

CHOSEN 1331

Chapter 1331

[Whether a man is reliable or not, it depends. Damon, for example, is pretty reliable!]

Cicely, tucked away in a corner of the studio, saw this message. Her calm eyes twitched suddenly. She held her phone, her slender fingers typing rapidly. [Buzz off!]

Working hard on this end and suddenly having Chloe show off about her man fired her up. She was so annoyed with Chloe she could strangle her. Upon seeing Cicely's reply, Chloe's eyes widened in disbelief. Cicely was actually that rude. What was worse is that she was told her to "buzz off."

She could somewhat understand how she felt when she called Damon a "gangster." It was a bit much for her to take.

With a sigh, Chloe got up from the bed and went into the bathroom. After freshening up, she went to her study to sort out recent and temporary work arrangements. Turning on her computer, she casually flipped through the files on the desk and found a black notebook on the side.

The black leather cover looked expensive just by looking at it. Undoubtedly, the notebook wasn't hers. It had to be Damon's.

She picked up the notebook. As she felt the texture in her hand, she thought, that her man really was different. Even his notebook was top-notch. It didn't hurt her hand at all.

What a strange compliment. She laughed as she opened the notebook. She was both curious and nervous. She didn't think Damon was the diary-writing type, but she hoped to delve deeper into his secrets.

In her heart, she could guess that most of the content in this notebook was probably about the company. She was curious about the company. Now that Presley was pressuring him with stock rights.

She didn't know what his plan was. He hadn't mentioned anything about the company to her recently. She knew he didn't want her to worry, but how could she not care at all?

If she could understand some of his plans through this notebook she could help in some way, and that would be great.

Although reading someone else's notebook without permission was indeed a bit unethical, she still opened the notebook without hesitation.

The writing was strong and smooth. Looking at the writing, Chloe immediately imagined Damon sitting here, his well-defined hand holding a pen, writing freely in the notebook, and the pen flowing smoothly. She had seen him working, and imagining it made her heart flutter.

However, when she saw the specific content, her expression paused slightly, she brought the notebook closer to herself and started flipping through it page by page.

Her expression subtly changed, and in the end, she bit her lip lightly, her eyes slightly red.

October 1st, 201X, Chloe was pregnant, already nine weeks, with twins.

She loves to sleep, loves to eat (important), and has a preference for sour and spicy food.

Nutritionist's advice.

Week 9, should eat more fish. The food at this time is related to the development of the fetus' mammary glands and eyes. (Attached are various sour and spicy fish recipes.)

Week 10, should eat more vegetables, this is good for the development of the fetus' skin membrane (Attached are various vegetable recipes that Chloe loves.)

Week 11, should eat beef, mutton, chicken. This week is a period of rapid development for the fetus. (Attached are various recipes.)

Week 12, should drink a lot of water. This is mainly for the development of the fetus' muscles. (Attached are juices that pregnant women can drink.)

Week 13, need to provide nutrition for the development of the fetus' hair. Should eat more chickpeas and other beans. (Chloe doesn't like beans...)

The notebook stopped at week 13. She didn't like beans, but she had to eat beans, this issue seemed to bother him, as if he was looking for some kind of solution.

Chloe put her hand on the note for the 13th week, bit her lip lightly, her eyes filled with tears, but she laughed. She couldn't imagine the look on his face and the conflict in his heart when he wrote this note.

Each week's menu was based on her likes and tastes.

He always said everything was for the baby's development, but in reality, she could clearly see that every plan of his was centered around her. It seemed like, to him, the baby was really just an accident. But she didn't feel sad at all.

How could she feel sad, what had she done to deserve this from him?

Since meeting him, she hadn't done anything for him as far as she could remember. On the contrary, because of her stubbornness, she had deprived him of too many rights.

She didn't want him involved in her matters. He didn't even have the room to exercise his rights as her boyfriend or husband; he was just indulging her. A man's dignity and the right to protect his woman were stripped away by her. What had she done for him?

She thought hard, and it didn't seem like she had done anything.

And him? Looking at the notebook in her hand, Chloe bit her lip tightly. She felt happy in her heart, but it hurt.

Just what she knew filled her with gratitude and guilt, what about those she didn't know? How many problems had he secretly solved for her? She had no way of knowing.

Even the things like today's notebook, how many more were there? She never mentioned that she didn't like beans, but he knew.

She closed the notebook, turned to face the computer that was already on, and opened the browser's history. As expected, all the records were her favorite recipes and some taboos. Even mixed in were precautions for pregnant women having sex.

Seeing this, she couldn't help but laugh. This man, was really adorable.

After pondering for a while, she clicked on the history record about precautions for pregnant women having sex.

Sexual activity was not recommended in the first three months of pregnancy. The reason was that the fetus was not stable during the first three months

of pregnancy, and sexual activity at this time could cause uterine contractions and could lead to a miscarriage. Sexual activity was also not recommended after 36 weeks of pregnancy.

Sexual activity could be engaged in from the fourth to the seventh month of pregnancy, but the movements had to be gentle.

Chloe closed the webpage with a blushing face, picked up the notebook again, carefully closed it, and put it back in its original place.

She took a deep breath, and just as she was settling her emotions, the doorbell rang.

She went downstairs to open the door, and there stood Nate, who she had just seen earlier today.

Chloe's eyes were still a bit swollen, and the faint redness around them stood out on her face. The first sight of Chloe made Nate's heart skip a beat.

One thought played over and over in his head – She'd been crying, she'd been crying, she'd been crying.

Who on earth had made her so upset?! And he'd seen it. This was definitely something he needed to tell Mr. Harper about.

Then Mr. Harper would be pissed, and he'd be the one who'd get screwed!

So, she'd been crying, and he was the one who would bear the consequences. Nate sent a silent prayer to the heavens but put on a smile and said, "Mrs. Harper, good day"

Chloe nodded. "Nate, what's up?"

Nate immediately stepped aside to let someone in from outside. "He's the chef Mr. Harper asked me to bring from the restaurant. He'll be preparing your lunch today.

"Ms. Summers.....Mrs. Harper, hi there." The chef was a plump man who didn't seem too old. On seeing Chloe, he nervously greeted her.

He still wasn't quite used to addressing her. He hadn't quite caught on to Nate's way of addressing her. He knew about Ms. Summers from Starlight International and had heard about her engagement ceremony with Damon.

But hadn't they just had their engagement party? How did Ms. Summers become "Mrs. Harper"?

Then he thought about it and realized she was about to become Mrs. Harper, so even though they were just engaged, it wasn't inappropriate to address her as Mrs. Harper.

“...Hi.” It took Chloe a while to respond. Nate noticed something was off about her tone and immediately felt a twitch in his eyelid.

She had cried! Mrs. Harper had actually cried.

His gaze immediately turned to the chef beside him. What the hell had this chubby chef done to make Mrs. Harper cry?!

The chubby chef shuddered in fear, and his face was a mix of innocence and panic. Had he done something wrong?

Damon’s thoughtful arrangement had touched her deeply, but she quickly realized her lapse and turned around to snifle quietly.

At that moment, her phone in her pocket vibrated. She took it out and saw that it was a message from Seth.

[Just finished my meeting, what’s up?]

Chloe rubbed her nose and texted back – [Does your company need any new talents?]

Seth – [Nope.]

Chloe bit her lip lightly- [You sure about that? One can never have too many soldiers, right?]

Seth – [I don’t need talents from Infinity Media.]

Chloe frowned – [How’d you know?]

Seth – [What do you think I do for a living?]

Chloe – [You run an entertainment company.]

Then she immediately texted back – [But what does that have to do with you knowing what I’m planning?]

Seth – [Do you think you’re the only one with a brain?]

Chloe was getting annoyed. Was she being provoked continuously today? Such a disrespectful attitude, had he and Cicely come to an agreement to treat her rudely?

Chloe – [My company can’t accommodate everyone, I’ll let you take some.]

Seth – [I don’t want them.]

Chloe clenched her phone – [Refuse my goodwill, then get ready for my punishment.]

Seth – [I’m waiting.]

Chloe could feel his blatant disdain.

From behind, she could hear Nate and the chef whispering, “You’re some piece of work, making Mrs. Harper cry just after meeting her.”

“Nate, I really didn’t do anything. You saw everything, didn’t you?”

“I’m definitely telling Mr. Harper about this.”

“Nate, I really don’t know what’s going on.”

Nate sighed softly, patting the chubby chef's shoulder. "Don't worry. I'm sure Mr. Harper will get to the bottom of this. Go make lunch now, maybe your cooking will cheer Mrs. Harper up."

"Okay, I'm on it!"

The chubby chef, carrying two bags of ingredients, went into the kitchen. Chloe glanced at Seth's reply on her phone.

"Nate..." she called out to Nate.

She turned around, startling Nate so much he almost fell over. "Mrs. Harper..."

Nate looked horrified; he had no clue what had happened in such a short time. Who could tell him why Mrs. Harper was crying so sadly? She used to be so strong!

Could being pregnant really have such a big impact? Turning a strong woman into a fragile being?

Chloe's eyes were red and wet with tears, her pain so evident. A single word from the chubby chef couldn't have possibly caused this.

Chloe wiped her tears and said to Nate, "I'm fine. It has nothing to do with the chef or you, don't worry."

Nate awkwardly nodded, watching as Chloe finished speaking and went upstairs alone.

Seeing Chloe like this, how could Nate stay calm? She was pregnant now, and if a pregnant woman's emotions weren't taken care of, it could lead to irreversible consequences.

This was, of course, very serious.

Watching Chloe's figure disappear up the staircase, he immediately took out his phone to call Damon.

“What’s up?”

Nate looked serious. “Mr. Harper, Mrs. Harper was crying a lot today. I don’t know why, but it seemed like someone had upset her.”

Damon, who was currently sitting in his office, pen in hand, writing something, paused when he heard this. His voice immediately turned cold. “You don’t know why?”

Everyone in the office immediately lowered their heads. They were worried about being implicated.

Nate felt a chill. “Yes, we just came in and saw Mrs. Harper’s eyes were red, we don’t know what happened...”

Damon’s face was all knotted up. “Who has she seen today?”

“When we arrived, it seemed like Mrs. Harper was the only one in the apartment. She said she was fine, but I thought I should let you know. After all, she’s pregnant now, and her mood’s a big deal.”

At that, Damon, dropped everything, grabbed his phone, and said, “I’m heading back right now. Keep an eye on her.”

“Sure thing!”

After hanging up, Nate felt a weight lift off his shoulders. He was chuffed, feeling like he did something super important. He felt his spine straighten up.

He knew Mr. Harper was up to his neck in a collaboration project with PrimeVision. As an assistant, he knew how much this project meant to the Harper Group, and to Mr. Harper himself.

But he also knew one thing for sure-

In Mr. Harper's eyes, even if the world was going to hell in a handbasket, Mrs. Harper was first priority.

And with her emotions going haywire, wasn't this practically like the apocalypse? In that moment, Nate felt like he just saved the world.

Damon bolted from the meeting, leaving a room full of puzzled faces.

Chapter 1333

Damon drove back to the apartment and found Nate anxiously waiting outside Chloe's bedroom door.

Seeing Damon return, Nate immediately greeted him with a relieved expression, "Mr. Harper..."

Damon gave him a cold glance before knocking on the door. In a deep and slow voice, he called out, "Chloe, open up."

Chloe, who was reading emails on her phone inside the room, became excited upon hearing Damon's voice. She quickly got up and rushed to the door, swinging it open.

At first, she didn't think anything of it. But when she saw the man standing at the door, impeccably dressed in a suit and oozing charm, she instantly remembered the notebook she had seen in his study. A wave of sadness swept over her, and her eyes started to turn red.

Damon's gaze flickered, but he didn't move any closer to Chloe, just standing at the door, quietly staring at her.

Chloe couldn't resist reaching out to hug him, but he pushed her away. Chloe's mouth fell open in disbelief as she stared at him.

Biting her lip, her eyes turned even redder. She looked utterly wronged.

Nate, standing off to the side, opened his mouth nervously.

nervously.

sly. His heart was pounding.

What was going on with Mr. Harper? He had already told him that Chloe was not in a good mood! Did he rush back just to upset her?

"I feel a bit cold." Seeing Chloe's wronged look, Damon explained.

As Damon was speaking, he quickly unbuttoned his suit jacket, tossed it onto Nate, took a few steps forward, spread his arms open, and then took the visibly wronged Chloe into his arms.

His unique scent instantly enveloped Chloe, who was once again moved by his thoughtful actions. She buried her face in his chest, tightly wrapping her arms around his muscular waist.

She said nothing, and Damon kissed her hair, asking in a low voice, "What's wrong? Did someone bully you?"

Chloe shook her head, still not speaking.

What was she to say? That she looked at the notebook in his study and was moved by it? Some things were meant to be secrets. Once revealed, their meanings would change.

"Nate said you cried."

“...I missed you.” It took a while before Chloe finally replied softly.

Damon chuckled quietly. “So, do you want to be with me every moment, go to work together, attend meetings together?”

“Sure,” Chloe responded, muffled.

Damon carried her to the bed in her bedroom, then squatted down in front of her, looking up at her. “First, tell me who made you cry?”

Chloe stared at his handsome face for a long time before she finally pouted slightly, took out her phone from her pocket, and handed it to Damon.

Initially puzzled, Damon still took the phone. The screen displayed her chat history with Seth. Upon reading the most recent messages, Damon’s face gradually darkened.

“So, it was him?”

Chloe hesitated, then took a deep breath. She tried her best to show a hurt expression. Although she did not say anything, her intent was obvious. Seeing Damon’s face darken instantly, Chloe felt that she was definitely qualified to be an actress, she could even win an Oscar for best actress.

Was her act really that convincing?

“Infinity Media has artists and agents who want to work at Starlight International. I was planning to take them in, but if there are too many, I can’t handle it. It was supposed to be a good suggestion, but he opposed it.”

Damon’s eyebrows twitched, a slight smile appearing on his lips. “A good suggestion?”

Chloe’s eyes flickered, appearing somewhat guilty. “There are pros and cons, but the key is how the company promotes and positions...”

“You pick first.” Damon slowly stood up, gently patting her head.

“What?”

“You pick your favorites first, don’t worry about the rest, I’ll handle them.”

Chloe arched an eyebrow, a triumphant smile in her eyes. “Won’t that be unfair to Seth?”

Damon looked down at her, his finger gently lifting her chin, resting against her forehead, his voice filled with amusement.

“Just be direct with your intentions next time, you sly little fox.”

Chloe’s face turned slightly red, her dream of being an actress instantly shattered. And here she thought her acting was top notch. In reality, he saw right through

her act.

“I think Seth is terrible in all aspects. Such a good opportunity, and he rejected me without even considering it. Look at the chat history, he replied in less than three seconds!”

“So, you can pick the best of the bunch. He’s so bad, you don’t have to feel guilty, you’re... punishing the bad guy.”

Damon thought for a few seconds before finishing his sentence.

Chloe couldn’t help but laugh. Really? He could come up with such an excuse for her?

Unable to contain herself, Chloe confessed after laughing her heart out. "I was just looking for a shelter. My goal is to empty Infinity Media."

Damon nodded. "I know."

Chloe rested her hand on his shoulder, looking up at him. "So, I'm going to screw Seth over."

Damon flashed a small smile. "I'll help you."

Chloe smiled happily, leaning in to give him a light kiss, her eyes sparkling like stars.

"Why are you so good?"

Facing the temptation right in front of him, Damon took Chloe's head in his hands, bending down to passionately kiss her. "Because you're Mrs. Harper, is that reason enough?"

Chloe's face turned beet red, her lips moist from the kiss. "But Seth is also your good friend..."

Damon frowned. "But he can't become the mother of my children."

Chloe was speechless. This was indeed a convincing argument.

At that moment, the door was knocked, and Nate's voice came through, emotionless as ever. "Mr. Harper, lunch is served."

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A slight twitch tugged at the corner of Damon's brow as he leveled a steady gaze at Chloe. "Let's grub."

"Alright."

He led Chloe into the dining room. Though not much time had passed, the table was already laden with dishes.

“Wow, look at all this!”

The chubby chef off to the side kept mopping his sweaty brow with a handkerchief, chuckling as he said,

“I cooked everything to Mrs. Harper’s taste. Hope she’ll dig it.”

Nate shot the chubby chef a glance. Clearly, the guy was desperate to keep his job.

Chapter 1334

Cooking up such a feast, he was definitely buttering up Mrs. Harper. But Nate was still in the dark. What the heck had the chubby chef done?

He discreetly peeked at Chloe. She was eyeing the feast, a satisfied look on her face. Where was the damsel in distress from just a moment ago? Was she just playing mind games with Mr. Harper to trick him into sticking around?

“How’s it taste?” Damon asked.

Chloe nodded. “Delicious.” She glanced at the plate and then quietly looked away.

After a hearty lunch, Chloe looked quite content. Seeing this, the chubby chef finally breathed a sigh of relief. He had dodged a bullet today. But could Mrs. Harper really pack it away like that?

After lunch, Damon had to head back to the office for the afternoon meeting. He reached the doorway when the chubby chef approached him.

“Mr. Harper...”

Damon looked at him nonchalantly and said, “Send me the recipes for everything except the roasted pork chop and boiled chickpeas.”

“Sure thing!” The chef quickly agreed.

Damon gave a nod, looked up towards the house one last time before getting into his car.

“Where’s Seth staying?” Damon asked.

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Nate, who was driving, replied, “Mr. Diaz is always on the move. I’ll need some time.”

“Make it quick. I want to see him after work today.”

“Yes, sir.”

No sooner had Damon left, Chloe dialed a number at the office. Before long, job postings from Starlight International were popping up on major websites. The news stirred up quite a buzz among the entertainment media and the bloggers.

“Damn, recruiting at a time like this. Ms. Summers is a real firecracker.”

“She’s a freakin’ genius! Always cool as a cucumber, and now she pulls a move like this. It’s a slap in the face for Infinity Media.”

“What a joke Infinity Media and Wendy turned out to be. All that hostility, all that pride for being part of the Alonso family and look where it got them. Just a few months in, and Infinity Media is going down the drain.”

“Why are we talking about Infinity Media and Wendy when Ms. Summers is hiring? Shouldn’t you be rushing to Starlight International to become the next big star?”

“Do you think just anyone can become a star? We ordinary folks should just sit back and enjoy the show.”

“I’ve got my popcorn ready!”

“Got my chair set!”

“I’ve stocked up on popcorn!”

Within half an hour of the news release, artists and agents were pouring into Wendy’s office at Infinity Media.

Wendy was having a rough day, feeling all out of sorts. She had seen the news online but couldn’t make heads or tails of it. It wasn’t until people started showing up at her office that she began to put together the pieces.

“You’re saying you want to cancel the contract?”

“Yes, Ms. Wendy, all the endorsements and scripts under my name have been returned. We were promised a minimum workload when we signed the contract, but we haven’t met that quota for months. Typically, the work picks up towards the end of the year with award ceremonies and end-of-year shows, but I haven’t received any invitation. I haven’t even filmed a decent TV show this year. You’ve breached the contract.”

“Same here, you had me endorsing all sorts of products, cancelling jobs I was already discussing. But now the brands are terminating contracts. My image and interests have been severely damaged, so I want to terminate the contract.

“Seems like we all signed similar contracts. I’m asking for a contract termination for the same reasons.’

Wendy could feel her veins throbbing. Looking at the flood of job postings from Starlight International, she was ready to blow her top. No wonder everyone was sitting back to enjoy the show. They were waiting to see her fail.

Chloe was ruthless. She had been quiet all this while, but now she took advantage of the situation to lure away Wendy's artists. Just when Wendy was at her wit's end, Chloe dealt a devastating blow. Everyone online was saying Chloe was ruthless! They couldn't have been more right.

Her anger towards Chloe had now reached a breaking point.

"You want to go to Starlight International?"

She sneered at the room full of people. "Everyone knows Chloe and I are at loggerheads. She's using this recruitment to take a jab at me. Do you think she gives a -damn about you?"

The artists weren't phased by Wendy's sarcastic comments.

only see you fighting with her. What she does with us is none of our business. Even if she doesn't care about us, when have you ever cared?"

"But I trust Ms. Summers' character. She wouldn't involve us in her feud with you. She wouldn't ruin our lives just to get back at you. After all, she's not you."

"Even if she doesn't care, it's better than putting up with your crap all the time. At least we can hold our heads high there."

"I'm tired of being the laughingstock because of Infinity Media."

"Ms. Wendy, we seriously want to terminate the contract. Please sort this out ASAP."

Wendy felt like her head was about to explode. She was having a hard time keeping it together.

“Even if you guys head off to Starlight International, you think the Alonso family would let your betrayal slide just like that?”

Their faces shifted abruptly.

To be honest, the main reason they managed to stick around Infinity Media for so long was because they valued the power behind the Alonso family. In fact, their careers were quite promising before Wendy took over.

If they were to leave, it'd be a piece of cake for the Alonso family to blacklist a few artists.

Seeing their hesitation, Wendy scoffed, “You all say Chloe's pretty sharp. Do you think she hasn't thought about how you'd be constantly under the Alonso family's thumb if you join her? She's just using you to get back at me. You're putting so much trust in her without even knowing her. Why don't you try breaking your contract and see if she can protect you?”

They exchanged uneasy glances. The Alonso family, indeed, was a big problem. They weren't idiots. Sure, the Alonso family was big-league with a lot of assets, too big to squabble with a few minor artists. But, if they were to cross paths with the Alonsos, the family could wipe them out easily.

They really didn't dare to mess with the Alonso family.

Chapter 1335

Seeing the troubled expressions on her colleagues' faces, Wendy felt a bit of relief. Her eyes were ablaze with resentment. As long as the Alonso family was still around, and no matter how clever Chloe was, what could she do against her?

Chloe didn't go to the office that day; she took a stroll downstairs after lunch. Because of the two tall men in black following her, her presence attracted curious glances wherever she went. So, Chloe walked a lap around the man-made lake in the community, then returned to her apartment.

She sat on the sofa, flipping through web pages on her phone. The content was the same as before, except now there were more updates about the news she had Starlight International release. Reporters gathered at the entrance of Infinity Media.

“From what I understand, most of Infinity Media’s artists are now in Ms. Wendy’s office.”

“True that, they’ve been having a rough time since Ms. Alonso took over. Their work is being cancelled left and right, and Infinity Media hasn’t kept up with their contractual commitments. It’s no surprise they’re all looking to terminate their contracts.”

“Ms. Wendy screwed up again today, she won’t let them go just like that, I bet. She’s lucky she was born with a silver spoon in her mouth!”

“You mean Ms. Phoebe, right?”

“Ever since the secret was revealed at the engagement party, the real Ms. Alonso has been pretty quiet...”

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“That poor girl, she’s been under their thumb all these years! No matter what the truth is, what can she really do?”

Phoebe...

Thinking about this simple and honest girl, Chloe’s brow furrowed slightly. She had seen her at the engagement party. She had so much to deal with all of a sudden, how was she doing now?

Angie should be with her all the time though.

After a moment of thought, she sent Angie a message. [How is Phoebe?]

Angie's voice message was tearful. [She's not doing well. Paolo whipped her, leaving her body covered in wounds. It's too much.]

Chloe's expression tightened, and she immediately made a call. "What happened?"

"...She confronted him about the past when she came back... and he was so cruel... He claims Phoebe is ungrateful when she's just asking about her mother's -suspicious death... How can she be ungrateful... Questioning about her mother's death is only right... She is the true eldest daughter of the Alonso family... not only

did Paolo not explain, but he also treated her so badly..."

?

Chloe's expression turned icy. "All this time, her father didn't give any explanation?"

Angie's voice was stuffy. "Yes... and I heard from the Harper family... Paolo is planning an arranged marriage with another family... the Bowles family from P City... Apparently Mr. Bowles is an... idiot..."

"If this is true, who do you think he will marry off... between the two daughters of the Alonso family?" Angie asked anxiously.

Chloe pressed her lips together. Would Paolo really marry Wendy to an idiot? She rubbed her forehead. "This isn't confirmed yet, and you don't need to worry. The Alonso family has always been proud, how could they allow their own daughter to marry an idiot?"

"Really?"

"...Yes." Chloe paused before responding. How could she possibly have a definite answer to this? Who knew what the Alonso family would or wouldn't do?

After hanging up, Chloe sprawled on the sofa, and stared at the empty room feeling a bit out of sorts.

Was she a workaholic by nature?

She was so bored. Was there no one to keep her company?

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She picked up her phone and started browsing the web again, reading the comments online; all she could do was wait for Damon to finish work.

In the Peck family's living room, the atmosphere was a bit weird.

Winston would join the film crew in a week, the first major TV drama he was filming since he returned home was about to start.

So starting today, all his work had been postponed, and this week was his' only free time.

Winston didn't like to participate in variety shows. And Chloe, aside from necessary movie promotions, wouldn't arrange any other variety shows for him. For someone as cold as Winston, even with a variety

of shows, none would suit him anyway. He was already an international best actor, and Chloe hoped he could focus more on acting.

As for his presence, some people could just stand, and they wouldn't be ignored.

Like Damon.

Winston also had that charm. He had an attractive appearance, a perfect body, and a cool demeanor. Whenever he showed up, it would ignite his fans' passion.

Although she didn't know why his aloof face was so popular.

Winston had two roles in Chloe's eyes. Firstly, as a top star in her company, making occasional appearances that would elevate the company's image. Secondly, as an international best actor. He contributed to the country's film and television industry, and he had a responsibility to elevate the country's film and television industry. His participation in film and television works would naturally attract a lot of attention.

As soon as Winston got home, he changed into casual attire and was now sitting on the sofa watching TV. Then Rose came in with Yasmine from outside, surprised to see Winston.

"Why are you home?" Yasmine asked casually.

"I'm taking a break before joining the crew next week."

"Alright."

Then Yasmine glanced at Rose, who also looked bored, and then she said to Winston, "Since you're free, why don't you take Rose out for a few days? You two have known each other for a long time, but you've been acting like strangers lately. What's up with that?"

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Winston's gaze swept over Rose. "I've got zero experience with pregnant women."

Yasmine couldn't help but chime in, "So, you're saying you've got experience with kids then?"

Winston frowned, but before he could say anything, Yasmine continued, "Since you're all free, I'm heading to Angel's Haven Orphanage tomorrow. You and Rose should tag along."

Winston cocked an eyebrow. "Angel's Haven Orphanage?"

That rang a bell. It was where Ms. Yasmine grew up.

"I might as well see if Chloe can make it... She's about to become a mom, she should start learning how to take care of a kiddo..."

Chapter 1336

Yasmine sighed heavily. In her eyes, Chloe was still a kid! And now, she was about to become a mother.

Winston frowned. "A mother?"

"You didn't know?"

"What?"

Yasmine raised her eyebrows. "Didn't Chloe tell you? I thought you knew since you brought her salmon last time."

Winston's face turned cold. "She's pregnant?"

Yasmine nodded. "Yes, she's having twins."

Winston fell silent. What the hell was happening? Why were they all suddenly pregnant? And she was having twins?

Images of Chloe and Damon together kept flashing through his mind. How the hell did they manage to have twins on their first try?

He rubbed his forehead, what was he thinking?

Rose looked at Winston with regret. Such a celebrated actor, still single, it was a shame. Now he was dealing with this blow.

Her face couldn't hide her sympathy and regret. As a seasoned actor, Winston quickly caught onto Rose's reaction, and his face darkened. "What's with that face?!"

Why was she feeling sorry for him?

"What face do I have? You're suddenly so fierce... you've scared the baby in my tummy!" Rose sounded angry by the end.

Winston's eyelid twitched. Were all pregnant women this unreasonable? She was once the famous rich girl in P. City, now the boss of a well-known cosmetic brand, did she lose all her IQ after getting pregnant?

Yasmine raised her eyebrows slightly. She didn't know what to make of the argument between the two young people.

The atmosphere suddenly turned tense. Then a servant appeared. "There's a guest."

Without raising her head, Yasmine coldly said, "If it's a guest, let them in."

Even though she lived here, she knew this mansion was not her territory anymore. Damon's men and the Peck family had guards all around the mansion, but most importantly, Boyd had real-time surveillance on the place.

She didn't want to see that man, so she chose to turn a blind eye to his actions. So now, the servant saying there was a guest posed no threat to her.

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Thinking of this, Yasmine smirked sarcastically. Even without him, did he think she would be threatened?

Nate was the first to walk into the living room, followed by his men carrying two big bags.

Nate felt really busy. His boss was working on a big case, and he thought he would be involved, but it turned out he was of no use. Instead, one small matter after another kept popping up.

“Ms. Yasmine, Rose, Mr. Winston, hello.” He greeted politely, while his men put the bags on the floor.

Yasmine glanced at the two earthy bags that contrasted sharply with the modern living room and frowned. “Nate, what brings you here?”

Nate replied, “Mr. Harper is worried that Mrs. Harper might be bored alone at home, so he asked me to see if Rose would like to keep her company occasionally. Also, he asked me to bring something for Mr. Winston.”

Winston stood up, walked over to Nate, and glanced at the two bags behind him. “I don’t recall having any connection with Mr. Harper that would warrant him sending me gifts.”

Nate smiled, “Actually... you do have a connection.” But it was better not to mention it.

Nate’s vague words made Winston frown. He walked up to the bags and gave them a kick. Hard as a rock.

“What’s in these?”

Nate signaled his men on the side. They untied the bags immediately. Winston walked over and saw the bags were filled with purple spherical objects, giving off a pungent smell.

“Mr. Harper said that these are more effective when chopped up, you could give it a try when you have time.”

Nate stood aside, his mouth twitching as he spoke. He didn't understand what Mr. Harper was trying to say.

What was the meaning of giving onions as a gift?! And saying, "It's more effective when chopped up"?

What kind of effect?! Was it the effect of making people's eyes hurt so much that they couldn't open them?

He was nearly killed by this weird thinking before, his eyes stinging so much he almost went blind.

Wait a second. A bold guess suddenly popped into Nate's mind. But that's impossible, how could Mr. Harper be so immature?

He had taken jealousy to a whole new level. Oh my god!

Mr. Harper, did he realize his image in Nate's mind had completely disappeared?

Winston cursed in his mind, what effect did he need?! The icy aura around Winston was slowly radiating, giving everyone the chills.

Nate discreetly moved two steps to the side, looking at Rose. "Rose, are you free now?"

Rose casually nodded. "Sure."

"Take all these away," Winston said coldly.

Nate looked troubled. "Mr. Winston, these are from Mr. Harper, he hopes you would accept them. If you insist on returning them, he said only if you chop them up and give them back."

Winston's eyelid twitched; the veins on his forehead became visible. Nate decided it was best not to finger, and quickly left the Peck family's mansion with Rose.

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When Nate brought Rose back to the apartment, Chloe was still on the couch.

The moment she opened the door and saw Rose, her eyes lit up like fireworks. “What brings you here?”

“Mr. Harper was worried you’d be bored stiff, so he sent me over to keep you company.”

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Chloe glanced at Nate next to her and swallowed that excuse hook, line, and sinker. As for Mr. Harper’s thoughtfulness, she would believe just about anything now.

“Mr. Harper is quite the green-eyed monster, you know. Do you know what he had Nate deliver to Winston in two bags today?”

Chloe blinked. “Two bags?”

“Cash?”

Chapter 1337

That’s the best idea she’s got!

Rose picked up a bunch of grapes from the table, ready to enjoy, but then she started laughing. “Why would he give him money?”

“And why on earth would he send stuff to Winston for no reason?”

Rose popped a grape into her mouth. Who knows why he suddenly sent Winston two bags full of onions...”

Chloe made a face. Onions? What’s that about?

“Ms. Yasmine is planning to go to Angel’s Haven Orphanage tomorrow. She asked if you want to come along. She said you’re about to become a mother, and it’s time to learn how to take care of a baby.”

Chloe thought for a moment. “Angel’s Haven Orphanage?”

“Yeah. Isn’t that where Ms. Yasmine grew up?”

“I can go, but probably not until the afternoon.”

“Suit yourself, just let her know.”

In the evening, when Damon got home, he had two bags in his hand. When Chloe saw him coming, she rushed to him, but he pushed her away.

There was a warning in his eyes. “Don’t get too close.”

Chloe’s lips pressed together. “Why are you being so careful?”

Damon looked somewhat helpless. Looking at the little woman in front of him pretending to be angry, he couldn’t help himself. He leaned over and lightly tapped her nose with a dotting, low voice. “Mrs. Harper, you’re about to become the mother of my two children, you should take better care of yourself, right?”

Chloe’s lips relaxed a bit. “...Then why were you so stern just now?”

Damon looked helpless. “I wouldn’t dare be stern with you.”

He stood up, changed his shoes, and handed her the bags. "You go in and see what's inside."

Chloe took the bags, knowing Damon was deliberately avoiding her. She brought the bags to the couch and took out what was inside.

"Is this clothing?"

Rose, standing nearby, took a look. "It's radiation protection. Essential for pregnant women."

By this time Damon had come in, having changed his shoes. He gave Rose a cold look, and she quickly tossed the bag aside. What, did he think she'd like it? She could buy her own!

"Wear these from now on. Radiation isn't good for you."

Chloe nodded, put the clothes aside, and looked up at Damon.

Damon reached out and tousled her hair, saying helplessly, "Just wait a little longer."

Rose rolled her eyes. Wait for what?

Sure enough, after a while, Damon took a phone call and then took them both out the door. The three of them got into the elevator, but instead of going down, it went up. They only went up one floor, and they were at their destination.

They knocked on a door, and when Rose saw who opened it, she was relieved that she wasn't being sold.

Seth's face was serious, he gave them a cold look, and then left the door open for them, going into the house himself. He only glanced at them when he opened the door, but his handsome face was clear. That too—attractive face, with his unique cold demeanor, made people nervous.

They really were good friends; they even bought houses to be neighbors.

But why would he leave his villa to live in such a simple apartment?

She and Chloe were close, but wasn't Mr. Harper settling for less living here?

And Seth...As far as she knew, Danielle, the queen of the entertainment world, probably wouldn't like this style, right? Could he be living here for another woman?

She guessed there must've been other women here.

But when she walked in, Rose was still taken aback. Instead of imagining a regular girl lived here, it was more like a princess or a rich girl.

The design, the style, she could tell at a glance that this apartment was very stylish. It looked simple, but it exuded a sense of luxury. Simplicity and luxury, it was baffling.

Who was the woman who could make Seth put so much thought into this? Could it really be Danielle?

She walked into the living room, saw a maid brewing coffee, and could smell the food. There was the sound of cooking coming from the kitchen. It seemed this apartment had quite a few maids as well.

However, just as Rose thought Danielle was the mistress here, the woman who appeared at the top of the stairs made her almost drop the glass of water in her hand.

It was... Cicely?!

Cicely also saw her expression, her lips curling into a small smile. She slowly walked down the stairs, then stopped at the bottom.

She was wearing a dress, her hair done, but casually draped over her shoulders, making her look even more beautiful

She didn't have any fancy decorations, but her tiny waist and slender shoulders were enviable.

Her hand lightly rested on the railing, her body leaning slightly against it. Her beautiful face turned towards them, her voice relaxed.

"Long time no see." Her body looked soft, and even her voice sounded soft. She didn't seem to realize how unusual her presence here was to the others.

"... Long time no see!" Rose responded quickly, recovering from her surprise. "You... live here?"

Cicely nodded, saying casually, "Occasionally."

For a moment, the living room fell silent, the air terrifyingly still.

Occasionally... Right, men didn't have physical needs every day. This answer revealed too much.

No, it was too straightforward to handle!

Seth's already gloomy face seemed even heavier, his gaze coldly falling on Cicely's face, a hint of chill in his eyes.

Cicely never looked at him, spoke a few words to Rose, then straightened up and walked down the stairs. Her long dress had a pocket design. Her hands were in her pockets, and her curly hair naturally

shook as she walked, drawing a beautiful arc in the air.

At this moment, a maid came from the kitchen, breaking the silence in the living room. "Dinner is ready."

Cicely didn't even pause, breezing right past the couch like she was making a beeline for the door.

Seth squinted a bit, his voice coming out all frosty—like as soon as he opened his mouth.

“And where do you think you're going?”

Chapter 1338

Cicely turned around to face Seth. “I was just making room for our guests...”

She suddenly stopped, a surprised smile dancing in her eyes. “Mr. Diaz, I'm not obligated to entertain you, am I?”

Her light smile made her face look truly radiant and beautiful, but it seemed so fake.

“I have things to do, so I'll be off.” Her smile disappeared as she turned around to put on her boots. Chloe watched as Seth, seated across from her, suddenly stood up. His icy aura filled the room, along with a commanding presence that came with his sudden increase in height. And then he was gone.

At this moment, Damon put his arm around her, gently rubbing her shoulder. Chloe shifted her gaze to his face, letting the shock Seth had caused gradually fade away

Within a few seconds, Cicely had put on her boots and was about to leave when her arm was suddenly grabbed. She turned her head and saw Seth's gloomy but handsome face.

She raised her eyebrows, her eyes devoid of any laughter, cold and emotionless. “What do you want?”

‘Dinner.’

Cicely found it a bit amusing. "I have no reason to starve myself."

"Then eat!"

His voice sounded calm, but everyone present could hear the weight behind his words, sounding like they could create a hole in the floor.

If his calmness was a successful disguise for Cicely, then his grip on her arm, causing her face to pale from the pain, completely shattered her patience. "I told you I had things to do. Are you sure you want to be this nosy and create this tension? Are you not afraid of being laughed at?"

Seth quietly stared at her, his narrow eyes deep and unreadable, devoid of any emotion, his expression dark. "Are you sure you want to keep this up?"

Cicely looked up at the much taller man. "I said I had things to do. Did you not hear, or did you not understand?"

There was a gasp in the living room. The atmosphere was as cold as an iceberg. Despite their short time working in this apartment, they had not seen these two owners together very often. Their usual work was relatively easy, but when the two did meet, it always drained their energy.

Why were these two hard to serve? If it was just one of them present, not really. They were actually quite easy to serve. But once both of them appeared in the house it was a disaster for the servants. Sometimes they really couldn't understand the relationship between these two.

The young lady lived in a house bought by Mr. Diaz, and to outsiders, she was just a secret lover. But as a lover, she was taken care of by Mr. Diaz and only needed to please him, but with her, things got complicated.

Whenever the two met, the atmosphere quickly became awkward. She didn't act like a mistress, and Mr. Diaz didn't act like her sugar daddy.

Did that like something a lover would say?

Even the servants could hear it, and so could the others in the living room.

The atmosphere was at a standstill. Cicely tried to move her arm, but each time she moved, Seth's grip tightened. The pain was unbearable. Cicely's face grew paler and paler, sweat appearing on the tip of her nose, shining brightly under the light.

Seth's eyes narrowed slightly, and he relaxed his grip a bit. Feeling Cicely trying to pull her hand back, he tightened his grip again. "You can go out after dinner. If you're short on time, I'll have someone take you there."

He cut Cicely off before she could speak, his voice surprisingly patient.

The servants in the living room only dared to wipe the cold sweat off their faces at this point. They could never understand Mr. Diaz's temperament.

He could lose his temper over a small thing, but he would not care about something major. Like now.

Cicely didn't say anything. She was thinking about how to express her anger in a more gentle way, to save some dignity for her guests today.

Chloe quietly watched the invisible struggle between the two, finally standing up from Damon's embrace. "Since we're all here, why don't we all have dinner together?"

She walked up to the two of them, looked at Cicely's face, and smiled slightly. "You've been so busy lately, you don't even want to have dinner with me?"

Cicely looked back at her. Did she believe her?

"Anyway, you're going to start filming next week. I can give you a day off tomorrow. I'm going to the Angel's Haven Orphanage in the suburbs with my mother tomorrow. Do you want to come and relax?"

Cicely's heart clenched, her eyes trembling uncontrollably. "What am I going to do at the Angel's Haven Orphanage...?"

As she spoke, her heart pounded so hard it felt like it was going to jump out of her throat. Seth was holding her wrist, and he felt her pulse racing.

Cicely struggled a bit, and Seth, not wanting to embarrass her, let go. Marks of his grip remained on her wrist. Seth's gaze followed, but Cicely had already covered it with her other hand, gently rubbing it.

Chloe knew the deadlock had been broken. She continued with a smile. "My mom grew up there. And..."

She gently stroked her belly, a tender smile on her face. "Maybe it's because I'm pregnant, but I really want to see the children..."

Chloe was on guard against Seth. She saw Cicely's tension and provided two strong reasons in succession, trying to completely divert Seth's attention from Angel's Haven Orphanage." She had to do this because there was a secret there that she absolutely didn't want Seth to know.

Cicely, usually expressionless, looked a bit surprised. She stared at Chloe's stomach. "You..."

Even Seth was taken aback when he heard the news.

Chapter 1339

Even Seth was stunned when he heard the news. His gaze swept over Chloe's belly, then calmly landed on Cicely, who was standing aside.

Something flickered in his eyes, gone in an instant. He turned and walked into the living room, seemingly indifferent to the Angel's Haven Orphanage that Chloe had just mentioned.

Maybe all he wanted now was for Cicely to stay put. Just her staying was enough.

Cicely's gaze followed his retreating figure until her anxiety gradually dissipated.

Later, she looked at Chloe again. Cicely was the carefree person who used to seem indifferent to everything, but now Chloe could clearly see the expectations and desires in her eyes.

Chloe felt a twinge in her heart. If before she couldn't understand Cicely's feelings, now looking at her, all Chloe felt was sorrow. The two babies in her belly hadn't shown any reaction yet, but she felt they were the best things in the world.

She looked forward to their birth, their first time calling her mommy, watching them grow day by day, not wanting to miss a single moment with them.

She had always thought her mother was great before, from praising her in school to later understanding her mother's hardships and sacrifices. She had felt her mother's love for her, but couldn't fully appreciate her greatness, her hardship, her selflessness, and the deep love for her child.

Most of these thoughts were instilled through education, and she had always been the one receiving the motherly love. But now, becoming a mother herself, she felt so many things deeper than ever before.

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She thought, if she were Cicely, she might not be as strong. If she were Cicely, she might do whatever it takes to keep her children by her side and give them the best love. But, for the sake of her child, she had to be strong.

There were things Cicely had to consider, so she had to restrain herself. Missing several years of her son's growth, it was a regret she could never make up for in her life.

"Come with me tomorrow, let's go see the kids together."

Cicely bit her lip, her eyes red. "Okay, you're my boss. Your word is law." Her voice was trembling slightly.

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Chloe stepped forward, looking into her eyes, full of sympathy. "Is it because I'm your boss? Why do I think the focus is actually on the vacation?"

Cicely lowered her head, took off her boots, "Since you know, you should be more proactive about the next holiday."

She walked towards the living room, stopped halfway, and turned to Chloe, "Is it a paid leave? If not, forget it."

Seth suddenly stopped, his gaze fixed on Chloe. Chloe saw a strong warning in his calm gazes. She raised an eyebrow, suddenly saying, "Paid leave... that's a bit tricky."

Seth's eyes narrowed slightly, but Chloe walked over to Cicely supporting her waist as they headed towards the dining room, saying, "You must have seen the news I'm taking over Infinity Media's artists soon, and there might be a lot of them. So the company can only try to cut costs as much as possible."

Seth's eyebrows furrowed slightly, a gloom flashed in his eyes. His gaze swept over Damon on the couch, and seeing his indifferent but gentle smile, Seth's face turned even darker.

He thought to himself, why had Damon, who usually wouldn't proactively reached out to him, suddenly contacted him today? It turned out he had a purpose. When he suddenly contacted him today, Seth immediately thought of Chloe's sudden request in the afternoon. But he thought that based on Chloe's personality she might just want to use Damon to get a chance to discuss things with him.

He knew Chloe was very smart; her performance in the industry over the past few months was enough for him to completely acknowledge her.

About the thing she mentioned in the afternoon, he had already clearly rejected her. Even if they met again, there should be a process of opening the topic. But after she walked into the room, there was no conversation between them. How did she manage to bring up the matter so naturally? Who was she talking to?

Seth gave a slight smile. In his deep gazes, a hint of sarcasm flickered. What a good way to save costs.

“So, you can handle so many artists, but you’re nitpicking over my daily wage?”

Cicely was puzzled by Chloe’s reasoning. She was nitpicking over paid leave, when did Chloe become so petty?

Chloe pulled out a chair for Cicely to sit down, then sat down next to her, looking helpless. “What can I do, I’m broke.” Though Cicely didn’t care much about this insignificant topic, she couldn’t help but give a smirk.

Everyone in the living room who heard Chloe’s words wanted roll their eyes.

Broke?! Her husband was the head of the Harper, Group, sitting right here. How could she dare to say that she was broke?

Seth cast a cold glance at the indifferent Damon on the couch, gave a low chuckle, then said coldly. “She’s broke?”

Damon lifted his eyes and glanced at Seth indifferently. Seeing his displeased look, he smiled casually. “Yeah, she’s broke.”

Seth chuckled, and he continued to ridicule, “When did you become so poor?”

Damon slowly stood up, his fitted dark suit making him look tall and upright, his mature and noble aura emanated a faint, undeniable dominance.

The word poor was the last thing that matched his image. He glanced towards the dining room, and gave a slight smile, “That depends on her. When she needs me to be poor, I must be poor.”

Seth was speechless. Rose suddenly felt that she regretted agreeing to this “poor” man to accompany Chloe. She came to eat, not to witness their sweet romance.

Several veins popped up on Seth's forehead. Compared to Rose getting all riled up outta nowhere, Seth thought Damon strutting around in his house was way more infuriating.

Chapter 1340

After Damon finished speaking, he headed straight for the dining room. Chloe watched him go and gave a small smile.

"Chloe, could you please consider that others also have the ability to think before you speak?"

"What's up?"

Cicely turned to look at her, propping up one cheek with her hand, her voice indifferent 'Are you broke?"

"I have money. But with so many people in the company, isn't it normal to have financial difficulties?"

Cicely got it and gave a small smile, "Indeed, it's quite normal."

What Chloe wanted to express was just a so called excuse. As for the real situation, as long as the excuse was sufficient, there shouldn't be a problem, right? Cicely maintained a smile, looking at Chloe. She was starting to feel envious and jealous. She had a clear understanding of the situation, able to distinguish the nature of each matter.

After staring for a few seconds, Cicely suddenly said, "I'm starting to feel envious and jealous of you."

Chloe was confused, "What?"

Cicely gave a small smile, "You're smart, capable, rich, have a car, a house and a company..."

She paused for a moment, "Isn't this the image of a successful person that all women aspire to?"

Cicely's gaze fell upon Chloe, and she suddenly leaned in. Chloe was caught off guard, and her cheek was kissed.

Rose, who had just entered the dining room following the two men, was shocked into silence. Had Cicely gone mad?!

But Cicely didn't find it strange at all, smiling at Chloe, "Would you consider me? I'll be at your disposal."

Sensing something, Chloe covered her cheek and looked back in surprise, her eyes widened open in shock. The sound of a wooden chair scraping against the floor

echoed.

Chloe watched as Cicely was suddenly grabbed by the collar and hoisted up. Then she was thrown out without mercy.

Her thin figure wavered unstably, showing no signs of regaining balance, until a hand was placed on her waist. She was wrapped in someone's arms, and her panicked heart also dropping in that instant.

However, after regaining her balance, she immediately broke away from the man's embrace. His arm was tightly wrapped around her waist, the intense contact still incredibly strong. This feeling was familiar.

In fact, from the moment she touched the arm behind her, that intense familiarity was instantly confirmed in her heart. She gave a mocking laugh, how much had her past self cared about this feeling, to the point where even now, she was still frighteningly familiar with his touch?

She quietly distanced herself from the man again, her face pale, but still trying to appear calm.

Anyone would be terrified by what had just happened. It felt exactly like slipping on the edge of a cliff.

Seth looked at his empty arms, where the warmth and fragrance of the woman seemed to linger. And that familiar, soft body.

Damon pulled Chloe into his arms from the chair, his grip so strong that he almost took the chair with her. Chloe had one hand around his neck, held tightly in his arms, her beautiful face showing a hint of panic. After a moment of distraction, she lay quietly in Damon's arms, anxiously turning her head to check Cicely.

Her face was covered by a warm hand, seemingly trying to block her view. Chloe looked up at Damon.

Damon's charming face was now gloomy like a stormy sky, dark and cold. His deep gazes were like thick ice, the warm smile from before replaced by a ruthless

edge.

Chloe was also shocked, suddenly feeling that the little disagreements they had before were insignificant. She turned her head in confusion to look at Cicely, wanting to know what she was thinking at that moment. But Damon forcefully pressed her against his chest, not allowing her to glance at anyone.

However, she still saw Cicely, her face pale, looking at her with a half-smile. She blinked, extended her other hand around Damon's neck, tiptoed, and leaned against Damon's neck. "Don't blame me, I didn't know she would suddenly..."

Her voice was gentle and aggrieved, which made Damon's face even more grim. His gaze was like a cold sting, directed at Cicely, causing her to feel nervous and involuntarily step back. "Mr. Harper, aren't you being too domineering? Are you overly concerned about the intimacy between women?"

Damon squinted his eyes, "Since you don't care so much, I don't mind finding a lesbian for you to spend the rest of your life with, how about that?"

But her remaining life might not be very long.

Cicely chuckled, "I want a woman like Chloe. Do you have one?"

Damon looked at her coldly, remaining silent for a moment before shifting his gaze to Seth beside him. "Just how terrible were you to make her completely lose interest in men and rather choose women?"

-Seth's already gloomy face became even colder.

Cicely gave a small smile, crossed her arms, leaned against the fridge, and completely became a bystander. Her carefree and worry-free demeanor was infuriating.

Especially for Seth now, he knew Cicely was deliberately embarrassing him. He turned his eyes, his deep gaze falling on Cicely, then slowly approached her.

Those dark and intense eyes stared at her from beginning to end, and the smile on Cicely's face gradually disappeared. She straightened up, attempted to leave, but a long arm suddenly extended to the wall behind her, blocking her way.

A loud bang echoed. It was the sound of a fist hitting the wall.

Seth looked down at her, his cold lips curled up in mockery, and a hint of chilliness appeared in his deep gazes. He leaned towards her face, his low voice making the atmosphere between them ambiguous. "So, are you complaining that I haven't satisfied you for so long?"

He said, chuckling lightly, appearing frivolous and dangerous. "Are your desires not being met?"

Cicely closed her lips tightly, and after hearing Seth's words, she also smiled a little, "I'm not interested in men now. And you... even less."

His face was gloomy, he stared at her for a while, then laughed softly. "So who is