

## **CHOSEN 1391**

### Chapter 1391

Yulia was left open-mouthed as Damon was led away, turning to Chloe with a look of utter bewilderment. "Chloe, is Nathan really

Chloe's smiled slightly, "Don't tell me you're still in the dark about him being gay or not?"

Yulia's face instantly flushed red

Gazing down the long hallway, watching as Damon and his brother's figures faded into nothingness, Chloe's smile also disappeared. She took a deep breath and walked back into the hospital room.

Presley's face darkened instantly at the sight of Chloe, "Get out"

"No one can stop me from coming in if I want to, and no one can kick me out if I don't want to leave. So, save your breath" Chloe's icy tone interrupted Presley. leaving him no dignity with only the two of them present.

Presley watched as she closed the door to the hospital room, his eyes narrowing slightly, "So, you sent Damon away to assassinate me?"

Chloe gave a faint smile, "You really have a vivid imagination."

She walked over to his bedside, looking down on him with a smug expression, "You should know Damon well. Trying to force him with this tactic, you know it's impossible"

Presley snorted, staring at Chloe's sarcastic expression.

Chloe chuckled, "Trying to play me? You think because I love him, I should let him go?"

She finished speaking, perhaps finding it hilariously funny, and let out a soft laugh. Is this your idea, or was it whispered in your ear by Ms. Wendy?- Presley said in a low voice, "What's the difference if it's my idea or Wendy's?"

"Of course there's a difference. If it's from Ms. Wendy, I'll throw it back in her face. If it's you, then think about how you were with Alyssa back in the day. You said. loving someone means letting them go. Why did you rather live a life of constant bickering with Alyssa than let her go?" Chloe said.

Presley's eyes instantly flared with rage.

However, Chloe didn't wait for him to speak. She continued, "The person I love has to be mine in this life. If he misses me, it's his regret. He won't be happy me, because only I can make him happy! Letting go is a pretty cowardly thing, isn't it? What I want, I'll fight tooth and nail for it! If he's my true love, I'm definitely claiming him! Why should I let someone else have him? Who can love him like I do? Nobody!"

Chloe's words echoed in the room, pounding like a drum in everyone's hearts.

The old man on the bed was left stunned by her words, unable to regain his composure for a long time. He had never imagined that such strong and domineer words would come from a woman. But he could not refute them. Just like she had said, if he had been able to let go back then, he wouldn't have done what took to get Alyssa.

The past was the past; he had never reflected on why he had pursued Alyssa with all he had. All he knew was that he wanted her no matter what, so he had to get her. He never thought that he would be like this back then.

Chloe said, "You shouldn't try to trick me like this. Once a person decides to get something, they will do whatever it takes. The current situation is not even me doing everything I can. You're threatening me with the inheritance of the Harper Group to give up Damon? Impossible. As long as Damon wants it, I'll definitely help him get the Harper Group. No matter how hard it is, I'll do it because I love him. I can

give everything for him, but the only thing I won't do is let him go. What can the Alonso family give to the Harper family? If the Alonso family is your only reason for rejecting me, then I'll give you the Alonso family! You know I'm not just talking"

Presley snorted, finally snapping out of Chloe's previous words, "You want the Alonso family, should I call you naive or stupid? How did Wendy get her status? HOW did Phoebe's mother die? Do you know? This is common knowledge, and then what? How did things develop? Who ended up benefiting? Did Phoebe become the heiress, or was her mother's injustice redressed? There's a procedure for investigating cases, you think the Alonso family had ever thought about investigating what happened? No, there was nothing. Do you know why?"

Because Grace's backer was Princess Ava of Y country

Chloe understood this.

"You think by inflicting such a huge loss on the Alonso family, they're now under your control? Nave! Do you know the more enemies, the more difficulties? Even if the Harper family split with the Alonso family later, how can you ensure they won't make trouble for you behind the scene? The Harper family isn't afraid of trouble. but we are afraid of being delayed. I originally only needed to put in a fraction of the effort to accomplish something, but dealing with them requires three times the effort! Chloe, can you calculate this?" Presley said

Chloe gave a faint smile, "I can. You just want to pay the smallest price for the greatest return"

Presley fell silent

"In the end, what you fear isn't the Alonso family, but Princess Ava of Y country Chloe said.

Presley smirked sarcastically, "You're capable, but can you really turn into the princess of Y country?"

Chloe pursed her lips, chuckling coldly, "You seem to portray the Harper family as it it's only survived until now because of women"

First there was a Ms Wendy, now them was a princess from Y Country

"If you can't make it work, then just leave The Harper family doesn't need to bet everything on your Presley said

Chloe smuted, "Then you might lose your grandson Her's willing to give up the entire Harper family for me

Nathan was dragged all the way to the hospital rooftop by Damon Ha thought he will gonna get a beating. He covered his head and hid to the side, but the expected punch never came

After a while, he looked up and saw Damon standing in front of the railing, locking in an unknown direction through the lion net. His silhouette seemed firm there was no sign of wanting to beat him. He slowly stood up, frowned and walked over to Damon

is deep eyes turned to him, giving him a cool look.

"Are you really gay or did you accidentally post the wrong video" Damon asked

Upon hearing this, Nathan's forehead veins suddenly tensed up. "I am so pissed of hearing this! What does she mean, accusing me out of nowhere? I'm a married

man!"

"That doesn't rule out the possibility of you being bisexual" Damon said.

Unable to hold back, Nathan retorted loudly. I'm not!"

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I cant take it anymon Nathan couldnt contain his emotions. Im not that kind of guy!

The idea of living a bisexual testyle was simply inconceivable for him. How on earth could be do such a thing? What was more his own brother was doubting him. Was he even his brother anymore?

However, once he had cooled down, he suddenly realized and asked. "If you don't trust me why'd you drag me out here?"

"To get some fresh air" Damon said

A gust of cold wind suddenly blew, and Nathan couldn't help but shiver Standing on the rooftop in the middle of winter? Was he out of his mind

But in front of his brother, he would never dare to utter such words

He hugged himself against the chill, standing in front of his brother, his eyes fixated on the park below the hospital building. The trees were evergreen, and a few people were pushing patients around for a walk.

This was the mundanity of life. His expression gradually turned cold, and he shoved his hands into his pockets. His breath was as cold as the icy wind on the rooftop

"If Grandpa Presley was firmly against you and Chloe, what would you do?" Nathan asked.

"No one has the night to interfere with my affairs" Damon said.

"So you're just gonna walt?" Nathan asked.

"That's not for me to decide" Damon replied calmly. If he thinks this lifestyle is what he wants"

The decision was not in his hands.

Nathan took a deep breath, "Bro, any news from Mom and Dad""

Damon couldn't answer.

“Mom used to nag all the time, and I found her annoying. But now I haven’t even let her see her grandkid, I suddenly feel so guilty” Nathan said

Damon shot him a cold glance, “Isn’t Anya your child?”

Nathan frowned, “Anya is Yulia’s sister How many times do I have to tell you? You guys are in cahoots, aren’t you? You all keep saying this, making me almost believe that Anya is my child”

Damon stared at him intently.

Nathan suddenly felt a chill. That look made him feel like a complete fool.

“There’s still no news about Mom and Dad, and you seem indifferent. Are you still the son? You’re acting like I’m just putting on a show by being upset.” Nathan said

He had always behaved according to his brother’s reactions since childhood, and now, even when their parents were in this situation, he couldn’t quite adjust his

emotions

“Well then, cry” Damon said indifferently.

Nathan was speechless.

As the two brothers made their way down, Chloe and Yulia were chatting on the chairs outside the ward. Anya was sitting in Chloe’s lap, swinging her little legs as Chloe was fixing her hair.

“Grandpa Presley’s stubbornness is his problem. It won’t affect my decision.” Chloe said lightly, with Yulia nodding in agreement

"Don't take it to heart. He is just too stubborn, unless he can figure it out by himself" Yulia said

"He can't." Chloe interrupted, fixing Anya's braids. Her voice was calm and light," Damon's parents are in trouble and he hasn't even realized his fault in the situation I can't say I'm blameless either. I was stubborn, especially about being with Damon, had compromised back then, I don't think this would've happened." Yulia's face softened, it's not your fault"

Damon heard Chloe's words from a distance, his face darkening. What he had been worried about was finally happening

These past few days, he had been trying to distract her, but he couldn't stop her sensitive mind What was she going to do next then? Was the bunking of leaving him?

"No, I'm at fault, Yulia Chloe shook her head," As much as I regret it, if I had to choose again, I would make the same choices I would be sad if I left Damon, and Damon wouldn't let me leave halfway Now that this has happened, and all I can do is pray for his parents to be safe"

Damon's face lightened a bit

\*Smart women, who are always so emotionally intelligent in love, can make life easier Nathan's words were filled with envy and admission, but when his gaze landed on Yulia, his expression quickly turned sour

When Yulia noticed the sound and turned to look at him, meeting his gaze with a plain and unresponsive manner, Nathan felt a surge of anger well up inside her Was he a block of wood or a pillar? She had no reaction to him at all?

These past few days, there had been too much of that Too much that it was becoming increasingly annoying But then, every time they were in bed, her confused and sultry demeanor made her seem like a completely different person.

What did she think of him? A source of entertainment?

A sudden flame of anger ignited within Nathan, and Damon glanced at him, a smirk playing on his lips

"Served him right" Damon thought

Damon walked over to Chloe and sat down next to her. Anya, who was sitting on Chloe's lap, wiggled her little head, and gazed up at Damon with a beaming smile

A childish voice sounded soft and sweet, "Damon, am I pretty?"

Damon looked at her indifferently. "So-so"

Anya blinked, her face showing signs of hurt. She wasn't praised as being pretty

"These are the braids that Chloe made for me" Anya said.

Just as Anya was on the brink of tears, Damon finally added. "Very pretty"

Yulia took Anya from Chloe's lap. She was certain that Damon's praise was not sincere. If not for Chloe's work, even if Anya cried her heart out, she didn't think Damon would complement her

Chloe stood up, "Are we done then?"

"Yes" Damon pulled her into his arms, "I'll take you to rest"

As they walked past Nathan, Chloe looked at his swollen cheekbone and the bruise on it, and gave him an apologetic smile "Consider it a massage"

Nathan rolled his eyes dramatically.

He thought he was going to avoid getting hit today, but just before they left, his brother had landed a solid punch on his face.

After their fight, Damon even had the nerve to mock, "Leaving a few scars might just be the proof to Chloe that we've had a tussle, nearly causing Nathan to have a stroke with anger right on the rooftop.

As Damon and Chloe just stepped through the hospital room door, they saw Nate hurrying over, "Mr. Harper, Mrs. Harper"

Damon responded indifferently, leading Chloe into the room first. Nate followed in, addressing Chloe straightaway, 'Mrs. Harper, your mother's been looking for you, hoping you could swing by home soon.'

With this prompt, Chloe suddenly remembered that she had promised her mother to visit her sometime.

She totally spaced on it. She pulled out her phone, hoping to give her mom a quick call back, only to find that her phone had died ages ago.

## Chapter 1393

Peck's Manor.

When Chloe walked into the living room, it seemed that only Bryson was waiting for her. He saw her and immediately went over to greet her, "Miss Chloe, Miss Yasmine is waiting for you in the piano room upstairs,"

Chloe was slightly surprised, hesitated for a moment, then nodded gently and began to go upstairs.

Just as she got upstairs, she heard the sound of the piano coming from the room.

Chloe remembered her mother being her piano teacher when she was a child. Every time she saw her mother playing the piano in her leisure time, she thought it was the most beautiful scene

The piano from her memories was placed next to her bed. Her mother liked to sit there playing it in the afternoon. The sunlight shone on her through the window. She sat there calmly, her fingers dancing on the black and white keys, playing a wonderful melody. She was still young at that time and didn't quite understand that feeling. She just thought everything was magical.

Why could those seemingly identical keys produce such wonderful melodies?

So her mother began to hold her and teach her to play the piano. Since then, she had been learning to play it. She remembered that her mother didn't play the piano very often, and until now, her mother had never played it again.

After many years, she now saw her mother sitting in front of the piano again, tapping on the keys with one hand. Although the notes were a bit scattered, the melody could still be heard.

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star, That was the first piece her mother taught her to play.

"Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star, how I wonder what you are..."

As Yasmine played the piano, she began to sing this song until the song was over, then Yasmine withdrew her hand "You're here"

"I'm sorry, mom these days..."

"I heard, you don't have to explain, Is Presley okay?" Yasmine asked.

Chloe nodded, "He should be okay now."

"Don't worry about Damon's parents. It's actually a good thing that their bodies aren't found. Royce isn't just anyone. With his ruthless character, even the Grim Reaper wouldn't dare to come for him so soon." Yasmine said.

A hint of surprise flashed in Chloe's eyes. Was Royce really that ruthless?

What she saw most often was his indulgence towards Elizabeth, and she didn't expect him to have such a side.

"Are you talking about the same person I'm thinking of?" Chloe asked.

Yasmine gave her a cold look, "What do you think?"

If there was anyone Chloe was afraid of in this world, Yasmine was definitely the first one. Just with one look, she could instantly become insignificant in front of her mother. But she was right, not finding their bodies was good news.

"Did you hurry me back for something?" Chloe asked.

A deep piano sound rang out, and the atmosphere in the room became heavy instantly.

"Are you sure you want to be with Damon? Chloe Summers, will you not regret this for the rest of your life?" Yasmine asked.

Yasmine called her full name. Her tone and expression were very serious, as if she wanted to hear Chloe make an important promise.

"Yes, I'm sure it's him, and I will never regret it in my life" Chloe said.

Yasmine asked very seriously, and she answered very firmly

Yasmine looked at her, and finally slowly closed her eyes. What else could be changed by asking again?

From the first time she saw her, she could tell that Chloe was serious, more serious than ever before. Moreover, now she was carrying two little lives in her womb "Chloe know you have your own opinions

on many things, but I was the same when I was your age. I thought all my choices were right, but they weren't. I've lived so many years and always thought I had seen through everything, but that's not the case either. I can't help you judge whether a man is trustworthy or not."

Yasmine could make the most accurate judgments on many things, but men seemed to be the only thing she couldn't see through in her life. Maybe that was her fate; there were some things she could never see through.

"No matter what the result is, I'm willing to accept it if it's not him. I don't think I'll have the strength to love anyone else if I don't spend my life with him. I regret it."

Yasmine clenched her lips, nodded. "Okay. I understand."

After a series of chords, Yasmine stopped and looked out at the

stage of sheet music from the piano and said, "Have you prepared for the Y Country & state

about what was going on and said, "I haven't prepared yet."

Chances are Yasmine spread out the sheet music on the rack. She had a Yasmine Audited, her eyes fixed on the sheet music in front of her, her fingers resting on the keys, and she played for a long time.

frat, it was my favorite when I was a child. Yasmine said, "Play this piece at the state. I want to let you know."

ed that when Yasmine spoke there was a faint smile on her face. Did this piece have some special

Chloe had doubts in her heart, but didn't ask at this time. She just audited slightly.

After she finished speaking, Yasmine's hair droplets falling from high above.

fergers fall. A series of lively nudes

fowed out the dwar and pressant sound was lay the sound of water

After a few minutes when the sound was over, Chloe couldn't recover for a long time.

If she only listened to the beginning, she would think it was a cheerful piece. But after she listened to the whole piece, what lingered in her ears was deeply touching.

There was innocence, expectation, longing, sadness, and helplessness. So many emotions converged together, making people involuntarily fall into an endless aftertaste, wanting to savor more feelings

But this piece, if she just listened to it, maybe for some people who didn't fully understand music, it might not be the best.

Although she didn't want to rain on the parade, Chloe still said, "I won't deny that it's a good piece, but is it really suitable to be played at a formal occasion like a state banquet?"

Yasmine raised her hand, took off the sheet music, held it in, and gently stroked each note that appeared on it, "This is a unique piece in the world. It's only played for those who can understand."

There was a strong curiosity in Chloe's eyes. She couldn't help but want to ask why it had to be this piece, but Yasmine stuffed the sheet music in her hands "Do you want to listen to it a few more times? Can you play it?" Yasmine asked.

Chloe nodded and said, "No need, I've got the gist of it. Just need to familianize myself a bit more and I should be good to go."

Yasmine frowned, "You got it after just hearing it once? I don't remember you being a musical prodigy when you were a kid."

Sure, she was talented, but there was no way she could play it after just one hearing—even a genius couldn't pull that off.

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Though she got talent, she was no way going to nail it just by hearing it once, not even a genius could do that.

Yasmine paused, fixing her gaze on Chloe, her eyes narrowed suspiciously. "Chloe, you're not..."

Chloe was startled. "I just thought the piece was interesting and memorized it after hearing it for the first time. I'm just a bit smart, that's all. What are you getting at?"

Yasmine, poker-faced, replied coldly, "I heard about an experiment on the human brain. It suggested that our memory capacity is limited. If you want to remember more important stuff, you need to forcefully erase some memories from your brain. The idea is just nuts. How can you forcefully erase memory? Is it dangerous? Will there be side effects? Can those so-called scientists guarantee that?"

Chloe gripped the music sheet tightly. "You're overthinking. What has that got to do with us?"

Yasmine fell silent for a moment. Seeming to agree, she glanced at the music sheet in Chloe's hand, and said, "Go to the study and find a clip to hold it. Don't lose on the way home again. I only have this one copy. If you make me remember it again, it'll give me a headache."

This piece was a memory from her childhood. For many years, her memory of this piece was blank. Now, recalling every note from memory was extremely difficult for her. If she had to do it again, saying it would give her a headache would be an understatement.

Chloe nodded, took the music sheet, and went to the study. There seemed to be no spare clips on the desk. Chloe opened the filing cabinet, only to find no spare folders either.

The neatly arranged folders and various financial and management books in the cabinet made Chloe shake her head. If we were talking about strong women, probably no one in the world could compare to her mother. Just looking at those gave her a headache.

Closing the cabinet door, Chloe went to the desk, rummaged around, and finally found a spare folder in the drawer. But as she picked up the empty folder and was about to close the drawer, she noticed a piece of paper lying flat under the folder, with something clearly drawn on it.

Curious, she picked up the paper and took a closer look.

“What?”

She seemed to have found something, squinted, and brought the paper closer.

On the paper were two circular objects. They seemed to be bracelets or anklets. Since they were just drawn on paper, Chloe couldn't determine what they were based on scale. From the outside, they seemed to be inlaid with many fancy and precious jewels.

However, this was not the point. The key was the pattern on the inner side of the two circular objects. It looked very familiar.

The Queen...

These letters were in a fancy design. The lines, and the style. Chloe was very familiar with them.

Two...

A pair...

Chloe raised her eyebrows and put the paper back in the drawer. Maybe these were gifts that her mother personally designed for her unborn twins. If that was the case, she'd rather look forward to

seeing the finished product. Thinking about the extravagant birth gifts her children would receive made her a little excited.

After clipping the music sheet into the folder, she left the study. Yasmine was downstairs, watching her come down; her face always wore an indescribable expression. From the moment she saw Yasmine, Chloe felt that something was off about her, but she never admitted why.

“Did you find it?”

“Yes.” Chloe held up the folder in her hand.

Yasmine stared at the folder in her hand for a long time, then gave a slight nod. “Go home and practice well, it’s not hard. You’ll get the hang of it after a few tries.”

Chloe knew,” Chloe agreed, chatted with Yasmine for a while, then prepared to leave, but she stopped at the door and turned back. “Mom, is there any special meaning to this piece?”

Yasmine didn’t expect Chloe to ask this question and didn’t answer for a moment.

Bryson, just back from watering the flowers outside, took the initiative to explain, “The prelude to this piece was something Ms. Yasmine casually played on the piano when she was a kid. Your grandmother then refined it into a complete piece. It means a lot to her.”

Chloe’s eyes lit up, her grandmother... This was a practically unfamiliar term to her. From childhood to adulthood, she had never heard anything about her grandmother from her mother.

Including Bryson, no one had ever mentioned it.

It was the first time she had heard about her grandmat.

“Ms. Chloe, Ms. Yasmine must have had your best interests in mind. You must play it at the state banquet.”

Chloe couldn't figure out why she "must" play this significant piece at the state banquet. Was it just to satisfy her sense of achievement by having her piece appear at the state banquet? She didn't think her mother would enjoy such vanity.

But Yasmine didn't say anything more, so Chloe didn't ask further.

Anyway, the piece was already decided, and it was a good one. That was enough.

On leaving Peck's Manor, she called Damon, who told her to go right back to the apartment. After asking about Presley's condition and hearing that there was no big problem, she didn't insist on going to the hospital.

Just as she was about to get in the car and leave, Winston Peck's car slowly pulled up in front of her.

Winston got out of the car and closed the door. Looking at Chloe, he said, "Can't you stay put even though you're pregnant?"

Chloe gave him a nonchalant look. "Aren't you going to the set tomorrow?"

Winston pursed his lips unhappily. "Can't you talk about something else?"

She was all work, work, work, and it was driving him nuts.

"So you'd rather I discuss with you how to raise a child?"

Winston's mouth twitched at the corners. "You go home and discuss that with Damon, I'm not obliged to."

"How rude, remember to call him Mr. Harper in the future."

Winston shoved his hands in his trench coat pockets, suddenly feeling a bit itchy.

“Please leave.” These words from Winston sounded somewhat cold.

Chloe raised an eyebrow, and didn’t argue. Then she moved aside, opened the car door, and bent down to get in. She skillfully turned the car around and stopped next to Winston again.

“Get your butt outta bed at 7:30 tomorrow morning, alright? I’ve already set the alarm for ya.”

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Winston’s face instantly went stiff, his eyelids twitching involuntarily. “Where’d you hide the alarm?”

Chloe, with a smile, said, “You could choose to wake up at 7:29 if you want.” She rolled up the car window as she spoke.

“Hey, Chloe....” Winston took a couple of quick steps forward.

The car sped past him.

Winston was speechless.

Damn, this wicked woman!

And she was like this even though she was pregnant!

Back at the apartment, Chloe freshened up, got into her pajamas, and sat down at the piano with her sheet music.

I Believe...

At the end of the sheet, there were a few lines –

Like a dream, like a miracle.

I hope when I dream of you.

You'll be there.

I Believe.

These words seemed simple. But often, the simplest things were the hardest to understand.

Who was “you”?

Chloe shook her head, took a deep breath, and skillfully played a few notes:

Ever since the board meeting, Damon hadn't shown his face at the company.

The whole of the Harper Group was uneasy. They heard that Mr. Harper announced his resignation' at the board meeting. Not to mention the next chairman, he even gave up his current position as CEO. This was something no one had expected.

But some people thought it was only natural. Everyone in the Harper family was greedy for the vast Harper Group. If the power of the Board fell into someone else's, hands, who would still keep Mr. Harper's executive power in the company? His resignation now was much wiser than being forced to resign later.

But the Harper Group was so huge, for Damon to say he'd given it up showed his resolve. Especially since he did it all for a woman.

Without Damon, how could the Harper Group possibly continue to operate?

Used to following Damon's commands, but suddenly without a leader, the atmosphere at the Harper Group was tense.

Presley was in the hospital. From the moment he heard the news, he was holding his breath. But from the beginning, Damon's successive rebellions made him reluctant to take the initiative to discuss it. Damon never brought it up in front of him either.

When a few of the company's minor directors came to visit him, they always subtly brought up the issue.

A country couldn't be without a king; a family couldn't be without a master. The company had been moving forward according to Damon's pace for so many years that it had become a habit. Now that he suddenly resigned, it made people uneasy.

So far, even though the grandfather and grandson saw each other almost every day, they never mentioned this.

Percy from Hong Kong heard about Presley's illness and rushed over with his family to be by Presley's bedside and express their concern. He had heard long ago that Presley was dissatisfied with Chloe and firmly opposed her marrying into the Harper family. This made Percy very happy.

If this woman really became a member of the Harper family, it would be their misfortune.

Because of this woman, his son almost lost his life, later suffered serious injuries, and most importantly, she wanted to occupy most of the shares in his hands. All... of these things added up, were enough to make him want to kill her.

Now that she couldn't become a member of the Harper family, it was truly a blessing from God.

Also paying a visit after hearing the news was the Larkin family from Hong Kong.

Although Damon once said he wanted to cut off all ties with the Larkin family, the two families had many years of friendship. Plus, the Larkin family didn't want to give up the Harper family. They were friends in name, so Felix Larkin still came.

He did come to see Presley, but the person he wanted to see more was Wendy. He had given Wendy a heads up before coming, so when he came to visit Presley at the hospital today, Wendy came along.

When Felix appeared at the hospital, Damon frowned.

"Damon, I came to see Grandpa Presley." Felix's demeanor was as if nothing had happened before. His goodwill was convincing, so Damon couldn't refuse.

As for whether Presley wanted to see him, he couldn't decide that for him.

Soon after, Wendy also arrived, with her sophisticated makeup, dressed in high-end international winter fashion, and her long hair styled elegantly. As she moved, her curly hair swayed behind her. She looked just like a wealthy heiress.

When she saw Damon, her heart rate sped up. His tall figure, along with his emotionless, icy face, both fascinated and frightened her.

"Damon..."

Damon looked at her coolly. "If I were you, I wouldn't dare to appear in my sight anymore."

Wendy's face instantly went pale. "Damon..."

"Don't call me," Damon said coldly, then turned to look at the ward behind him. "Aren't you here to see Presley? Go ahead."

Damon's words were chilling, making Wendy very uneasy. With a nervous heart, she entered the ward. When Presley saw her, he suddenly felt annoyed. He had lived such a long life, and it was because of Wendy that he had almost lost his reputation.

Time and again, he didn't know how many people had laughed at him.

"Grandpa Presley..." Wendy knew she had been having bad luck lately. Whether it was news reports or comments online, Presley was mocked and ridiculed because of her, making her feel embarrassed too.

"You're here." Presley responded nonchalantly.

Felix was by the bedside. From the moment Wendy stepped through the door, his eyes were glued to her. His eager gaze was hard for Wendy to ignore. She looked up and smiled at him. "Felix, long time no see."

Regardless of the negative press about her, Wendy was always a queen in Felix's heart. People didn't understand her and had no idea how excellent and beautiful she was.

Felix nodded. "Long time no see."

Presley, however, asked, "Wendy, how's the Alonso family doing?"

This question made Felix involuntarily look at Wendy.

"No worries, Grandpa Presley. The projects my father is handling will continue. We're planning to ask for my aunt's help."

Presley pursed his lips. His speculation was indeed correct. How could the Alonso family possibly collapse?

After spending some time with Presley, Wendy and Felix left his room together.

“Are you doing okay?” It took Felix a while to muster up the courage to ask this.

Wendy gave a bitter smile. “Can’t really say I’m doing great.”

“Don’t believe those comments on the internet. They’re manipulated by someone. Those who blindly follow are the foolish ones.” Felix comforted her.

## Chapter 1396

Wendy offered a smile, took a deep breath, and said, “How can I not care, though? If people are influenced by these opinions, it means they’re accepting those views. But I’ll get through it...”

They were chatting as they walked when hearing Wendy’s words, Felix suddenly stopped. “What can I do to help? Wendy, don’t carry all this on your own. I want to help. I can’t stand seeing you strain like this.”

His earnest words, however, left Wendy feeling uncomfortable and pressured. “Felix...” She only said his name, but her voice filled with distance.

Felix quickly responded, “No, no... don’t get me wrong. We’re friends, right? And I’m about to get hitched...”

Wendy, surprised, asked, “To Elsa?”

Felix shook his head, “No...”

Wendy nodded thoughtfully, letting out a sigh of relief but also a pinch of regret. “Let’s celebrate then. It’s good news.”

“Sure.”

They agreed and then left the hospital together. But as soon as they stepped out, Wendy was stopped.

Nate blocked her path, and his face was expressionless. Ms. Alonso, would you mind coming with me?"

Feeling a strange sense of tension, Wendy took a couple of steps back. "What's the matter?"

Nate simply replied, "Mr. Harper would like to see you."

Damon? Wendy was hesitant.

"Please, Ms. Alonso, step into the car."

Wendy hesitated for a while, but when Nate said, "Mr. Harper is waiting for you. I hope you won't keep him waiting too long." her defenses began to crumble.

After a bit of hesitation, she finally nodded. "Alright."

"Wendy..."

Felix tried to stop her, but Wendy cut him off. "We'll catch up later."

Just as Wendy got into Nate's car, she was forcefully blindfolded.

"Ms. Alonso, please remain calm," Nate said coldly as Wendy struggled. "Mr. Harper doesn't want anyone to know where he's staying."

Wendy's anxiety spiked, and she started to struggle frantically. But it was no use. The place Nate took her to was the last place she wanted to be.

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She still remembered the cage, the torture tools on the walls. She even remembered the two men in the cage, the scene of Damon killing a man with his own hands, her wounds getting infected and festering, her fever not subsiding...

"If I were you, I wouldn't dare appear in my line of sight again."

So, what he meant was, since you dare to show your face, I'll settle the score with you when I'm done with my business.

Two men forcibly took Wendy up the steps, hearing Nate inputting the password and opening the door, she began to struggle violently.

"No, let me go! I don't want to go in. I don't want to see him. I want to leave!"

"Ms. Alonso, you should be aware that it's not your place to refuse now. You've crossed Mr. Harper's line several times, and he's given you plenty of chances."

Wendy shook her head, her face pale, her strength nearly exhausted. She was practically dragged in by the two men.

After passing through one door after another, Nate finally removed the blindfold from Wendy's eyes.

The room was filled with various torture tools and a huge cage. The familiar surroundings filled her with fear.

"If you don't behave, the next one in there will be you."

She looked at the dark cage as Damon's words echoed in her mind. Her face was pale, her legs weak as she backed away. "No, I don't want to..."

The door on the other side of the room slowly opened, and Damon's tall figure appeared before her. He was dressed in a black suit, had a handsome look and cold eyes. Everything about him was what she was once infatuated with, but now, it filled her with sheer terror.

'Damon...'

She called out tremblingly, but Damon didn't even glance at her, walking straight to the sofa across the cage. He didn't say a word, but his actions were clear enough. The two men beside him dragged Wendy straight into the cage.

"No, don't..." She resisted the whole way, even crying out as she passed Damon, "Damon, please, don't..."

Damon sat on the sofa, his legs crossed, his face cold and ruthless. He exuded a beast-like aura, full of bloodlust and ferocity. However, this bloodlust and ferocity were not ostentatious. He just sat there quietly, as if it was radiating from his very bones.

He was cold to outsiders, but very gentle to Chloe. His natural nobility and dominance were clear to see but the cruelty and bloodlust were hidden deep in his bones. All these contradictions were now converging together. It was intimidating.

'Ah... let me go, let me go!!'

Wendy resisted with all her might, but it was futile. Her screams echoed in the empty room, mixed with the clanging of chains, giving anyone the creeps.

"No, no..."

After the sound of chains clattering, the two men suddenly let go of Wendy. Her body fell, only to be hung in mid-air by chains. She had dressed up carefully today in hopes of running into Damon. Her gorgeous makeup, luxurious clothes, and exquisite curls were all a mess now.

The anticipation she had before stepping out was so beautiful, but now it was so ridiculous.

As the iron gate closed, Damon slowly opened his eyes, looking through the cage bars at the crying woman inside. At this time, Nate also pushed a cart full of

torture tools to Damon's side.

Wendy's pupils suddenly contracted, she shrank in fear, and the chains clinked.

"Damon, I beg you... don't..." She pleaded through her tears, unable to stand steadily out of fear.

"I'll give you a chance now. Tell me how much you like me, how much... you love me."

#### Chapter 1397

Damon's last three words hung in the air for a few seconds, and his expression took on a grave seriousness after he had spoken. Wendy's crying stopped instantly. She stared wide-eyed at the man outside the cage, her face a mask of confusion.

She didn't understand. Didn't understand why Damon had brought her here.

Why had he come here...

"Nothing to say? If you don't speak now, you might not get another chance."

Damon leaned to the side, picked up a handgun from the table, and played around with it lightly in his hand.

Wendy's heart flinched at the sight of the man in front of her, who was exuding a terrifying aura, and she began to cry again.

“Damon... I’ve been following you since we were kids. You’ve taught me a lot, always protected me, helped me, favored me. I’ll never forget...you were my childhood dream.

“My entire life has revolved around you. I worked hard to study, to become a proper lady of the Alonso family. Do you know how much courage it took for me to leave home and study abroad... But I still went, just so I could fight alongside you. Nobody loves you more than I do, Damon. You have no idea how much I’ve given for you.

“We’re childhood sweethearts, a perfect match, and everyone thinks we’re the ideal couple. I’ve worked hard for this, so why won’t you look at me? Why won’t you open your heart to me, and see how good I am?

“There’s no one in this world who loves you more than I do...”

It was clear that Wendy’s words were heartfelt.

Nate sneaked a glance at Damon, who had been silent for a long time on the couch, uncertain of what he was thinking. Was he... moved?

“...And then?” Damon finally spoke after a long silence, his voice devoid of any emotion. But Wendy felt that Damon had heard her words and a glimmer of hope sparked in her heart.

“If I can’t be with you in this lifetime, I’d rather die than live in this world.”

He was her belief, her everything. Without him, what was the point of her existence?

Hearing this, Damon offered a slight smile. He looked up, directly into Wendy’s hopeful eyes-

“Then go ahead and die.”

Wendy was jolted to her core. She stared at him, her eyes reflecting his handsome, yet mocking face. She was too stunned to react.

Nate shivered at the sight.

Damon's casual, nonchalant attitude was even more terrifying. Playing with the gun in his hand, Damon suddenly stopped. He raised his arm and pointed the gun directly at the woman in the cage.-

"I've heard you say these things too many times."

Pulling the trigger, he said coolly, "It makes me sick."

"Listening to you say these things... I'm sick of it. You want to be with me..." He tilted his head slightly, his dark eyes filled with disgust. After a few seconds, he spoke again, "...then go ahead and die."

Every time he thought of this woman still pining for him, he felt uneasy. She never let him have a moment's peace.

"No..." Wendy seemed to have not fully recovered from her shock, just looking blankly at the man before her. "No, Damon, that's not what I meant...!"

Coming back to her senses, and seeing the small handgun, Wendy was in a complete panic. "Damon, you can't do this! You weren't like this when we were kids..."

"I don't want to explain why I protected you back then. It had nothing to do with feelings. Maybe I just enjoyed the adoration you all had for me, or maybe I just found you annoying when you cried. If I had known you'd be this clingy, I wouldn't have bothered back then..." His words were punctuated by a cold glint in his

eyes.

"Wendy, I've given you plenty of chances. Let's settle this once and for all. One chance, one bullet, how about that?"

“No...no...don’t! Damon, you can’t do this... My grandfather will be angry, and my father won’t forgive you...my mother won’t either, and...you’re just trying to scare, me, right? You wouldn’t really do this...”

“Bang-”

“Ah!!”

Wendy’s scream filled the empty room. Nate couldn’t help but close his eyes at the sound.

This shot was truly ironic. Anybody else in her place, hearing Damon’s words, would have given up all hope by now. Did she still think he had some special feelings for her?

Was she too stupid to understand what he was saying, or too obsessed, to the point of madness?

Having such a clingy person around was really annoying. He had thought that ignoring her would make her understand, but it seemed that while everyone else would get it, Miss Alonso probably never would.

The handgun in Damon’s hand, typically used by women for self–defense, could be considered a concealed weapon. It didn’t have a long range. After being modified, the special bullet compartment reduced the size of the bullets and increased the capacity.

As long as it could kill, it was enough.

The bullet hit Wendy’s left shoulder blade. The small bullet, moving at a high speed, was even sharper and easily buried itself in her shoulder bone.

Wendy could hardly believe that Damon would actually shoot her, but right now, she had no time to consider the pain. The pain in her shoulder was nearly unbearable. Her face was as pale as a sheet, even her lips were void of any color.

“Damon...”

“This bullet is for setting up Chloe with Felix at the party.”

Wendy blinked, seemingly recalling the party that had happened long ago.

“Bang!” Lost in her thoughts, another bullet hit her other shoulder. No surprise, another piercing scream followed.

“This one’s for framing Chloe as a thief at my mother’s welcome party.”

“Bang!” Her left knee was hit.

“This one’s for directly competing with Starlight International for endorsements in P City.”

“Bang!” Her right knee was hit.

“This one’s for ruining my engagement party and leaving Chloe to face the accusations of everyone alone.”

## Chapter 1398

Damon didn’t know how many bullets he’d fired. He didn’t bother to count, always sitting there indifferently, his legs crossed and his black trousers still looking tidy. His other hand rested on his knee, his posture more relaxed than any leisure activity. Every word he said after each shot was so bland as if he was only aiming at a stationary target. Like she’s something lifeless.

Compared to the hysterical screams, Wendy was almost completely hung by chains in the cage, unable to make a sound. Her exquisite high-end clothes were stained with blood, and her messy hair hung in mid-air, obscuring her face.

When the bullets were finished, Damon put down his hand, knocked off the gun casually, and picked up a few more bullets from the table. Nate looked at the motionless woman in the cage and couldn’t help but say, “Sir, if we continue like this, she won’t make it.”

Damon reloaded the gun and looked at the motionless woman in the cage. After a moment, he threw the gun at Nate. Just as Nate thought Wendy had escaped this time, he heard Damon speak lightly.

“Drag her next door, help her remove the bullets, then take good care of her for a few days.”

Nate paused, puzzled, “Aren’t we sending her back to the Alonso family?”

Damon stood up, “I’m not done yet.”

Nate’s eyebrows twitched.

Wendy was shot six times with modified bullets, and although none of them hit a vital spot, the pain must have been unbearable.

He thought that the punishment for Wendy this time was enough. But Damon said it wasn’t over yet. So, he meant that he was to continue to punish her after she recovered?

That was cruel.

Even Wendy, who was unconsciousness, heard Damon and Nate’s conversation and couldn’t help but move her eyelids.

“No... don’t... please...”

Her breath was weak, Damon just lightly said, “Take her away, and then turned to walk towards the door.

There was a sound of chains colliding in the cage. Wendy looked at Damon's back, and struggled to say something, but got no response.

Nate shook his head. Although he felt a little unwilling, he knew this was her own doing. Why did she make such a decision if she knew this would be the outcome? -But now, to settle scores with Wendy one by one, was really too cruel.

He signaled to two people next to him, and they immediately came forward to open the cage and helped Wendy down. She was exhausted, covered in blood, a horrifying sight.

"Go to the hotel."

As soon as he got into the car, Damon spoke, his cold voice not allowing any rebuttals.

Nate looked at the time, cautiously asking, "Aren't you going back to your apartment?" He was married now, why would he go to a hotel?

"I smell of blood."

Nate silently started the car and smoothly drove away. Alright, he understood. He was afraid the smell of blood on him would make his wife uncomfortable, which

as considerate.

But being so far from the cage, could he really smell of blood?

Maybe... Maybe...

He couldn't let his wife smell blood, especially while she was pregnant.

When he entered the code to the lock of his home, Chloe's piano stopped. She listened carefully and confirmed it was the sound of the lock. Her face immediately showed a joyful expression, stood up from the chair, and ran towards the door.

When Damon opened the door, he saw her running over happily.

"You're back!"

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Her melodious voice and that cute face suddenly appeared in Damon's vision, instantly dispelling the chill he had accumulated when facing Wendy.

Seeing that she had no intention of stopping, fearing she might trip, he reached out his long arm and held her in his arms. His familiar scent instantly surrounded Chloe. Her arms wrapped around Damon's neck, and almost her entire body was hanging on him.

"What's wrong today? So happy?"

This sudden enthusiasm made Damon curious.

Chloe smiled without answering his question, and snuggled into his arms. "You're not cold today."

Damon smiled slightly. "The apartment lobby is heated."

He didn't finish his sentence, but Chloe knew that if he hadn't deliberately spent a few extra minutes in the lobby, he wouldn't have been completely free of the cold. Her heart was filled with warmth in an instant.

She looked up and gently kissed his lips. "Then I won't rush into your arms when you come back next time."

“That’s not possible. I specifically stayed in the lobby for an extra two minutes so I could hold you as soon as I walked in the door. Are you going to take away the hug I’ve been looking forward to?”

Chloe moved her lips. “Then are we going to miss two minutes every day... Hmm...”

Before she could finish her sentence, Damon held her, leaned down, and kissed her deeply. He couldn’t figure out the math.

He didn’t like missing two minutes every day, but a warm hug as soon as he walked through the door might have been more meaningful. If he had to calculate this, he might’ve been unsatisfied every day.

He held Chloe and walked into the living room. Until he set Chloe on the couch, he hadn’t stop kissing her. It wasn’t until Chloe felt something was wrong that she gently pushed him away.

Looking at her softly shrinking into the sofa, Damon’s eyes darkened, as if he wanted to completely possess her.

How could such a woman not be attractive? Even when pregnant, she was always attracting him.

He took a deep breath, kissed her smooth forehead, stood up, and took off his suit jacket. Looking at the black piano by the balcony, his hand untying his tie paused.

“Playing the piano?”

Chloe smiled, stood up from the sofa, and took Damon to the piano. “I was practicing the song for the state banquet, but I only played it twice... then I accidentally played another song!”

Such a casual attitude, it was like she hadn’t paid attention in class and was just too cute.

Chapter 1399

In public, she was an invincible powerhouse, but behind closed doors, with Damon, she was all soft and sweet. The contrast was fascinating and it gave him a

kick.

This just goes to show, she was his and his alone.

“What did you play?”

Chloe blinked, sat down on the chair, and gently struck the piano keys. A familiar melody started to flow.

‘Dream Wedding’.

When the piece ended, Chloe turned to him with a smile. “This is the one I promised to play for you.”

Damon smiled faintly, caressing her cheek. “It sounds wonderful.”

Chloe gave a smile. “The piece is indeed beautiful, but I’m not too fond of it, and you shouldn’t be either.”

Damon was taken aback, then he laughed. “Why?”

Chloe’s fingers danced on the piano keys, playing another piece, each note clear and pleasant to the ear. “There’s a sad story behind this piece, and I’m not a fan,” she said.

Damon, of course, knew the story she was talking about

Chloe stopped playing and slowly said, “The story is about a regular boy who falls in love with a princess. But he knows the difference in their ranking, and understands that their love is but a fantasy, so he chooses to leave her alone.

“Six years later, when he returns, the whole country is in a festive mood, flags fluttering everywhere, and people singing joyously.

“He asks a passerby and finds out that the princess is about to marry a prince from a neighboring country.

“People are waiting on the streets for the princess’ arrival. He blends into the crowd, waiting quietly. As the princess walks out hand in hand with the prince, the crowd goes wild.

“As the princess walks past him, their eyes meet. Suddenly, he pushes through the crowd, rushing forward.

“The guards draw their swords, but it’s too late. He’s already in front of the princess. He opens his arms, and at that moment, he sees the fear in the princess’ eyes. “Don’t be afraid, I’ll protect you, he tells the princess, his back pierced by a sword, finally collapsing in the princess’ arms.

“He opens his eyes, looks at the princess in her dreamy wedding dress, looking like a pure angel, and gives a small smile.

“He whispers, ‘Is this a dream? If it is, it’s enough...”

Chloe’s voice gradually lowered, her face looking a bit down.

“He didn’t fight for love; he gave up easily because she was a princess, and only dared to see her in a wedding dress in his dreams... To me, he’s just a coward.”

These were words only a strong person could utter.

So this was Chloe. If she were the princess, she wouldn’t like such a coward. That’s why she didn’t like this piece. It was not that the piece itself was bad, but she didn’t like the plot of the story behind it.

Damon smiled, gently stroking her hair, "I get it. I don't like it either."

There was a flicker of emotion in Chloe's eyes as she looked up at him. "That's why I only played it for you once."

amon naturally complied, "Okay."

"Is the music for the state banquet ready?" he asked again.

"Mm, it's ready."

"Can I hear it?"

"Sure."

Although dinner was ready, Wendy hadn't come home yet. No matter how hard Grace tried, she couldn't get a hold of her.

"It's weird, Wendy never comes home this late, and even if she does, she always calls. Why is she coming home so late today?"

Grace frowned and called Felix.

"Hey, Felix, have you seen Wendy today? Is she with you?"

In the hotel, Felix frowned when he heard Grace's question. "Wendy still hasn't got home yet?"

"Yes, she always calls home even if she's coming home late, I thought she was with you today..."

“We were planning to have dinner together, but she was picked up by Damon’s assistant right after leaving the hospital.”

Grace was taken aback, “Picked up... by Damon’s assistant?”

“Yes.”

Grace’s eyelid twitched slightly; she had an uneasy feeling. Then, she looked anxiously at Cole, who was sitting at the head of the dining table. “Call Damon and ask what they’re up to?”

Before Cole could act, a waiter came over with a phone. “Sir, there’s a call for you.”

“Who is it?”

“It seems to be Mr. Harper’s assistant.”

Cole’s brow furrowed, what a coincidence. Taking the phone, Cole only managed to say “hello” before Nate’s voice came through, serious as ever.

“Mr. Alonso, this is Nate. I regret to inform you that Ms. Alonso may not be able to come home for some time.”

Cole’s expression darkened, “What the hell are you talking about?”

“I’m just letting you know so you won’t be anxious when you find out.”

Cole stood up abruptly, his voice low with anger. “Is this Damon’s arrangement?!”

“Sorry, Mr. Alonso, my job is just to pass on the message.”

After Nate finished speaking, he hung up.

“Cole, what happened? What’s wrong with Wendy?” Grace asked anxiously. Cole didn’t answer her, he picked up his phone and dialed Damon directly.

At that time, Damon was in the kitchen, preparing dinner for Chloe according to a recipe. Chloe was hovering around him, claiming to help, but Damon didn’t let her do anything.

He said the water was too cold. He said chopping vegetables could hurt her hand. He said he didn’t trust her with the meat, so he took the knife away.

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“I used to cook, you know.” Chloe felt that Damon was spoiling her too much, and if this continued, she’d surely get too used to it.

“Mm, I never cooked before.” Damon replied simply, but Chloe knew what he meant. Chloe was now his wife, how could she be compared to her past self? Chloe sighed, not arguing further.

The phone rang, and being idle, she stepped out of the kitchen, returning shortly with a phone in hand. “For you!”

Damon glanced at the number with no contact name saved, his eyes narrowing slightly. He took the phone and then stepped out of the kitchen.

Chloe watched his retreating figure, a look of confusion in her eyes. The number was clearly imprinted in her mind; she wondered why he reacted so strongly to an unknown number.

On the balcony, Damon just picked up the phone, and Cole’s voice came through instantly.

“Damon, I heard you’ve snatched Wendy away. Where is she now?”

Damon's voice was as flat as a pancake. "She's with me, you should've gotten the heads up, she can't go back right now."

"What's the big idea, taking her away all of a sudden?"

"Got some stuff to take care of."

Facing Cole's jittery concern, Damon's voice was ice cold.

Chapter 1400

Cole felt a chill run down his spine. "What... What the hell did you do to Wendy?!"

"She should be... She should be fine, I guess."

"Damon, Wendy did all this stuff for you 'cause she's into you! Every time you hurt her, it's like a knife in her heart. You get that?"

"By your logic, her heart should have been stabbed a few hundred times already. But she's still standing strong, which only means her feelings aren't that deep. To me, these shallow feelings are just a burden, and honestly, they're quite annoying. She said she'd rather die without me, but she doesn't know when to let go, or when to back off. So, I'm just giving her a hand. I've given her plenty of chances, and I've shown enough respect to the Alonso family. Now, I just want to deal with my problems, and that's got nothing to do with anyone else."

"You..."

"I've got some stuff to handle, so I'll keep her with me for now. Once I'm done, I'll hand her back to you. As for the state banquet she wanted to attend, I'm afraid she won't be able to make it."

Cole was so mad that his lips were quivering. "Damon, you just don't want Wendy to attend the state banquet. That's why you chose this time to handle your business!"

Damon smirked. "Well, yes and no."

He did have stuff to handle, but choosing to do it at this time was partially because he didn't want her to show up at the state banquet. With her flamboyant and restless personality, Chloe would always have to deal with her.

The state banquet was a gathering of nobles and politicians worldwide. If something went wrong, it would affect Chloe, no matter the outcome.

Public opinion was a double-edged sword. Once something happened, there would always be opposition. Once someone started to guide public opinion, it could form a large public opinion group. Even if it was the minority, it could not be ignored.

Cole was furious at Damon's indifferent response.

He asked Damon to let Wendy go, but he knew that for Damon, that was impossible. He wanted to say more, but Damon had already hung up Cole immediately stood up.

Grace saw that Cole looked upset and asked anxiously, "What happened?"

Cole brushed her off and headed for the door. "Wendy's under Damon's control. I need to go to the hospital to find Presley!"

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"What?!" Grace's face turned pale. She followed him to the living room. Her body went limp, and she sat down on the sofa.

Cole rushed to the hospital as fast as he could, but he couldn't even get through the hospital's main entrance.

Cole and Damon were now on opposite sides; this was their first confrontation. Damon had arranged for people to lock down the entire hospital. He seemed to know that Cole would come to the hospital.

Not seemed, he just knew.

The bodyguards who stopped Cole didn't look surprised when they saw him at the hospital. They seemed to have been waiting for Cole's appearance.

"Mr. Alonso, you can't go in."

suppressed his anger. "I'm here to visit Presley."

Vendy has already visited on behalf of the Alonso family today!"

ney even had their rebuttal ready.

Cole's forehead veins were throbbing. "I need to discuss important matters with Presley."

"Even more reason not to let you in, Mr. Alonso. It's not appropriate to discuss important matters now."

The security at the hospital was strict, and the Harper family's bodyguards were not to be trifled with. Staying here would just be a waste of time. Without Damon's permission, he wouldn't be able to get into the hospital tonight.

Regardless of what Wendy had done, she was still his beloved daughter. He could forgive himself for hitting her a couple of times, but if someone else bullied her, how could he not worry?

But he couldn't see Presley now, and Damon hadn't given any updates. He really couldn't find a way out.

For a moment, he didn't know what to do.

After some thought, he could only have his people find out where Damon had taken Wendy today. If Damon refused to let her go, he would have to take drastic

measures.

At that moment, Wendy was lying in a cold room, barely alive. The walls were white, with no windows or decorations, just a bed and some medical equipment.

She had just undergone surgery to remove six bullets from her body. The operation was done without any anesthesia, and she was in so much pain that she could hardly breathe. She wished she could die right then and there.

Now she was utterly drained, wanting only to sleep, but the pain kept her awake. Why did she have to go through this?

She was the privileged daughter of the Alonso family. She could have lived a life of luxury. Why did she have to endure this torment here?

But even now, she still wanted to live. She didn't want to die; she was the daughter of the Alonso family. She still had to attend the state banquet. This was an opportunity that many people could not get in their lifetime.

"Who will save me... I have to attend the state banquet... I'm the daughter of the Alonso family... why are they doing this to me..."

In her villa outside the palace of Y Country, was Princess Ava.

A team of designers brought in the designed banquet evening dress. It was an extremely lavish design.

Becky happily looked at herself spinning in front of the mirror in the dress, as if she had already imagined how much she would stand out at the banquet.

Being the center of attention was every woman's dream. They always hoped to get more admiration from men, but envy and jealousy from women. That would make them feel superior. That was their pleasure and the reason for their existence.

Barbara put on her dress and slowly walked down the stairs. She was wearing a long dress with champagne-colored silk at the bottom, accessorized with handmade long crystal chains. It showed off her figure perfectly and exuded her feminine charm. As she moved with the light, she looked dazzling.

Ava looked satisfied at her two excellent daughters, Barbara and Becky. A smile of satisfaction and joy shown on her face.

Her daughters were indeed the best, which made her incredibly proud. But what she was actually most proud of was herself. If it weren't for her hustle, she wouldn't be living this life that was way beyond many others, and her daughters wouldn't be living the enviable lives they had now.

She was the one who made all of this happen.

"So, Mom, what do you think?" Barbara asked with a grin. Actually, she didn't even need to ask. She could see the pride and satisfaction written all over Ava's face. Ava nodded. "Absolutely perfect."

Becky, on the other hand, was wearing a mid-length, blue dress. It had off-the-shoulder long sleeves, both the neckline and cuffs were studded with twinkling tiny diamonds, equally dazzling and oozing with class. Compared to Barbara's elegance, she looked even more petite and adorable.