

CHOSEN 1321

Chapter 1321

Watching Jacob get handcuffed by several people, Beverly finally snapped out of her daze and rushed forward, her face pale. "Did you guys get something twisted? You're talking about poisoning and deliberately causing car accidents, but you have no proof..."

"Please do not interfere with our official duties! We would not randomly arrest people without solid evidence."

An official pushed Beverly aside and said sternly.

Beverly shook her head, looking at Jacob with hopeful eyes. "Jacob, is there some kind of misunderstanding? You need to explain this to them..."

However, before she could finish, someone stepped in front of her. "Miss Beverly, regarding the issue of Mr. Jacob buying the theme from the organizers, we might need your testimony. We hope you could come with us..."

Beverly's knees buckled, she staggered back a step, her face ghostly white. "I don't know. I don't know anything. What you're talking about?" She shook her head in denial, looking genuinely clueless.

The official pursed his lips, speaking coldly, "Miss Beverly, can you tell us when Mr. Jacob started designed your bridal style?"

"Since... Beverly thought for a moment, then her voice trailed off, her face showing a look of disbelief as she turned to look at Jacob.

When did it start? Thinking about it, it was before they had announced their engagement...

If Jacob really did buy the competition questions in advance, then his sudden proposal to her and their public engagement announcement were for the sake of this competition?

Their wedding was approaching, and the competition theme was “Bridal.” If he won the three–peat, followed by their wedding, the hype would definitely last a long time in their society, having a significant impact on his career...

Did Jacob actually plan their marriage into all of this?

Beverly’s head was buzzing, and she suddenly felt cold. What kind of man had she chosen?

Poisoning Miles’ makeup, causing a car accident to harm Miles’ model, and even bribing the organizers to buy the theme. All these things were simply unacceptable.

Even more depressing was the fact that even with all his preparations and buying the theme in advance, Jacob still couldn’t beat Miles.

Beverly swayed slightly, her gaze involuntarily finding Miles. When she saw his calm eyes, her heart seemed to be pierced a little.

The two of them standing together looked very compatible. If she had known that Miles could win the championship...

“Miss Beverly, please come with me...”

The official’s request made Beverly bite her lip. If she hadn’t chosen Jacob, she would probably be the most beautiful bride now, and none of this would’ve happened to Katie, But now, she had to face questioning for Jacob.

In the end, Jacob was taken away, and Beverly was also led away by two different people. Under everyone’s watchful eyes, the competition had reached this stage, a situation–never before seen.

Due to this sudden incident, Jacob’s second place, after discussion by the judges and the organizers, was cancelled, and his place was taken by the contestant that had won third place.

The competition finally got a result.

Miles stood unwavering, and the championship was his!

Chloe had already foreseen the outcome when Katie made her appearance, so she was more than happy for Miles. Seeing Jacob flustered after losing the competition, and Beverly looking like she regretted her past choices, she felt quite relieved.

Miles silenced his opponent with his own talent. Previously, she didn't think much of it, but now as a bystander, this feeling was rather satisfying.

The Baines family, seeing Jacob being taken away, were so flustered they didn't know what to do. Laurel was crying out, trying to hold onto her son Jacob. Her cries attracted the attention of others at the venue, including Miles.

Seated in the middle, Brad slowly rose from his seat when he saw Miles looking over. From across the front seats, he locked eyes with Miles for a long while, then he started to laugh. "You've got some guts, worthy of being my grandson-in-law!"

Miles heard these words and chuckled. "Brad, it's nice to see you remember you had a grandson-in-law like me."

Brad frowned at these words and warned, "Miles!"

"Today, it's clear that I'm not the ignorant and self-deprecating person you just mentioned. Sorry, I ruined your dear grandson Jacob's dream of a three-peat."

"What the hell are you talking about?! Jacob and you are both my family! Who would I favor if either of you achieved something?!"

Miles suddenly laughed coldly. "Favoritism? All I know is, for years, I've been alone, running a photo studio, barely making ends meet, while Jacob constantly took advantage of me, stole my business,

poached my clients. He repeatedly oppressed me, preventing me from participating in any competitions, practically cutting off all my paths. At that time, not a single person stood up for me, or even comforted me. I was left in the cold. I may be an orphan, but I should have family. Yet, all these years, I've been alone, experiencing the vicissitudes of life.

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"I'm not arguing about what is called unfair treatment. Today, I won the championship. If it were Jacob, I believe your whole family would be jumping for joy for his three-peat. So, that's that. I am Miles, and I have nothing to do with the Baines family."

"... You... you ungrateful...!" Brad shouted in anger.

However, Miles just gave a sarcastic smile, then shifted his gaze away, no longer looking at him.

Next was the award ceremony.

Chloe was casually chilling in the audience, eyes glued on the moment Miles was grabbing that championship trophy.

Once the game was over, the scene outside the venue turned into a total madhouse.

Chapter 1322

Chloe was tightly guarded by her bodyguards, making it impossible for the reporters to approach her.

Just then, they spotted Becky and Wendy trying to slip away. They immediately swarmed them.

"Ms. Wendy, do you know about Jacob bribing the organizers to buy the competition theme?"

“And the intentional car crash that injured Mr. Miles’ model, and the mercury added to Mr. Miles’ makeup, do you know all about this?”

Wendy just clamped her mouth shut, her face in agony. She didn’t answer any of the questions. How could she be in the mood to answer these questions now? It was all Jacob’s fault!

“Earlier, Infinity Media was promoting Jacob’s three-peat this year, but now he’s been defeated. Ms. Wendy, any thoughts?”

“What’s your take on Jacob’s performance in this competition?”

“Jacob has been taken away from the scene. There must be clear evidence. Do you really know nothing about his actions? Or are you actually the mastermind behind all this?”

The last question from the reporter made Wendy stop in her tracks. Frowning, she said coldly, “I had no idea about any of Jacob’s actions. I was deceived too!” Hearing this, the reporters burst into laughter.

“Ms. Wendy, aren’t you being a bit too much? Mr. Jacob has brought you quite a bit of benefits in the past, right? How come we never heard you say you were deceived before?”

Wendy was left speechless by the reporters’ questions. Becky, fuming, pushed Wendy and hissed, “You’re so stupid, why are you saying so much? Let’s get out of here!”

The reporters’ attention was instantly drawn to Becky. “Hey, miss, didn’t you just make a bet with Ms. Summers? Have you fulfilled your part yet?”

“Right, I heard it too. Whoever’s makeup artist loses has to kneel, right?”

“So, have you apologized to Ms. Summers on your knees yet?”

Becky turned pale. “I...”

“Ms. Summers, Ms. Summers?! Did you forget about the knee-bending bet you just made?”

“Huh?” The reporter’s high-pitched voice made Chloe, who was about to leave, pause.

Seeing her reaction, the reporter immediately asked, “Ms. Summers, weren’t you dragged into a bet by this lady? Now that she’s lost, according to the bet, shouldn’t she kneel down and apologize to you?”

Chloe raised an eyebrow. She had indeed forgotten about that. She slowly stepped out from the circle of bodyguards and walked up to Becky, smirking at her for a

moment.

“What are you looking at?!” Becky glared at Chloe.

“Princess Becky, shouldn’t you be a bit more proactive?” Chloe smiled and lowered her gaze to the ground.

Becky looked confused, her eyes flicking left and right. “What do you mean by more proactive? Chloe, don’t push it!”

Chloe raised an eyebrow. “Princess Becky, you’re the one who initiated the bet. If you can’t bear to lose, you shouldn’t have played. Isn’t it a display of unsportsmanlike behavior to deny it after you lose?”

“You didn’t agree to compete with me at the beginning! Where is there room for denial?!”

Chloe’s expression turned cold. “If I had lost today, would you still say that?”

Becky stared at Chloe. She wanted this woman to apologize to her forever, so how could she miss any chance?

“Chloe, you’re really talking big. I’m a princess of a country, you still owe me from before! And now you want me to kneel to you?!”

Chloe raised an eyebrow and took a deep breath. “It seems you and Ms. Wendy are alike. You both like to oppress people with your status! Y Country’s princess...” Chloe murmured, as if choosing her words carefully, her words filled with meaning.

Becky raised her head, full of arrogance. “Yes, I’m the Princess of Y Country, how dare you ask me to kneel down?!”

Chloe looked at Becky’s arrogant face, her eyes full of displeasure.

“Princess Becky, I suggest you not to cross the line. In reality, as a princess, you have no blood relation to the royal family”

Becky’s eyes widened, looking at Chloe, her whole body shaking with anger. “...you’ve gone too far! How dare you talk about the royal family like this?! You’re really

bold!”

“It’s not a secret, Princess Becky. All your wealth and honor were given to you by Queen Julia unilaterally. You’re so arrogant and reckless. Please go back to Y Country and don’t smear your

country’s reputation in other countries. I believe if you keep this up, your favorability in Queen Julia’s heart will definitely drop significantly. Glory is hard to come by, so you should cherish it.”

Chloe finished and gave a casual smile. “As for today’s bet...you owe me for now. If we never meet again in this lifetime, then forget it. But if we get the chance to meet again...”

She didn’t finish her sentence, but anyone with a brain got the message.

Becky was fuming. It took her a while to say, “Chloe, you’d better not fall into my hands, or I won’t let you go.”

Chloe just smiled and didn’t say anything. She walked away with her bodyguards towards the exit of the exhibition center.

“Ah, is Ms. Summers just going to let it go?”

“If it wasn’t for Miles winning this time, they definitely wouldn’t let Ms. Summers off the hook, right? How can they just let it go?”

Reporters, always keen for a juicy story, chased after Chloe, hoping to see the scene they were expecting.

Looking at Chloe’s reaction, it seemed she had no intention of dragging this out. In her view, she shouldn’t waste her time on unimportant people.

She didn’t need Becky to grovel at her feet. It meant squat. She also didn’t want her emotions to fly off the handle; she needed to stack up some good luck for the two babies growing inside her.

Just as she was escorted by the bodyguard to the front door of the convention center, a car slowly ground to a halt.

The bodyguard by the side instantly swung open the car door, and before Chloe could get her bearings, a hand emerged from the car.

It was a suit that clearly cost an arm and a leg. Because of the motion of lifting the hand, the snow-white cuff of the shirt at the wrist was exposed. The diamond cufflinks on the cuff were all shiny under the light.

The fancy suit looked incredibly high—end, with the cuff of a pristine white shirt peeking out from the wrist as the arm lifted, the diamond cufflinks twinkling under the light.

Just one look at that was enough for Chloe to know who the newcomer was, smiling involuntarily.

Reporters swarmed around, eyes glued to the arm reaching out from the car. The clean white cuff, the expensive diamond cufflinks, and the well—defined palm, they all sensed that the man inside the car was someone they couldn't resist.

Chloe reached out and placed her hand on his, feeling the warm touch. The large hand quickly clasped Chloe's tightly. The man then revealed half of his body, his other hand resting on Chloe's slender waist, carefully pulling her into the car.

Such an intimate gesture made hearts flutter. They wanted to see more, but the bodyguards quickly shut the car door.

The car started and drove off in front of everyone.

"Who was that?"

"Must be Mr. Harper..."

"Weren't they rumored to have broken up?"

Upon hearing the reporters' chatter, Wendy dashed out, only to see the back of the departing car.

In the car.

Chloe looked at Damon beside her and asked softly, "Why are you here?"

"I'm here to take you home, of course."

Damon held Chloe's hand, occasionally giving it a squeeze, and never letting go, with a faint smile hanging on his lips.

Chloe stayed silent for a while, then suddenly turned her head to look at Damon and blinked. "Did you know Jacob was just taken away for deliberately causing a car accident, poisoning, and bribing the organizers to buy answers?"

Damon smirked. "Who else do you think could pull off such a thing?"

Chloe looked at him, blinked, and said, "Yasmine."

The smile on Damon's face faded a bit, his lips almost a straight line. Chloe secretly stuck her tongue out, feeling like she might have said the wrong thing. Damon was clearly not pleased. He finally had a chance to show off, but the credit almost went to someone else.

The atmosphere in the car became a bit awkward. Chloe was quite helpless and shook Damon's hand. "She's my mom, you're not really jealous of her, are you?" Damon kept his brow furrowed, stayed silent, and firmly showed his displeasure..

"But you really saved me a lot of trouble." Chloe leaned closer to him, holding his big hand, her voice soft, beginning her usual task-

To dissipate his dissatisfaction!

But Damon huffed. "I'm not great. Yasmine is better."

Chloe twitched her lips. She couldn't even praise her own mom now? She was thinking, if she stopped her usual task today, would Damon sleep separately from her tonight?

But if he was even jealous of her mother, wasn't Damon a bit too narrow minded?

“What are you thinking about?” Chloe’s silence was too much, and Damon couldn’t help but ask. This woman, once you let your guard down, you never knew what she was thinking.

Chloe glanced at Damon. “I’m thinking, who’s better, you or Yasmine?”

As the car drove on, Chloe began to feel something was off.

“Aren’t we on the way to the Peck family villa?”

“Hmm, we changed plans. Something’s off about that place.”

Chloe could tell, the thing Damon found off was a certain Winston.

“Winston and I... we don’t have anything special. I’ve always treated him like a little brother since we were kids.”

The thought of Chloe sneaking into Winston’s room for snacks in the middle of the night made Damon wish he could punch Winston himself. He felt a heavy pressure in his heart, and looking at the woman in his arms, he couldn’t help but lean down to kiss her lips.

The kiss was not forceful, but it was filled with a sense of punishment.

“Hmm...” Chloe was startled and looked towards the front of the car. She saw the partition rise up, and her face flushed instantly.

Damon placed his hand on Chloe’s waist and started to kiss her. Amidst her screams, his tongue entered her mouth. Then, his lips slowly slid down to her ear and

he bit down without hesitation.

“Ah...”

Taken aback by this sudden treatment, Chloe let out a cry, her body going limp. His breath by her ear, his kisses and bites made her breathing a bit tight. "Winston is not your real brother," he whispered, his voice husky and heart-pounding. He paused, then said, "Even if he was a real brother, it wouldn't be okay!" Chloe's face turned red. She had to admit, she was conquered by his dominance. He was jealous of her mother, let alone a brother with no blood relations. The car stopped in front of the apartment, and Chloe sighed softly, not resisting.

Just going with the flow. As long as he was with her.

Before bed, Chloe took a shower, lay in the middle of the bed, and chatted with Rose on her phone.

[I'm not coming back, you get some rest.]

Rose sent her an exasperated emoji. [You're so annoying! Always moving around just because you have houses!]

[You can do the same, hurry up and earn money to buy a house for your kid! Without a house and a car, your kid won't feel secure!]

[Chloe, you're so materialistic...]

[If you want, you can send your son to live with me! I have plenty of houses.]

...Go away! My son has self-respect, okay?]

[Haha sure!]

[I don't want to talk to you right now!]

Rose sent an eye-rolling emoji and their chat ended

Thinking of Rose possibly questioning their friendship on her bed, Chloe couldn't help but laugh, she turned over and put her phone aside, then started to feel sleepy.

Damon came out of the study, ready to enter the bedroom, his hand on the doorknob, but found the door wouldn't open. He tried again, finally confirming that the door had been locked from the inside.

Chapter 1324

Who else could be in the room beside Chloe? His face darkened instantly, his tight lips making him seem intimidating.

He glanced at his watch; it was already past ten. At this hour, that woman should have been asleep.

He stood there for a long time, clueless about what he had done wrong to have been barred from his own room. Finally, he left with a cold face.

Damon returned to his study, sat on the sofa for a long time, deeply pondering what exactly had gone wrong before tonight.

She had intended to wait for Damon to knock on the door but fell asleep due to a sudden bout of sleepiness.

She woke up in the middle of the night, still having things on her mind. She felt a sense of emptiness, knowing that Damon was living under the same roof but not beside her when she slept, making her feel somewhat lost.

She sighed softly, intending to continue sleeping, but suddenly found herself in a warm embrace. Her heart stopped uncontrollably for a moment as she was surprised to see Damon lying next to her in the dark.

Damon, having already finished his night routine, was lying beside her. When she rolled into his arms, he immediately wrapped his arms around her waist, gently pulling her into his embrace.

Chloe blinked, taking a moment to register. "I... I thought I locked the door..."

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Damon slowly opened his eyes, looking at her, his deep voice slowly ringing in her ear. "Did you get enough sleep?"

The way he said it, it was clearly a "If you're well-rested, let's have a serious talk" kind of tone.

Chloe's eyes darted around, her mind racing, and then she closed her eyes. "I'm so sleepy, I'm about to fall asleep, snore..."

She even made two exaggerated snoring noises, leaving Damon both amused and exasperated. But it was still the middle of the night, not the time to fuss over things with her. He helplessly kissed her forehead, holding her in his arms, and continued sleeping.

The next morning, Chloe rolled over unconsciously. Feeling the warm chest and familiar scent, she paused her movements.

"Awake?" A deep, husky voice came from above her head.

Her eyelashes fluttered slightly, and in the next second, she closed her eyes again.

Damon, who didn't get a response, watched her face for a while, a slight smile lifting the corners of his mouth. He pulled her back into his arms when she slightly moved away. His hand rested on her waist, patting gently, as if coaxing a child to sleep.

For a moment, Chloe really felt at ease, feeling secure, as if she was about to fall into a deep sleep. But not long after, she felt his hand stop patting her waist, his large palm resting on her waist.

Soon after, she felt his palm gently squeezing her waist, then releasing.

Damon was kneading her waist. She froze, her body tensing up instantly, her breathing deliberately shallower.

Until Damon's slender fingers slowly lifted her pajamas, gently sliding on her skin, she involuntarily trembled slightly, subconsciously wanting to say something, but the thought was immediately suppressed.

If he knew she was awake at this point, he would definitely hold her accountable for locking him out last night, and she wouldn't be able to escape.

First of all, this man would definitely take full advantage of the situation, then settle accounts with her in detail. Like, first kissing her forcefully, kissing until she was dazed...

This kind of handling was highly likely.

But this was based on the premise that she was already awake, wasn't it? Why was it that she was clearly still asleep, yet still being kissed breathless?

"Mmm..." Chloe had been holding her breath very carefully from the start, so when she was kissed intensely, she soon found it hard to breathe.

Damon chuckled lowly, his hand directly slipping under her clothes, caressing her silky skin.

Chloe took a few quick breaths, reaching out to grab his arm, but her weak strength couldn't stop his exploration.

"So you're ignoring me when you're awake, huh?"

Chloe, with her eyes slightly open, looked at his handsome face close at hand, her cheeks flushing. "I... actually want to keep sleeping."

Damon's deep black eyes stared straight at her, his gaze sweeping past her rosy lips and landing on her delicate chest. Her pajamas had been disheveled from the previous tussle, exposing her shoulder and the beautiful shape of her collarbone.

He suddenly felt his throat dry, his heated gaze darkening a few notches, as if all his blood was rushing to one place.

"Since you're already awake, let's deal with things before continuing to sleep."

Chloe pursed her lips, thinking to herself, she knew it would be like this.

"What's the matter?"

Damon squinted slightly. "Why did you deliberately lock me out last night?"

"No way. If I locked you out, how could you be in bed now?"

Damon looked at her feigned ignorance, a slow smile lifting his lips. "I used the spare key to open the door. You didn't expect that, did you?"

Chloe bit her lip silently, but her face was all smiles. "Of course I expected it. You prepared this house for me initially. I knew you had a spare key, so obviously, I didn't deliberately lock you out last night, it must have been an accident."

Damon looked at her seemingly calm demeanor and couldn't help but laugh. "So, you really weren't mad at me yesterday?"

"Why would I be mad at you?"

Damon chuckled, grabbing her hand, and placing it on her head, leaning his forehead against hers.

Chloe took a deep breath, looking nervously at him as he suddenly got closer. "What... what are you going to do?"

Damon gently touched her cheek, his voice deep and full of affection. "Chloe..."

Just calling her name made Chloe feel a warmth spread from her feet all over her body. She swallowed, her eyelashes trembling slightly as she looked up at him. "... Yeah?"

Damon's kiss fell on the corner of her lips, carrying a wet warmth. "I'm not feeling well."

Chloe felt as if her hair was about to stand on end from excitement. "You're not feeling well... what do you want me to do?"

Damon was planting a smooch on her lips, his big hands gently gliding all over her body. He didn't utter a word, but his hands shifted their course on her, gently prying apart her subconsciously clenched legs...

Chapter 1325

"Don't..." Chloe, sensing his intentions, panicked a little. "Not now..."

Damon didn't give Chloe a chance to argue. He simply sealed her lips with his.

'Damon...you can't...baby...'

"Yes I can..." He kissed her again, this time deeper, more passionately. "I've been patient for so long, don't you miss me at all, huh?"

His voice, deep and husky, was filled with temptation that made Chloe blush from head to toe. "I..."

How could she answer that? Once it was brought up, the feeling seemed to magnify by a hundred times, plus his relentless teasing...

If she hadn't experienced it before and didn't get the taste of the feeling, that would be fine. But now she...

She bit her lip tightly, choosing not to answer, but her expression was more than satisfactory for Damon. However, just as he was about to go further, Chloe grabbed his hand again, stopping him once more. "You can't!"

Damon's face stiffened instantly, and his suppressed expression made Chloe feel a bit guilty. Even through the fabric, she could feel the warmth and emotions in his palm.

Ever since they got together, such situations were just too frequent to count. Recently, a lot happened, leaving a long void in their sexual relationship. Plus, with the pregnancy, it made her realize that they didn't actually spend much time together.

With the sudden pregnancy, the love and warmth between them, was all still very new.

She didn't think much of it, but looking at Damon on top of her, he was barely keeping his control. He was in his prime, and it hadn't been easy for him to restrain himself for so long. Chloe's heart softened; she looked at Damon apologetically. But Damon rolled off the bed and headed for the bathroom before she could say anything.

Seeing his retreating figure, Chloe felt guilty and sympathetic. Poor guy.

Chloe sat up, straightening her disheveled sleepwear.

Damon entered the bathroom, closed the door, stood in front of the sink, and took a deep breath looking at his reflection. "Fine! I asked for this..."

His current expression was a far cry from when he first found out he was going to be the father of twins. He rubbed his forehead and stepped into the shower. At this moment, all he could do was calm down.

As he stripped off his sleepwear and threw it aside, he felt a warm body pressing against his back. He raised an eyebrow, turning to shoo Chloe away, but she wrapped her arms around his waist, curling up in his arms.

Damon paused. "You..." His words were cut off, followed by a muffled grunt.

Chloe's forehead was pressed against Damon's smooth chest. Her usually clear face was now flushed red. With her eyes tightly shut, one hand roamed Damon's waist, and then...

The touch was as intense as touching a flame. Chloe had never experienced something like this; her cheeks flushed red with embarrassment. But since she had decided to do this, her forehead further buried into Damon's chest.

Damon instinctively tightened his hold around her waist. Chloe was startled by his action and lost control of her hand.

"Um..." Damon sucked in a breath, grunting, his face twisted slightly.

"Oops... I'm sorry, are you okay?"

Chloe asked anxiously, not even noticing the man's panting. She opened her eyes in a hurry, looking down to check if something was wrong. She had heard that men were very sensitive in this area. If she had accidentally hurt Damon, she would... she could never forgive herself!

But seeing Damon's reenergized and slightly dazed face, Chloe froze. Her face felt as if it was on fire. She looked up at Damon, whose deep eyes were fixed on her. His slightly nervous expression made Chloe feel uneasy. "You... are you okay? Does anything feel off?"

She asked cautiously, hoping yet fearing the answer.

She really hoped nothing was wrong!

She swallowed nervously, unconsciously sticking out her tongue to moisten her dry lips. This subtle action was like adding fuel to the fire for Damon. His gaze instantly darkened, and his hold around Chloe tightened.

Chloe felt a noticeable change beneath her hand. She jumped, looking down in shock, her mouth agape.

What the heck? Oh my God!

Chloe simply couldn't describe her feelings at this moment. "You... calm down..."

Damon didn't know whether to respond to Chloe's advice! If she said this to him, he could understand, but now she was lowering her head and talking to his body, what on earth was she saying?

This woman, in normal circumstances, she was so calm and smart, but when faced with something like this, her IQ seemed to evaporate.

Such a cute woman.

Chapter 1326

Chloe had no clue what she had done that was so amusing, she was just glad her words had an effect. The sensation in her hands was definitely not as thrilling anymore. She breathed a sigh of relief.

After the roller coaster she just went through, Chloe felt like she could accept the reality now. It was just self-comforting, really. Since it was already done, she might as well have continued, right?

With her mindset adjusted, Chloe reached out with her other hand, her moves professional.

Damon's breathing gradually became heavier.

This feeling, Chloe felt it was somewhat familiar. She had done it so many times before, how could it not feel familiar?

At this moment, Damon lifted Chloe's chin. She could only blush and look at him, biting her lower lip, her eyes shyly avoiding his.

"Your technique is quite... skilled?"

Chloe's heart skipped a beat when she heard that. "Biology class..."

Damon chuckled, since when did biology class teach this? He should pay a visit to this special biology teacher when he had time. But for now, that question could wait

Chloe didn't know what was on Damon's mind, and her hands didn't stop, obediently continuing. Damon's breathing got heavier, his eyes fixed on her face, full of undisguised lust. "Faster..."

He spoke in a low voice, his hoarse voice filled with desire. It was irresistible.

Chloe didn't even have a chance to feel shy, and the next second he kissed her. A wave of passion surged in Chloe's heart, she leaned in and kissed him back.

In the end, Damon pressed her against the wall, his hands wandering on her body. By the time it was over, Chloe felt like her hands were going to be limp. What a hard man to please. It took so long!

After Chloe cleaned up, Damon looked refreshed and pulled her downstairs. Chloe seemed a bit tired. She was sitting on the couch just wanting to curl up and sleep again. Damon didn't stop her, he went into the kitchen.

Chloe was lying on the couch, drowsy; when the smell of food wafted in, she moved her nose like a little puppy, but still didn't get off the couch.

Damon appeared at the dining room door, dressed in casual clothes but still looking noble and eye-catching.

"Let's eat." He said, holding a kitchen towel, elegantly wiping his hands.

Chloe was hugging a pillow, lying in the corner of the couch. She turned her head at the sound, resting her chin on the pillow, slowly blinking her eyes. She opened her mouth and let out a lazy sound. "I'm sleepy."

Her long hair was a bit messy from lying around, and it fell over her shoulders, making her face look even cuter.

Damon slightly tugged at the corner of his mouth, and took long strides towards her. "Aren't you hungry?"

Chloe lifted her nose again, the smell of breakfast was too tempting. "I'm so hungry. But I really don't want to move."

Damon looked down at the lazy woman on the couch. His thin lips curved into a tender smile that was hard to resist.

Chloe squinted her eyes, looking up at him. "What should I do? I'm so sleepy... and so hungry."

"Do you want to sleep? I can help you eat your food."

"But it's not comfortable to sleep on the couch." Chloe sounded a bit grumpy; after all, it was Damon who insisted on taking her downstairs.

Damon leaned in closer to her, his strong aura overwhelming. "What's wrong with you? You didn't look tired at all in the bathroom just now."

The memory of the bathroom made Chloe blush instantly. She bit her lip; it was impossible to look him in the eye.

Seeing her like this, Damon couldn't help but smile. He took advantage of the situation and picked Chloe up from the couch.

Chloe quickly held onto his neck, and a smug smile flashed across her face for a moment. Damon glanced at her. "Why are you feeling smug?"

Chloe shook her head. "The couch is really uncomfortable."

"It seemed like you enjoyed it."

Chloe's arms were around his neck. "I'm adaptable, so a little discomfort is okay."

Damon glanced at the leather couch. "You really put up with a lot."

Chloe smiled, her eyes bright as stars. Damon kissed her forehead gently, then carried her all the way to the dining room.

Seeing the abundant breakfast, Chloe's eyes widened. "Did you make all this?"

Damon sat next to her, placed a napkin on her lap and handed her the utensils. "Have you seen a third person in this apartment?"

Chloe stirred the cream soup in front of her with a spoon and asked, "How are you so amazing?"

Damon laughed. "This is amazing?"

Chloe nodded.

Then you should start worshiping me.”

Just after breakfast, Chloe was about to go upstairs for a nap, when the apartment doorbell rang Damon went to open the door, and soon Nate came in

with two men.

Nate saw Chloe standing at the stairway and greeted her with a smile. “Good morning, Mrs. Harper.”
“Good morning.”

Chloe responded, then saw Nate directing two men to move the leather couch out of the living room.

“Um...” Chloe wanted to stop them, but two other men were already bringing in a new couch. She rolled her eyes and pursed her lips. She really should’ve kept her mouth shut.

At this moment, Damon was already by her side. His arm around her waist, leaning in and speaking with a hint of amusement in his voice. “Is there anything else you’re not satisfied with?”

Chloe pointed at the door. “What are you going to do with that couch?”

“Throw it away”

Chloe frowned. “That’s such a waste.”

Damon ran his fingers through her loose hair. “We have enough money to buy a new couch, Mrs. Harper.”

“Just because we have money doesn’t mean we should waste it.” Chloe paused, then continued, “We can move that couch to our bedroom. Damon raised an eyebrow. “Oh?”

“So if you can’t contain yourself, at least there’s a place to cool off.”

Did she mean that every time he couldn’t help but want her, that couch would become his exclusive corner for self-reflection and suppressing his desires?

Damon’s face instantly turned gloomy. “Chloe, you’ve been too much lately. I think it’s you who needs to take a good look at yourself.”

Chloe gently touched her still flat stomach, and said with a grin, “Well, we’re about to have two little ones!”

Damon lowered his gaze to her stomach, his eyes slowly squinting.

These two...little rascals!

Chapter 1327

Noticing his gloomy look, Chloe clasped her tummy, eyeing him warily. “What are you thinking about?”

Damon’s gaze moved from her stomach and lingered on her pretty face. Finally, he slowly said, “You are my wife. You know that, right?”

Chloe blinked. “I know. What are you getting at?”

Damon’s lips sealed, pointing at her belly. “So those two were accidents. Accidents aren’t meant to be a big deal.”

Chloe was speechless. Somehow she felt that her children would lack a father’s love from the moment they were born. The thought of her two kids

sitting on the bed, looking up with big eyes, waiting for a hug from their father, it was a bitter pill to swallow.

“You...don’t love them?” Imagining this pitiful scene, Chloe’s voice bore a hint of grievance. How could her children lack a father’s love?

Looking at Chloe’s pitiful face, Damon leaned in for a kiss on her cheek, whispering in her ear, “I love you more.”

Chloe’s eyes lit up, barely able to hide her smile. At this moment, Damon grabbed Chloe’s hand.

“Huh?”

“Didn’t you say you were tired? Let me take you to bed.”

“Oh... Can’t you show some love for our kids, too?”

“No.”

“... But I’ll love them so much.”

“Still no.” His voice became serious.

“What do you mean no?”

Damon closed his lips tightly, took a deep breath, bent over and picked up Chloe, heading straight for the bedroom. “You can only love me.”

Without hesitation, Chloe shook her head. “Since you don’t love them, I’ll love them twice as much, to make up for the love you won’t give.”

Damon's expression changed slightly. This woman, she really knew how to play with his emotions!

"They are our children. Of course, I love them. So, you don't need to double..." Save some love for him, perhaps.

Seeing Damon's awkward expression, Chloe couldn't help but laugh. He was saying one thing but thinking another. But the kids haven't been born yet. It's still early days. When they are born, how could he, as a father, not love them.

Damon pulled back the covers, tucking Chloe in tightly. "Go to sleep."

"Are you going to the office?":

"Yes, I have to feed you and them."

Chloe smiled. "Then, good luck!"

News of Jacob being handcuffed and taken away from yesterday's International Makeup Competition was buzzing, and so was Beverly's arrest. Once they got the confirmation, Beverly's fans came forward, harshly dissing Jacob, whom they had fervently blessed before.

"What a jerk! He's been using Beverly's fame this whole time!"

"Right, he even used their marriage to promote himself! He only cares about himself, and is always using women, so shameless!"

"I used to believe in him, and hoped they would be happy together. Didn't expect him to turn out this way."

"Not only did he give Beverly nothing, but he also dragged her into trouble with him!"

Of course, some bystanders sneered at Beverly's fans for their swift change of heart.

"Beverly's fans sure change their minds fast. Even if Jacob used their relationship for publicity, wasn't Beverly also benefiting? It was a win-win situation. Now that Jacob is in trouble, they want to wash their hands of him. Disgusting."

"What a couple! Together in good times, each for themselves when trouble strikes!"

"Don't go around claiming your idol is innocent. She's no saint either!"

These sarcastic comments immediately drew the attention of Beverly's fans and bystanders.

"Watch your mouth! If you don't know anything, then keep quiet!"

"Beverly has been in the industry for a while. I think she has very few scandals, do you know anything we don't?"

"Humph, there's nothing secret about it. We went to the same university. Beverly was an average girl in college, then she met Miles. He helped her win the beauty pageant, but she dumped him for Jacob because Miles was an orphan! Such an ungrateful, vain, and greedy woman, and you guys treat her like a gem, she's trash!"

"So, they're both bad people. They deserve what they got!"—

"Oh my God, Beverly is like that? The reason she won the beauty pageant is all thanks to Miles? Ha... She thought she could marry a rich man by choosing Jacob, but the real good guy was Miles, who she once looked down upon!"

"What goes around comes around!"

Beverly had been reeling from the shock since yesterday. Jacob's actions were unthinkable and his manipulation of their relationship for publicity left her devastated. Today, when people exposed her past with Miles, she knew, she was done for.

What was the entertainment industry? It was a playground for the public.

When you were at the peak of your career, you entertained the public with your work and events. When you failed, the process of failure also became a form of entertainment for the public. Everyone was watching, gloating, sharing their opinions, or laughing at your downfall. When the dust settled, and they'd witnessed the rise and fall of a star, that star's career was over.

The atmosphere at Infinity Media was heavy first thing in the morning. The staff at Infinity Media were no strangers to such situations.

Beverly sat quietly on the couch in Wendy's office, waiting for Wendy to handle the PR. What she got instead were several notifications from brands and TV show producers cancelling her endorsements and replacing her as an actress.

Wendy slumped in her office chair, hands clutching her forehead, totally bamboozled by all this crap.

Even so, Beverly wasn't about to let her showbiz career go down the drain without a fight! "Ms. Wendy, what the hell am I supposed to do about my situation? So, I should just sit on my hands and do nothing?"

Suddenly, Wendy looked up at her, her face a mask of fury. "Do you even know what a public image is?"

Chapter 1328

Silence.

"Do you know your public image is already a dumpster fire?"

Wendy's voice was sharp and irritable, her roar clearly showing she was out of patience.

How could she have any patience left! The internet today was flooded with yesterday's competition. She and Chige were being compered plyw Without a doubt, she became the punching bag once again. She was harshly criticized by netizens. She had been turned into slaugangstock repedy in the past, and now again, all thanks to Jacob!

She was at her wit's end, and now she was supposed to clean up someone else's mess? They'd better steer clear of her!

However, things were going from bad to worse. Just then, the office door was knocked, and the secretary, looking rather grim, stood at the door, and said, "Ms. Wendy, we've just received several notifications of brands terminating contracts with our artists"

Wendy gritted her teeth. "Which ones?"

The secretary stepped forward, handing Wendy the files she had prepared.

When Wendy saw the files, her complexion changed drastically. "What is this? Is this your idea of 'a few'?"

She glared furiously at the secretary standing by, slamming the files onto the table. "Not only the recently discussed endorsements, most of the verious shows and scripts are asking for termination,

even the brands we have been collaborating with are requesting termination How many endorsements do our artists have left in the company? You call this 'a few'?"

The secretary remained expressionless, showing complete indifference to Wendy's anger.

Wendy turned pale. Of the recently negotiated endorsements, only a few had actually started filming, and all of those were ones she had snatched away from Starlight International at rock-bottom prices!

Now, apart from those few in the shoot, almost all the endorsements were about to be terminated.

And then what? What could the company rely on to continue operating?

From another perspective, Infinity Media had almost become a no-go zone for major brands. Without endorsements, even without any work, what was the point of Infinity Media's existence? She couldn't possibly spend her own money to keep a bunch of no-goods.

Beverly picked up the files Wendy had thrown on the floor, took a quick look, and suddenly chuckled.

Wendy glared at her, "What are you laughing at?"

The smile on Beverly's face didn't fade. "Most of the artists in the company are facing a crisis of being terminated by the brands and productivon companies, so what's the point of Infinity Media's existence? Are we supposed to rely on those few artists who just started shooting to survive? Dort make me laugh, I think Infinity Media is in deep water! If you don't want to deal with my issue, fine, terminate or whatever you want, if you dont terminate I have time to chill. It's not like I have any work,"

She finished speaking and gently put the files back on the table. Her face was filled with sarcasm and helplessness.

Wendy was so triggered by Beverly's words that she was shaking. "What do you mean by that? Beverly, are you thinking of giving up because it's hopeless?"

Beverly laughed lightly and shook her head. "Isn't Infinity Media... just a sinking ship? How long do you think it can last in your hands?"

An entertainment company that couldn't even ensure work for its artists, how pathetic.

"Most of the ads for the artists currently shooting were snatched from Starlight International, right?"

Wendy's face turned gloomy at these words. She shut her mouth tight, staring at Beverly, not saying a word. But Beverly seemed to understand something from her expression, took a deep breath, and shook her head again. "Ms. Wendy, you should know better than anyone Chloe is clever and crafty. To be more specific, she never lets herself be taken advantage of, and she holds grudges..."

Hearing Beverly say this, Wendy's voice involuntarily hardened. "What do you mean?"

Beverly continued with a smile, "While you've been frequently, recklessly snatching endorsements and various jobs from her artists, do you think she would just sit back and do nothing?"

Wendy squinted at her. "...But she hasn't responded yet."

Beverly suddenly burst out laughing, hands crossed over her chest, laughing so hard she was bending over. "You still haven't figured it out? Chloe's indifference is her response. Keep snatching. The more you snatch, the more you lose!"

Wendy's face, with its exquisite makeup, instantly turned pale. And at this moment, Beverly finally saw the foolishness and ignorance of the woman in front of her.

"This is all a war you started single-handedly. Do you know what it means to shoot yourself in the foot? You're shooting yourself in the foot right now. Seeing such a clear example of shooting oneself in the foot kind of makes my life worthwhile."

Beverly's words made the secretary, who had been standing by, laugh. A grand demonstration of shooting oneself in the foot, she was happy to witness. Wendy slammed the table and stood up. "Where do you get off?! What do you mean by if I successfully steal her endorsement lose? You must be out of your mind!"

Beverly shook her head in resignation, laughed, and pointed at the files on the table "Maybe I can put it in a simpler way do you know what means to 'kill with kindness'?"

Wendy's face changed dramatically.

"The more you snatch, the more you destroy in the end! You snatch endorsements at a low price, but you can't even recoup the costs! She lets you enjoy the pleasure of snatching endorsements and then lets you face setbacks all at once. We both compete in the competition. Her victory is so brilliant, while your failure is so miserable. Just over a makeup competition, you've lost so much..."

She paused, seemingly thinking of something. The sarcastic smile at the corner of her mouth was becoming more pronounced. "But I think there must be more..."

Taking one last look at the files, Beverly turned and headed for the office door. "There's definitely more to come, just wait and see. Comparing you to Chloe, Ms. Wendy, you're not even close. The gap is massive, You really need to think about it, she didn't do anything from start to finish, and you... you lost big time!"

She pushed open the office door, paused for a moment when she saw the crowd gathered at the entrance, then let out a light laugh and walked briskly past them.

A few people took the opportunity when the door was open and went straight into Wendy's office.

Chapter 1329

Right now, Wendy's anger was through the roof. Yet, seeing a few people walking in from the door, her anger instantly piled up in her chest. She was unable to vent, but she had to force a smile and face them, "Well, if it isn't my favorite managers...what brings you here?"

Faced with Wendy's smiling face, the small group of people all had gloomy expressions. One of the managers cut straight to the chase. "Ms. Wendy, we're here to terminate our contract."

Wendy's smile froze on her face. "Terminate? If I remember correctly, my company's artist is in the middle of filming, and you've already seen the promo photos. If this is about yesterday's makeup contest. Your company is a renowned clothing brand. It doesn't seem to have any direct conflict with the

contest."

The manager let out a sigh. “I know, we’re not here because of yesterday’s contest, but because the image of the spokesperson you recommended to us simply doesn’t fit with our clothing style. Our target market is petite women with delicate figures, yet the model you recommended is tall and has a large body frame. Our clothes just don’t look right on her...”

“Exactly, we sell kitchen and bathroom furniture, but the artist you recommended has never cooked a meal in her life, knows nothing about kitchen appliances, and nearly caused major problems during the shooting. It’s well known that she doesn’t do housework, so how can someone like that represent our brand? Who would accept that?”

“My company sells learning machines, but it has been discovered that the artist you recommended failed all her subjects in school except for PE... Their words left Wendy at a loss. For some reason, Beverly’s words from just moments ago echoed in her head.

“But I think, the problem is definitely more than just these... More things will definitely happen, you just wait and see. She hasn’t done anything all this time, and yet you... You’ve failed completely! Compared to her, Ms. Wendy, you’re really no match for Chloe, there’s a world of differences between you

two.”

So, was the appearance of these brand merchants the “more things” that Beverly was talking about?

Wendy fell silent for a few seconds, then suddenly burst into laughter. It must’ve been.

Chloe did nothing, while the endorsements that Wendy snatched at a low price, thanks to the heat from a contest, were facing termination before they even started. The ones that had started filming seemed destined to fail.

Seeing Wendy’s state, the brand managers also looked quite awkward.

“It was my staff who didn’t carefully consider this. The price seemed reasonable, and the spokespersons were mostly well-known stars! However, you indeed hid too much about the artists’ real situation from us when signing the contract. This led to a serious mismatch in style discovered during the shooting. So,

regarding the specific compensation details for contract termination, I think we need to discuss in detail.”

“Yes, we also discovered a problem after shooting. There was indeed intentional deception during the cooperation process, so we need to talk about losses and wasted time...”

Wendy felt a chill in her hands and feet as she slowly sank back into her chair. Her face was pale, and she looked utterly defeated.

“Chloe’s indifference was her strategy. She doesn’t need to do anything. As long as you successfully snatch the endorsement from her, it means you’ve already failed.”

Everything Beverly had just said, Wendy now fully understood. From start to finish, Chloe really didn’t do anything. Chloe just let Wendy snatch the endorsements from her artists time and time again, and in the end, Wendy, who thought she was successful, ended up being the biggest loser.

“I was negligent. Ms. Summers emphasized the question of ‘suitability’ to me.”

“Me too, Ms. Summers personally called me to stress that she accepted my endorsement not just for the artist’s work opportunities and endorsement fees. I was dismissive at the time... now it’s too late to realize!”

“Me too! Looking back, the artist I wanted to sign was a top student from elementary school to college... I don’t know if Ms. Summers would give me another chance to negotiate a contract...”

Wendy’s brows furrowed, and her pen was held tightly in her hand. She looked at the people in front of her and suddenly let out a cold laugh. “You want to go back to Chloe? While she was using me, didn’t she also use you? For the sake of short-term benefits, you easily terminated the contract with her, and she didn’t stop you. Now... I may have suffered losses, but you haven’t? You still want to work with her again, do you have no self-respect? Is it that only Chloe’s artists are irreplaceable in this world?”

They had all come this far, and they still wanted to back out. Where was their dignity? Even if they were incompetent, they were still people with a certain status in the industry. But now, being described with such sharp words by a young woman, their faces looked extremely humiliated.

“You’re quite a gutsy woman, not afraid to do or say anything! If it wasn’t for your constant persuasion, would we have terminated our contract with Starlight International, and wasted so much time and manpower?”

“What do you mean Ms. Summers used you, we were also used?! Ms. Summers used you? What did she do? Did she provoke you? Or did she snatch your endorsements? The whole time, you were the

one picking a fight with her, and now you’re saying she used you? Don’t you feel silly?!”

“If it wasn’t for your status, do you think we would’ve paid attention to you? You don’t think things through, but you always like to stir up trouble, I am speechless!”

Wendy’s hand was gripping the pen tightly. All day, she had been compared to Chloe, constantly belittled, and now she was just sitting there, her whole body trembling, as if she would explode at any moment.

“Get out!” After a while, she managed to squeeze a word out between clenched teeth. “Get out! All of you, get out!”

Chapter 1330

The conversation had clearly not gone well, and the brand managers’ faces were turning sour. “You’d better give us a satisfactory answer on this contract termination, or we’ll see you in court!”

“Beat it! All of you!” Wendy yelled in rage, slamming everything off her desk onto the floor. The sound resonated throughout the floor.

The secretary nearby wore an indifferent expression, feeling sorry for herself for having such an unreasonable and hot-tempered boss.

She could’ve lived a cushy life as a rich girl but chose to make a fool of herself instead. No matter how wealthy, no one was above receiving backlash.

In today's society, public opinion mattered a lot! If someone took the matter to court, even the Alonso family's wealth wouldn't help. Their status would only fuel the flames, wouldn't it?

This rich girl sure knew how to make a spectacle of herself, causing one scandal after another. She was at odds with Ms. Summers and being the most hostile in the room. When things didn't go her way, she threw a tantrum. What nerve she ha

Just her luck! She was stuck working under Wendy. Now she was probably going to be jobless soon!

Wendy already had a bad reputation for messing up perfectly good businesses. They would probably struggle to find endorsements or projects in the future

She wished she could work at Starlight International, with a boss like Ms. Summers... Just thinking about working under Ms. Summers made her happy. Infinity Media employees were too embarrassed to admit where they worked. They couldn't even look Starlight International employees in the eye. All of it was because of this spoiled rich girl! Her foolish actions were a source of shame for everyone.

Chloe had just had a refreshing nap, and now she was lazily propped up in bed, taking a call –

"You want to renegotiate the contract... what's there to talk about, you've already signed with someone else, haven't you?"

"You're in the conference room? I can't make it right now..."

"You're willing to offer a higher endorsement fee? Let's talk about it later..."

The secretary couldn't help chuckling at Chloe's words. Ms. Summers could be quite cunning at times. If these brands chose to sign with Infinity Media without hesitation, why should they get to change their minds now? Not so easy, was it?

Everyone knew Ms. Summers held grudges, yet no one could stay mad at her! She was just too cool!

“But Ms. Summers, a couple of Infinity Media’s artists and agents have been sneaking around trying to get information about you. They seem to want to work with us.”

Hearing this, Chloe raised an eyebrow. “Really?”

The secretary continued, “Infinity Media has a lot of artists. I heard some agents came today, saying most of their artists would want to come with them if we agreed. I think the quality of Infinity Media’s artists varies. If we take all of them, it might be a burden...”

After all, not all artists were famous. Some were good, some not so much.

Chloe considered this, her eyes brightening with a mischievous glint.

“Arrange a meeting with those artists and agents who are interested. I want to meet them.”

“Ms. Summers, you’re not... really going to take all of them, are you?”

“Not exactly. Our company is small, and I won’t bite off more than I can chew. Don’t worry.”

The secretary chuckled. “I’m not worried.”

“Good.”

After hanging up, Chloe immediately opened WhatsApp and looked up Seth Diaz.

“Are you there?”

Her message went unanswered for a long time. Chloe thought for a moment, then contacted Ellis. She called her directly.

The phone rang for a while before it was picked up.

Cicely's familiar voice was lazy. "What's up?"

"Who's the boss here?"

Cicely immediately answered, "Ms. Summers, how may I assist you?" Her tone was very forced and artificial.

"What's Seth up to?"

Cicely was speechless. "I need to talk to him."

Cicely seemed amused. "Do I look like him? Or did I change my name to Seth, and that's why you're calling me?"

Chloe scratched her forehead with a slender finger, her face a bit awkward.

"Your son looks like him, does that work?"

Cicely was silent again.

"Never mind! If you don't want to talk, that's fine. Bu where's he living now?"

She was met with a dial tone. Was she that short-tempered?

But Cicely, was always calm and collected, even in the face of an apocalypse... or rather, even when angry, she merely smiled. But now, she was clearly

upset. What happened? Chloe blinked, finding this rather amusing.

Or was she overthinking it?

After some thought, her curiosity got the better of her, and she texted Cicely again.

[What are you up to?]

[Picking scripts, shooting ads, live streaming, walking runways...]

[That's a lot of resentment...]

[Ms. Summers, your company is doing so well, and Crysti is so popular and has so many endorsements. Can I take back my gratitude for you getting me a good job before?]

Chloe couldn't help but laugh. She knew the only thing that could upset someone as carefree as Cicely was disrupting her comfortable life.

[I've never felt your gratitude, only your complaints about being overworked. You're out of the running for Employee of the Year, you know?]

[Raise my salary.]

Waiting for ages just to get this reply, Chloe felt a bit stuck. "What did Seth do to you, leave you starving or freeze your ass off?"

[You've changed!]

Chloe paused for a moment, staring at Cicely's message on the screen, lost in thought.

[How have I changed?]

[I see you're really into being taken care of by Mr. Harper now! When did you become so clingy to a guy? Men are not reliable, you know?] Blinking her eyes, Chloe was a bit puzzled. Was she really that dependent on Damon now?