

CHOSEN 1361

Chapter 1361

Wendy shut her eyes in exhaustion, but Grace's words helped her cool down.

The next day, Wendy held a press conference at Infinity Media. The much-anticipated figure finally showed up, attracting a lot of attention. Even Chloe was tuned in to the conference from home.

Wendy was dressed in a simple beige trench coat, with a natural and elegant makeup look. She appeared in front of the camera with eight bodyguards trailing behind, wearing oversized sunglasses. Her presence was prominently displayed.

Chloe, upon seeing Wendy's appearance, was slightly surprised. A meaningful smile tugged at the corner of her lips.

Was Wendy finally admitting her identity as the lady of the Alonso family? On screen, Wendy stood at the entrance of Infinity Media with a calm yet arrogant expression.

"Thank you all for coming to my press conference today. I'm sure you are aware that Infinity Media already had issues before I took over. I initially wanted to use my management skills to revive the company, but I overestimated myself. I'm not savvy in the entertainment industry. Therefore, Infinity Media will temporarily pause operations.

"Regarding the allegations made by Infinity Media's former HR manager, Mr. Marco, I must apologize, but I absolutely do not accept his assumption that I knew about the company's dark secrets when I took over.

"The truth of the matter needs further investigation by the relevant departments.

"I admit I hit him, I will take responsibility and not run away. But if he intentionally retaliated, fabricating facts, slandering the Alonso family, we won't let it slide. Whether it's an abuse of power or not, it's a

matter of perspective. I don't believe that if this happened to any of you, you would remain indifferent.

“I hope everyone will not sensationalize this matter just because it involves the Alonso family.”

Wendy’s comments seemed reasonable and righteous, displaying her sense of responsibility, but her tone was filled with the Alonso family’s arrogance. However, she indeed showcased the aura of Ms. Alonso.

Chloe, however, thought Wendy was utterly shameless. What did she mean by Infinity Media already having problems before she took over? What did she mean by Marco fabricating facts for vengeance?

If Chloe hadn’t secretly evacuated the victims at the time, she might have excluded this possibility. However, in reality, the Alonso family just lacked any moral compass.

Of course, the reporters weren’t idle either. They had many questions prepared, but Wendy didn’t give them a chance to ask anything.

“I understand you have many questions, but all company matters have been handed over to lawyers. We will cooperate with all investigations. No matter what the outcome is, we will accept it. I hope to uncover the truth for everyone, for the public, and also for the Alonso family.

“Next, regarding my personal plans. I am aware of your attention and comments on me. Today I want to use this opportunity to respond to the personal attacks and posts online. I won’t sit back and do nothing. Just wait for my lawyer’s letter.

“Finally, I will be disappearing for some time. Not because I’m afraid, but because I’ve been invited to the state banquet in Y Country by Princess Ava and her two princesses. I need time to prepare. Regarding the business, I believe the Alonso family’s lawyers will handle it properly.”

“Thanks for your participation. This ends today’s press conference.”

The whole conference went by swiftly, leaving no opportunity for the reporters to ask questions.

Protected by her bodyguards, Wendy was unreachable. Only when Wendy was protected onto the bus did she breathe a sigh of relief and say to the driver, "To the Harper family."

The press conference ended very quickly, leaving people no time to react.

Ten minutes later, heated discussions started online.

"What was the point of this press conference?"

"Ms. Alonso mainly wanted to prove her innocence. She's trying to clear her name."

"Wrong! I think the last sentence of the conference was her real goal."

"Huh??"

"She's been invited to the state banquet in Y Country. She even has invitations from Princess Ava and the two little princesses. Look at that

"Now that you mention it, didn't she bring up this matter at the airport the other day? But then it was overshadowed by the news of her company's talent leaving." "No one reported it, so she held her own press conference. That's so dramatic."

Chloe raised an eyebrow. Such a naive and deliberate act of a rich kid.

Presley turned off the TV, stunned by Wendy's recent actions. He couldn't believe how she'd managed to mess up a big company so badly in just a few months. Even if it was on purpose, it wouldn't have happened so quickly.

The company's talent collectively resigned, a major scandal broke out, and there was Wendy's crude and disgraceful assault. All of this left him at a loss for words. But from the recent press conference, it was clear that Wendy had cleared her mind after disappearing for the past few days. She knew where

her true strength lay. She discarded her identity as Ms. Alonso, didn't rely on the power behind her, and decided to run a company herself, going head-to-head with Chloe.

On one hand, you had Chloe who'd been hustling in the business world for years, and on the other, you had Ms. Wendy, a pampered princess fresh out of boat. Who would come out on top in the corporate tussle?

Presley found the outcome quite surprising, to say the least.

From start to finish, Chloe didn't do jack, and yet she managed to wipe out a flagship company of the Alonso family.

Was it because Chloe was just that cunning, or was Wendy Just plain dumb?

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Presley heaved a deep sigh, "Is everything that HR manager said true?"

"No way, man. There's nothing going on like that. He said the whole building next door was empty, no shady dealings or anything. The Alonso family is a big business. They wouldn't risk doing something like that."

Robin chuckled, replying to Presley who nodded in agreement.

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With the backing of the Alonso family, there was no way any of them would stoop so low to do something that crossed ethical lines.

The sound of a car engine echoed from outside, followed by Addie's excited announcement, "Ms. Alonso is here."

Presley furrowed his brow, and as he looked up, he saw Wendy walking in carrying two paper bags. Her steps were graceful, and her delicately made-up face bore a relaxed and natural smile.

Robin's lips curved upward. Her persistence was, after all, commendable. He had thought that Ms. Wendy was a scaredy-cat, hiding away from people like the rumors outside suggested.

"Grandpa Presley, I've brought you your favorite Ceylon tea. It was shipped here from overseas a couple of days ago, tastes really good. You can try it first." Wendy acted as if nothing had happened, presenting herself gracefully.

"Thanks." Presley replied casually. Watching Wendy, he couldn't comprehend why she had done something so foolish and outrageous before.

Presley's indifference made Wendy a bit awkward, but Robin intervened, "Have a seat.

Wendy sat down on the sofa with a smile, "Thank you."

Robin didn't beat around the bush, asking directly, "How have you been these days? You're all over the news, so you must be under a lot of pressure, huh?" "Can't help it. What's done is done..." Wendy's smile faded a bit.

Robin glanced at the indifferent Presley beside him.

"You're really tough, being a girl and all, dealing with such pressure. If your dad Cole were here, he'd definitely protect you from this... By the way, didn't Cole go to M Country for some business recently? Is he back yet, or will it take some more time?"

Presley, who had remained expressionless, finally reacted.

"Should be any day now. I heard dad was supposed to have been back two days ago, but something must have held him up."

Robin nodded, "Well... a few more days won't hurt. Once Cole's business deal is successful, the Alonso family will remain prosperous."

"Thank you, Mr. Robin," Wendy replied expressionlessly, but felt a surge of joy inside. She hadn't heard the specifics from Cole, only that it was important to the family from Grace. But if even Robin was describing it as prospering, it showed just how important this deal was.

No wonder Grace said Grandpa Presley would go all out to have her marry Damon. Even the Harper family couldn't guarantee "eternal prosperity," and if the Harper and Alonso families were to unite, wouldn't the Harper family also be secured?

At this point, Grandpa Presley finally reacted, he glanced at Wendy, "You really don't plan on running Infinity Media?"

With a bitter smile, Wendy replied, "Grandpa Presley, I'm really not good with business. I feel guilty whenever I think about my dad handing over the Alonso family to me. I fear I might not live up to expectations. Her words were filled with uncertainty and confusion about the future. She lowered her head, looking rather helpless. "But haven't you been studying business for years?" Grandpa Presley asked.

"I have been, but it's all theoretical. I can make decisions about minor things, but I wouldn't dare to make hasty decisions about major ones."

Robin's eyes flashed a hint of sarcasm. This strategy of retreating in order to advance was well-played.

"Don't worry, Damon will be there. The Harpers and the Alonsos have always been close. If you're in trouble, he'll definitely help."

Wendy cautiously glanced at Grandpa Presley, "But will Damon help me? He dislikes me so much right now, what if he doesn't agree..."

"Silly girl, look at you all flustered, working so hard to become the lady of the Harper family, how could Damon not help?" Robin kept that smile on his face and directly voiced Wendy's thoughts.

Wendy's face instantly turned red, and she hurriedly looked at Grandpa Presley across from her. "But Damon is with Chloe..."

"They're not married yet." Grandpa Presley's voice suddenly turned stern.

Wendy's heart pounded even faster. It seemed that her decision to hold a press conference and show up in front of the journalists today was the right one. As long as her identity was established, everything else would become much simpler.

She came today to test Grandpa Presley's intentions, and the current result was the best news she could have heard. She heard that Presley was going to hold a Board of Directors meeting a while ago, to put pressure on Damon to agree to be with her. Now it seemed that the issue with Infinity Media didn't change Grandpa Presley's decision. Of course, all of this was thanks to Robin who had been helping Wendy from the start.

Now knowing what Grandpa Presley thought, Wendy can breathe a sigh of relief for now.

But after a while, a troubled look crossed Wendy's face. 'I admit that I've messed up a lot recently, but it's all because I'm head over heels for Damon... But all I've done is make myself look bad in front of everyone and make Damon loathe me even more. I... I don't know what to do to make Damon like me more...

Presley furrowed his brows, "Love takes time to grow, you can't rush it. You also need to think about the consequences of your actions. Just be a good girl from the Alonso family and avoid standing out too much in public, especially in front of the media."

Wendy nodded, "Yeah, that's what I was planning."

After a brief chat, Wendy left.

Addie walked her out. Wendy asked, "Has Chloe been here these days?"

Addie replied, "No, not since the last time you saw her."

Wendy frowned, thought for two seconds, then smiled, "It's better if she doesn't come at all, in case she suddenly decides to suck up to Grandpa Presley..." Realizing that Addie was beside her, Wendy's expression changed instantly, "Grandpa Presley is one of the few people who are on my side, I'm scared..." "I get it," Addie hurriedly said.

Wendy smiled at her, "And you, you're the second nicest person to me in the whole Harper family."

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Looking at Wendy's pure and innocent smile, Addie felt very comforted.

"Ms. Alonso, you have nothing to worry about. Families like the Harpers are most concerned with social status and compatibility. Especially after the Alonso family lands that big deal, your status is definitely

going to rise more than a notch. If we talk about someone who's worthy of Mr. Harper, besides you, who else is there? Chloe couldn't compare to you before, and now she's even less qualified to do so."

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Who wouldn't want to hear something that sounds so pleasing, right?

A smug grin spread across Wendy's face. "You're right, the Chloe of the past can't hold a candle to me, and the future Chloe won't stand a chance either.""

In the living room, Robin carefully brewed a pot of Ceylon tea that Wendy had brought. He poured a cup for Presley and chuckled, "Wendy really has the hots for Damon. If Cole manages to seal this business deal, it'll be a nice leg-up for the Harper family. The two kids getting together couldn't be more perfect."

Presley let out a sigh, "You think I don't know that? But sometimes Wendy's antics are just too much. If she ends up with Damon and keeps pulling those stunts, won't Damon and the Harpers be left

embarrassed? The Alonso family is stuck between a rock and a hard place. They need to pass down their empire to her, but she's just not cut out for business/

"She admitted it herself, that's why she wants to lean on Damon. If Damon were to take over the Alonso family affairs in the future, there'd be no need for her to step in. Wendy is off to the Y Country for a state dinner in a few days. Given her close ties with Princess Ava and the little princesses of Y Country, she could make things a lot easier for Damon in the future. All things considered, Damon striking it lucky with Wendy is a stroke of good fortune for us Harpers as well.

"Then there's Ms. Chloe. Smart and cunning she may be, but she's nothing special. How could she possibly match up to Damon in brains and business acumen? When you weigh it all up, Chloe just doesn't hold a candle to Wendy."

Presley nodded seriously, "You hit the nail on the head."

Robin chuckled, picked up his teacup and took a sip, then quietly waited for Presley's next words.

Sure enough, it didn't take long for Presley to speak up, "Let's not wait for Cole's return to sort things out."

After a moment of contemplation, Presley went on, "Let's set a date for the Board of Directors meeting, including the decision on the chairmanship."

At this, Robin gently set down his teacup and nodded, "Alright, I'll get right on it."

Presley gave a silent nod and Robin stood up to leave with a smile.

"Hold on a moment."

"Dad, anything else?"

Robin slowly halted, his back to Presley, unable to see his expression.

Let's bring the Board of Directors meeting forward. If we're trying to make a statement to the Alonso family, we might as well go all the way."

"When should we set the date?"

After a few seconds of silence, Presley replied, "The day after tomorrow."

Wendy's press conference could be considered a success.

But that didn't mean Infinity Media's crisis was resolved, or that her few words could nullify the accusations of forcing women into prostitution. These ideas had already cemented themselves in people's minds, and the various discoveries, suspicions, and speculations over the past few days only confirmed them.

Anyone who tried to deny these claims now would simply become a laughing stock.

Even though some tried to defend Wendy after her press conference, it was to no avail. She was still the butt of everyone's jokes.

The press conference was deemed a success because Wendy managed to showcase her high-society demeanor.

Before this, she was just Wendy, the General Manager of Infinity Media. If no one brought it up, no one would notice that she was also an heiress of a prestigious family.

Now, just by observing Wendy's demeanor and actions, the first impression she gave was that of an heiress of a prestigious family. Another success was Wendy emphasizing not just her high-society status, but also her invitation to the Y Country's state dinner.

"Man, this rich girl is living the good life. No matter what she does, as long as her family's around, she can live like a queen."

“Even after she’s lost her company and her dignity, she can still go home and be Ms. Alonso, living better than anyone else...only the shameless can be invincible.”

“Even though she’s not really an heiress of a prestigious family, she still acts like one. And everyone still acknowledges it. It just shows how important a powerful backing is.”

“Well, at least Starlight International won the war in the end, I’m somewhat satisfied with that. As for her background...ugh comparing yourself to others only makes you miserable.”

“Why are you upset? You’ve got your dignity, does she?”

“Speaking of the Y Country state dinner, I remember Ms. Summers received an invitation a few months ago. She’s supposed to perform at the dinner.”

“Really?”

“Absolutely! I remember, she was invited during Old Mr. Watson’s 80th birthday celebration in B City.”

Even though the internet was filled with mockery and disdain for Wendy, there was also a hint of jealousy.

Wendy only laughed coldly, but her face darkened when she saw a comment about Chloe also receiving an invitation to the state dinner. This annoying woman, she was everywhere

Wendy had thought that her attending the state dinner in the Y Country would give her a one-up on Chloe in terms of status. But to her surprise, Chloe was also on the guest list.

Wendy immediately dialed Becky. “What’s up?”

“Becky, I saw a post saying that annoying Chloe also got an invite. She’s supposed to perform at the state dinner, is that true?”

Becky was currently at the Royal Beauty Salon, getting a full body treatment with Ava and Barbara. Upon hearing Wendy's words, she furrowed her brows, but

chuckled after a moment. "How could that be? If even I, the princess of the Y Country, don't qualify to attend the state banquet, what makes Chloe so special? And even if she does go, it's probably not the state banquet, but the party afterwards."

Wendy's anger gradually dissipated, and replaced with a smirk.

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"That would be just perfect," she said. The idea of Chloe attending the banquet, not as a royal guest but something less prestigious, opened up possibilities for Wendy to look down upon her.

Becky seemed to have thought of something amusing as well, a sly grin spreading across her face.

"There'll be some fun for sure."

Wendy laughed, "I bet you've got plenty of ways to make Chloe look like a fool, Becky."

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"If I let her off the hook in my own territory, I'd be too embarrassed to show my face ever again. I'll make sure she pays back double for the humiliation I've suffered." "Here's to your successful revenge then, Becky."

"Just wait and see."

After hanging up the phone, Barbara, who was nearby, asked, "What's got you so pumped up?"

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Becky responded with a cheerful grin, "The feud I had with a woman in P City a few days ago, I'm gonna square it at this state banquet. It's great, she's going to the banquet too."

Barbara asked, "Chloe?"

"Exactly. That woman slapped me in public at her engagement ceremony with Damon. How outrageous! I'll make her regret this time."

Barbara's expression turned frosty. That despicable woman. "She's way out of line." Her words sent a ripple of tension through the room.

Seeing Barbara's rare seriousness, Becky chuckled and looked forward to the banquet even more.

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At this moment, Ava came out of the bathroom next door and overhearing Barbara and asked, "What are you guys talking about?"

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Becky pouted at Ava, "We're talking about Chloe. Did you know, mom, she's also attending the banquet..."

Ava's expression changed instantly. Barbara noticed Ava's change in expressions and a glint flashed across her eyes. "Mom, is something wrong?"

Ava snapped back to reality, concealed the hint of panic on her face and tried to appear calm, "Um... I just remembered I have some things to take care of. You two be good and head home tonight, don't stir

up trouble. The whole country is on edge right now, let alone your siblings are waiting for you to mess up. Don't add to my troubles at this crucial time, especially you, Becky. Think before you act, got it?!"

Becky sulked and didn't answer, but Barbara said: "We understand, I'll keep an eye on Becky. You go attend to your matters."

Ava nodded and left.

As soon as she left the beauty salon, Ava made a phone call. Half an hour later, Ava was in a café she owned, facing a bald man. "What do we do? Quick, think of something, in case Yasmine turns up..."

The bald man remained calm, "What are you panicking for? If she could have come, she would have by now. You think she would wait over thirty years to come back? Don't worry, if she didn't come back thirty years ago, she won't now..."

Ava was taken aback, "What do you mean?"

The bald man glanced at her, "Remember why you were adopted by the queen?"

Ava gripped the coffee cup tightly, thought for a moment and said, "Because of the pair of bracelets..."

As she finished, Ava's breathing halted for a few seconds, then she looked up at the bald man, "You mean..."

The bald man sneered, "She doesn't have any evidence now, do you think she can prove her identity? Will people believe her just because she claims to be the queen's biological daughter?"

"DNA test? Queen Julia is the leader of Y Country, can she just meet the queen? She doesn't even have the privilege to approach the queen, so who's she gonna do the DNA test with? And even DNA tests can be faulty. Whatever you want the result to be, it will be. Can't you handle this?"

The bald man's words calmed Ava down.

“You’re right, maybe it’s the sudden appearance of that woman that got me all flustered. You’re right, if she could have come back, she should have done so already...”

Chloe, holding her phone, saw the news about the Y Country state banquet and remembered that she was invited to perform at the banquet.

Suddenly, she stood up. The song she was going to perform at the banquet hadn’t been decided yet.

She hurriedly packed up and went straight to the company. The music part, now she could only leave it to Jeanette Randle.

The banquet date was getting closer, she didn’t have that much time and energy to write songs.

Once in the company, she pulled Jeanette into the recording studio. Seeing Chloe in such a rush, Jeanette was startled. “Ms. Summers, what happened?”

Chloe nodded, “Jeanette, it’s time to showcase your talent.”

“Huh?” What talent did she have?

“Music. I haven’t decided on the song to perform at the Y Country state banquet. Do you have any recommendations, or do you have any songs that could be performed at the banquet?”

Jeanette was surprised, “Song for the banquet? I...”

Before Jeanette could finish, Chloe’s phone rang. It was a call from Yasmine.

Chloe stepped out of the recording studio to answer the phone, “Mom...”

Chloe was cut off by a sombre voice, "You're attending the Y Country state banquet?"

Chloe was startled by Yasmine's somber voice, paused for a few seconds before saying, "...Yes, what's wrong?"

Yasmine was in the living room, her hand trembling as she held the phone. After hearing Chloe's answer, she tightly gripped the blanket on her lap.

With a trembling voice, she asked, "When? Who invited you?"

Chloe answered truthfully, "About four months ago, when I was at Old Mr. Watson's birthday celebration in B City, a duke from Y Country invited me to perform at the banquet..."

Four months ago... B City... Old Mr. Watson's birthday celebration...

Yasmine slowly closed her eyes. It turned out that four months ago, so many coincidences were already brewing.

Yasmine was silent for a long time, which made Chloe feel a little uneasy and asked again, "Mom, what's going on?"

After a while, Yasmine slowly opened her eyes, "...I don't know. Come home tomorrow."

Didn't know? What kind of answer was that?

Her mother was such an intelligent and powerful woman, how could she say "I don't know"?

Chloe's face turned serious, and her voice became more determined, "I'm coming home now."

"No need. I'm beat right now, need to catch some Z's. You can come by tomorrow. I'm cool; Bryson is with me."

Just then, Bryson's voice came over the phone, "Don't sweat it, miss. Your mom missed her nap because she was catching a flick at noon. She needs to hit the hay." Chloe went quiet for a few seconds, then said, "Alright, I'll swing by tomorrow."

Bryson hung up the phone, watching Yasmine sitting silently in her wheelchair.

"Bryson..." Yasmine looked at the tree outside the window, shedding its last leaves, and slowly started:

"Do you reckon, if I asked Chloe to turn down the invite, she'd go along with it?"

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Bryson said, "Chloe respects you a lot, so if you're not on board with her going, she definitely won't"

Yasmine chuckled lightly, "Really?"

"Yes" Bryson replied in a low voice, then paused for a few seconds before speaking again. "But Chloe received this invitation four months ago to Old Mr. Watson's 80th birthday in the B City All these coincidences. Chloe accepted the invitation when she did not know anything about it. Isn't this destiny's arrangement?"

Destiny's arrangement....

But all she wished for her daughter was a simple life. She didn't want Chloe to get caught up in the power struggle of the royals. She just hoped that Chloe could grow up peacefully, and even grow old in tranquility and happiness.

Yasmine didn't say anything.

Having been around Yasmine for so long, Bryson often couldn't figure out what she was thinking. When Yasmine didn't respond, Bryson sighed deeply and left the living room

Yasmine took a sip of water, stared out the window for a long time before putting down her glass and getting ready to go to bed. But just as she turned her wheelchait, Bryson came over

Yasmine looked at him and asked, "What's up?"

Bryson walked up to her seriously and said: "The Harper Group has just released breaking news, there will be an emergency board meeting tomorrow at 2 PM." Hearing this news, Yasmine's face turned gloomy and her eyes became cold. "This Presley, he's the most stubborn and profit-minded guy I've

ever met. Wendy just held a press conference and he's immediately taking a stance." Yasmine said coldly, filled with anger. "I really don't understand how someone with an attitude of always relying on others and thinking that the company will go bankrupt without others' help, has contributed to the growth of the Harper Group to where it is now."

The news of the Harper Group's press conference tomorrow spread immediately, overshadowing all the hot topics online.

Including the recent incident at Infinity Media.

"Presley is too hasty, Ms. Alonso's press conference just ended, and he's already calling for an early board meeting. Is he forcing Mr. Harper to marry Wendy immediately?"

"Ms, Alonso and Ms. Summers have been competing for so long, and in the end Ms. Alonso's company went bankrupt, but Ms. Alonso still won. Surprise.

"Sigh, what's the use of Ms. Summers' abilities. She still lost to family interests."

"I wonder what Ms. Summers is thinking right now."

Chloe must be very upset now. Wendy thought smugly. She and Chloe had been at odds for a long time, all for the obvious reason of outdoing Chloe and marrying

Damon.

At the Harper family corporation, Nathan sat on the sofa in Damon's office, reading the news online, feeling surprised and disappointed.

"Bro, I think grandpa is really pissed off this time. I thought he was just trying to put pressure on you by releasing some news, but I didn't expect him to call a board

meeting tomorrow..."

Before Nathan could finish, the door to Damon's office opened.

"Damon, we're here to see how you're doing." The voice of Kane came, followed by several other people.

Damon was calmly browsing the files in his hand.

Kane: "Well, it seems like you're in a good mood, Damon. But what about the board meeting tomorrow? If you don't marry Wendy according to grandpa's wishes, Robin will take over as chairman. Isn't this the same as being kicked out of the Harper family?"

Nathan felt upset, Kane was saying things he didn't want to face. Without a doubt, if grandpa really gave Robin the shares that originally belonged to Damon, they could really be ousted from the company.

Although their father handed over the company to Damon for management a long time ago, and their father had also given a lot to the company in the past. And these years, all of Damon's focus was on the development of the company.

The current status of the Harper family, his father and brother both contributed significantly. It was incomprehensible that grandpa suddenly wanted to use his shares to decide the chairman of the Harper family corporation. He also knew that grandpa was doing this just to make Damon compromise.

But the thing about marrying Wendy....

He'd rather be kicked out of the company, just thinking about it made him feel sick for his brother.

He once envied his brother and Chloe's love, now he just felt it was such a pity.

Sigh, as beautiful as love was in the past, it's as rocky now." Nathan sighed.

Damon, after completing the signature on the file in his hand, heard Nathan's words and threw the file folder aside.

Nathan immediately shrunk his neck and shut his mouth. He didn't dare to provoke Damon.

Kane leaned on the sofa on the side. "But Damon, what's your plan? Are you really going to give up the Harper family business for your love?"

Damon looked indifferent, not saying a word.

Seth stood by the window, holding an expensive lighter in his hand, glanced at the silent Damon, then said slowly: "On one hand is the company you've always cherished, on the other is your love. We never thought you'd be caught in such a dilemma between the two."

Not just Seth, no one saw it coming in their eyes, Damon was the kind of guy who wouldn't fall for any woman, and they all assumed he'd stay single forever.

Or he'd just marry some random girl with a sunable family background to keep his parents happy and maintain his public image. From this perspective, Wendy

indeed seemed like a perfect match. If his grandpa really forced him, maybe Damon would agree. 'Cause they always believed that a guy like Damon would never understand love in his whole life.

When it came to marriage, it made no difference who the partner was. But unexpectedly, he was now in this pickle.

Seth gripped the lighter in his hand, looking at Damon with a calm expression, "I know you've made up your mind, but there are still things to be done. If you give up resisting so easily, considering Chloe's personality, I have no idea what's gonna happen between you two."

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"I know you've made up your mind, but you still gotta do what you gotta do. If you give up without a fight, with Chloe's character, who knows what will happen between you two?"

Damon's usually indifferent face finally showed some emotion.

Noah nodded. "I think you should give it a shot. You're the one running the Harper Group now. If you quit halfway, you won't be able to live with yourself, right?"

Kane, seeing both men advising Damon, had a different idea. "I kinda wish to see Damon compromise with Presley..."

Words were barely out, and all eyes were on him.

"Uh..." Kane ruffled his hair. "I know it's impossible, but that's why I'm hoping for it. I just want to see Chloe jealous..."

"From start to finish, Damon, you were always the one being jealous. No matter who was around her, male or female, old or young, you were always green with envy. We could call you the world's biggest green-eyed monster, huh...."

"And then there's your wife, apart from making you jealous, funning the company, eating, and sleeping with you, it doesn't seem like she had any special feelings towards you, right?"

Kane's words left the office in stunned silence. For his inappropriate comments, everyone felt the urge to gang up on him and give him a good thrashing. They were discussing serious matters when he brought up such a topic.

What was worse, this strange atmosphere made it clear that—for Damon, at this moment, this issue seemed more important than giving up the inheritance of the Harper Group.

But on second thought Kane might not have been wrong. From start to finish, they'd never seen Chloe showing a hint of jealousy.

Why didn't she get jealous? This question hung in the air in Damon's office, and the men began to ponder it.

"Why do you want to see Chloe jealous?" Damon asked, his face darkening.

Kane blinked. Don't you want to?"

Damon pursed his lips, not answering for a moment.

"Damon, you've been through so much. Don't you understand this yet?" Kane was shocked.

"What?"

Seth and Nathan looked at Kane. Their faces held indescribable expressions.

Kane suddenly felt like he had become everyone's relationship counselor. He straightened his back, coughed twice, and said, "You feel jealous because you have strong possessiveness towards her. You think she's the most beautiful, the best, and is irreplaceable. Everything about her is yours, and you can't stand her being approached or tainted by anyone else. You don't want anyone else in her heart. What does that tell you? It means you care about her, value her, and love her."

Damon nodded without hesitation. He didn't deny that he cared about Chloe, valued Chloe, and loved Chloe.

After grumbling to himself, Kane continued, "Then look at your wife, she's not jealous at all. Doesn't that indirectly mean that you're not that important to her, that she doesn't really care about you, value you, and love you..."

His voice grew softer and softer, then slowly faded away, because the look on Damon's face was a bit scary.

Didn't care, didn't value, and didn't love you...

Apart from Damon, the other two men in the office were deep in thought. The atmosphere was a bit strange, and Kane slowly stood up, feeling like he might have stirred up trouble. He quickly added, "Ah, Damon, I was just talking off the top of my head. The company's business is the most important thing right now. If there's anything we can do to help, just say the word, and we'll do everything we can! I also think you should talk to Presley about this. Maybe he won't be so stubborn..."

Damon sat there, holding an open folder, and lost in thought.

"Get out!"

Hearing this, Kane quickly headed for the office door, waving goodbye to Damon. "See you, Damon. Call me if you need anything."

Damon's face was cold, with no response.

However, not long after Kane left, Damon's phone rang. Seeing the caller ID, Damon's face darkened. "... Grandpa."

"Do you still know I'm your grandpa?! All this for a woman. Are you waiting for me to die before you come home to see me?!"

“Grandpa, that’s a bit harsh. It’s mainly because I’m busy with the company.”

“Bullshit, what business could the company have that you don’t even have time to come home for a meal? Just say it if you don’t want to see me!”

Damon closed his eyes slightly. “Grandpa, did you need something?”

“Don’t you want to talk to me about anything?!” Presley’s voice suddenly grew louder, and his outburst was followed by a bout of severe coughing.

The Board Meeting was tomorrow, and he was genuinely worried that Damon would really ignore everything. He had been waiting for him to compromise, but now, without any news from him, he had to make the call himself.

In his heart, the person he valued the most was always Damon alone. He never thought he would actually hand over the power to others. But Damon’s

stubbornness was driving him to his grave.

When the old man’s coughing stopped, Damon finally spoke, “I’ll have a doctor check on you.”

“No need!” The old man flatly refused, coughed a couple more times, and said, “You come home tonight!”

Damon remained silent, and Presley was so angry he had to catch his breath before finally hanging up the phone. If he didn’t hang up, he was afraid he’d get so angry he’d end up in the hospital.

Damon put down his phone indifferently, then picked it up again, ready to send a message to Chloe. However, after hesitating for several seconds, he finally threw his phone aside.

After work in the afternoon, Damon went straight to his grandfather’s residence. The living room was brightly lit, and when Damon walked in, he found quite a few people there.

Royce and Elizabeth were also there. She didn't look any less pissed when she saw Damon.

The vibe in the living room was a bit tense. Presley glanced at Damon, and his expression gradually eased up.

"Gramps, ladies and gents, dinner's just about ready..."

Chapter 1367

"Grandpa, ladies and gentlemen, dinner's almost ready." At that moment, Wendy stepped out from the kitchen, donned in an expensive designer dress covered by a red apron. Noticing Damon a tad too late, she greeted him with a hint of nervous shyness.

Presley was the first to break the silence, "We're just in time for dinner. Let's eat first."

In the dining room, everyone was eating in silence, the atmosphere still heavy. Upon noticing this, Presley's face turned serious.

Perhaps trying to lighten the mood, Wendy suddenly placed a piece of roast chicken on Presley's plate. Then she said, chuckling, "Grandpa, this chicken's been roasting for a while now. Just one sniff will have your mouth watering. Give it a try."

Presley glanced at the roast chicken in front of him and nodded with a smile, "You sure know how to cheer people up. Seems like everyone thinks I've lived too long, always taking jabs at me!"

Elizabeth, sitting to the side, arched her eyebrows, gripping her fork a little tighter.

"Grandpa, you're overthinking. Ask anyone here, who doesn't wish for you to live long?" Wendy said.

Presley didn't say anything,

Wendy laughed awkwardly, turning her gaze to Damon who had been ignoring her the whole time. She bit her lip lightly, and carefully placed a piece of fish on Damon's plate.

Damon paused for a moment, silently looking at the fish in front of him.

"Damon, this fish stew is amazing. I stood watch in the kitchen the whole time. It was cooked to perfection and the soup is really fresh." Wendy said, "And this shrimp is delicious too, especially with the special sauce."

Seeing that Damon didn't reject her initial serving, Wendy mustered up the courage to peel a shrimp, dip it in sauce, and place it on Damon's plate. "And this dish..." Wendy continued.

Damon hadn't moved at all, simply watching as Wendy continued to serve him food, all the while praising the its deliciousness.

After a while, Wendy finally looked up, her heart pounding as she waited for Damon's reaction.

The dining room fell silent, all eyes on Damon, waiting for his response. It felt like forever before he finally spoke, "Marina."

"Yes!" Marina hurried over from the kitchen upon hearing her name, "Mr. Harper, how may I assist you?"

"Bring the trash can over." Damon said.

"Right away!" Marina said.

In no time, Marina brought over the trash can. Damon directly dumped his plate into it, including the roast chicken, fish, and shrimp that Wendy had just served. Wendy, sitting next to him, turned pale in an instant. She sat there, extremely embarrassed and helpless. "Damon..."

Presley hadn't anticipated that Damon would be so rude and immediately reprimanded him, "Damon! Are you trying to provoke me?!"

Damon remained expressionless, unbothered by Presley's anger. "If you're the miss of the Alonso family, you should learn some manners and morals. I'm perfectly capable of deciding what I want to eat."

Wendy's eyes welled up with tears as she looked at Damon, "I just wanted to give you the best. I saw Chloe give you..."

Damon's gaze turned cold instantly as he stared at her. "What gives you the right to compare yourself to her?"

The intense humiliation nearly tore Wendy's heart to shreds, "Damon, I was just trying to..."

Damon abruptly threw his fork onto the table, his voice icy, "Am I so poor I can't afford my own food? Do I need your charity?"

True kindness was helping those in need. He lacked nothing.

Wendy shook her head, "I didn't mean it like that."

"Enough!" Presley slammed his hand on the table, "Are you really trying to anger me to death at this dinner table?! Wendy was just trying to please you. She's a girl and she's done her best. What more do you want?!"

Elizabeth suddenly let out a cold laugh, "Dad, what are you implying? In your eyes, are we, the real Harper family, less trustworthy than outsiders? When have we ever wished for your early demise?"

Presley frowned at Elizabeth, "Then what's going on with you all? I invited you home for dinner, but not a single one of you seems happy. What's the deal?!"

“Just because we’re not happy, does that mean we’re hoping for your death? Presley, you’ve lived for so long, but your words are full of sarcasm! Not only that, you’re increasingly fond of flattery! Wendy is the lady of the Alonso family. A few years ago, I thought she was alright. But as time passed, her true

colors started to show. You say she’s a girl, and that she’s done well. Is it because she shamelessly flatters the man she likes? Now I want to ask, what has she done these past few months that a girl should do? She’s embarrassed herself so much. Is chasing after a man in such a way something to be proud of?” Elizabeth said.

“You!” Presley was furious.

“Did I say anything wrong? Does she maintain the image that the missy of the Alonso family should have? Her huge mistake has already caused the Alonso family to lose all its dignity. If I were her, I’d find a hole to crawl into for at least a decade! She even has the audacity to hold a press conference? And now she acts as if nothing happened? Does she think we’re all fools?” Elizabeth said.

Wendy sat in her chair, trembling with fear. This wasn’t an act; she just couldn’t control her embarrassment.

Elizabeth even threw her fork onto the table, staring directly at Wendy, “You think I didn’t respect you, so you feel embarrassed, right? Alright, then let me ask you, after all the things you’ve done, what about you makes you worthy of Damon’s affection?”

Wendy clutched her skirt tightly, her pale face and swollen eyes particularly noticeable. “Elizabeth, everything I’ve done, it’s all because I’m head over heels for Damon.”

Chapter 1368

Elizabeth was taken aback too, she sat there looking stunned for the longest time, her face as pale as a sheet, she even forgot to breathe.

Royce quickly got up and pulled Elizabeth into his arms. Feeling the familiar embrace, Elizabeth slowly regained her composure. Her gaze slowly fell on Presley, who was in a fit of rage.

The old man was puffing his chest and his breath was heavy. He pointed at Elizabeth, stammering, “The thing I regret the most, is allowing your marriage with Royce back then! Now the whole Harper family can’t catch a break! Anyway, I called you guys back today to discuss Damon and Wendy’s wedding date! The marriage is settled already. They must be together! If you guys don’t set a date, I’ll do it myself. And no one can change this decision! James! Go and announce to the media, say that Mr. Harper of the Harper Group and Ms. Wendy are getting hitched!”

“Yes, I’m on it!” James had never seen Presley this mad! As soon as Presley finished speaking, James forced himself to react as quickly as possible to handle this issue!

Elizabeth stood up, looking at the smashed dining table, she suddenly pushed all the plates onto the floor!

Everyone was shocked at the scene.

“So they’re getting married, huh? Fine, you like making a mess, right? I want to see when the Harper family’s dining table will ever stay clean! If you say there’s no peace, then let the Harper family continue to live in chaos!”

Having said that, Elizabeth once again swept all the remaining plates on the table onto the floor, staring at Presley, who was beet red, and said sharply, “Look at yourself now, how pathetic! The Harper Group

has to rely on the Alonso family for steady growth? What a disgrace! If it were me, I’d rather destroy the company than be someone else’s follower! And what’s so great about the Alonso family that you’re tailing them like a lost puppy, forsaking your dignity?!”

“You! You!” For the first time in his life, Presley was at a loss for words. He could only point at Elizabeth, too angry to speak..

Elizabeth then turned to Wendy, who was sitting opposite her and had turned pale from fright, “If you still want to marry into this family, then get ready for a rocky ride! You think you’re so important, that everyone should cater to you, orbit around you! Well, not me! Don’t think just because you’re marrying into the Harper family, you’re one of us. Trust me, I’ll make sure you’re worse off than a servant!

“Let me tell you, Wendy. In my heart, Chloe is the only daughter-in-law I acknowledge! You think you can use the power of the Alonso family to suppress us, you’re dreaming! It’s hard to build a company, but easy to destroy one! The Harper family wants to rely on the Alonso family for stability, even at the cost of my son’s happiness. If that day comes, I’d rather jump off a building! Let everyone see how the Harper family drove me to death!”

Wendy felt drained, her face pale, lips trembling. She was unable to utter a word.

“Elizabeth, you’re too much!” Presley finally managed to say, he shakily stood up, raised his cane to hit Elizabeth, but halted midway.

“I came back this time hoping to resolve some issues, but it seems unnecessary now. You guys do whatever you want.” Damon said.

Damon calmly took the cane from his grandfather’s hand and tossed it aside. He glanced at Royce, said, “Take care of your wife,” then turned around and left the mansion.

Damon’s departure finally put an end to the argument. However, his words left everyone puzzled.

After her outburst, Elizabeth seemed exhausted, and collapsed into Royce’s arms. After a few seconds, she leaned on the edge of the table and forced herself up, looking at Royce, “Royce, what did Damon mean by that? Is he agreeing to marry Wendy?”

Royce looked at her, “He’s your son. You know him best.”

Elizabeth nodded. She believed her son would never have anything to do with Wendy.

She was now in tears, she glanced at the mess around her, and said to Royce, “I’m sorry, Royce, for all the trouble I’ve caused you, for rebelling against Presley. It’s me being ungrateful, immature, even unacceptable! The Harper family can’t tolerate me, and I don’t want to stay here either! Now that I know Damon won’t disappoint me, I’ll leave!”

Royce's expression became more grim, he tried to grab Elizabeth's hand, but she dodged it. "Don't touch me. When I say I'm leaving, I mean it and not with you. No matter how much I hate Presley, I can't take away your responsibility and obligation as his son. Having you for all these years, I'm already satisfied."

Elizabeth burst into tears. She knew that for many years, she had been causing trouble for Royce. He shouldn't have had to choose between Presley and her, but he still protected her for nearly thirty years.

Elizabeth once thought that the conflict with Presley was just a matter of time, but now it seemed, that was not the case.

Presley, she was at her wits' end with him.

She had thrown in the towel. She never saw it coming to get this bad.

As of today's spat, there was no love left between her and Presley. And Royce was caught in the crossfire.

No, she couldn't put him in this tough spot anymore. She had selfishly claimed Royce, made him take her side at every turn. But enough was enough. He wasn't just her husband, he was also Presley's son.

She was done!

Barely—holding back her exhaustion, Elizabeth shoved her chair back, ready to bolt from the Harper family, this suffocating place. But she was pulled into a tight hug by Royce, "Where do you think you're going?"

None of your beeswax!" Elizabeth said.

"Elizabeth!" Royce's face was a mask of gloom. He growled under his breath, noting her slight trembling in his arms, and softened his tone, "I'll take you wherever you want to go! And if you dare to go out on your own again, I'll make you regret it!"

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go out on your own again, I’ll make you regret it!”

Chapter 1369

Elizabeth was sobbing on his chest, crying her heart out, “Don’t be like this. I’m telling the truth. I really need to leave on my own. I know I’ve hurt you, but I can’t take it anymore.”

She was crying so hard and looked so pitiful. Royce’s cold face softened slightly. He was filled with pain, and he bent down to hold Elizabeth, who was almost out of breath from crying.

“It’s too late now; let’s go back and rest. Tomorrow, I’ll take you away from here immediately. We’ll arrange a private jet, okay?” Royce said.

“I don’t want to. I can...” Elizabeth said.

“Listen to me, okay?” Royce said.

Elizabeth didn’t say anything with tears streaming down. Their voices became more and more distant, until in the end, even Elizabeth’s crying could hardly be heard. Royce carried Elizabeth and left the dining room without looking back, never once looking at Presley. However, Presley was panicking for no reason. He didn’t know why, but he was restless. He looked at Wendy, who was pale and dumbstruck. He asked, “Are you alright, Wendy?”

Wendy shook her head in a daze. She was clueless about what to say about the current situation.

alright.

The old man was also confused, “Go home if you’re alright. Don’t overthink. Royce and Elizabeth will probably leave tomorrow. I guess James has already sent the message. Tomorrow is the most important day, so go home and rest. Come with me to the board meeting!”

Hearing this, Wendy blinked in a daze, her thoughts gradually coming back. Since the news had been released, appearing at the Harper Group with Presley, did that confirm her identity?

And Damon’s words just now, could it be possible that he was following the old man’s arrangement?

Probably, right? Otherwise, Damon would lose the position of the Harper Group’s heir! By marrying her, his position could be solidified.,

If he chose Chloe, Damon would be kicked out of the Harper family. Any man wouldn’t choose the latter, right?

It should be, definitely! Wendy kept convincing herself. She had defined a very small or non-existent choice as something that would definitely happen.

But thinking about the harsh words Elizabeth said to her just now, she felt like every cell in her body was about to explode. Even if she married into the Harper family, she still had to endure others’ insults!

It was so infuriating!

Clenching her fists secretly, Wendy’s eyes became colder.

The mess in the entire dining room was finally left to the servants.

Marina sneaked out and called Chloe when no one was paying attention.

Chloe was currently reading the news on her phone,

The temporary board meeting of the Harper Group tomorrow, and the just–released news about Damon and Wendy’s upcoming wedding. When Chloe saw these two news items, she immediately understood that Presley was starting to exert pressure.

But no matter what, Damon was his own grandson. Didn’t he understand his grandson? Even if he unilaterally announced the wedding date, if Damon was unwilling, who could force him to get married?

As for tomorrow’s temporary board meeting of the Harper Group. She could still clearly remember what he once said. Not everyone could influence his decisions.

When the phone rang, she knew it was Marina and immediately answered the call, “Hello, Marina, what’s up?”

“Ah, miss! Damon came back for dinner with his parents today, and had a big fight with Presley. Presley was so angry he smashed the dining table with his cane! Elizabeth was also furious, and she pushed all the dinner on the table onto the floor. Marina said.

Chloe frowned, and her face immediately became serious, “Why did they fight so fiercely?”

“Because the miss of the Alonso family was also there. She tried to serve Damon some food, but he threw it all into the trash can! That’s how it started, then they said some harsh words, Presley was unhappy, and it turned into what it is now. Mrs. Harper cried later, saying she wanted to leave on her own, but Royce didn’t let her, so he took her away. I heard they might be leaving on a private jet tomorrow. And the last thing Damon said, he told Presley to do whatever he wants, I’m not sure, I don’t know if this means he agrees with Presley’s decision. I just want you to be prepared.” Marina said.

After listening, Chloe felt a bit better, “I see, Marina, thank you for telling me!”

“Ah, it’s no problem. Everything was going well, you guys already got the marriage certificate, and Presley still wants to do this. Speaking of this, when you have time, you should go to the city hall to confirm whether you and Damon are still legally married. Presley wants to interfere with these things, and I think he will definitely find someone to end your marriage relationship in private. Otherwise, if Damon really marries Ms. Alonso, wouldn’t that be bigamy? This would have a negative impact on the

Harper family. I think Presley would consider this. And that Ms. Alonso, Damon's attitude is so obvious, how could she not understand?" Marina said.

Chloe tugged at the corner of her mouth.

Didn't understand? Indeed! She had become a bit pathological.

Chloe seemed to think of something, then a smile appeared on her face, "Marina, you should get some rest after cleaning up. Good night."

Okay, good night." Marina said.

After hanging up the phone, Chloe opened her contacts, and directly found Axel's phone number. The call went through.

"It's me." Chloe said.

"Holy moly, we're not in the same country, can't you check the time difference?" The person on the other end was clearly woken up.

"Sorry, I just wanted to ask, how's the progress? Have the contracts been settled?" Chloe asked.

The other person took a deep breath, patient in tone, "Thank you, the mission has been accomplished smoothly. I have a flight to catch tomorrow morning. Anything else you need?"

Chloe raised an eyebrow, her face bright with a grin, "So, what's up with Cole and his gang?"

"I couldn't care less what they're up to But we do share the same flight! My people deliberately booked the same flight as Cole." Axel said.

Now, that was interesting. Chloe had to hold back a chuckle; the scene painted was just too hilarious, “Alright, what time is your flight? I’ll give you guys a hand again tomorrow!”

“Help us with what?” Axel asked.

“When you return in triumph, of course someone needs to witness it!” Chloe said.

Chapter 1370

“I’ll arrive at the airport at two-thirty tomorrow afternoon!” Without any hesitation, Axel told her. Chloe always had loads of ideas. As one of the company’s shareholders, she was definitely trustable.

“Alright, that time works great. Go get some rest!” Chloe said.

After hanging up, Chloe put her phone aside, sat on the bed thinking for a bit, then stood up and walked downstairs.

When Damon came home, the moment he opened the door, he was greeted by the smell of delicious food.

Hearing the door close, Chloe came out from the kitchen. Seeing Damon just taking off his coat, she had a satisfied smile on her face. “You’re back!” Chloe said.

Damon saw the smile on Chloe’s face, and suddenly remembered what Kane had said at the office today.

If a woman wasn’t jealous, it meant she didn’t care about you, value you, or love you. He felt a bit uncomfortable.

He silently hung his coat on the rack, not responding to Chloe.

Chloe walked over to him, smiling as she undid his tie. Seeing his face look a bit off, she thought he was upset.

She undid his tie, then planted a kiss on Damon's lips. "I made loads of food, was waiting for you. Come on!" Chloe whispered, grabbing Damon's hand.

But before she could turn around, she was hugged tightly by a strong arm, and then he passionately kissed her.

It wasn't until Chloe was gasping for air that Damon finally let go of her. Seeing her rosy lips and face, Damon's gloominess disappeared, and he felt much better.

But in the end, it was Damon who carried Chloe to the dining room. Chloe was used to him carrying her, but she didn't expect that he wouldn't let go of her this time, directly placing her on his lap.

Such an awkward position.

Chloe blushed again. "Hey, let me go." She lightly patted Damon's shoulder, her face full of shyness.

Even though it was just the two of them, and they had done many heart-throbbing things before. But if even eating had to be like this, wasn't it going too far? Ignoring her protest, Damon picked up some food and brought it to Chloe's mouth.

Chloe reluctantly opened her mouth and ate it, "It's not comfortable eating like this. Come on, let me down to eat."

As she said this, she tried to get off Damon's lap, but Damon purposely tiptoed, increasing the distance between her and the ground. He was already tall, and now with him on his toes, Chloe was like swinging, her toes swaying but unable to touch the ground.

Damon couldn't help but chuckle, "Shorty"

Chloe stopped. She looked down at her own legs, feeling indignant.

Were her legs short? She was taller than the standard height by a few inches!

Her legs had never made her feel inferior. How could her legs be short?

“How are my legs short?” Chloe couldn’t help but angrily ask.

Damon found the various expressions on her face a bit novel and funny.

So she cared about this a lot. She hated it when people said her legs were short?

Her angry look was too cute. He chuckled softly, then took a bite of food.

Chloe was angry, she glared at Damon’s legs, and then the anger in her heart started to slowly subside.

Hmm, thinking about it, compared to his legs, her legs were, well, long enough!

She checked her own legs again, then silently bit her lip. When she looked up at Damon, he was holding food up to her mouth again. She took it and ate it, then

continued watching him eat.

“Wendy shamelessly served Damon food, only for him to throw it all into the bin.” Marina’s words echoed in her mind, making Chloe laugh.

She took the food Damon handed to her again, then looked at him and said softly, “I know you went to Presley’s house today.”

Damon paused, his voice a bit heavy, “Did someone tell you something?”

Chloe raised her eyebrows, "Yes, someone said Wendy served you a lot of food, but you threw it all in the bin."

Damon pursed his lips. He initially thought she would be angry and jealous, but it's not what he had in mind at all.

Chloe pointed at the fork in his hand, smiling, "We've been using the same fork, and you didn't react at all. Why did you react so strongly when Wendy served you

food?"

Hearing this, Damon's eyebrows twitched. He put down his fork, then held Chloe's chin, deeply kissing her a few times, with a hint of punishment.

"Do you think I can treat her like this?" Damon asked.

Chloe shook her head, "No

Damon tugged at the corner of his mouth, "So..."

"So let's hurry and eat! Let's not talk about this anymore!" Chloe said.

She didn't want to talk about this anymore! Chloe cut him off, ending the conversation.

The next day, half past one in the afternoon.

The entrance of Harper Group's building was already surrounded by reporters. When Wendy and Presley appeared, all the reporters immediately swarmed over.

“Mr. Presley, did President Harper personally agree to his marriage with Ms. Wendy?”