

## **CHOSEN 141**

### Chapter 141

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.

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Damon leaned in towards Chloe.

There were only a few inches between them.

Their breaths mingled in the air, creating a steamy atmosphere.

Chloe's eyes were glazed over from the alcohol, blinking with a hint of dizziness.

"Are you done with your stuff?" Her lips slightly parted, releasing a faint scent of alcohol.

"... Yeah.\*

"Good, I've been... waiting for you. It's cold here..."

Damon's hand around her waist tightened a bit.

"Why didn't you wait for me in the car?"

"Stuffy... can't breathe properly..."

"Let's get in the car now?"

Chloe nodded with a smile, "Sure."

But she found that Damon didn't let go of her.

Chloe looked up at him.

She urged, "Get in the car."

"Mhm."

Damon's deep voice fell, and then he leaned down, kissing the lips he had been coveting all night.

Chloe was stunned for a moment, her hand on his shoulder tightened slightly, but she didn't push him away.

Nate nearby twitched in annoyance and turned away.

Why are they so shameless?!

Isn't he a decent person?!

Why do they have to kiss in front of others?!

"Wow! What's going on?!"

A familiar voice suddenly came from behind, full of surprise.

Kane had been puzzled, as he had just seen Damon looking absent-minded at the banquet.

He had never seen Damon like this before.

What was even more surprising was that Damon actually left the banquet halfway through.

Damon was the star of the night, and it was such an important occasion, but he left so casually.

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.

Nate couldn't help but admire Mr. Harper's dominating and skillful way of holding a woman.

Damon, however, coldly said.

"Drive!"

Nate immediately responded, seeing Mr. Ziems not far away rushing towards him, hurriedly got into the car, quickly locked the door, and stepped on the gas to flee the scene.

"Whoa! That was close."

Kane quickly jumped to the side, watching the disappearing tail of the car, feeling both scared and regretful.

On the steps, Danielle, holding onto Seth, laughed so hard she almost couldn't breathe, "So, Mr. Ziems, did you see that woman's face?"

Kane gritted his teeth, furious.

"No need to rush, we'll find out eventually!"

It's just that he missed the chance just now, and Kane was a little regretful.

In a moment, Kane thoughtfully stroked his chin, "So Damon is a normal man, after all-

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Chloe was still snuggled comfortably in Damon's arms.

From the moment they got in the car, their position hadn't changed.

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 scent of alcohol and a woman’s fragrance.

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

“What’s so nice about it?”

“Mm... it’s warm here.”

Chloe was now both drunk and sleepy, only able to hear Damon’s pleasant voice in her ears as she instinctively answered.

Her hand slid across his chest, echoing her words.

“If you kiss me, I’ll let you sleep here tonight. Deal?”

Damon moved closer to her, his warm breath carrying a faint scent of alcohol as it gently brushed her ear.

Chloe struggled to open her eyes and saw his jawline.

She paused for a moment, raised her head, and gave him a peck on the jaw.

Damon’s eyes suddenly showed a hint of surprise.

Though he was the one who made the request, he was just saying it casually.

He hadn’t expected her to actually take the initiative and kiss him.

The surprise quickly faded, and another intense emotion surged in its place.

He turned her face back towards him.

'That one doesn't count. Give me another one!'

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"Come on, that doesn't count, let's do it again!"

He stared intensely at her drunken, hazy expression, his voice deep and seemingly laced with alcohol

Chloe subconsciously tried to pull back her chin, but he held it firmly, refusing to let go.

"Come on, that doesn't count, kiss me again," Damon insisted

Chloe frowned slightly, not looking very happy

She should be really pissed off!

She kissed him abruptly, as if in retaliation, her teeth hitting the corner of his lip, causing a sharp pain

Then, Chloe lay back in his arms, found a comfortable position, and didn't move

Damon licked the inside corner of his lip with his tongue, tasting the strong, bloody flavor.

He was quite satisfied with the result.

However, it didn't take long for Damon to start feeling discontent again

This woman, does she not know who she's dealing with when she's drunk?

Would she do whatever anyone asked of her?

What if it wasn't him today?

He frowned

This woman seemed too easy to take advantage of when she was drunk!

He was silent for a while, then looked down at the sleeping Chloe in his arms and asked seriously,

"Chloe, do you know who I am?"

Chloe stirred in his arms, seemingly mumbling to herself.

Damon.

He breathed a sigh of relief.

Damon laughed silently

"Yeah"

"You're so noisy"

"The car fell into a long silence.

After a while, Damon suddenly chuckled quietly.

He was noisy?

This was the first time he had ever been accused of that.

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.

“We...ouch!”

Just as Chloe was about to speak, a sharp pain from the corner of her lips made her gasp.

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She clapped a hand over her mouth, her brows furrowing with pain.

What the hell was going on?

Why did her mouth hurt so much?

Why couldn't she remember anything?

Her head was throbbing like a drum. Chloe tried hard to dig through her memory, but she couldn't recall what had happened the night before!

Jesus!

How much did she drink?

"What are you thinking about?" A deep voice sounded beside her.

Chloe looked up to find Damon resting his head on one hand, squinting at her.

His face was as handsome as ever, with a just-woke-up laziness about him.

His expensive shirt was slightly wrinkled, and the top two buttons were undone. Damon gave Chloe a sleepy smile.

His laid-back demeanor was too charming to resist!

But Chloe's gaze was glued to the corner of Damon's mouth.

She stared for a moment before finally shifting her gaze to Damon's eyes, which were full of amusement.

She blushed slightly, then quickly averted her gaze.

"I'm sorry, I got drunk last night and can't remember a thing."

She really couldn't remember, but she wasn't dumb.

The mark on the corner of Damon's mouth was hard to miss.

Yes, even though it was a small wound, it was very noticeable on his handsome face.

Feeling guilty, Chloe pointed to Damon's shirt, "I'm sorry for wrinkling your shirt. I... I'll pay for it."

"Pay?" Damon echoed nonchalantly.

Chloe nodded, "It must've been my fault."

"Yeah, it was," Damon didn't deny it.

Chloe gave an awkward smile, her mouth throbbing with pain.

Suddenly, Damon leaned in closer.

"Are you sure you want to pay?"

Chloe nodded, "...I should."

Damon was silent for a few seconds, then asked quietly.



“Do you remember anything from last night?”

Chloe’s heart raced, feeling uneasy.

“I was waiting for you in the hotel parking lot.”

“Heh, Damon chuckled, “Then pay.”

Damon pointed to his wounded mouth, “How do you plan on compensating for this?”

A flash of embarrassment crossed Chloe’s eyes. The question she had been avoiding came up after all.

“I had too much to drink last night, I can’t remember...”

“You’re trying to dodge the bullet,” Damon squinted suspiciously.

Chloe’s headache worsened, “No, I really don’t know what happened!”

Damon looked at her deeply for a moment, then slowly stood up. The next second, the car door opened, a breath of fresh air streamed in, and Damon had already exited the car.

“That’s okay, I’ll give you time to think.”

Chloe sighed in relief.

She watched Damon enter the villa, then she also got out of the car and went back to the small house in the backyard to freshen up and change clothes.

She tried to recall what happened last night, but she just couldn’t remember.

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.”

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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 stay 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.

“Lift your head, look at me.”

Chloe thought she was going to lose it. His deep voice sent a shiver down her spine.

She lifted her head.

Her forehead bumped into his chin.

His body bent towards her again.

His warm breath spilled onto her face, and is then inhaled into her own body.

“Just tell me. You don’t have to get so close...”

“I can’t explain in words.”

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“I can’t explain it clearly.” Damon smiled faintly and slowly slid his hand to her waist, pulling her into his embrace

“I need to remind you with actions.”

Chloe’s heart skipped a beat, and before she could respond, Damon gently lowered his head and kissed her on the lips.

“Mmm...”

She tried to push him away, but he held her firmly, placing her hand on his chest.

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?

Chloe fell into silence.

She understood what Damon meant by his words.

She understood...

L

Damon's deep and dark eyes stared at her for a while, and then he slowly loosened the grip of his hand around her waist.

"It's alright. Take your time to think about it..."

The restraint around her waist slowly disappeared, and Chloe's lowered eyelashes trembled gently. As Damon's breath gradually receded, Chloe's hand on his chest suddenly gripped his neatly ironed shirt.

Damon's tall figure froze in place, as he looked down at her hand tightly clutching his shirt.

"Hmm?" He turned his head to look at her, full of confusion.

Chloe suddenly leaned closer and imprinted a warm kiss on his lips.

The soft touch was like an electric shock, spreading throughout her body and directly reaching her brain.

Damon's deep eyes narrowed slightly, staring intently at Chloe who had suddenly approached him.

This kiss was short.



Chloe gently pulled away from his thin lips, then raised her eyes and stared at him, her bright eyes firm and dominant, firmly fixed on him.

“Damon, let’s be together.”

Chapter 148

“Damon, let’s be together.” .

Upon hearing this, Damon’s eyes showed emotions as deep and intense as ink.

Chloe squinted at him, not missing a single twitch of his expression.

His face was too stoic, giving no hint of what he might be thinking.

“What, you don’t want to?”

Chloe’s grip on his shirt started to loosen.

She really couldn’t figure out what was going on in his head.

Just as she was about to pull her hand back, he tightly grasped it.

And then, she was yanked and pulled towards the door.

She was a little lost for a moment.

“Damon, what the hell are you doing?”

“We’re going to get married.”

Chloe's heart skipped a beat!

This guy, can he be so blunt?!

As they were passing through the door, Chloe grabbed onto the door frame.

Damon had no choice but to stop and turn to look at her.

Chloe couldn't help but laugh, "When did I agree to marry you?"

"Just now."

Chloe looked at him and laughed, "I only agreed to your proposal for a relationship, Mr. Harper."

Damon was not pleased, "That's the same as agreeing to marry!"

Chloe leaned against the door frame, looked up, and laughed, "In your dreams! You've only been dating me for a week, and you're already trying to skip the process and jump straight to marriage?"

"Process?"

Chloe leaned her head back against the door frame and sighed softly.

"I may be 26 and at the right age to get married, but don't I deserve to experience dating first?"

Dating?

Damon was slightly taken aback. The concept was new to him.

“Fine, let’s date.”

Chloe smiled and nodded, then cleared her throat and said, “Okay, starting from today, I’ll be working. Call me if you need me, and think of me if you don’t. Because of work, I might be busy, so... I’m moving out!”

Damon’s face gradually got more serious as she spoke.

“Move out? No way!”

“So, you’re refusing to date me?”

Damon pursed his lips, “You staying here doesn’t conflict with us dating.”

Damon looked at the woman leaning against the door frame. Her lazy smile got on his nerves.

He slowly approached her.

Chloe’s playful look faded a bit, replaced by a hint of nervousness.

With a slight smile, Damon leaned in towards her.

His handsome face just inches away from hers, their breaths intermingling once again.

“Are you doing this on purpose, huh?” His low voice was full of temptation, “You finally agree to be with me, but you’re only slipping further away. You’re really ruthless.”

Chloe’s heart rate picked up. His closeness, his intense presence, his temptation...she had no resistance.

“We weren’t living together before anyway.”

“But I could see you every day.”

Chloe’s ears turned red.

This man...

He had conquered her heart in just a week, and he wasn’t about to let up!

“What’s this about being ruthless?”

Alright, she gave in. She didn’t want him to give her up!

She’s 26!

Can’t she enjoy a man’s sweet nothings for once!

Chapter 149

Hearing Chloe’s question, Damon leaned against the door frame hat to her head

Chloe couldn’t help but lean back, only to end up in temnots tejhi airbreek.

She looked up at his eyes, an fark as the night sky

Damon captured her love parted his teeth, lifted her live, and hylly be down

“Such a careless woman!

He even were full of protect

He leaned closer to her his voice deep. As he spoke his soul line touched hers, each word is a Rakk, shallow via Yel dink wat longing when I don't 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

She had been prepared to hear his sweet nothings, but she hadn't expected that to pack up

Not seeing you for a day is like being sick with longing.

Her eyelashes fluttered as she looked at the handsome face of the man on his way to his wife to find

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 air of restraint

He didn't seem like a man who would stop for women

But she never expected.

That this man, when flirting with her, is simply unmatched

What's more, he does so with a handsome, restrained face Who could resist that?!

She didn't think she was particularly lustful, but facing Damon, she felt she needed to re-evaluate herself

Why couldn't she resist the temptation?

Just stay here, okay?" Damon tempted her again in her ear.

"No"

The last shred of rationality made Chloe refuse resolutely

As soon as she finished speaking, she felt a slight pain on her lips. Damon had bitten her in anger again

Probably sensing her firmness, Damon straightened up after biting her

His brows furrowed,

unmistakably showing his displeasure at the moment

Chloe couldn't help but reach out and tap his forehead, smiling lightly

“Are you mad now? You know, there are plenty of other guys who would ask me out.”

Chloe clearly felt the forehead under her fingertips tense up.

“Chloe Damon’s voice turned serious, his eyes full of warning

Did he care?

Of course he did

How could he let someone else have the treasure he wanted so badly!

Something seemed to fill Chloe’s heart, about to overflow

Pulling back her hand from his forehead, she looked at him with a smile

I’m telling the truth. Love is not that easy. We need to keep trying Shall we?”

Chloe rashed her hand, carefully adjusting the tie she had tied for him

Seeing Damon’s somewhat gloomy face, Chloe still couldn’t help but tiptoe and lightly kiss his jaw

I wait for you, wait for you to marry me

Damon’s pupils contracted, and the anger that had been lingering in his heart gradually dissipated, disappearing without a trace.

After a few seconds of silence, he spoke again

"You can move out. I'll find you a place

## Chapter 150

Chloe didn't turn Damon down. If he wanted to hunt for a house, she was gonna let him do his thing.

She just thought that Pinewood Manor was kinda far from her work.

For all these years, she'd gotten used to the fast-paced modern life. Pinewood Manor was just the place she longed for, but now wasn't quite the time to kick back and enjoy life.

Chloe was prepared for the gossip from her new colleagues,

But surprisingly, the company threw her a little welcome ceremony

Chloe felt a bit awkward, not really used to this much warmth.

Rose Davis noticed her reaction, gave her a pat on the hand and said, "Alright, I hereby announce that Chloe is now the Leader Perfumer of Spotlight Beauty, and Sara, you're gonna be the Assistant to the Leader Perfumer."

"Understood, Ms. Davis."

A girl in a light blue dress stood up with a smile, shook hands with Chloe, and said, "Hello, I'm Sara Gentry."

"Hello," Chloe responded nonchalantly.

Rose Davis continued, "Chloe's new here, so I hope you all can help her get settled in. As for the welcome dinner, we're gonna have to postpone it! We're swamped at the moment! Now, notify the



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.

“Let’s analyze this situation, shall we?”

Everyone in the room turned their heads to look at her.

Even Rose Davis lifted her head, looking at Chloe in hope.

“Spotlight Beauty has its own products, and our reputation is quite good. The quality and effects of our products are not necessarily worse than some of the internationally renowned brands, right?”

Everyone nodded. That was indeed true.

Even they themselves were primarily using the company’s products.

Chloe continued in a calm tone.

“The quality of our products is not an issue, it might even be better than some international brands. But our sales figures are far behind them. Why is that?”

“Maybe because our company is relatively new. We don’t have a long history, so customers might not trust us as much,” someone suggested.

Chloe shook her head and said, “Actually, many international brands haven’t been around for that long either. Research experts don’t spend decades or centuries developing products for companies. And nowadays, there are new products coming out every year, and not every product is developed by top experts...”

Chloe lifted her head, looked around at everyone in the room, and concluded, “The issue is likely that we still don’t have enough brand recognition.”