CHOSEN 141

Chapter	141
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Chloe shook her head, "No, Damon told me to wait for him."

Nate was getting anxious. It was freezing outside, and Chloe hadn't fully recovered from her illness. How could he explain to Mr. Harper if her condition got worse? Chloe propped her head up with her hand, feeling dizzy from the alcohol.

"Maybe you can wait for Mr. Harper in the car?" Nate suggested again.

Chloe still shook her head.

"Forget it, I'll go find him."

Nate felt his scalp tingle.

He knew Mr. Harper must be busy socializing with important people right now, and Ms. Summers was clearly drunk. Wouldn't she be a disturbance if she went? But Chloe wasn't thinking about that. She had been waiting for a long time, and Damon hadn't come yet.

She didn't know how much longer she had to wait.

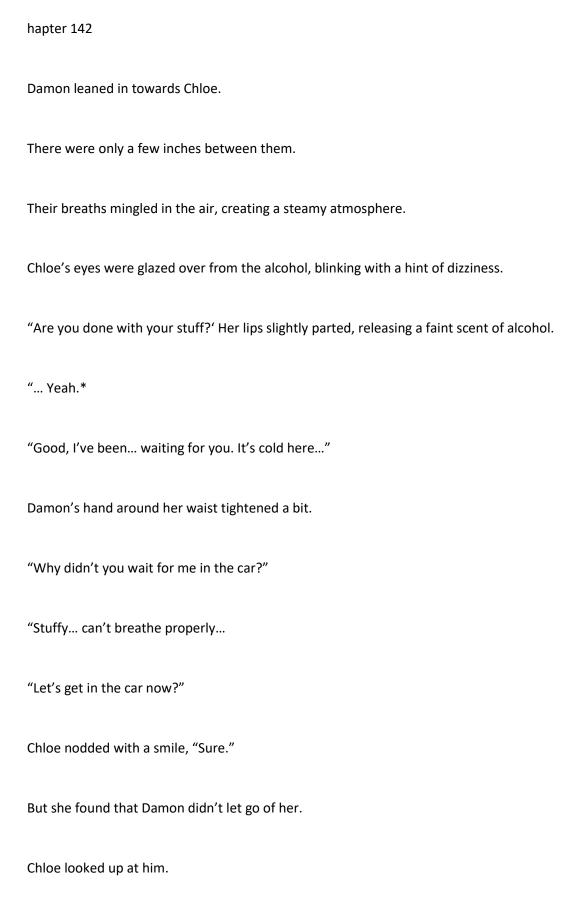
Chloe leaned on the edge of the cement flowerbed and stood up. She swayed a bit before steadying herself, and Nate wanted to help her.

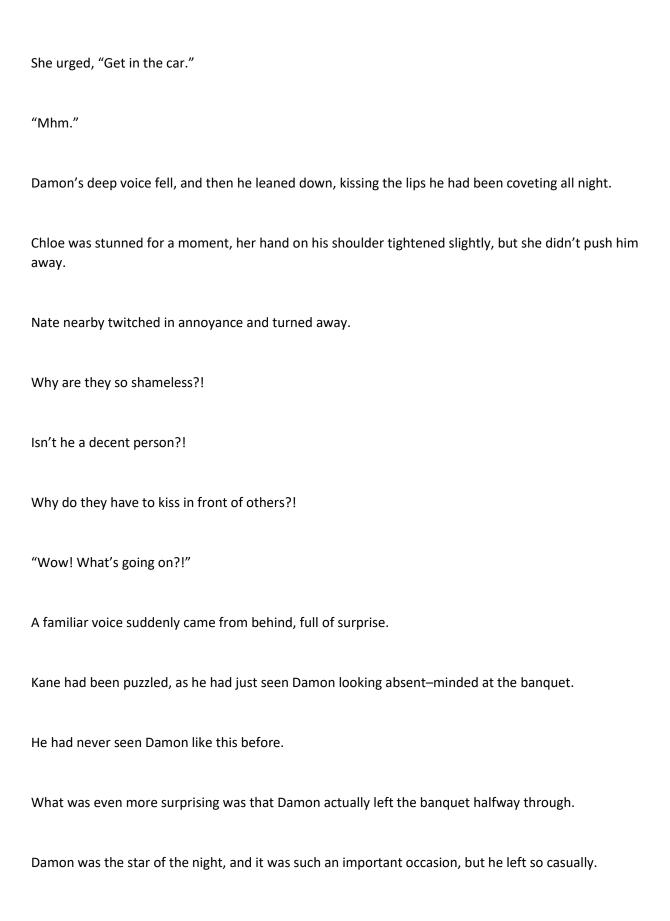
"It's okay, I'm fine. Thank you!"

Chloe saw Nate's intention and smiled, her rosy cheeks revealing a genuine smile.

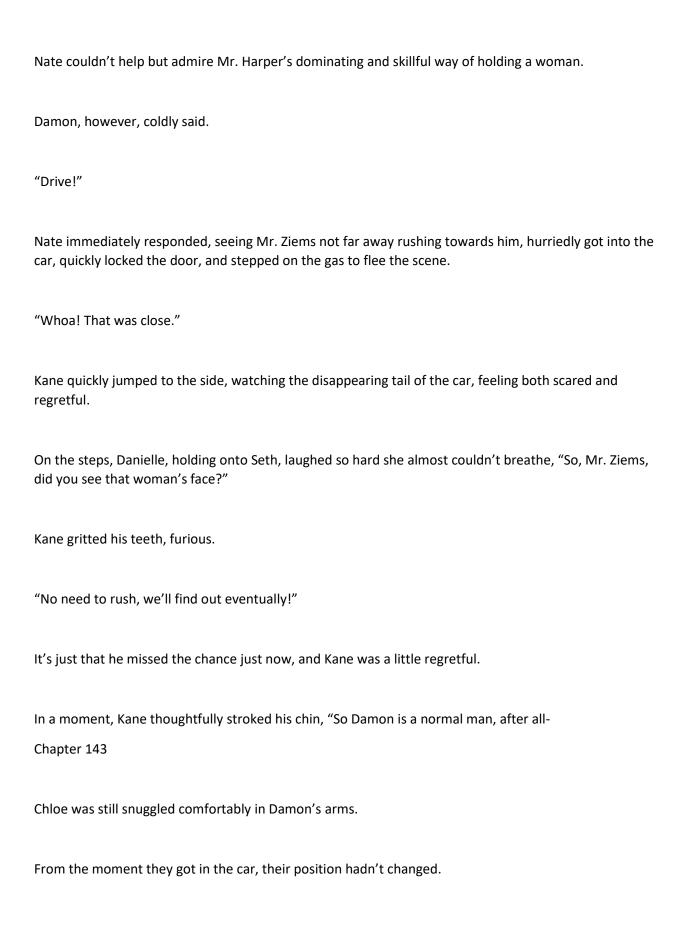
Her usually cold and distant face seemed softened by the alcohol, and
Nate didn't even want to think about it and immediately pulled his hand back.
Nate swallowed hard.
While Nate was panicking, Chloe was already wobbling towards the hotel.
"Ms. Summers…"
Nate immediately followed.
Seriously
After working with Mr. Harper for so many years, he felt that his job had become more difficult recently.
He had to take care of a drunk woman, not touching, not holding, not disobeying, and he really didn't know what to do.
All he could do was keep his eyes on Chloe and pray over and over again, being careful not to bump into her or let her fall.
But the more you fear something, the more likely it is to happen.
Chloe accidentally kicked the parking lock in front of her, and her unstable high heels caused her to fall back.
There was nothing around her, not even something she could lean on for support.

Nate rushed to help her, but when he saw Damon striding over, he stopped in his tracks and breathed a sigh of relief.
The anticipated awkwardness didn't happen.
As a gust of wind swept from behind, Chloe fell right into Damon's arms.
Chloe was startled and instinctively tried to stand up but was held tightly.
"Don't move."
Damon's broad chest, strong heartbeat, deep magnetic voice, and familiar cold breath made Chloe stop struggling.
"Damon."
"Yes, it's me." Damon responded to Chloe, his tone revealing a hint of delight.
Just by his voice, she knew it was him?
That's right.
Chloe took a deep breath, turned in Damon's embrace, and her high heels were clearly not suitable for her to wear while drunk.
She just turned around and almost fell.
Damon's long arm promptly wrapped around her waist, and Chloe instinctively placed her hand on his shoulder.
Chapter 142





Without the main character at the banquet, Kane had no reason to stay, but he didn't expect to stumble upon this scene.
Damon frowned at the sound of Kane's voice.
Chloe's cheeks flushed, her alcohol-hazed eyes hazy. She looked confused, wanting to see who was behind her.
That completely vulnerable girlish look was something Damon had never seen before.
How could he let others see her like this?!
Kane watched as the woman in Damon's arms revealed half of her head from the side of his arm, squinting to get a better look at her face.
But as soon as he craned his neck, that fluffy half–exposed head was tucked back into Damon's arms.
"Huh?" He was puzzled for a moment, then stepped forward.
But Damon suddenly bent down, scooped up Chloe, and strode towards the nearby car.
Nate quickly and smartly opened the door.
Chloe clung tightly to Damon's neck, huddled in his arms, unable to move as he held her head firmly.
"Hey, hey, Damon, don't go
Damon carried Chloe and sat directly in the car.



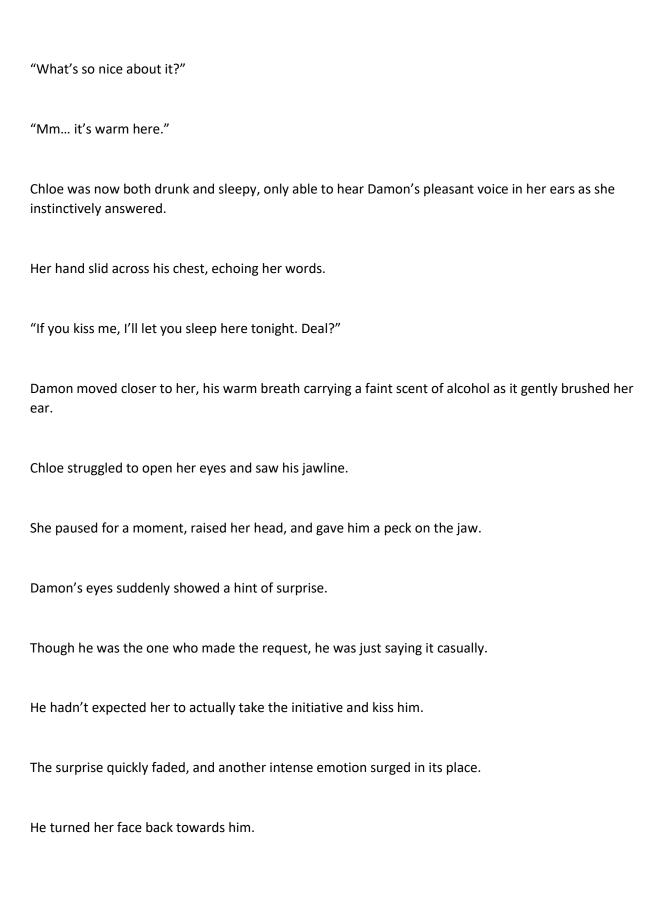
They had left the hotel a while ago, and Chloe was lying comfortably in Damon's arms, smelling his familiar scent and feeling very secure.
Her nerves, which had been tense just a moment ago, had relaxed, and the alcohol seemed to dissipate even faster. Her temples were still throbbing, and she didn't want to do anything
with her head spinning.
"Are you feeling okay?"
Damon suddenly spoke, his large hand stroking her hair as he asked softly.
Chloe felt her eyelids getting heavy, so she leaned her head against the car window and nodded with her eyes closed.
"Headache"
Damon lifted her head, and Chloe opened her eyes to look at him.
The neon lights of the city outside the car window flickered inside, and her eyes were slightly red, filled with a sense of grievance.
He felt sorry for her and pulled her back into his arms.
Once again wrapped in his warmth, Chloe sighed gently, completely relaxed. The drunken headache made her head continue to spin, and her eyelids kept closing.
Chloe nuzzled against his chest, letting out a satisfied sigh.

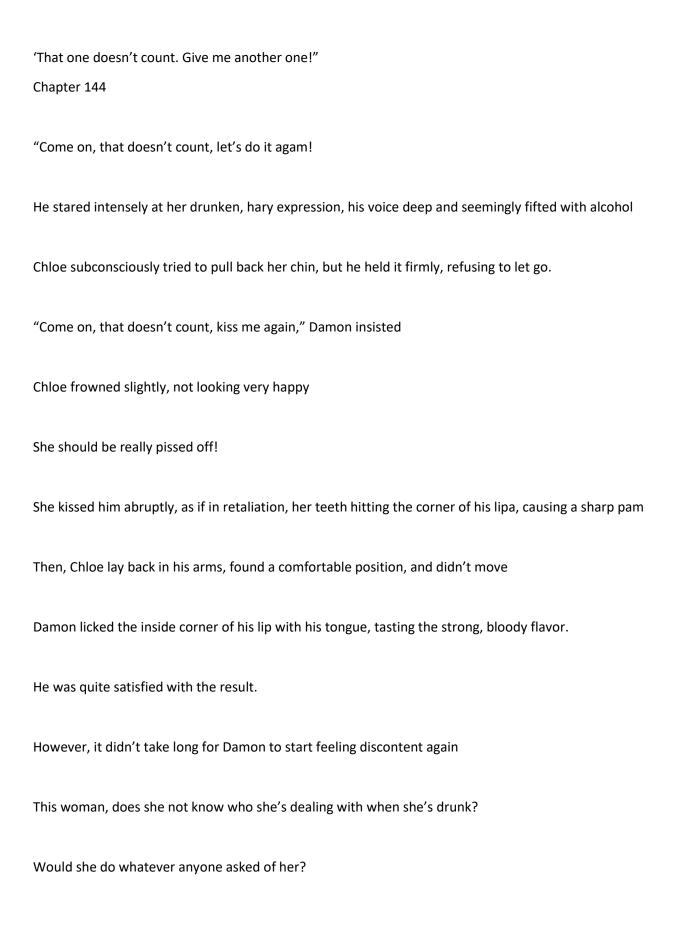
Damon looked down at her, seeing her face flushed from the alcohol. Her once cold and tough demeanor had vanished, her hair slightly messy, scattered on her cheeks. Her long eyelashes trembled gently with each breath, looking very peaceful.

The car continued to drive, and half an hour later, they finally arrived back at Pinewood Manor. "Sir, we have arrived." "Mm." Damon glanced at Chloe, who seemed to have fallen asleep, and said, "You can get out first." Although he was talking to Chloe, the driver Nate quickly opened the door and got out of the car. Damon reached out to fix Chloe's hair, his fingers gently brushing her cheeks, "We're home." Chloe's eyelids fluttered, but she didn't open her eyes. Instead, she settled even more comfortably in his arms, her hand on his waist, as if not wanting him to move. She was enjoying the warmth and didn't want it to suddenly disappear. Damon looked at her hand on his waist and then at her sleeping so comfortably in his arms, and he couldn't help but smile. "Don't want to get up?" "Mm... it's nice here," Chloe replied groggily. Damon's eyes deepened, and with only the two of them left in the car, the air was filled with a faint

He reached out and lifted Chloe's chin, his voice low and hoarse.

scent of alcohol and a woman's fragrance.



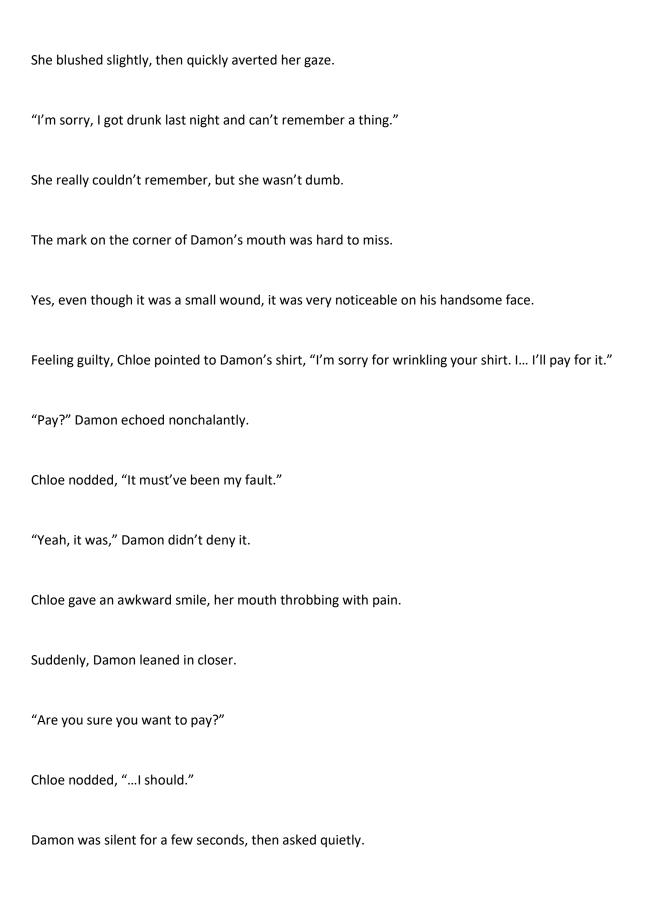




But whatever, he wouldn't hold it against her.
After all, he had been a little over the top!
His tongue touched the broken corner of his lip again.
He didn't expect her temper to be so fiery.
Marina had been waiting at the door for a long time. At first, she was puzzled when she saw Nate get out of the car and leave alone. Why didn't he open the door for Damon and Chloe?
She thought Damon would come out on his own, but there was no movement in the car for a long time.
She had already received a call to prepare two cup of teas to help hangover but no one had gotten out of the car.
Several times she wanted to go to the car and get them, but it was Damon and Chloe in the car.
If she disturbed them, it would be too awkward
After waiting another hour, Marina finally gave in and went back to her room to sleep. She was getting older and couldn't keep up with the young ones.
The next day, early morning
Chloe slowly opened her eyes in Damon's arms.
The view in front of her didn't seem to be in a room

She rubbed her eyes and looked again, only to realize she was actually in a car.
Looking at the bright sky and the magnificent scenery outside the window, she felt a sense of familiarity.
Chloe was surprised!
Had she spent the whole night in the car?
"Morning, sunshine"
A deep voice came from beside her, startling Chloe
She suddenly looked up to see Damon's handsome face in her line of sight.
Chloe was stunned for a moment, realizing that her entire body was leaning against Damon's chest. She subconsciously straightened up in his embrace.
At the same time, her head throbbed with pain.
She wasn't unfamiliar with this feeling it was a hangover symptom
No wonder she was slow to react. This was her first time spending the night in a car, and in a man's arms no less, sleeping deeply.
"Weouch!"
Just as Chloe was about to speak, a sharp pain from the corner of her lips made her gasp. Chapter 145







When Chloe returned to the villa, Damon had already freshened up and changed into new clothes. He was sitting at the dining table, seemingly waiting for her to join him for breakfast.
"Remember anything yet?"
When she sat across from him, Damon lifted his head, looking at her with a half–smile.
Forcing a smile, Chloe shook her head, "Not yet!"
"Keep trying."
Chapter 146
After breakfast, Chloe was still confused about last night.
Damon trotted upstairs again. Chloe wanted to tell him she had already made plans with Rose to go to the company today, but at last decided to sttay in the living room and
wait for Damon to come down.
Marina came over in a bit of a rush, holding a tray. "Ms. Summers, could you do me a solid and take this medicine up to the mister? I can't leave the sauce I'm stewing in the kitchen."
Chloe took the tray immediately, "No problem, I got this."
Marina nodded gratefully and dashed back to the kitchen.
Chloe knocked on Damon's door, and carefully stepped in with his permission.

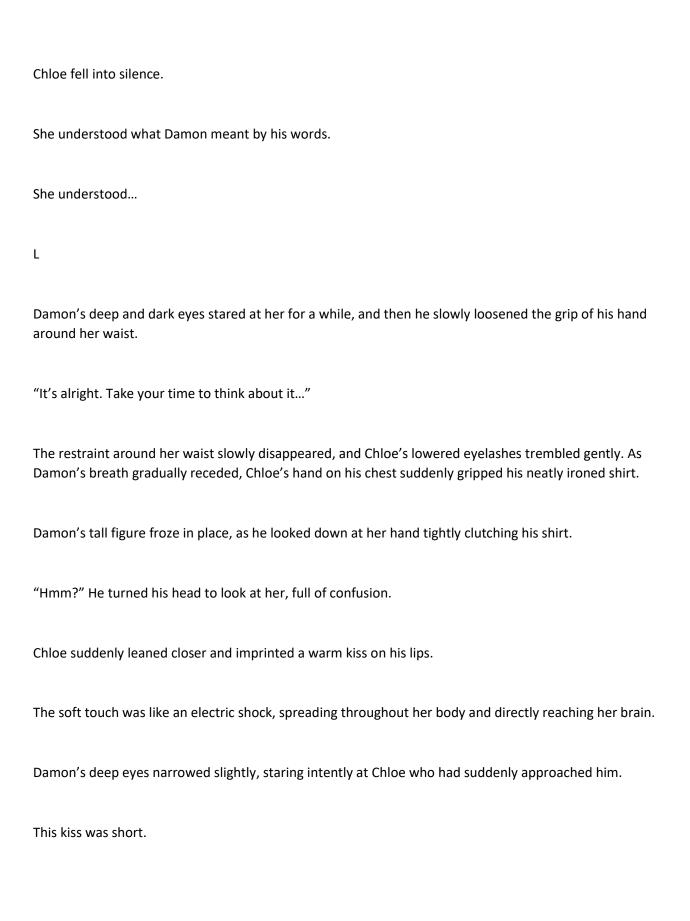
Damon was standing in front of the wardrobe, fixing his tie. He glanced at her and stopped what he was doing.
"I'm here to deliver your medicine for Marina," Chloe put down the tray.
Damon looked away and yanked off the half-done tie.
I can't do this tie."
Chloe walked up to him.
"Need help?"
He didn't answer, but just handed the tie to her.
Chloe picked up his deep blue striped tie.
Damon was looking down at the woman in front of him.
Her skin was delicate and flushed, her nose upturned, long eyelashes cast down, lips slightly pursed, beautiful in her quietness
The scent wafting off her was so light, so clean, he couldn't help but move a bit closer to her.
Chloe froze, taking a couple of steps back.
Damon watched her, slowly closing in on her.
Chloe backed up again, but her back hit the wardrobe. There was no way out.

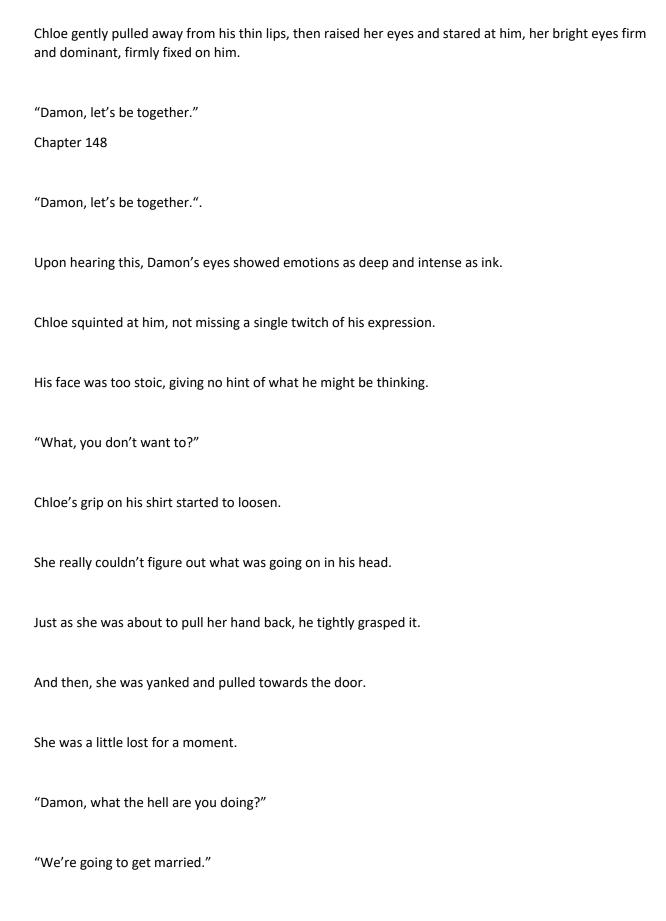
The regal man, with his aggressive aura, was making her heart flutter.
"Do you remember now?"
His deep voice dropped down on her, like a bass drum, shaking her heart and stirring up ripples.
"No, I might need some more time"
Damon's hand suddenly landed on her waist, slowly tightening.
Chloe trembled, her hands instinctively landing on his shoulders. Before she could react, she heard Damon's husky and sexy voice again.
"Do you need a reminder?"
Chloe, right now, just couldn't look straight at Damon.
The man in front of her, his presence was just too overwhelming. He had no idea how much his closeness affected her.
Her hand on his chest pushed slightly, trying to push him away, but the man was like a mountain, unmoved.
Chloe felt a little deflated.
"Thanks, then."
As the distance decreased, her light scent became more and more pronounced. The hand around her waist tightened silently.



Chloe opened her mouth to stop him, but he took the opportunity to forcefully part her lips. His tongue roamed freely between her teeth and lips, like a whirlwind sweeping through the
clouds
The kiss was passionate, leaving her no chance to catch her breath.
Chloe struggled to control her breathing, and just when the air in her chest was almost depleted, Damon slowly released her.
Chloe tightly grasped Damon's shirt, breathing heavily, her cheeks flushed, and her eyes glistening with a hint of mist.
Her lips, which he had kissed, were slightly swollen and glistening with moisture.
Damon's gaze grew dark again.
"Breathe."
Damon said lightly.
She had only taken a few seconds to catch her breath before Damon lowered his head once again and kissed her soft lips.
This kiss was deeper and more intense.
He kissed her forcefully, and his arms around her waist tightened even more.

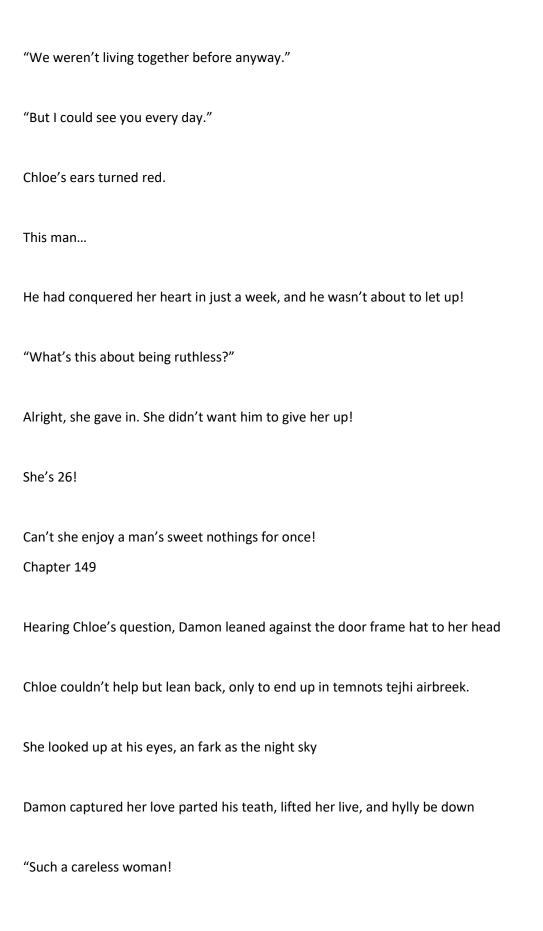
Chloe was startled once again by this sudden kiss, but her body instinctively followed his command, seeking moments to breathe.
The sound of rapid and disordered breathing echoed between them, mixed with the sounds of their lips and tongues, particularly clear in the quiet room.
After a long time, Damon reluctantly let her go.
He rested his forehead against hers, their tangled and heated breaths intertwining and permeating into each other's bodies.
"Do you remember now?"
His low and sexy voice gave Chloe goosebumps.
She quickly nodded, "I remember, I I remember"
If she didn't remember soon, she was afraid this man would do something else.
"Heh." The man chuckled softly.
This woman
It seemed that she really had no recollection of what happened last night!
He kissed her nose lightly, "Then how do you plan to compensate?"
Compensate?
How does one compensate for something like this?



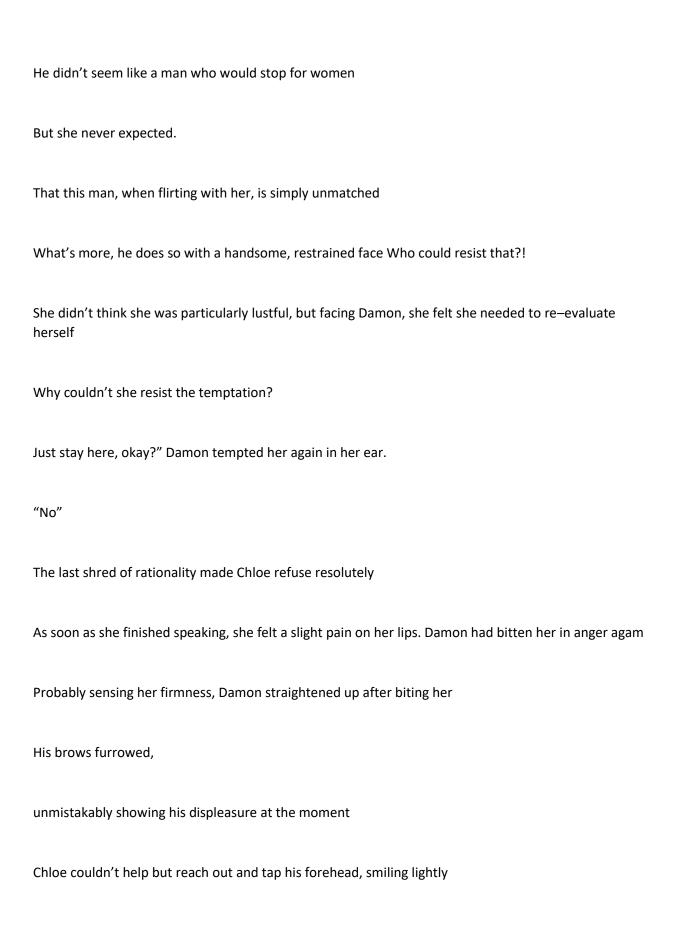


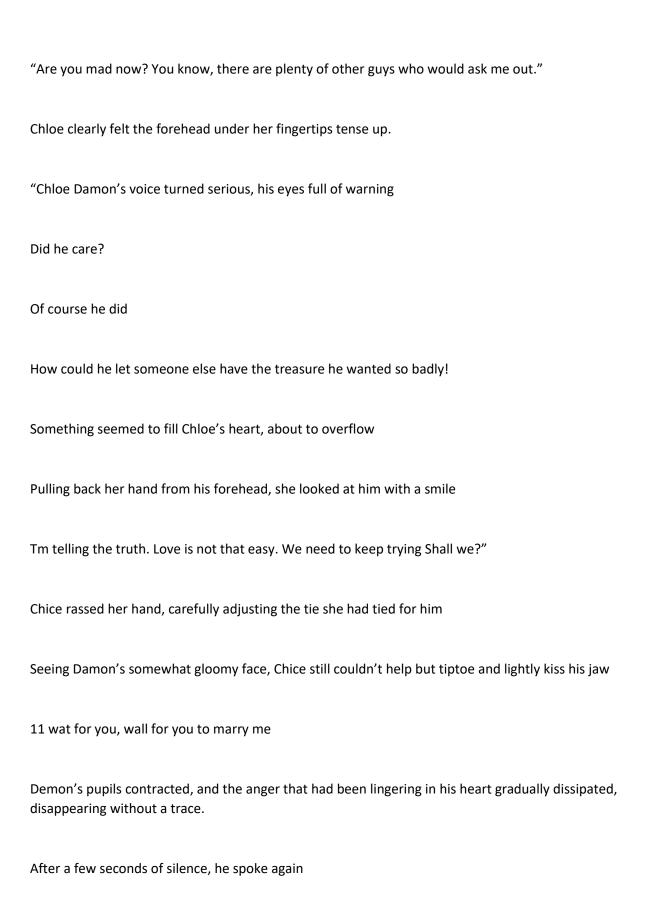






He even were full of protect
He leaned closer to her his voice deep. As he spoke his saol line touched hers, each word ise a Rakk, shallow vias Yel dink wat longing when I dont see you for a day. And now you're
moving out tent that heartless?
Chloe's face turned crimson in an instant!
She felt like her heart was about to explode in her chest
Her mind went blank
The had been prepared to hear his sweet nothings, but she hadn't expected than to pack up
Not seeing you for a day in like being sick with longing.
Her eyelashes fluttered as the looked at the handsome face of the man on ees to husbile to fin
This man!
This man is really
First impressions can be very impactful
When she first met him at the hospital, she saw him as a distinguished figure, out of her reach
He was calm, cool, elegant, humble, and courteous, exuding an sure of restraint







management group that we're having a meeting in the main conference room! Chloe, you should come too."
"Okay."
In the conference room, Rose Davis took the head seat.
The meeting was about the soon—to—be—completed large shopping mall in the north of the city by The Harper Group.
But when Rose Davis raised her question, the whole room fell silent.
Chloe knew what caused this.
Even though Spotlight Beauty had a decent reputation, its scale was just too small. It couldn't even compete with some domestic brands, let alone the international ones.
Moreover, The Olson Group was dead set on moving into The Harper Group's shopping mall.
Everyone in the room probably thought that Rose Davis's decision was just a waste of time and energy.
Everything was against them. From any angle, Spotlight Beauty seemed to stand no chance.
"
Rose Davis leaned back in her chair, her head down and her hands on her forehead. Chloe could see the tension on her face.
Chloe glanced at her, stayed silent for a bit, then started speaking.

