn't match Damon's shares.

Everything hinged on Presley. If it wasn't his idea, Robin's shareholders' meeting would be pointless.

The date of the shareholders' meeting hadn't been set yet, so the news had to spread so quickly because Presley wanted to pressure Damon into conceding.

Chloe shut down her computer, leaned back in her chair, and slowly closed her eyes.

Not long after, she got up and exited the office.

The Harper family mansion.

Marina saw Chloe return and instantly beamed with joy.

"Ms. Chloe, you're back?"

Chloe gave a faint smile. "Where's Presley?"

Marina hurriedly replied, "Please wait a moment, I'll let him know you're here right away."

"Thank you."

Before long, Marina came downstairs, her face showing a hint of embarrassment. 'Ms. Chloe, Presley is in the upstairs study, he asked for you to come up.'

Chloe didn't acknowledge Marina's awkward expression, she simply nodded slightly and headed upstairs.

Presley sat on the balcony of the study, he didn't show a welcoming face when he saw her enter.

Chloe closed the door to the study and slowly walked in with no expression on her face, wearing a light blue professional suit and a pair of flats.

Presley's gaze was fixed on her, feeling that something seemed different about Chloe at this moment...

Chapter 1299

Presley was staring at Chloe, thinking that she seemed a bit off. "What are you doing here?" His face was still dark, his voice cold.

Chloe slightly tugged at the corner of her mouth, standing in front of Presley, calmly looked at him, and slowly said, "Isn't this what you've been expecting?"

Presley narrowed his eyes, staring at her, his deep gaze seemingly trying to see right through her. After a while, he snorted coldly and jerked his chin towards the empty seat across from him. "Sit down."

Chloe sat down as told, smiling at Presley.

"I hope you didn't come here for nothing." Presley stared back at her.

Chloe smiled faintly. "Presley, Damon and I are married, remember?"

Presley frowned tightly. "It seems you're not here to compromise. You think marrying into the Harper family gives you a free pass?"

Chloe shook her head with a smile, reached for the cup on the table, and poured Presley a glass of water. Then she poured a glass for herself, took a sip, and said, "Presley, I'm not at ease"

She slowly said, "I worry all the time that my husband will be forced to leave me without knowing why."

She had encountered almost all the weird people and things in this world. Who would worry about their husband leaving them unknowingly? Even at her wedding, the bride-to-be was almost replaced by another woman.

"if you always worry about being left, why not leave yourself?" Presley asked.

Chloe frowned. "Why should I?"

She looked at the old man in confusion, her voice slow and clear, her attitude firm. "Leave so Wendy can take the position of Harper family's daughter-in-law?"

Hearing this, Presley sneered, "Who do you think is more suitable to be the Harper family's daughter-in-law?"

Chloe smiled, leaning slightly in her chair. "I am, of course!"

Presley's mouth twitched. "...You're shameless."

Chloe raised an eyebrow, eyes filled with amusement. "Isn't it up to Damon to decide? Presley, the question now isn't whether I'm suitable, but..."

Chloe looked up, her smile growing wider. "I am now the daughter-in-law of the Harper family."

Presley's face darkened instantly, his patience gradually weating thin.

"What are you really here for?"

Hearing this, Chloe's smile slowly faded. Her beautiful face gradually lost its warmth, her voice becoming serious.

"I'm here because of the rumors about the Harper family."

Presley snorted. "According to what you just said, there's nothing left to discuss. You either leave Damon, or he might lose his position, whether as the chairman or CEO. Don't you love him? Because of your stubbornness, are you willing to watch Damon lose everything?"

Chloe slowly blinked, picked up the glass of water on the table, took a small sip, then turned to look out the window at the sunny sky, smiling faintly.

"In order to secure the family business, a married man has to marry another family's daughter... abandoning his wife and replacing her with a rich and beautiful! bride, the heir to the Harper Group, has become a traitor. This headline would certainly draw a lot of attention."

Presley's face darkened again, his eyes narrowing. "Are you threatening me?"

Chloe laughed softly, turning back to Presley. "Isn't it the truth?"

Chloe put the water glass to her lips, then suddenly smiled. "This suggestion does sound... embarrassing."

“The Harper Group, has to secure its position by marrying into the Alonso family, it seems, the Harper Group is just so—so?”

Presley’s eyebrows furrowed, he paused with the cup in his hand, then slammed it down on the table. “What do you know?!”

With a loud noise, Presley’s deep voice seemed to fill the entire study. “What does the Alonso family have to do with the Harper family? And what does it have to do with you? I raised Wendy, and even if she’s been a bit aggressive lately, it’s because she likes Damon! You claim you like Damon, but what have you done for him? “The Harper family might be okay without the Alonso family, but if the Alonso family becomes our enemy, do you know how much effort the Harper family will have to put in? With that effort, I could do a lot more. Have you ever considered the trouble you’ve caused the Harper family?”

After Presley finished his rant, Chloe’s expression didn’t change.

Seeing her unmoved, Presley’s chest ached with anger. “I haven’t done anything for Damon, but if I agree to leave him, it will definitely hurt him.”

Chloe gently put the cup on the table, then calmly said, “As for whether I’ve burdened the Harper family...” Chloe suddenly sneered. “It’s just the Alonso family, I can cause its destruction if I want to! Tell me, the future head of the Alonso family you watched grow up, what kind of person is she?

if the Alonso family ended up in Wendy’s hands, their downfall is just in a matter of time. The Alonso family would let Wendy tarnish their reputation over and over again without stepping in, not even taking a stand with the Harper family, for what reason?

“If Wendy doesn’t marry into the Harper family, who’s gonna help her secure the foundation of the Alonso family?

“A shaky family like that, and you’re scared, Presley? I really doubt it. If it weren’t for the Harper family’s vast and stable business, would the Harper Group have already collapsed in your hands?”

The chairman of the Harper Group was supposed to be a king of the business world, but his mind was so narrow. He couldn't even take criticism.

"You... you're totally out of line!"

Being questioned by a naive little girl about his capabilities seriously hurt his dignity. What she was implying was that if it weren't for the Harper family's massive business, he probably wouldn't be able to handle his own extravagant spending?

Being an adult but having not achieved anything, would make anyone feel angry and ashamed.

Chloe raised an eyebrow. "I'm here today because you wanted to see me, so here I am. The real agenda of this meeting is, whether you admit it or not, I am Mrs.

Harper! This is a fact that will never change. So, I sincerely hope that at the shareholders' meeting, you'll support Damon."

Since she was here, it would be a waste not to fight for it.

"Of course, if you choose not to support us in the end, that's okay too. Damon and I won't starve to death!"

Chapter 1300

"Sure, if you end up not backing us, it's cool. Damon and I won't exactly be starving

Presley was so pissed off that his eyes were practically bulging out of his head, huffing, and puffing at Chloe. "You really are one stubborn piece of work."

Chloe grinned. "I think 'stubborn' might be a better fit for you."

"If you're hell-bent on this, don't blame me for not showing any mercy to Damon!"

Chloe sighed. "That's a shame, Presley. Our chat today was a total waste of time. I did my best to try and salvage things, but if that's how it is, I'll get out of your hair. Take care of yourself."

With that, she turned, heading for the study door.

But before she could even reach the door, there was a knock, and Marina's voice echoed from the other side. "Presley, Ms. Wendy is here."

Chloe raised an eyebrow, talk about perfect timing.

"Let her in!" Presley grumbled. He needed someone to blow off some steam on.

As soon as he finished speaking, the study door was flung open, and Wendy's slender figure appeared in the doorway, a faint smile on her face. "Presley...Chloe? You're here too."

Chloe smiled at her. "What a coincidence."

Wendy's gaze involuntarily landed on Chloe's stomach.

Chloe took a few steps forward, her outfit making her look both sophisticated and stylish, but something seemed off. Wendy frowned, her gaze finally landing on the flats on Chloe's feet. Her heart shot up to her throat, the pain making it hard to breathe.

Wendy looked up at Chloe, her heart filled with anxiety. She bit her lip. "Chloe, your outfit today...it's very pretty."

Chloe looked at her quietly for a moment. "Really?" she looked down and adjusted her coat belt. "I think my shoes are prettier."

Wendy's gaze returned to the flats on Chloe's feet. "Indeed...they are beautiful."

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Chloe didn't say anything further. Her hands were tucked in her coat pockets, and she walked past Wendy.

Her departure made Wendy even more anxious. On the way here, she had asked Addie a few questions, but Addie's reaction made her feel like Addie was clueless. If Addie knew, there would be no reason to keep it from her.

Her mood was slightly relaxed at first, but seeing Chloe, she couldn't help but want to confirm, especially seeing Chloe wearing flats today, which made her more

nervous.

She knew that Chloe had been taken away by Yasmine and hadn't returned to the Harper family for days, but why would she suddenly return today? Was it to report good news to Presley?

She had known about the Harper Group's shareholder meeting for a while now, and her father had also told her that this was pretty much Presley's last resort, using the company's inheritance to force Damon

to compromise.

The so-called compromise naturally included agreeing to marry her. But if Chloe was really pregnant and was using the baby as a bargaining chip, even Presley wouldn't of help then. Her mind was a mess; she was grinding her teeth.

"Presley..." After a while, she finally spoke up, smiling at Presley. "Why did Chloe come back today? Did you two have another fight?"

At the mention of Chloe, Presley's expression instantly became complicated, but there was no joy to be seen. "I don't want to talk about her. Did something?"

you need

Wendy forced a smile. "My wound has healed a lot, thanks for taking care of me before. I was free today, so I thought I'd come to check on you... Ah, Presley, hold on a sec, I left something in the car. I'll go get it."

"...Okay," Presley responded indifferently, and Wendy had already quickly turned and run out.

Chloe was walking slowly, and when Wendy ran out, she caught up with her at the stairs. "Chloe..."

Chloe stopped, turning to look at Wendy, who was quickly approaching. Pulling back, Chloe moved to one side, smiling at her. "Ms. Alonso, what are you up to?"

Wendy came up to her, her gaze scanning Chloe's stomach, looking as if she'd like nothing more than to cut Chloe open and see what was inside. With only the two of them around, Wendy dropped the act. "Why did you come to see Presley today?"

"Is that any of your business?"

"Do you have any idea how lonely Presley is now? Chloe, if it weren't for you not letting go of Damon, Presley wouldn't be living such a lonely life despite having a family. You've taken away the warmth that should've been Presley's, don't you feel the least bit guilty?"

Chloe smiled at her "Same to you. When it comes to not letting go and being overly clingy, no one can beat you."

Wendy cast a glance at Chloe standing at the edge of the stairs. A thought crossed her mind, and she took a step towards Chloe.

Chloe stood her ground, looking down and counting the steps Wendy took towards her, her demeanor relaxed.

It wasn't until Wendy was two steps away that she stopped. Wendy was wearing three-inch heels, and standing in front of Chloe now, she was almost the same height. "Chloe, has anyone ever told you that you're too full of yourself?"

"No," Chloe answered bluntly, then as if she had thought of something, she suddenly smiled. "If you count as a person, then yes."

Wendy's face turned red with fury. "Do you really think the Alonso family will be your wedding gift? Chloe, this time, you and your mother are digging your own graves I can't wait for the day you're kneeling in front of me begging for forgiveness"

"You must be dreaming. Even if I were to fall so low as to beg, I would never show up at your doorstep. As for you wanting to see me make a fool of myself, I can tell you, that day will never come."

Seeing Chloe's nonchalant expression, Wendy couldn't help but laugh out of anger. "I can't wait to see you hit rock bottom and make a fool of yourself! But rather than letting you off easy, I'd prefer to torture you slowly, just to see how strong your will is!"

"Well, keep dreaming then." Chloe responded nonchalantly, then turned to leave, wall

Wendy was seething, grinding her teeth. She glanced downstairs, then abruptly grab