

## CHOSEN 1301

### Chapter 1301

Wendy was so furious that she was gnashing her teeth. She glanced downstairs, then suddenly grabbed Chloe's arm! She yanked Chloe hard, then was about to let go. This kind of pulling and letting go could easily lead to accidents. Chloe had to take a tumble in front of her, and it'd be best if she wasn't pregnant. If she was, then what a pity...

However, the thoughts flashing through Wendy's mind and the actions she was taking didn't go as she imagined. She yanked Chloe's hand hard but found that Chloe didn't react. Instead, she slowly turned around and looked at her with a cold gaze. "What are you trying to do, Ms. Alonso?"

Wendy's face instantly turned white. She subconsciously tried to withdraw her hand, but Chloe caught it and pulled Wendy, who was trying to escape, in front of her.

Chloe suddenly leaned forward, her cold eyes filled with a dominating aura instantly surrounding Wendy. Trapped by Chloe's gaze, Wendy felt as if her throat had been choked, and her breathing became difficult instantly,

She pulled hard, trying to retrieve her hand, but Chloe's strength only increased. After a few attempts, the only result was the pain coming from her own wrist. Wendy bit her lip. She knew Chloe was rough by nature. Being good at horseback riding and shooting were things beyond her expectations, but she didn't expect Chloe to be so strong.

Wendy had used all her strength and tried to grab Chloe when she least expected it. However, it seemed Chloe probably could control the strongest person. Wendy didn't expect things to turn out like this. It was like a thief breaking into a house to steal something but getting caught red-handed in front of everyone.

"Let... let go of me." Wendy couldn't compete with Chloe's strength, so she had to speak up.

Chloe sneered, "Ms. Alonso, it seems like you have more to say. I'm giving you the chance to speak."

Wendy bit her lip hard, feeling utterly humiliated. But thinking about it, she and Chloe were enemies now. She tried to hurt Chloe just now, and from Chloe's reaction, she seemed to have figured it all out. Since that was the case, there was no point in hiding anything. "I saw you go to the hospital with Rose a few days ago, you went to the gynecology department for a check-up."

Chloe's expression remained calm; she nodded without surprise. From the moment she saw Wendy in the study, Chloe could tell from her obvious gaze what was going on.

They were now open enemies, so secretly spying on each other was expected. She had made an appointment for Rose's prenatal check-up. If Wendy really wanted to find out something, it wasn't impossible.

Wendy sensed something, so as soon as she got the news, she came to find Chloe. After all, her pregnancy was a big deal in the Harper family, and everyone in the house would know about it. And before long, Wendy would know.

A slight smile appeared on Chloe's indifferent face. "So, you suspect that I'm pregnant?"

Wendy shut her mouth tightly, trying again to move her wrist, but without success. Chloe's strength was really overwhelming.

Enduring the pain in her wrist, she said frankly, "Yes, I suspect you're pregnant. You should know that if you are, I'll be in a lot of trouble."

Chloe nodded with a smile, but the next second, the smile on her face disappeared and she forcefully pulled Wendy in front of her!

Wendy's body swayed, and she almost fell into Chloe's arms. Pain shot through her wrist, and she felt extremely panicked, her face turning slightly pale. "You... ah!"

Before she could finish her sentence, Chloe raised her other hand and slapped her hard across the face. The crisp sound echoed in the hallway, and Wendy's scream attracted many people.

Addie, who had been waiting for Wendy in the living room downstairs, heard the noise and walked curiously towards the staircase.

Wendy was staggered by Chloe's slap, and seemed about to fall, but was yanked back by Chloe!

"Ms. Wendy!" Addie couldn't help but be shocked. Even as she stood below, she could feel the intense tension emanating from Chloe. Presley in the study was also attracted by the sound and came out with Marina's support, He, too, was taken aback by Chloe's aura.

Wendy was held captive by Chloe, her wrist was almost crushed by her, and the pain made her break out in a cold sweat. She lowered her head, instinctively avoiding a possible second slap. However, the next second, Chloe grabbed her neck and forcefully pinned her against the railing behind Wendy.

Wendy's upper body was pressed against the rail, her face gradually turning red due to difficulty breathing.

Chloe was expressionless, almost choking Wendy to death on the spot. "So you wanted to push me down the stairs because you suspect I'm pregnant?" Chloe leaned in, her voice icy cold.

"Let go..."

As soon as she spoke, Chloe tightened her grip. Now Wendy's hand was still being tightly held. Her neck was being choked so that she couldn't breathe, and her upper body was hanging off the second-floor railing. She didn't dare to move at all.

"Wendy, if you want to play, play fair! This trick of pushing people downstairs to cause a miscarriage, don't you think it's unbecoming for you? If I am really -pregnant, what reason do you think you can give to Damon to spare you?"

Wendy's face gradually turned deep red, her free hand struggling to pull Chloe's hand from her neck. "Let go of me..." Wendy couldn't speak, her feet instinctively rubbed against the floor, but her movements gradually slowed down.

Chloe was beyond furious. Thinking that Wendy really wanted to push her down, attempting to harm the baby in her belly, she lost her mind in an instant.

Wendy had thought it out well. Push Chloe like this, if she's not pregnant, Chloe would just get hurt. If she was, a tumble down the stairs would end the baby in her belly. Either way, it was what Wendy wanted.

Chloe hadn't had the chance to properly enjoy the joy of being a soon-to-be mother, but she was targeted by Wendy in such a despicable and brainless way.

Chloe was totally pissed off now. How could she possibly let her off the hook just like that?

Seeing Wendy on her last legs, a shocked Presley snapped back to reality and hollered at Chloe. "Chloe! You better let her go!"

## Chapter 1302

In a flash of her eyes, Chloe relaxed her grip slightly as she saw Wendy's breathing became uneven. Wendy immediately took a deep breath, her oxygen-deprived brain slowly came back to function, with her gaze at Chloe full of anger.

Although angry, Chloe still maintained a certain respect for Presley.

With Presley seeing Chloe's true colors again, Wendy was somewhat smug. Now Presley as an obstacle, would be even harder for Chloe to get through.

Chloe didn't ignore the provocation in Wendy's eyes. But with Presley present, Wendy seemed fearless. She lowered her voice, trying to provoke Chloe. "Presley told you to let me go!"

Chloe's eyes hardened a bit, which made Wendy a little scared. "What do you want to do? Chloe, Presley is here, you dare..."

Then Presley's roar rang out again. "Did you hear me when I told you to let her go?"

Chloe looked at Presley, her voice cold. "You want me to let her go knowing what she's done?"

"You want to hurt her in front of me?!"

Chloe clamped her mouth shut. Looking down at a smug Wendy leaning against the railing, she snapped. "You seem pretty smug, thinking I wouldn't dare do anything to you in front of Presley?"

With Marina helping Presley over, Wendy taunted, "Yeah, do you dare?"

She wasn't sure if she was pregnant yet, but being able to provoke Chloe was a good thing..

She took in Chloe's anger and panic, gloating inside. If Chloe was so angry that it affected her health, that would be even better. She was sure that Chloe wouldn't dare to do anything to her in front of Presley. Chloe could only suppress all her emotions.

Chloe stared at Wendy, suddenly laughing. "You think I care if, Presley agrees with me now?"

Wendy's face changed slightly. "What do you mean?"

Chloe scoffed, turned to look at Presley, and said calmly, "If Presley hadn't been so stubborn, and had even a smidgeon of recognition for me, might have had some scruples, and always considered not losing all his goodwill in his presence. But now since I'm worthless in his eyes, do you think I care if he hates me even more?"

Presley, who was getting closer, heard Chloe's words and froze. Chloe watched his rare, surprised expression, sneered, and turned her cold gaze back to Wendy. "I'm a vengeful person, so... just because you didn't succeed in hurting me, doesn't mean I'll let this go!"

Wendy felt something was wrong with her words. Presley frowned and subconsciously wanted to step forward to stop her, but then Chloe forcefully let go of Wendy's wrist. Wendy's body completely lost balance and rolled straight down the stairs!

"Ah!" Wendy screamed, then followed by the sound of a heavy object falling.

Everyone was stunned by the scene before their eyes. They just watched Wendy be openly pushed down the stairs by Chloe.

Presley's eyes were wide open. He was stunned for a long, until the sound of falling stopped and he snapped back to reality! He stumbled towards the stairs with his crutches and looked down through the railing. Wendy was lying awkwardly on the steps near the first-floor living room, unresponsive.

He was so angry that his body swayed, he turned around and glared at Chloe. "You... you..."

Chloe looked arrogant, her eyes coldly looking at Wendy lying motionless downstairs, and chuckled. As for Presley's anger, Chloe seemed indifferent. "I never start trouble, but I won't let anyone bully me. Her situation now is what she wanted to do to me just now. I'm just returning the favor!"

After saying that, Chloe ignored the twitching expression on Presley's face and turned to go downstairs.

Addie downstairs was so scared by this scene that it took her a while to calm down. When Chloe walked down the stairs, she was so scared that she hid to the side. Chloe's footsteps finally stopped next to Wendy. Looking down at her pale face, she smiled. She kicked Wendy in the waist, Wendy's eyelashes trembled, and sweat appeared on her face.

Chloe snorted, "Ms. Alonso, it seems like you're hurt pretty bad, how about I call a doctor to give you proper treatment?"

Wendy's hands clenched together, her teeth grinding together, thinking about the painful experience of being pricked by a needle. She felt pain just thinking about it. Her eyelashes trembled; she was about to open her eyes when Presley's roar rang out again. "What are you waiting for? Go find a doctor!"

Addie nearby quickly reacted but was somewhat flustered.

"I'll do it," Chloe said calmly. "After all, I pushed her."

Chloe spoke and took out her phone. "The doctor's number from last time is..."

Hearing Chloe's whisper, Wendy's eyebrows twitched, then she suddenly opened her eyes. Her eyes were directly on Chloe, but she saw Chloe with a phone in her hand, smiling at her. Her eyes were full of sarcasm and mockery.

After a while she curved her lips, her gaze stopped on her head, "You're awake, huh?"

Wendy glared at her, and finally sat up, but as soon as she moved, she felt like her body was falling apart. She frowned, her face instantly became even paler.

"Ah..." She couldn't help but cry out in pain, only to be met with Chloe's cold, sarcastic laughter.

Wendy bit her lip hard and looked up at her angrily. "Chloe!"

She yelled angrily, then thought of Presley next to her, bit her lip hard, and her eyes instantly turned red. "You... you've gone too far!"

"Gone too far?" Chloe smirked. "If you can't handle it, keep your distance. Your plan flopped and, you're still blaming me loud and clear. Isn't that just asking for trouble?"

"Drop the act, everyone knows there's bad blood between us! You're pretending we're tight and even forcing a smile at me, doesn't that make you feel like crap?"

Chapter 1303

Wendy was left speechless.

Chloe looked up at Presley. "Take a good look at your beloved Ms. Alonso..." She pointed at Wendy with a smirk. "See her for what she really is! Do you want Damon to choose her? Unless he goes blind, he won't make such a foolish decision."

With that, Chloe turned on her heel and left, her flat shoes tapping out a steady rhythm.

Wendy stared at Chloe's retreating figure, her eyes filled with hostility. Chloe! Chloe!! Chloe... The hatred in her heart was growing like weeds, choking her, making it hard to breathe.

If she didn't get rid of it, it would crush her one day. She had to get rid of Chloe! If she couldn't have Damon in the end, she would not let Chloe have him either! Driving away from Harper's Mansion, Chloe's lips were tightly shut, and her face was grim. She came here just to make an appearance. Presley calling a shareholders' meeting was just to make Damon bow to him. And, of course, it involved her, too.

She couldn't just stand by and do nothing while Damon's inheritance was threatened because of Presley's dissatisfaction with her. Presley was trying to make her give up Damon under the guise of "if you love him, don't hold him back".

Chloe snorted, as if! She never planned to give up Damon from the start.

The Alonso family... She was curious to see how strong this family's foundation really was.

Wendy wasn't seriously injured, but a few cuts and bruises made it hard for her to move. With Addie's help, she managed to sit up on the couch, drenched in sweat. Being publicly humiliated and thrown

down the stairs by Chloe in front of everyone, she felt so ashamed she could hardly lift her head. If Chloe hadn't provoked her,— she wouldn't have woken up to the reality.

Now, the atmosphere in the living room was awkward. Presley came downstairs, his lips tightly shut and his face expressionless.



Wendy didn't know what he was thinking, but it was hard for her to talk about what had just happened. Chloe was ahead, she was following. If they had kept their distance, there would've been no conflict. But if anyone had given it a thought, they would know that she had provoked Chloe on purpose.

No matter what the reason, given the public nature of her relationship with Chloe, there was definitely nothing friendly to talk about when she called her over.

"Why did you provoke her?" After a while, Presley asked in a deep voice, making Wendy nervous.

Sure enough, he had noticed. But how could she tell Presley that she suspected Chloe was pregnant and wanted to harm her? Even though she knew Presley didn't like Chloe, when it came to the Harper family's heir, he wouldn't compromise just because she was from the Alonso family. She couldn't tell Presley the truth, so she made up a believable excuse. "I...I was upset about the engagement ceremony..."

When she thought of Chloe and Damon together at the engagement ceremony, Wendy's heart ached. Presley's lips tightened. It seemed like a convincing reason.

"The arrangement at the engagement ceremony was my decision. You were slighted, that's true. If anyone's to blame, it should be me. But to push someone down the stairs out of revenge, did you think about the consequences?"

Wendy bit her lip, rubbing her elbow with one hand, looking pitiful.

"Presley, you're right. I was too impulsive..."

Presley glanced at her, rubbing her elbow. "Go to the hospital for a check-up. Don't leave any lingering issues."

"Yes, Presley...I'm sorry for causing you trouble." After Wendy finished speaking, she tried to get up, and Addie immediately helped her.

Presley looked at Addie, frowning slightly. "I thought you have left?"

Addie's face turned awkward, and she looked at Wendy pleadingly. Wendy tightened her lips, a hint of disgust flickering in her eyes. She was so annoyed. The situation was already tense enough, and she had to help Addie out too?

But remembering all the care Addie had always given her, the only person in the Harper family who was kind to her, she decided to try to help Addie. "Presley..." she called out, her voice filled with sorrow. "On my way here, I saw Addie alone with her luggage...She's taken care of you for so many years, how could you..."

Presley frowned, looking at Wendy in confusion.

Wendy became nervous and quickly said, "I mean, Addie has always taken care of you. If someone else takes her place, you might not get used to it. Addie has taken care of me since I was little and has always been very good to me. She was suddenly being kicked out of the Harper family. I..."

She didn't finish her sentence, but the message was clear.

Presley looked at Addie, who was looking pitiful and sad, and sighed. "This was Elizabeth's decision. She's brought up the issue with Addie many times before. If she wasn't at her limit, she wouldn't bother with a servant. Since this is her decision, you should ask her."

Wendy was speechless. Her brow furrowed, ask Elizabeth? Wasn't that asking for trouble?

Addie's face fell. "Presley, I've been taking care of you since you were a young buck, and now you're suddenly asking me to leave. Where the heck am I supposed to go looking like this?" With that, her voice choked up.

Presley furrowed his brow, feeling a bit guilty. Finally, he heaved a sigh and said helplessly. "Alright, you can stay!"

Joy instantly filled Addie's face. She wiped her tears and thanked Presley out loud.

Wendy also gave a small smile. "Guess that's my job done. Addie, let's go to the car and bring in the stuff. I should get going..."

Addie nodded repeatedly. "Okay, but Ms. Wendy, are you sure you're okay to go? I mean, you took quite a tumble..."

"No worries."

In the end, Wendy insisted on driving home herself.

Once she got home, she stripped off all her clothes and saw the spread of bruises on her body, as well as the whip marks from before, densely covering her once soft skin. It was horrifying, truly ugly!

#### Chapter 1304

Wendy's teeth were clenched and her body was trembling. She seemed to be enduring something, until finally, her face contorted in anger. She grabbed a nearby vase and hurled it at the mirror. "Chloe, I swear you'll pay for this!"

Her outburst echoed throughout the mansion. The servants looked at each other and then lowered their heads as if they heard nothing.

Upon hearing the noise, Grace rushed over. Upon opening the door, she was shocked to find her daughter naked and rampaging through the room. "Wendy, have you lost your mind?"

Wendy continued her tirade, smashing anything she could get her hands on until she gradually calmed down.

Only then did Grace notice the numerous fresh and old wounds on Wendy's body. "What on earth happened?"

Wendy was still shaking. Grace hastily grabbed a robe and wrapped it around her anxiously asking, "What happened?"

Wendy's eyes were fixed on a point in the room, her face dark and menacing. Instead of answering Grace directly, she sat quietly on the edge of the bed and said, "Mom, what the hell has Dad been up to these days? I can't stand it anymore. I really can't! Why isn't he doing anything about that bitch, Chloe, and her mother? We're being bullied like this, and he doesn't react at all?"

Grace quickly covered her mouth. "Keep your voice down! Look at the state you're in!"

Wendy shook her head, pointing at her wounds. "Look at what state I'm in, Mom! Every single one of these wounds was inflicted by Chloe! How can you expect me to bear it? What is Dad doing? Why isn't

he reacting after all—that's happened? They've targeted the Alonso family, and he's just sitting there?"

Grace gently stroked Wendy's back, her expression solemn. "Your father is busy right now. It's a crucial time—for the Alonso family's development! I heard that once this business deal goes through, our family's position will be even more secure! You know why Presley has been wary of us, right? He's shrewder than us and knows more about the Alonso family's affairs! So rest assured, your father is on your side! Just stay quiet and behave until his business is settled!"

Wendy gradually calmed down and looked up at Grace. "When do you think that will be?"

"I don't know. But you just bear with it a bit longer. When the time comes, Chloe will pay back double for the pain and injuries you've suffered!"

A bitter smile finally appeared on Wendy's face. "...yes, I'll make her pay back double for everything I've suffered today!" Before that, she planned to torture her slowly.

Back at Peck's Manor, Chloe was fuming. Despite her actions today, Wendy had intentionally tried to harm her unborn child, which made her extremely angry. This woman, Wendy, was like a nasty stain that wouldn't come out! No matter what she did, she couldn't get rid of her!

When she thought about how Wendy had found out about her pregnancy today and intentionally tried to push her down the stairs, her grip on the steering wheel tightened, and a cold expression appeared on her face.

If she let her stick around, she'd only create more problems.

Back at Peck's Manor, just as she stepped into the living room, the scene there made her stop in her tracks. Looking around the room, she suddenly felt a headache coming on.

Yasmine was sitting on the sofa, and she glanced at Chloe. "Now that she's back, why don't you ask her directly."

Sitting on the opposite sofa, Elizabeth stood up, walked up to Chloe, took her hand, and said, "Chloe, long time no see! I've missed you."

Chloe forced a smile. "It's my fault. I haven't visited you for a few days..."

Before Chloe could finish, Yasmine coughed sternly.

Elizabeth, however, laughed it off. "I understand! After all, your mother has returned! But Chloe, I have some unfortunate news for you. Did you know Damon has gone missing?!"

"What?"

Damon was missing. Elizabeth's exaggerated voice made Chloe's brow twitch slightly.

"His father and I looked for him everywhere, but in the end, we think Damon must be with you."

At that moment, Chloe didn't know how to react. Damon was missing, but he was currently in her room.

Casting a glance at Yasmine, Chloe suddenly felt this situation was tough! If Yasmine found out she was hiding a man in her room, especially a man she had- strictly forbidden her to see, what would she do?

“Damon... how could he...”

Chloe was about to feign ignorance when the sound of an engine outside successfully diverted Elizabeth’s attention.

Soon, a man entered the living room. He was dressed in a dark blue suit, tall and handsome.

Elizabeth’s gaze was immediately drawn to him, she pushed Chloe aside and walked straight to the man.  
“Hello, handsome.”

-The room fell silent and Chloe sneaked a glance at Mr. Royce, who was sitting next to her. His calm and handsome face had turned gloomy.

Winston didn’t look too pleased either, staring coldly at Elizabeth who was in his way.

know you, you’re that young international film star, right? I love your movies!”

Winston showed no emotion. “Thanks for the support.”

Then he walked towards Chloe and handed her the bag he was carrying. Chloe asked in confusion,  
“What’s this?”

“Didn’t you want some grilled salmon?”

Chloe was slightly taken aback. She did have that desire, but when did she ever mention it? She suddenly remembered bumping into Winston last night when she was sneaking downstairs for a snack, and then she just blurted out her craving.

A warm flush rose to her cheeks as she took the food and smiled at Winston. "Thanks..."

"This guy is not only a looker but also so thoughtful..." Elizabeth clutched her face, her eyes twinkling like stars as she looked at Winston.

Chloe could swear the room temperature dropped a few degrees instantly. She looked again at Mr. Royce, whose frosty aura and dark expression made Chloe instantly realize, his jealousy game was strong!

No wonder Damon was his son, also prone to jealousy. Could it be that being possessive and jealous was hereditary?

She looked up at the towering figure standing at the top of the stairs, exuding a chilly aura. Chloe thought to herself... Maybe being bossy and jealous really was contagious.

## Chapter 1305

Damon was currently standing at the staircase, his dark gaze intensely focused on Chloe.

When she glanced over, he subtly shifted his gaze, landing on the grilled salmon she held in her hand.

Suddenly, Chloe felt the salmon in her hand burning. But this was not the time to think about that. How dare he show up here so boldly?

She quickly gave him a look, hinting at him to hide. But Damon didn't budge, his gaze stubbornly fixed on the salmon in her hand, as if challenging it.

Seeing Chloe's face, Yasmine narrowed her eyes slightly and looked towards the staircase. Her brows furrowed. The staircase was empty, nothing there. Looking back at Chloe, she seemed to have let out a sigh of relief.

Feeling Yasmine's gaze, Chloe's heart quickened, and she felt a bit uneasy. Her mother was too sharp, and she always felt that sooner or later, her mother would find out something. Even now, she might have noticed something.

“Guys, Chloe’s been staying home lately. Your son couldn’t possibly be here. Please don’t appear in front of my daughter until you sort out your family issues Of course, that includes your son...”

Hearing this, Elizabeth was a bit disgruntled, finally shifting her attention away from Winston. “Yasmine, don’t be so heartless! Chloe and Damon love each other, you’re breaking their relationship!”

Yasmine calmly replied, “I don’t want to be like the elders in your family. And we’re not family right now. I understand your family values, so we won’t insist. My daughter is wonderful. It’s no problem for her to find a good man. Like her and Winston, they grew up together, their relationship is stable, they know each other well, they’re living together now, and their feelings are heating up... If you don’t believe me, just look at Chloe and him standing together, don’t they look great together?”

Elizabeth glanced at Winston and Chloe, they really did. He was handsome, and she was beautiful.

She couldn’t help but nod, whispering, “They really do look good together...”

Chloe was speechless. Hearing this, a faint smile appeared on Winston’s usually expressionless face. He reached out, put his arm around Chloe’s shoulder, and gently pulled her closer. “Ms. Yasmine, rest assured, I’ll take good care of Chloe.”

Chloe frowned slightly, Winston lowered his head, his voice filled with a gentle smile as he took the grilled salmon from Chloe. “Go eat, it’ll get cold.”

Seeing the two standing close together, Elizabeth got a bit anxious, pointing at Winston, wishing she could separate them. “Let go... Though you’re very handsome, Chloe is my daughter-in-law now!”

Even while protesting, she didn’t forget to compliment Winston’s handsomeness. How will Elizabeth explain this to her jealous husband, Mr. Royce, when she gets home? But Chloe didn’t even have the chance to feel helpless. A familiar figure suddenly appeared in front of her, taking her away from Winston’s arms.

One moment, Chloe was surprised, the next moment, she thought, “Crap.”



The entire living room fell silent. All eyes were on the man who suddenly appeared, and no one said a word.

Yasmine slightly furrowed her brows, watching the man forcefully snatch Chloe from Winston's arms, a glint of light flashed in her eyes.

Damon was glaring at Winston across the room, his hostility quite clear.

Winston wasn't feeling great either, he watched as this man rushed down from the stairs, and immediately guessed what was happening. His face was grim as he locked eyes with Damon. It was as

if a silent battle was taking place between their gazes.

Elizabeth looked confused at the sudden appearance of her son, blinking. "Son, where... where did you come from?"

Rose was hiding near the staircase, silently looking up at the ceiling. Ms. Yasmine was definitely trying to provoke him. She didn't believe that the CEO of the Harper Group, Damon, couldn't figure out her intent? But he still took the bait. She didn't know whether to be angry or amused at how easily he got riled up.

Chloe was a bit at a loss. He had just hidden, so why did he suddenly appear?!

The living room was silent for a while; everyone seemed to gradually come back to their senses, and Yasmine looked at Chloe, asking coldly, "How is he in the house?"

She remembered she had told the guards outside not to let anyone in.

Chloe found it hard to explain, "He..."

She hesitated for a while but couldn't say anything. Yasmine looked at her for a while, then suddenly yelled, "Rose!"

Rose, who was hiding at the staircase, jumped at the sound, feeling quite vexed.

Jealous Damon didn't care about anything and rushed out, and now she was getting scolded by Ms. Yasmine because of him. She knew how severe Ms. Yasmine would be when scolding her.

Rose slowly emerged from the staircase, walking downstairs with a wronged face. "Ms. Yasmine..." She stood hesitantly about two meters away from Yasmine. Her head lowered, looking like a child who'd done something wrong.

"Did you let him in?" Yasmine asked coldly.

Rose glanced at Chloe, smirked, and then glared fiercely at Damon. "...Ms. Yasmine, I was forced to."

Yasmine's face remained stern. "When did he come?"

Rose glanced at Chloe quietly, and finally answered truthfully, "He came with me that night..."

Yasmine looked at Chloe. "So where has he been these past days?"

Chloe averted her eyes, not meeting Yasmine's gaze straight on. However, Yasmine seemed to have easily read something from her expression,

chuckling softly. "Been keeping a man in your room all these days?"

The way she said it made it sound as if Chloe was hiding a little boyfriend. Even Elizabeth felt some heat creeping up her face.

Damon had been missing for so many days. It was one thing to go looking for Chloe, but to do it so sneakily, it seemed he had been in Chloe's room for quite a while, and the rest of the household had no idea.

How was this any different from harboring a little boyfriend!

Chapter 1306

Elizabeth mused, turning to look at Damon who was standing beside her. She had been ready to comfort him at any moment, but it seemed like she wouldn't get that chance after all.

Damon was expressionless, looking down at Chloe with a somewhat cold voice. "You hungry?"

Damon's unexpected question took Chloe by surprise, causing her to utter an involuntary, "Huh."

Without wasting any time, Damon walked over and snatched the grilled salmon from Winston's hand. 'Snatched' would be a much better word to describe it than 'took'.

Winston was speechless. He watched as Damon took the salmon and led Chloe straight to the dining room. For a moment, the whole house was silent, all eyes were on them. It wasn't until they disappeared from sight that everyone started to recover.

Damon's low and gruff voice resounded from the living room. "Do you want this?"

"Yeah."

There was a moment of silence, followed by the sound of dishes clattering against the table.

"Eat."

With Chloe trapped in her chair by Damon, she had no choice but to eat. Seeing the red chili in the dish, Damon frowned.

Just when Chloe was about to enjoy the food, the utensils were snatched away by Damon.

“... What’s wrong?”

“Is this clean?”

Damon asked, his expression serious.

Unfazed, Chloe reassured him, “It’s fine. Winston wouldn’t buy anything that could be a health risk...”

Her voice trailed off as she noticed Damon’s stern look.

“This restaurant is quite famous.” She quickly added, hoping to reassure him. The grilled salmon from this place was known for its quality, and it had a great reputation.

But Damon still handed the utensils back to Chloe with an icy expression. “Eat.”

The silence in the dining room left everyone in the living room speechless.

What was up with this guy? Someone was insulting him, saying he was kept like a little boyfriend and he didn’t react at all?

Chloe only ate a few bites and then slowed down. This didn’t seem like the right time to quietly enjoy her meal.

“Don’t you like it?” Damon asked her softly. Chloe shook her head.

“It’s okay.”

Damon served her some more food. “Then eat more.”

Chloe sighed. Did he even realize the situation they were in?

At that moment, the people in the living room also shifted their attention to them. Watching Damon casually picking out pieces of salmon for Chloe, they couldn’t help but feel helpless.

“It seems Mr. Harper doesn’t care about his image...”

Their laughter filled the room. They never thought their stern CEO could be so amusing.

Unable to refute his words, Yasmine suddenly realized the extent of a man’s shamelessness. This was the first time she couldn’t argue back.

After Damon finished eating with Chloe, he led her out of the dining room, protecting her from everyone else. He was afraid that if he wasn’t careful, Chloe would be taken away by someone.

Standing in the middle of the living room, Damon turned to Winston. “Move out.”

“This is my house!” Winston blurted.

Damon looked at him thoughtfully, his expression unreadable.

The room fell into an awkward silence until Mr. Royce finally broke it. “Alright, Damon. You should go back and deal with the company’s affairs.”

At the mention of company affairs, Damon’s expression shifted. He didn’t respond at first, but when Chloe tugged at his clothes lightly, he understood that it was time to leave.

This time, Yasmine didn't say anything. The situation had reached this point, and there was nothing she could do. Her daughter was willing, so what else could she say?

She had heard about the Harper Group's situation. It had gone too far for Chloe's sake, and to hold onto any grudges would be unseemly.

"Damon!" Seeing that Damon wasn't responding, Royce called out to him sternly.

"I'm fine, go now, Chloe urged, clutching his arm.

After a few seconds of contemplation, Damon turned to Yasmine and said, "I'll be back tonight."

Yasmine, "...And if I don't agree?"

Damon turned around. "Doesn't matter."

In the end, Damon left the Peck family.

Before leaving, Elizabeth patted Winston on the shoulder, trying to comfort him. "Winston, don't be too sad... Can I get your contact information? If I find a girl that's right for you, I can help... Hey..."

Elizabeth was cut off mid-sentence and led away.

"Winston... your contact info... Chloe, tell me Winston's contact info later..."

"Elizabeth!"

"What?! I was just being polite and saying goodbye. Why are you so rude?!"

Polite... Was this how she treated people politely? Royce's face darkened, and he hoisted the struggling Elizabeth onto his shoulder, marching out of the villa with a stern expression.

What on earth had he done in his past life to deserve such a headache?

Not until the sound of the car engine started and faded into the distance did Chloe's smile fade. She glanced at Yasmine, biting her lip lightly. "Mom..."

"Alright. Sit down, I have something to talk to you about."

Yasmine's expression was very serious, and Chloe could tell that what she was about to say wasn't just about the recent events. Although she had mentally prepared herself, she was still shocked when she

saw the documents Bryson handed her!

"Mom, this..."

"Yes, these are the projects the Alonso family has recently invested in. If successful, their status will be further cemented."

Looking at the huge sums on the report, Chloe furrowed her brows. After a moment of contemplation, she squinted her eyes and took a deep breath, tentatively asking, "So can we..."

"Snatch it."

Yasmine didn't hesitate, cutting to the chase.

Taken aback by the sudden voicing of her thoughts, Chloe hesitated for a moment before nodding, a typical savvy and cool demeanor on her face that was frequently seen in the business world.

"This is an opportunity. If we pull this off, the Alonso family will undoubtedly be hit hard. They'll be left licking their wounds, and I sure as hell won't give them a chance to bounce back!"

## Chapter 1307

Yasmine nodded, then she looked up at her, and fell silent for a while.

Chloe was a bit lost. "...What's up?"

"Are you sure you've made the right choice this time? Is it him?"

Chloe blinked, then gently hooked her lips into a smile and nodded.

"Only him."

Although this wasn't a direct answer, it struck a deeper chord.

However, Yasmine's expression didn't change. Instead, she furrowed her brows and fell silent for a good while. "And what about him? Does he feel the same way, only you, no one else?"

"He won't have anyone else. He's a good guy... You should get to know him a bit, now that he's brought you back this time..."

Yasmine scoffed lightly. "I don't know him."

Chloe didn't know what to say for a moment, but Yasmine suddenly laughed, looking up at Chloe with bitterness in her eyes. "If I could really see a man for who he is, I wouldn't have chosen your father in the first place, nor would I have let you get engaged to Lance..."

... nor would I have been deceived by a man I'd been with for over a decade and was ready to spend my life with, only to have him point a gun at me for another woman...



Her deep gaze quivered slightly. When she looked back, Chloe was quietly looking at her. She adjusted her expression, returning to her usual self. "As long as you don't regret it, that's fine."

After a pause, she added, "Even if you regret it, it's your own choice. I just hope you can stick to it and not let me see you falling apart."

Chloe nodded. "I won't, but what about you?"

Yasmine's brows twitched slightly. "What about me?"

"Why did you choose my father? Did you love him?"

Yasmine glanced at her. "You should worry more about yourself when you have time."

Chloe was a bit helpless; she could never have a deep conversation with her mother. Trying to know something about her past was like climbing a sky-high ladder. "Alright, you just got back and seem a bit flustered, did something happen?"

Recalling the past was something Yasmine herself didn't want to do. She wasn't a fool, nor did she enjoy wallowing in sorrow, especially not for a man. She didn't deny her feelings, nor was she trying to hide anything.

This was already the lowest she could go. Some people said she was too rational, even when it came to feelings. Maybe, but there was no helping it.

She couldn't stand the idea of pouring out her feelings, only to end up with nothing and needing someone else's pity.

She wasn't that kind of person. Her dignity and her pride prevented her from always being the weak one, the loser. Not mentioning things, not thinking about them, allowed her to continue living as peacefully as anyone else.

Chloe pursed her lips slightly. "I'm considering what to do with the Alonso family. I don't want to drag the Alonso matter any longer, Wendy is just too annoying."

Yasmine nodded. "Wait a bit longer."

Chloe softly responded, and the living room fell silent for a few seconds. Yasmine elegantly picked up her cup and took a sip of coffee.

"...Mom, I'm pregnant."

Hearing this news, Yasmine's cup in her hand trembled slightly, spilling a bit of coffee. Then she looked up at Chloe, blinking involuntarily. "What did you. say?"

Chloe took a test report out of her bag and placed it in front of Yasmine. "I had a checkup. I'm pregnant."

Yasmine put down her cup, picked up the test report and looked at it carefully. After a while, she held her chest and looked at Chloe. "And it's twins..."

Chloe nodded with a smile. "Yes, twins."

Damon's luck was too good, wasn't it? Not only did he get her daughter, but now he'd got two kids at once?!

"I once joked about a shotgun wedding, and you two actually made it happen..." Yasmine said somewhat helplessly as she remembered mentioning a shotgun wedding at the engagement banquet, but she didn't expect the two of them to be expecting babies before marriage...

Hearing Yasmine's words, Chloe couldn't help but laugh. "I didn't expect it either..."

Yasmine thought for a moment. "So, does Damon know?"

“He knows.”

“And...”

“The Harpers don’t know yet, in fact, besides you and me, only Damon and Rose know...”

Chloe paused here. “And probably Wendy.”

Hearing this name, Yasmine frowned. Without asking, she could guess some things. Seemed like Wendy was really a troublemaker for the Alonso family. How could she tolerate such a person?

Around eight in the evening. Chloe went downstairs for food again. She found that her appetite had increased a lot, but thinking about the two babies in her belly, she didn’t mind anymore.

When she was going downstairs, she saw Winston watching TV in the living room. He glanced at her when he saw her coming down.

“Eating again?”

Chloe responded, and when she got to the kitchen door, she stopped, turned around, and looked at Winston. “Are you about to join the cast soon?”

Winston held the remote, changing channels passively “Yeah”

“Have you arranged all your other work?”

“You’re my agent, and you’re asking me?”

“Heh...childish...” Winston’s taunting words left Chloe puzzled.

She turned back to look at the TV. It was showing an interview with the popular star Herman, who was dubbed Prince Herman by fans and media for his cool and handsome looks, great physique, and widely acclaimed acting skills. Some people even compared him to Winston online.

Some believed that Herman might've become the youngest international best actor after Winston, while others thought opportunities varied from person to person. If Winston's opportunity had been given to Herman, the current best actor might have been Herman. Others believed that newcomers would eventually replace the old, and Herman would definitely surpass Winston in the future.

These were all opinions she'd come across when she was bored at home. She didn't really care at first, thinking that Winston, being an international film king, wouldn't sweat the small stuff. But boy, she was wrong. Winston seemed to care a lot about Herman.

She raised her eyebrow slightly. It was not just women who liked to set up rivals for themselves, men did too. Indeed, competition was what drove progress.

But this Herman... She squinted her eyes a bit, staring at Herman's face for quite some time.

Well... "Prince Herman", this name did fit him quite well.

He was definitely a looker.

"What're you lookin' at?"

Chapter 1308

Winston's voice was filled with irritation. Chloe glanced at him and, sure enough, he looked pretty sour.

She shrugged, pointed at the television, and said, "Herman, is not too shabby"

After saying that, she watched Winston's face for any reaction, then calmly turned and went into the kitchen.

But she had barely stepped inside when she heard the sound of a car engine outside. Damon walked into the living room, exchanging glances with Winston.

Winston was happily lounging on the sofa watching TV, and the comfortable sight rubbed Damon the wrong way.

Upon seeing Damon, Winston also scowled. The two men faced each other, neither saying a word for a while. Finally, as Damon was unbuttoning his coat, he grumbled, "When are you moving out?"

Winston chuckled and nonchalantly propped his feet up on the table. "Mr. Harper, this house belongs to the Pecks."

Damon's frown deepened. "I can buy this house."

"I'm not selling!"

Chloe heard the commotion and came out from the dining room, seeing Damon glaring at Winston seeming pretty ticked off. "Damon, you're back?"

Damon turned to look at Chloe, who had a bunch of vegetables in her hand. It seemed like she was cooking. He furrowed his brows, went over to her side, and took the vegetables from her. "What're you

doing?"

"I'm making Mexican chili soup. You want some?"

"I'll have a bowl too."

Before Damon could respond, Winston butted in.

Damon frowned even more, almost crushing the vegetables in his hand. "We're moving out tomorrow," Damon said.

He couldn't stand this place anymore!

Chloe didn't object. She also agreed to move out with Damon. Seeing Chloe had no objections, Damon's mood lightened up a bit.

"Mexican chili soup?" he asked Chloe, and seeing her nod, he pulled her into the dining room, had her sit by the table, then he went into the kitchen to cook.

Before long, Chloe saw Damon come out with a bowl of Mexican chili soup.

Seeing the soup, Chloe's appetite surged. Damon's cooking skills were truly amazing. He could cook anything!

She picked up her utensils, blew on it and took a taste. It was absolutely delicious.

"Good?"

Chloe nodded, giving him a thumbs up. "Very good."

Damon's lips curved up slightly, enjoying her satisfied expression, his handsome face full of tenderness and affection.

When she finished the last spoonful of soup, Chloe finally let out a satisfied sigh. Looking up, she saw the man across from her staring at her. Her face involuntarily reddened. "Did I... eat too much?"

Damon chuckled. "We're three people eating, it's not too much."

Three people... Chloe looked down at her stomach, a smile twinkling in her eyes.

“Anything wrong with the company recently?”

Hearing Chloe’s question, Damon’s smile faded a bit, but he shook his head. “Nothing’s wrong.”

Seeing his reaction, Chloe hesitated. “I don’t understand why Presley has been so adamant recently, is he considering something else?”

Damon leaned back in his chair, his gaze unreadable. “Whatever he’s considering, it doesn’t justify his actions.” With that, he stood up, walked over to her, and lifted her from her chair.

He rubbed his forehead against hers. “You’re full now. Go freshen up and sleep, okay?”

Chloe thought about it and nodded. “I have to go watch Miles’ competition tomorrow, so I need to get up early.”

Damon frowned. “Do you have to go?”

“Mm. If I don’t, Wendy will get bored.”

Damon smiled helplessly at their little power struggle.

The next day, the international makeup competition was held at the P City International Convention Center.

The east, west, south, and north gates of the convention center were all open. Contestants could enter with their competition passes, while others, besides judges and some industry authorities, needed to buy tickets to get in. The admission screening was very strict.

Chloe didn't come with Miles, by the time she arrived it was already late, but the entrance of the venue was still swarmed with reporters.

"Jacob, how confident are you in achieving a triple crown this time?"

"I heard that among the contestants this time, there's an old classmate of yours, will his participation affect you psychologically?"

"Who do you think is the most capable makeup artist in this year's competition, besides yourself?"

Jacob's fame in the fashion world, his relationship with the popular star Beverly, and his potential triple crowning this year were undoubtedly the topics reporters were most interested in.

Faced with the reporters' barrage of questions, Jacob remained very poised and calm, showing none of the nervousness and panic of a competitor. "Thank you all for your concern. In every competition, I believe every contestant is 100% confident in themselves. This is not only a testament to their long-term efforts but also their recognition of their professional knowledge. I'm the same, it's not about how confident I am in the competition, but that I must win the championship!

"Of course, I have no doubt about the abilities of my colleagues. However, he has been focusing on his photography work for many years, and I'm concerned that he might not be familiar with the current fashion trends and some more popular professional knowledge. I hope he can improve in this area and I wish him excellent results in this year's competition.

"Every makeup artist who has the courage to participate in the competition is a strong competitor. I hope everyone can achieve their best results." He broadly answered the questions just asked by the

reporters. Apart from his "kind concern" for Miles, his other responses were standard official

answers.

The reporters were clearly not very interested in this kind of public relations rhetoric designed to handle them, but upon further questioning, they seemed unable to extract more information. They turned to



Beverly, who was in Jacob's arms, with smiles on their faces. "You two are getting married in a few days, right? Do you have confidence in him?"

Beverly smiled. "Thank you for your concern. I have a lot of confidence in him. He has never let me down."

## Chapter 1309

Beverly grinned. "Thanks for the concern guys, but I've got total faith in him, he's never let me down."

Jacob planted a soft kiss on Beverly's cheek. "Without Beverly, I wouldn't be where I am today."

Beverly blushed, and the two of them put on a lovey-dovey show for the cameras. Their interaction was filled with affection, naturally earning the blessings of the press.

Because of being pushed down the stairs by Chloe yesterday, Wendy had a bruised face and didn't want to face the media, but still showed up wearing sunglasses. She made her entrance from the left side of the venue, followed by four bodyguards. She was wearing a deep red trench coat, looking dazzling and arrogant.

Despite not being particularly curious about her, people still flocked towards her. Because today's competition was between Infinity Media and Starlight International.

Four bodyguards surrounded Wendy, emotionlessly keeping the reporters at bay.

"She's acting like such a diva, just like the Alonso family's heiress."

"The Alonso family's lady has to rely on appearances now."

"Appearances are everything! If it wasn't for Presley, none of that would have happened at that engagement party a few days ago. If she wasn't the Alonso family's heiress, who could get away with acting first and reporting later?"

“True that, Ms. Wendy has her advantages, especially in terms of status, that’s what Presley is interested in.”

“Yeah, I heard that after Yasmine took Ms. Summers away, Mr. Harper and Ms. Summers haven’t seen each other.”

“I also heard that Presley’s health is not good, which is why he is pushing Mr. Harper to marry the Alonso family’s heiress as soon as possible. Ms. Summers and Mr. Harper have no future development, I heard the wedding was really canceled.”

“Really? I also heard that Mr. Harper seems to agree to compromise with Presley, agreeing to continue dating the Alonso family’s heiress...” Hearing this, Wendy was even more smug. No matter how pretty Chloe was, this was the inherent difference. She felt superior, and this sense of superiority was something Chloe would never surpass.

Not now, not ever!

Just like people said, sooner or later, Damon would see the reality and come back to her.

Had they not seen each other for a while? So, was Chloe’s sudden appearance at the Harper family yesterday because she was looking for Damon?

In that case, if Chloe really was pregnant, Damon probably didn’t know yet, right?

“Since you trust each other so much, how much confidence do you, as their boss, have in them, Ms. Wendy?”

In response to the reporter’s question, Wendy stood quietly on the side, head held high, full of arrogance and nobility. “I have faith in my judgment. Just like Beverly, Jacob has never disappointed anyone. The two championships were his, and if he says he’s confident about the third, I’ll fully support and trust him.”

“There are rumors that Jacob’s predecessor is participating in the competition as a makeup artist for Starlight International. As someone who has lost to Ms. Summers in the competition many times, do you still think Jacob will win the triple crown?”

Hearing the reporter’s words, Wendy’s brow furrowed immediately. She coldly glared at the reporter in front of her. “Why can’t Jacob win the triple crown? What does this have to do with me losing to Ms. Summers multiple times? And also, when have I lost to Ms. Summers multiple times? Sir, are you misunderstanding something?”

The reporter raised an eyebrow. “I apologize, perhaps my description was not accurate. But if we consider the recent fashion week, Starlight International was a standout, while Infinity Media’s representatives, Jacob, Beverly and the other participating brands, were barely mentioned domestically...”

Hearing this, Wendy’s eyelids twitched involuntarily, and a vein popped in her forehead. At this point, the other reporters seemed to have thought of something and started whispering among themselves.

“That’s right, Miles’ performance at the fashion week was outstanding. He had a comprehend understanding of the current trends.”

“Jacob, we’re looking forward to seeing you win the triple crown today.”

“To be honest, we didn’t have high expectations for Jacob in the last two years.”

“Yes, with Starlight International participating, there might be some changes in the competition this year.”

Hearing these comments, Wendy was about to explode. What did they mean by they only had expectations because Starlight International was participating? Didn’t they expect Jacob would win the championship the years before?

“Look, isn’t that Ms. Summers?”

“It’s really Ms. Summers!”

The crowd was buzzing, and before Wendy had time to think, she heard the reporters shouting Ms. Summers’ name.

Wendy frowned, watching the reporters who had been surrounding her, Jacob, and Beverly, flocking towards the woman who just walked in the door.

She was dressed in a checkered wool suit, with a black belt around her waist, making her look tall and slender. Her long hair draped over her shoulders, giving off a fashionable and chic vibe.

Ever since Chloe became the focus of P City, every appearance she made, every outfit she wore, became the most popular trend. But most people didn’t have her unique charisma, so the outfits always lacked something when they wore them, but they still captured the essence of it.

Imitation was the sincerest form of flattery, after all.

From a distance, she came alone, and without anyone by her side, compared to Wendy’s grand entourage, she seemed a bit pitiful.

“How come she leaves the house without even a single bodyguard?”

“Right, didn’t notice it before, but now that you mention it, it does seem a bit off.”

“I used to think that was just the norm, but now, looking back, were all those bodyguards just following Mr. Harper’s orders?”

“So, have they really broken up?”

As a few reporters hustled towards Chloe, they murmured amongst themselves. But before they could spread the news, a group of tall, uniformed bodyguards in black suits suddenly surrounded Chloe. These

bodyguards were burly and of the same height, with stern faces that made people unconsciously stop in their tracks.

## Chapter 1310

They created a safe perimeter around Chloe without even touching her, making her feel like she was in a secure bubble.

The scene left the reporters in awe. This was much more impressive than anything they'd seen from the lady of the Alonso family.

The reporters stood a few steps back, feeling intimidated by the dozen or so black-clad bodyguards. They carefully raised their microphones to ask Chloe their questions.

"Ms. Summers, what are your thoughts on the competition? The championship trophy..."

"I'm gonna give it my all, I trust Miles, he won't let me down. I think I've answered this before."

Chloe stepped out from the circle of bodyguards, but they still shielded her carefully with their arms.

"But Miles' model was in a car accident, according to the hospital report, it seemed pretty serious. If you had to find a model at the last minute, it could affect the performance..."

Chloe remained calm, with a small smile on her face. "I believe a true makeup artist doesn't discriminate against their clients. Their job is to make us all shine with confidence and beauty, even in a competition."

The reporters all nodded, but Wendy, on the other side, snickered.

"So Ms. Summers means we carefully selected our clients, or that others don't have the ability to transform their clients. A competition is a competition. you should respect it..."

Chloe glanced at her nonchalantly as if she hadn't heard her. "Besides, even if Miles' model hadn't had an accident, I think his skills are much stronger than those who use the same model for every competition. If all your skills can only be used on one person, and you win ten championships in a row, you won't be able to reach new heights."

Not just Wendy, but even Jacob and Beverly's faces darkened to varying degrees.

The reporters were thrilled. They didn't expect Chloe to take such a clear stance. But it made sense. Even without her saying it, people knew about the tension between Starlight International and Infinity Media. Compared to the behind-the-scenes fights, this blatant "I just don't like you" was more straightforward.

"So where's Miles, we haven't seen him yet?"

"Hah, he didn't drop out because he lost his model, did he?"

"That'd be something. Ms. Summers made all those grand statements, but in the end, the person responsible for the competition doesn't show up, that'd be awkward."

Chloe simply smiled, not responding. Without another word, Chloe, surrounded by her bodyguards, smoothly entered the venue.

Wendy and Jacob followed closely behind. Seeing Chloe well-protected by her bodyguards, Wendy's eyes filled with more resentment and malice. "You still haven't told me where your biggest confidence for the competition comes from?!"

Jacob was angry at Chloe's attitude, but thinking about this question, his mood improved a lot. "It's this competition's theme."

Wendy stopped suddenly, glanced around, then whispered, "You know the theme?"

Jacob grinned mysteriously, hugging his girlfriend Beverly close. "It's as if it's designed just for us."

“What is it?!” Wendy was impatient, she didn’t expect Jacob’s secret weapon to be the competition’s theme.

Jacob stroked Beverly’s hair, his expression tender. “Bridal.”

“What?”

“Bridal makeup,” Jacob repeated. “Tell me it’s not tailor-made for us?”

Wendy was surprised at first, looked at Beverly for a few seconds, then burst out laughing.

Bridal makeup. Ha.

Jacob and Beverly’s engagement news had already been going around for a while, and it seemed to have made an impact.

This year’s makeup competition’s theme was bridal makeup?! Jacob was right, it was as if it was designed just for them. In that case, what did she have to worry about?

She naturally trusted Jacob’s professional skills, and now they knew the theme in advance, so this year’s champion, ha... Was there even a need to

consider?

Not at all!

So, to have more people witness his third championship win today, both Miles and Beverly’s family and other relatives came. The two families chatted and laughed together.

A commotion at the entrance caught their attention, they turned to see Chloe being surrounded by a crowd as she entered and took a seat in the front.

“That’s Miles’ boss, huh? Looks like Miles is really going to compete.” Jacob’s mother sneered at Chloe, her voice full of disdain and contempt.

As the head of the family, Brad frowned when he heard this. “Just let her compete. Without comparison, there’s no harm. I really don’t get why Miles is so arrogant. He’s been stubborn for years, now insisting on competing with Jacob, has he ever considered how embarrassing it would be if she lost? Even if he’s stubborn, he should see the situation. Why doesn’t he wait till Jacob wins his third championship before joining next year? He’s just asking for trouble...

Jacob’s mother chuckled. “I think it’s because he’s been overshadowed by Jacob for so long, he’s not satisfied, and that’s why he’s rushing to compete this year. Seems like he really wants to beat Jacob, huh?”

“Haha, well, he can dream on. When Jacob won his two championships, Miles was still stuck in that small studio. I think he’d just been too oppressed by Jacob, you know how men are...”

This was said by Beverly’s mom, who was super worried about the past relationship between Miles and Beverly. Every time she thought about him potentially messing with her daughter again, she felt a headache coming on.

“Hey, Beverly, come over here...” Beverly’s mom got up and waved at Beverly, who came over when she heard her.

As they watched Beverly lifting her skirt slightly and walking over slowly, everyone’s faces lit up with joy.

“If there’s anyone to blame, it’s because Jacob is too damn good. Great people always get noticed. But attracting Beverly, well, that was his lucky day.”