

CHOSEN 1491

Chapter 1491

An unknown number was flashing on her phone's screen. Still, she picked up the call.

At this point, she wouldn't let any potential lead slip through her fingers.

"Who's this?" she said.

She tried to hold back her anger, but her voice still carried a hint of restraint and a tremor.

Cole was pissed off, not wanting to deal with her. Grace stood at a distance, not daring to approach because of Cole's bad mood. Both of them didn't pay attention to whom Wendy was talking to; they just watched her holding the phone.

"It's me, who are you?" Wendy asked.

Then, she went silent for a whole minute. It wasn't until two minutes passed that Wendy's tense voice finally sounded.

"You said... thirty billion?" she asked.

Her words immediately caught the attention of Cole and Grace.

"What request?... To take up 30% of Alonso Corporation's shares? No way!" she said.

"What?" Cole caught on to what was happening and quickly snatched the phone from Wendy's hand.

"I'm the chairman of the Alonso Corporation, Cole Alonso. May I ask who you are?" he asked.

“Who I am is not important. What’s important is, that I can help you solve the problem that the Alonso Corporation is currently facing. I am willing to provide you with thirty billion in funds, but... we are all

businessmen, and I won’t make a deal that loses money. I want to hold 30% of the shares. Out of these thirty billion, ten billion is the price I’m paying for your 30% shares. Considering the current situation of the Alonso family, getting 30% of the shares for ten billion, this price is unbeatable worldwide. If you’re not willing to sell 30% of the shares, then the remaining twenty billion investment is off the table.

“You should think it over. I’d prefer it if you could give me an answer while I’m in a bad mood and get this settled as soon as possible. Otherwise, if I’m in a slightly better mood, I definitely won’t do such a foolish thing.” The person on the other end of the line said. From his tone, it was clear that he was not in a good mood.

Cole had no reason to doubt the man’s words. With the current situation of the Alonso Corporation, no one would take over this mess unless they genuinely cared or were out of their mind.

But then again, all sorts of people existed in this world. Some people would invest recklessly when they were in a bad mood, and yes, such folks did exist. And they always talked big numbers, thirty billion.

30% of shares, ten billion, this price was indeed very attractive to the Alonso family right now.

“Alright! I agree, but how do we negotiate the contract?” Cole asked.

Instead of answering his question, the man asked, “Do you have a daughter named Phoebe?”

Cole paused for a moment, then slowly nodded. “Yes, she’s my daughter.”

The man on the phone chuckled. “Ok. I’ll try to make time to deal with the investment contract. Once the stock transaction agreement is signed, I will immediately provide you with the funds.”

Cole seemed a bit anxious. “Will there be any unexpected situations during this time?”

The man casually replied, "Can't say." and then hung up the phone.

Cole didn't even have time to catch his breath, his heart was already in his mouth. Putting down the phone, he looked at Wendy sitting on the floor and finally let out a sigh, saying, "He wants 30% of the company's shares! If he doesn't change his mind, I'll give him my 20%, and take another 10% from you, a total of 30%."

Wendy's eyes widened in surprise. "Phoebe still has shares. Why are you taking shares from me?!"

Cole glared at her. "You've always wanted the company, and now you're going to haggle with me over these shares? The top priority is to get through this tough time! Or do you think your 25% of shares now are worth more than the 15% later?"

"But..."

"But what, I already gave all my shares away! You're going to have to agree to this, whether you like it or not. If you're willing to cooperate, then come to work at the company once the deal is done, and try to take over..."

Wendy was stunned. "...you're...agreeing to let me take over the company?"

Cole said angrily, "What else? I've been grooming you as my successor since you were little. Who else can I rely on now?"

Wendy's face finally lightened a bit. Alright, even though Phoebe still held 20% of the shares, she'd get them from her one day.

After what happened with Abelard yesterday because of Phoebe, not only did it ruin her life, but she was also publicly dumped by the Bowles family, completely humiliated.

All the hatred, she would definitely take it out on Phoebe.

Seeing that Cole had finally relaxed, Grace quickly stepped in to comfort Wendy. "Alright, alright, Wendy, stop fretting over this. What you need to

do is run the company well and don't let your father down, got it?"

Wendy pursed her lips and nodded lightly. "I got it."

Grace and Cole helped Wendy into the wheelchair together. Then the three of them left the office together.

Grace and Wendy's faces were relaxed, and they chatted and laughed along the way. But there was a hint of meaning in Cole's eyes.

Actually, the first thing he thought of was to have Phoebe give up her shares. But then the man on the phone suddenly mentioned Phoebe's name, and he immediately changed his mind.

Phoebe hadn't been heard from since she left last night. He didn't know if she ran into some big shot last night, and that person seemed to be quite interested in her.

Otherwise, he couldn't imagine who else would take the initiative to invest in the Alonso Corporation. And the first offer was an astronomical thirty billion, a number he didn't dare to even think about.

Luckily, it wasn't Phoebe who got intimate with Abelard last night. Otherwise, he wouldn't be having this stroke of luck today.

He didn't expect her to be so valuable. Letting her give up her shares at this moment certainly wasn't a wise choice. If he pissed off that guy, he could kiss his hopes of thirty billion goodbye,

He was hoping she'd put on a good show, and do her best to secure the funds.

Azriel was still half asleep in the morning. By the time he realized what was happening, he was already pinned down on the bed by the cops who'd barged in.

They flipped him over and cuffed his hands behind his back.

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Right after that, Phoebe's terrified scream echoed from the front door to the bedside table.

"Yes! It's him! Please, officers, look closely. Isn't he the fugitive you're looking for?"

"My grandfather's house has been vacant for a long time. He must have used it as a hideout!"

"You're talking nonsense..."

Azriel turned around, just about to say something to Phoebe, who was standing by the bedside table. But before he could even open his mouth, she stuffed something into it. She then darted aside like a frightened rabbit, her hands fluttering nervously. "Officers, I hope you investigate thoroughly and rid our society of this menace..."

Azriel didn't even have the chance to refute before he was hauled off to the police station. He was locked up without even uttering a word. Shortly after, he was taken to an interrogation room.

Finally, after the police had run out of patience, they agreed to let him call his lawyer.

Since Azriel had just returned to the country and his ID wasn't local, it took until nightfall to complete all the verification procedures.

During this time, he had his assistant look into Phoebe's background. True to her being a professor's granddaughter, she had spent most of her time studying.

Graduated from university and was now studying for her postgraduate degree. But how could a postgraduate student be so naive? Accusing him of being a fugitive?

He was taken to the police station on his second day back in the country and in such an embarrassing manner.

Dragged to the station in his pajamas, surely no one else had ever experienced such a thing. He had never been so humiliated in his life. What a good daughter of the Alonso family...

Azriel changed into the clothes his assistant had brought, and as he left the station, he saw a woman standing at the entrance.

She was bundled up in a white down jacket, the zipper pulled all the way up. Half her face was buried in the jacket's collar, her hands rubbing together for warmth. She paused slightly at the sight of him.

Her eyes were filled with unmistakable embarrassment. But in the end, she gritted her teeth and approached him. "Um... I'm sorry, there seems to have been some misunderstanding. I apologize..."

Little did Phoebe know that her grandfather had arranged for someone else to live in the villa long ago.

Since it was her grandfather's decision, she had no say in it. The villa was his, and he could do whatever he wanted with it. But from then on, she had nowhere to rest.

Azriel stopped in his tracks, his face expressionless as he looked at her. It was as if he was waiting for something.

Under his icy gaze, Phoebe felt incredibly embarrassed. "If there's nothing else, I should get going. I'm sorry again for the misunderstanding... I hope you have a pleasant evening! Goodbye."

No one wanted to face their own embarrassment. So, it was better to say goodbye as soon as possible, preferably forever.

Once Phoebe said this, she immediately turned around to leave. But before she could get very far, her jacket collar was grabbed from behind. In the end, her legs kicked helplessly in the air. "Let go... let go

of me..."

Azriel looked at the woman in his hand, who was as light as a chicken and couldn't help but frown.

Hadn't the Alonso family been feeding her? How could a woman in her twenties be as light as a child? But seeing her struggle in mid-air, a hint of amusement flashed in his eyes.

"Miss, do you really think an apology like that is enough for me to forgive you?"

Phoebe quieted down. "But... I really didn't mean to... I never thought Grandpa would lend the villa to you."

She gave up struggling, hanging in Azriel's hand. Her downcast face was filled with despair. She looked rather pitiful.

Azriel shifted his grip and placed her beside him.

Phoebe obediently stood there, her head down, and said softly, "This was a real misunderstanding. You're older than me. Could you please cut me some slack..."

"Who told you older folks have to be indulgent? Sorry, I don't have that kind of patience... Azriel glanced at her. "I've never been so humiliated in my life, Miss... and on my second day back in the country."

"What exactly do you want?"

Azriel grabbed her collar again and dragged her towards a black luxury sedan parked not far away.

"You... what are you doing?!"

"If you want to apologize, you need to show sincerity. You've humiliated me, so why don't you make it up to me by being my servant for life."

Phoebe's eyes widened! A servant for life?

How valuable was his dignity? Did it require her to serve him for a lifetime?

"Sir, Sir! You may not know, but I'm still a student... I don't have time to be your servant. You could consider other ways. This really won't work!"

Despite Phoebe's protests, she was still shoved into the car. "I'm sorry, but you don't have the right to say no."

Phoebe was now genuinely nervous. "Where... where are you taking me?"

Azriel didn't say a word.

Phoebe was taken back to her grandfather's villa and immediately put to work in the kitchen.

As Phoebe was about to protest, Azriel went upstairs with his phone. She had no choice but to head to the kitchen.

When Azriel came down from upstairs, Phoebe quickly came out of the kitchen, placing a plate of spaghetti in front of him. "Didn't expect to find spaghetti here. I even added two eggs for you! Hope you enjoy it."

Azriel glanced at the pasta, his brows furrowed. "Is this all you can make?"

"Ah, it's easy, convenient, and delicious. This is what I'm best at."

Azriel looked up at Phoebe. "You're a daughter of the Alonso family, and you think spaghetti is good?"

Phoebe smiled. "Yes, I think it's delicious. There's no rule saying a daughter of the Alonso family can't enjoy spaghetti."

Her words were tinged with bitterness. This so-called identity as a daughter of the Alonso family had only brought her various constraints and never any real help.

She needed to be refined, she needed to be mature and rational, she needed patience, she needed to follow all the proper etiquette, she needed to be elegant and graceful, and she needed to do all the things that a high society woman should do.

But in the end, what did she get? Weakness, and more intense insults from others.

"You know I'm a daughter of the Alonso family, so you should guess, I can't cook. The fact that I can boil pasta is already pushing it for me."

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"You know I'm a daughter of the Alonso family, so you should guess that I can't cook. Being able to boil pasta is already my limit."

"And with all that book learning, all you've mastered is boiling pasta?" Azriel responded nonchalantly, then picked up his cutlery and began to eat his pasta.

Phoebe pursed her lips. He was quite stubborn. "You don't exactly look... too poor to afford a cook..."

Azriel scoffed. "I've got money, but what's that got to do with me apologizing and making amends to you?"

Phoebe threw up her hands in resignation. "Fine, just keep eating. If you don't, the noodles will get mushy and won't be good anymore."

Azriel took a couple of bites, then looked up at her. "Have you eaten?"

Phoebe made a face. She hadn't eaten since last night. Luckily, she managed to score a meal at the police station at lunchtime today, otherwise, she would've starved. "I just had a carrot and a tomato."

Azriel raised an eyebrow. "Couldn't you have made more pasta?"

Phoebe quickly waved her hands. "I'm really not hungry!"

The truth was, she had scoured the entire kitchen and only found this pack of pasta. Even if she wanted to eat, there wasn't anything left.

Azriel didn't want to argue with her about it and continued eating his pasta.

After finishing his meal, Phoebe washed up the dishes and prepared to leave. But Azriel spoke, "There are plenty of rooms here, and you're free to stay or go as you please. But the condition is you can't delay my breakfast. If you can't do that... I guess we could call what you did last night breaking and entering?"

Phoebe stared at him in disbelief. "I've already explained that."

Azriel didn't respond and just went upstairs.

Although Phoebe was angry, she decided to stay rather than face the people back at her home. She easily found the room she used to stay in. The bed linens and clothes in the wardrobe were just as they were.

After a day of running around, she washed up and collapsed onto the bed, falling asleep almost immediately. However, her sleep was cut short when a loud knocking on her door jolted her awake.

Startled, she jumped out of bed, hearing Azriel yelling for her outside. He sounded urgent, so without thinking, she threw on a robe and ran to open the door.

As soon as the door opened, a tall figure charged towards her. She almost got knocked over, let out a scream, and forcefully pushed the man off her.

“What the hell are you doing? You pervert...

“Shut up!”

Azriel’s voice sounded extremely annoyed.

Phoebe realized something was off, then heard Azriel’s voice again. “Did you poison my food?”

Phoebe was stunned, “What?”

Azriel didn’t have the energy to appreciate her surprise. He used his last bit of strength to say, “Call an ambulance.”

And so, on Azriel’s third day back in the country, he was rushed to the hospital by Phoebe.

She didn’t know much about Azriel, let alone his personal assistant. Seeing the large man suddenly collapse onto her like a lifeless clay figure, Phoebe finally realized he wasn’t joking. She quickly pushed him aside, found her phone, and dialed 911.

As the doctors rushed Azriel into the emergency room, Phoebe sat outside, pale as a ghost. She felt drained, almost like she was paralyzed.

The doctor had just told her that the man had food poisoning, asking her what he had eaten today.

What he had eaten? She spent the whole day at the police station, only feeding him that pack of pasta she had cooked for dinner.

But how could normal pasta cause food poisoning? What on earth had happened these past few days? Why did all the bad things keep happening to her one after another?

She had a heap of problems at home that she didn't know how to deal with. She had brought someone to the police station in the morning, and now she was bringing someone to the emergency room.

She looked up at the emergency room sign, her hand gripping her phone was noticeably shaking.

No, if this man really wanted to make a fuss, she had no idea what would happen next. She scrolled through her phone, desperately looking for someone to help.

When Phoebe saw Chloe's name on her phone, it was as if she had found a lifeline, and tears instantly welled up in her eyes. That's right, she didn't call anyone from the Alonso family, and her first thought

was Chloe. Because Chloe gave her the impression of being extremely reliable. Everything would be simplified once it reached her. There was almost nothing in this world that she couldn't handle.

"Phoebe?"

Hearing Chloe's familiar voice, Phoebe looked up and stared at Chloe for a few seconds, blinking.
"Chloe?"

Chloe took a couple of steps towards her. "What's wrong?"

Recognizing that it was indeed Chloe, Phoebe didn't mind her current outfit. She got up nervously, wiping her tears, and walked up to Chloe like a child

who had done something wrong.

Chloe had heard Phoebe's anxious voice on the phone, and had rushed out without even finding her clothes, wearing only the coat that Damon had given her today. With a cold face, Damon followed her with a scarf and hat, and only when they reached the elevator did he wrap her up tightly.

“Chloe, am I going to jail?”

Chloe frowned, and asked again, “What exactly happened?”

Choking back tears, Phoebe told Chloe everything that had happened that day. “I just cooked him a pack of pasta. I didn’t know this would happen.”

“Do you think I should blame the manufacturer now, Chloe? If it’s really food poisoning, then it must be a problem with the product quality of the manufacturer, right?”

Phoebe was really scared, trying her best to avoid taking responsibility. She had never done anything bad in her life. If she really had to say something, it would be pushing Wendy into Abelard’s room the

night before.

Was she facing karma now?

Chloe sat her down and asked in detail, “This whole thing was an accident, and it shouldn’t be a big deal. But you’re right, if food poisoning occurred, it could be due to the product quality and hygiene issues from the manufacturer.

Phoebe’s expression relaxed a bit, and after a while, she asked again, “So... if he really kicks the bucket because of this... would I carry some of the blame? If that’s the case, how long could I get thrown in the slammer for?”

Chloe was momentarily lost for words.

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Chloe was left speechless. If things were really like this, then it wouldn’t be impossible for some kind of punishment to happen.

“Don’t worry, everything will be fine. Trust in the doctor. Let’s wait until after the surgery.” Chloe said nonchalantly, her hand on Phoebe’s back, giving a light pat.

Her words and expression were just like the Phoebe she knew from the shopping mall and in front of the camera, brimming with confidence and completely calm and collected. It just... didn’t quite match her current outfit.

With Chloe by her side, Phoebe magically didn’t feel so nervous anymore. She sniffed, her eyes scanning Chloe before pointing at her clothes and saying, “You look pretty cute in that outfit.”

Chloe looked down at her own pastel clothes, smiling slightly.

Cute...

The thought of someone picking out this outfit made her look up at Damon, who had a somewhat troubled expression on his face.

Just when she thought he was angry, Damon pulled out a thermos from somewhere and handed it to her. His gaze shifted to Phoebe as he coldly asked, “What do you know about that guy?”

Phoebe shook her head, “I’m not sure, today at the police station, I only heard his assistant call him Mr. Azriel, apparently he just returned from abroad...” Damon’s brows furrowed slightly.

Mr. Azriel... Just returned from abroad...

Just as he was lost in thought, the door to the emergency room suddenly opened. The doctor came out first, his mask hanging on one ear, clearly having just finished the surgery.

Phoebe’s body went soft, but she rushed forward, nervously asking the doctor. “Doctor, how is it?”

“Mm, the operation went well, and we have already pumped his stomach. Please take good care of him.”

Phoebe let out a long sigh of relief, quickly bowing to—the doctor in thanks. “Thank you!”

As long as he was okay, everything was fine. Everything could be resolved slowly.

Then, the medical assistants came out pushing a hospital bed.

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Azriel was still unconscious, his face so pale it was hard you’re still alive.”

look at. Phoebe immediately went up to him, her eyes red as she looked at Azriel. “Thank God,

If anyone else saw her; they would definitely be moved by her expression and relief; it was rare to see a woman care so much about a man. This kind of emotion was truly touching.

But only those in the know would understand, that the reason Phoebe was like this, was simply because...

She didn’t have to go to jail.

Phoebe followed the gurney all the way, and when they passed by Damon, his dark eyes flickered with surprise when he saw the face of the man on the gurney, and then a faint smile appeared on the corners of his lips.

Chloe, sensitive to the change in the man beside her, looked up at him. Seeing his expression at that moment, she suddenly said, “What are you doing? Are you laughing at me?”

Damon looked down at her, the amusement in his eyes had not yet faded. "I just think that it's a small world."

Chloe, being smart, immediately asked, "You know that man?"

Damon raised an eyebrow, not answering. But that expression was an obvious admission. This made Chloe very curious. "Who is he?"

"A person who's prepared a surprise for you."

This vague answer left Chloe at a loss. She had absolutely no information about this man in her memory. She had no way of guessing.

Giving her a surprise? Why would he give her a surprise?

But... Who didn't like surprises?

In any case, it was clear whether this person was a friend or foe.

Phoebe had been following Azriel all the way until they reached the ward.

Half an hour later, Azriel's assistant arrived. When he saw Damon, his expression was clearly very scared. "Mr. Harper."

"The test results won't be out until tomorrow. That girl is my wife's younger sister, so if you guys want to hold someone responsible, remember to inform

me."

Azriel's assistant opened his mouth, wanting to say something but not knowing how. He could only nod. "I understand."

“Good.”

Damon nodded indifferently, taking Chloe by the hand, and heading out of the hospital.

“We should go see Phoebe.”

“His assistant will tell her.”

“Isn’t it a bit bad to not go and say hello to Phoebe...”

Damon’s lips were tightly pursed. He bent down and picked up the still talking Chloe. “Do you know what time it is now? Don’t waste your time here. Time for you to go to bed.”

Chloe’s thoughts were seen through, her face showing a hint of embarrassment. “But I slept a lot on the plane. I’m not sleepy...”

Her thoughts were immediately exposed. She had felt sleepy when the plane landed, but she had slept after all. She was now full of energy, there was no hint of sleepiness at all.

If they went home now, Damon would force her to sleep. She used to work overtime and stay up late, so being able to sleep peacefully was a luxury for her. But since being with Damon, life had become orderly, so now, sleeping had become something she wanted to avoid.

Damon didn’t care about her protest; he just silently carried her out of the hospital.

Although it was already late at night, there were still people coming and going in the hospital lobby. Damon was undoubtedly the most conspicuous target anywhere. When he appeared in the lobby carrying Chloe, almost everyone’s gaze turned to him.

Especially Chloe in his arms, which drew everyone’s curious glances and expressions. Some people even started pointing at them.

Damon acted as if nothing had happened, his gaze always straight ahead. However, Chloe felt that something was wrong.

She listened carefully, vaguely hearing people saying, "Men are all unreliable," "Some women are also bold, and just waiting to get into trouble," and "So openly and shamelessly doing such things, each one is more shameless than the next."

What had happened? Why did it sound like there was more dissatisfaction with Damon?

She was full of doubts, but before she could think, two young girls blocked their path.

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She was filled with questions, but before she could think further, two young girls blocked their path.

The girl in front seemed bolder, while the one behind her hid behind her back, phone pointed at them.

"Damon..."

The girl in front seemed to muster up her courage, took a deep breath, and lifted her head, ready to give Damon a piece of her mind.

However, as she got a closer look at Damon's coldly handsome face, the words she wanted to say got stuck in her throat.

His face was expressionless, impossible to read, but his features and the aura he gave off were incredibly stunning.

The more she looked, the more she thought he was so perfect that no woman was worthy of being his companion.

No, women weren't even worthy of being by his side.

Yet, his face and aura were the reasons countless women fell for him.

No wonder Wendy did so many despicable things just to be with him.

Such a perfect man, it was worth risking everything for a chance with him.

If she had to pick a woman for him, it would definitely be Ms.

Summers.

She was a true princess, smart and wise, with a great figure, and impeccable beauty.

She was worthy of Damon.

Thus, they were the recognized couple.

But now! The bold girl widened her eyes, straightened her chest, and looked at Damon again.

As she was about to speak, Damon spoke first, "What's up?"

The girl's momentum instantly deflated.

His voice, it was so freaking good.

Gathering her courage, she pointed at the woman in Damon's arms, who was wrapped up like a pink polar bear, and shouted, "Just because you're a hottie doesn't mean you get a free pass to do shitty things!"

Damon raised an eyebrow.

Shitty things? The girl hiding behind the bold girl quickly echoed, "Exactly."

The bold girl nodded, saying, "You're not only cheating, but you also have the audacity to do it in public, do you think being good-looking makes you invincible? Do you not care about how Ms.

Summers would feel?!"

"You're such a jerk! Did you know Ms.

Summers was dumped by a man before? As her second man, you don't even know how to cherish her! She's so amazing, has a good figure, is beautiful, and capable.

Which woman dares to compete with her? You gave up such an excellent woman and chose such a...

you're so ungrateful.

"I'm telling you, if you lose Ms. Summers, you will definitely regret it. If you don't cherish her, then there are many people who like her, and love her! We will do our best to protect her and find her real happiness. And you, you're just a passerby in her life"

After the brave girl finished speaking, the girl behind her immediately nodded in agreement.

"Yes! You're just a passerby."

However, the next second, the two girls suddenly felt a chill.

Looking up, they saw the man's face had turned cold.

His coldness almost made them feel like they would freeze on the spot.

Why would this man change so much? His face was still expressionless.

"What...what are you going to do? Did we hit a nerve? We're not afraid...

I'm just stating the facts! "And you...the woman in his arms, I'm talking about you! Stop acting innocent when you're guilty, dare to show your face? What does it mean to hide behind the scarf? You stole Ms.Summers' man.

Will you feel at ease in the future? No matter how Ms.

Summers reacts, if you dared to steal her man, we will deal with you first!"

Her words got more and more intense, and once she started talking, she couldn't stop.

She dared to say anything.

In the end, her attitude was full of anger and righteousness.

The brave girl behind the girl holding her phone immediately extended it forward.

She seemed to want to expose the woman in Damon's arms.

Chloe, who had been held in Damon's arms, blinked after hearing these words, looking up at Damon's expressionless face.

She guessed he had never been scolded like this before.

And the reason he was wronged was really funny.

She smiled slightly, gently patted the man's shoulder, and said with a smile, "When did you find another woman without me knowing?"

Damon immediately lowered his head, giving her a frosty look.

Chloe was not afraid at all; she stretched out her hand to pull down the scarf that was covering a third of her face, revealing her pearly white teeth to Damon.

She smiled innocently.

As Chloe's fans, the two girls were stunned after hearing this voice.

They looked at each other, then turned their heads to look at the woman in Damon's arms.

Their expressions went from puzzled to surprised, their eyes getting wider and wider, the process very obvious.

"Ms. Summers?"

Chloe smiled at them.

'Yep, it's me"

The two girls were even more surprised.

They looked at her for a while, then gradually accepted the reality from disbelief, Then they sighed in relief and laughed.

"It's you. We thought..."

Their words suddenly stopped, and the brave girl stiffly looked up at the tall and handsome man in front of her. She almost wanted to burst into tears on the spot. What the hell did they just say? Dann, that was awkward! "We're sorry. We didn't know...we didn't know it was Ms. Summers..."

The brave girl immediately started explaining and quickly stepped back a few steps, in case she was hurt by the powerful and terrifying man in front of her.

Chloe kicked twice to signal that she wanted to get down, but Damon had no such intention. He held her tightly and walked straight ahead.

The two girls immediately made way for him.

Watching him walk past them with Chloe in his arms, they couldn't help but shout, 'Wishing you guys eternal happiness!'

Chloe straightened up in Damon's arms, looked over his shoulder, and smiled at the two girls.

"Thank you!"

Only when the two had completely left the hospital gate did the two girls finally come back to their senses.

"So, do we still post this video?"

"Don't ask me, I'm too scared to stand right now! You better hold me up."

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After being helped into the car, Damon's face turned grim despite Chloe's apparently good mood.

"You sure have a lot of fans, huh?"

Chloe looked towards the hospital entrance.

Her side profile revealed she was indeed in high Spirits.

Damon smirked slightly, 'If I ever do something that disappoints you, I bet your fans would tear me to shreds.'

Chloe raised an eyebrow.

"Planning on disappointing me, are you?"

"I once thought about trying to be more than just a passerby in your life, but rather your final destination"

In fact, he didn't care much about what that girl said.

But her words, "You're just a passerby in Chloe's life' instantly turned his face stone cold.

The only uncertainty in his life was the woman in front of him.

Back then, he went all out to pursue her, but couldn't guarantee he wouldn't let this woman leave him.

Sometimes caring too much about someone wasn't a good thing.

Because he cared too much, he wasn't sure what sacrifices this woman would make for him.

His fear wasn't that she didn't love him, but that she loved him too deeply.

What a contradiction.

However, Chice didn't overthink things.

Thinking about the people's attitudes in the hospital lobby earlier, she guessed the internet must have been buzzing.

She opened a webpage.

The hottest topic was "Chloe's man got 'snatched' by a woman dressed like a pink polar bear"

The comments below were all criticizing Damon.

The most common narrative was that he was a bad guy.

The same idea but expressed in a million different ways.

"Why are there so many jerks!"

"Love comes quickly and leaves just as fast.

Men always deceive.

'm done with love"

"In this day and age, we guard against thieves, robbers, and friends, but in the end, we still have to guard against men"

"Don't think you can do whatever you want just because you're good looking!"

"He looks decent and elegant, but he's just a wolf in sheep's clothing.

It's okay to hang out with guys like this, but investing feelings is a no-no"

"I feel for Ms.Summers.So many things have happened in just a few days.And now she's been cheated on, again.It's just..."

"Who is that shameless hussy dressed like a pink polar bear? The whole world knows Ms.

Summers and Mr.Harper are a couple, and she dares to be the third wheel!"

"If I knew who she is, I'd teach her a lesson for Ms.Summers!"

"Right! There are just too many trashy people these days, we should clean them up one by one!* Chloe couldn't quite describe her feelings at the moment.Being protected on one hand and scolded on the other was a peculiar feeling.But thinking about it, these people meant well.It was just Damon, who'd been misunderstood as the bad guy and scolded so viciously.Some of the comments were so harsh, she couldn't bear to read them.

Her delicate fingers swiped through the webpage for a long time, then she awkwardly scratched her forehead, sneaking a glance at Damon.

What should she do? After a moment of thought, she quietly put away her phone, intending to pretend she didn't see anything.

She'd let Damon find out for himself.

However, just as she was about to put her phone away, Damon stopped her.

"Hey..."

Damon casually unlocked her phone and followed her browsing history.

Chloe saw his face turn extremely dark after just a brief glance.

This visible shift from hot to cold, scared Chloe.

She quickly leaned over, comforting him, "Don't be angry. They meant well. Those who don't know the truth are innocent.

Don't take it to heart"

Damon pursed his lips, pointing at a comment with a grim face.

'Who's this? Has no manners at all?"

Chloe peeked at the screen, a netizen commented.

'Just by looking at this woman's dress, you can tell she's scheming.

Judging by her figure, she should be in her forties.

Still trying to act cute, it's disgusting! Mr. Harper's taste isn't that good, to treasure someone like this"

Chloe didn't know how to respond; she couldn't argue against such comments.

No one understood the situation on social media platforms better than her.

Freedom of speech and cyberbullying were rampant.

Even she had used the media or these platforms to fight back against many people.

Every situation had its pros and cons.

That was just the way society was; she didn't expect everyone to like her or support her, which would be too good to be true.

So, when necessary, one should learn to digest and ignore certain comments.

What they said was their business.

She still had to do what she needed to do.

Chloe knew herself very well.

There was no need to live as others expected her to, for people who didn't matter.

It was impossible.

"There's no stopping this, just ignore it"

Chloe said softly, without much comfort in her voice.

Damon was a smart guy: if she could let it go, he would see it even more clearly.

But then, he logged into his own social account.

There weren't many messages on the account, but he had more followers than some top-tier celebs.

Chloe looked at him in confusion and had no idea what he was planning to do.

But then she saw him, with his distinct fingers, clicking on the trending posts, and one by one, reported those Netizens who made malicious comments about the 'woman dressed like a pink polar bear'.

There was no such thing as "anonymous reporting"

and he was very active in the topic under the IO "Damon"! Soon, there were red warning signs all over the discussion area.

All said— "You have been reported by 'Daron' Please watch your language"

Suddenly, the discussion area was filled with complaints and pleas of various IDs.

"Oh my god! This jerk reported me!"

"Me too! He reported using his real name, I've got to give it to him, he's brave!"

"I was reported too, i noticed, as long as it's an opinion against that lady, they've all been silenced!"

"Haha! Is he upset? Cant take it? Does he know the impact of his actions on Ms.

Summers?' "Seriously, I'm beginning to think Damon is way out of line!"

Chapter 1497 One comment said, 'I'm so mad I could spit! I just got banned again! All I said was 'pink polar bear' and bam! She's all dolled up like that, and I can't have a say? I don't get it.

Is that getup really cute?"

Damon, "Yep, it's cute"

After replying, he reported the account.

Within half an hour, Damon successfully stirred up a storm on Twitter.

"Damon is a Casanova!"

"Damon has weird taste!"

"Damon openly spoils his lover, and his behavior should be condemned!"

Similar comments immediately took over the trending topics.

Twitter traffic hit a record high.

All this fuss was caused by Damon alone, and all these actions left Chloe dumbfounded.

After a while, Chloe finally managed to speak, "Aren't you being a bit too flashy? You're gonna get flak from those people"

He openly protected a lover, causing such a ruckus, and what would happen to his image? He could get egged when he left the house! Damon reported a few more accounts.

He seemed to be addicted, always on his phone.

Even after getting out of the car and walking into the apartment, he was still glued to it, checking it while walking.

Chloe did nothing and just walked a bit faster than him.

Damon, behind her.

looked at her cute pinkish figure, raised his phone, and snapped a photo.

Then he posted on his own account, "She is beautiful, very cute.

No objections accepted."

The post was accompanied by the photo he just took, and he even carefully added a filter to it.

"Hurry up! The elevator is here!"

Chloe called him in front of the elevator.

He finally put away his phone and strode into the elevator.

Chloe hit the close button on the elevator, watching as the doors slowly closed.

Then, without any warming, she turned around and jumped into Damon's arms.

She grabbed his shoulders with both hands, tiptoed, and kissed the handsome man, who had a surprised look on his face.

The sudden soft touch hit his senses like a lightning bolt.

Damon squinted his eyes, then opened them again.

He lowered his head, looking at the woman pressed against him.

Chloe's leaning body, losing its balance, kept pushing against Damon's shoulders, until she pushed him against the back wall of the elevator.

In this small elevator space, although it wasn't the first time Chloe took the initiative, it still took Damon by surprise.

Without a doubt, he couldn't resist or reject Chloe's advances.

On the contrary, he really liked it.

He liked it when she would always nestle into his arms warmly and softly, and liked it when she took the initiative to kiss him.

Especially when he was angry, she would be even more proactive.

When Chloe got a bit tired, then she got down from her tiptoes and left his lips.

She took a step back, her eyes filled with a thin layer of mist, quietly looking at him.

His face was a natural gift, chiseled and flawless.

He exuded an elegant demeanor and a hidden dominance that was hard to look away from.

His whole person had a charm that was easy to get lost in.

His eyes were deep and mysterious, making it impossible to guess his thoughts at the moment.

After a while, Damon gently touched his own lips.

The faint scent and soft touch seemed to still be very clear.

"What?"

he said.

"You had your fun, and then just left me to deal with the aftermath?" Chloe smiled lightly.

"I just wanted to kiss you"

Damon pursed his lips, thinking that he should find a way to make this woman understand that she just wanted to kiss him, but for him, it would stir up more desire.

"There are a lot of criticisms about you online, so why don't you defend yourself? Or report those who disrespect you?" Chloe asked.

He seemed to like doing everything quietly.

But she couldn't pretend nothing had happened.

She had to remember, every bit of kindness this man showed her, and remember them clearly.

She wanted him to know that she understood him and knew every time he protected her.

A subtle expression flashed across Damon's face, and he said softly, "What they said are their speculations, and none of them are true.

I don't need to care."

Chloe laughed and said, "But we all know that those comments about the pink polar bear online are also not true..."

Damon, "But they still said it.

Precisely because it's not true, it deserves to be punished"

Whether it was true or not, Chloe was the "polar bear, and he could not tolerate any slander against her.

Chloe smiled at him.

The elevator door opened at that moment, and Chloe didn't turn around but backed out.

But just as she took two steps back, she was caught by Damon.

He asked, "Do you have eyes on the back of your head? You dare to walk backwards?"* Chloe laughed happily.

"I have you.

I know you definitely won't let me be in danger"

She always said things that showed her dependence on him.

The dependence and trust in her words always left him helpless.

But why wouldn't she think of asking him for help first at critical moments? Back in the room, Damon helped Chloe out of her 'gear'

Looking at her all pink and tender, a slight smile crept up the corners of his mouth.

What a cute woman.

In the bedroom, after drinking the milk Damon prepared for her, Chloe obediently went to bed and lay in the soft blanket.

She lifted her nightgown and caressed her flat belly.

She said, "These two little ones seem to be easy to take care of.

Aside from some reactions at the beginning, they've been very good lately, not making me uncomfortable at all."

She was once curious, and after some research, she found that few women had morning sickness when they were pregnant.

She should be grateful that she was one of those few women.

The babies not giving her trouble naturally made her life much easier.

However, in fact.

this was mainly due to Damon's protective care.

He probably knew Chloe's favorite foods and smells she hated better than she did.

Anything she didn't like, he wouldn't let it appear in her sight or smell.

With all the grub she liked, plenty of rest, and enough water and nutrients every day, how on earth could she be feeling off so often?

Chapter 1498 Damon, "Dorit count your chickens before they are hatched"

Damon slid under the covers, saying, "You're carrying twins this time.

Once they grow up, you'll have a whole new set of challenges waiting for you"

She would feel backaches and difficulty even turning over.

That would be the hard part.

But Chloe wasn't scared by Damon's words.

Thinking about the two lovely babies growing inside her, she felt endless joy and anticipation. She enjoyed the process of pregnancy.

These two little lives were hers and Damon's, so these challenges were nothing to her.

Few people could experience the feeling of being a first-time mother of twins.

Damon pulled her into his arms, and Chloe's face was full of smiles.

His warm big hand covered her belly, and Chloe put her hand on the back of his hand.

She murmured, "Daddy, Mommy, Baby."

Her life was finally complete.

The current sense of happiness made her feel as if her previous life was not her own.

The gap was too big.

Damon gently kissed her hair.

For now, the existence of these two little ones was meaningful.

At least they could make Chloe feel happy and satisfied in his arms.

It was already late, and Chloe soon fell asleep holding Damon's hand.

She slept peacefully, completely unaware of the chaos on the internet.

Even in the middle of the night, netizens couldn't calm their excited emotions. They copied and pasted apologies.

"Sorry, Mr. Harper, I was wrong!"

"Sorry, Mr. Harper, I was wrong!"

"Sorry, Mr. Harper, I was wrong!"

"Sorry..."

The hot topic was undoubtedly this sentence Most people expressed their opinions after apologizing.

"I can't accept this!"

"I don't believe it!"

"I can't imagine Ms.

Summers being this cute!"

"The difference is too big, isn't it?*" "Who changed Ms.

Summers? It was Mr. Harper"

"Where is the strong Ms.

Summers? Please come back' "Help! I'm an employee of Starlight International, and I don't know what face to use to face Ms.

Summers in the future!"

"This change came too fast.

The cute Ms.

Summers is still the strong Ms.

Summers!"

"Ms.

Summers can be so cute.

Wow, I'm so envious of Mr.Harper!"

"Ms.

Summers can gracefully go to high-end banquets, show her cuteness in front of her lover, make a big show in the business world, and defeat all opponents.

Who can compare with her?"

In the middle of the night, a certain social media app was bustling.

The staff of this social media company were still working overtime.

Damon had reported so many comments that the app was almost down.

At that time, Damon posted a back-view photo.

This triggered a wave of anger from netizens, and they didn't have time to vent their emotions.

Now, it was Chloe's turn.

Netizens suddenly changed their attitude towards Damon, not only apologizing but also getting so excited, all because of the post Chloe posted half an hour ago. She posted a post on her verified account - "Sorry, it's me"

The picture was a selfie of her.

She was wearing a pink down jacket, a pink scarf, a pink wool hat, pulling the scarf over her mouth, and took a clear front photo with her phone camera.

Her delicate skin and bright eyes looked particularly beautiful in the camera.

With a full set of pink outfits, she looked really cute.

But compared to her previous image, the difference was too big.

She never thought that Damon dressing her so pink, would cause such a big misunderstanding Chloe didn't get up early, around eight in the morning.

She checked the financial news while eating breakfast, and saw that the Alonso Corporation.

which was on the verge of collapse, suddenly issued a statement again.

The project would proceed as scheduled, and now it had received strong support from a kind-hearted person.

In the future, there would be a 30 billion investment in the Alonso Corporation.

Although the statement was not so certain, she saw the movement of Alonso Corporation's stocks in the stock market, which was obviously a slight increase.

Now, for the Alonso Corporation, as long as the stock could stop falling, it was a success.

Chloe frowned.

It was never-ending.

30 billion in funds! Ava and Rhys couldn't possibly invest that much money again.

Where did this kind-hearted person come from? How many companies in the world could invest 30 billion in funds? She silently put her phone aside, finished her breakfast with a relaxed mind, did a simple clean-up, and decided to go to the company.

She was about to bring down the Alonso Corporation, but she didn't expect such a change.

She was escorted to the company by two cars, and many reporters had gathered at the entrance of the company.

The reporters saw her appear and immediately rushed towards her.

However, the eight bodyguards who got out of the car first tightly surrounded Chloe. In the late autumn season, the air was already a bit cold.

Chloe was wearing a caramel-colored knee-length down jacket today.

The slim design, with her hair neatly tied behind her head, made her features more prominent.

Her full forehead, indifferent eyes, and expressionless face exuded calm and toughness.

Compared to the selfie they saw last night, the difference was too big.

These were two different people, two different styles! They were more comfortable with Chloe looking like this.

This was the Ms.

Summers they were familiar with.

"Ms.

Summers, what do you think about Mr.Harper reporting other users everywhere last night?"

A reporter, through a gap between the bodyguards, asked Chloe loudly.

Chloe arched an eyebrow.

"From a personal standpoint, of course, I'm happy.

He's the one getting the most flak, but he won't let anyone criticize or attack me.

Shouldn't I be stoked about that?"

That rhetorical question was just spot on.

The reporters were completely blinded by their PDA.

This wasn't just some playboy.

Damon was literally the best man in the world! The reporter, "Ms.

Summers, we've just received word that Alonso Corporation seems to have landed a whopping thirty billion in investmem.

Any idea who might be the big spender behind this sudden decision to invest so heavily in Alonso Corporation?"

Chloe pondered for a moment.

'Thirty billion is no chump change! If we rule out borrowing from the World Bank, the number of corporations and syndicates worldwide that could cough up that kind of cash are few and far between.

As for who specifically, I wouldn't want to jump to conclusions..."

Chapter 1499 A reporter, "I can't believe someone has the guts to invest in Alonso Corporation at this point.."

Chloe paused for a moment, a faint smirk playing on her lips, a hint of irony flashing in her eyes.

"I don't think someone with a net worth of 30 billion would just hand it all over to Alonso Corporation with no strings attached..."

She finished, commanding the attention of the reporters Present with her casual demeanor.

She casually added, "Did the Alonso Corporation give up operating rights in a certain region, or did they sell a portion of their shares?"

Wendy, Chloe's competitor, couldn't miss any news about Chloe.

Right now, she was sitting on a couch in Cole's office, watching Chloe on TV, still composed even amidst media scrutiny.

Chloe's sharp insights and confidence, especially her spot-on guess about Alonso Corporation selling its shares, made Wendy's blood boil.

She felt overwhelmed by a mix of anger, resentment, and disgust.

Her expression clearly indicated that she wanted Chloe to pay a price.

She despised Chloe, for she couldn't beat her.

Because she often lost, because she was always the one getting hurt, because Chloe had stolen her happiness, because Chloe had caused the current predicament of the Alonso Corporation, and because Chloe had guessed right about the source of Alonso Corporation's 30 billion.

Because she had to give up her own shares.

How could she possibly be in a good mood when Chloe had guessed all her troubles? Cole sat beside her, his brows furrowed as he watched Chloe on the screen, his expression grave.

This woman was not to be underestimated.

Her stratagems were too deep.

Her deductions hit the mark every single time.

The shares in the hands of the Alonso family, the estrangement between the Harper family and the Larkin family, including the previous acquisition of Austin's Hardware from Robin...

Even the previous dealings with the Summers family's Carolina, Keira, and the current mediocre development of the Olson Group.

Everything that happened, was related to this woman.

Having lived for so many years, Chloe's consistent success was not without her sharp mind and strong strategies.

Most importantly, she considered all the pros and cons of every situation, searched for clues in these problems, and filtered out the most probable possibilities.

She was always fully prepared, so no matter how things developed, she could handle it effortlessly, everything was within her expectations.

That was the secret to her success.

But while everyone knew how to prepare in advance, they could not consider all possible scenarios as thoroughly as her.

And Wendy, up until now, had been learning.

But when it came to practical application, her weaknesses were exposed.

Compared to a woman who had been battling in the business world for years, she was simply too green.

Wendy's loss to her was not without reason Even he almost lost to her as well "Focus on learning in the company and do your best to run it.

Don't use the Alonso Corporation as a bargaining chip to fight with that woman.

You can't beat her."

Cole advised Wendy.

tf he couldn't handle something, he would choose to avoid it.

The current Alonso Corporation couldn't afford any turmoil.

Especially with Chloe, he never knew when and where she would deliver a fatal blow.

Wendy clenched her teeth in silence.

How could she accept being manipulated by Chloe? And she couldn't beat her.

Even her father said so? Seeing the dark look in her eyes, Cole frowned, unable to help calling out, "I'm talking to you.

Did you hear me?!"

Wendy lowered her eyelids, remaining silent for a long time before saying, "I know"

Seeing her repressed expression, Cole could also feel the unpleasantness of being oppressed.

She had been through too much lately.

These were hardships that most people would never experience in their lifetime.

After all, Wendy was his daughter, and he had high hopes for her since she was young.

Sometimes when he calmed down and thought about it, he felt sorry for her.

He could clearly see her restraint now and couldn't help but sigh.

He comforted her, saying, "You're still young.

Why not focus on improving yourself for now? Once this difficult period is over and the Alonso Corporation is back on its feet, you can deal with her however you want"

Cole deliberately paused here, looking at her meaningfully before speaking again, "A butcher always takes time to sharpen his knife before slaughtering a pig.

Only then can he kill it quickly and efficiently, do you understand?"

His implication was clear, and Wendy nodded slightly.

That was right.

She didn't want to slowly torture Chloe, and she didn't want Chloe to experience all the pain she had gone through.

She wanted to see Chloe's downfall as soon as possible, so she could bear the patience for now.

She needed to sharpen herself into the sharpest knife, to deliver the fatal blow to that bitch Chloe.

Jeanette was currently fully invested in creating her new album, Crysti had joined a film crew, and Cicely had also joined the crew with an assistant in tow.

Chloe had heard some news about the crew recently.

There was plenty of news coverage.

It was said that Danielle had only shown up at the crew's opening ceremony and hadn't been seen since, even though they had been shooting for over a week.

When the news first came out, she received most of the mockery and criticism.

But in less than 24 hours, the news stopped circulating, or to be precise, disappeared entirely.

There was only one explanation.

The director stepped up to clarify, saying that the filming schedule was arranged in such a way that Danielle had few scenes early on, due to a minor scheduling conflict on her part.

After discussions among the crew, her early scenes were moved to later stages.

With the director stepping up, some netizens felt it was pointless to add any more comments.

So, the whole thing was wrapped up hastily.

When Chioe saw how things unfolded, she just smirked.

It was supposed to be something that Danielle's agent could simply explain to the media, but in the end, the director himself had to step in.

Even though the incident didn't make a huge splash, it didn't completely disappear either.

In the local entertainment industry, news about Danielle always seemed to start but never concluded, to begin but never end.

Was it because of Danielle's status as an A-list celebrity? Yeah.

Because behind this A-lister, Danielle, there was a man who doted on her.

It had always been like this.

She was now curious if Seth, juggling between two women, could really handle things smoothly.

Chapter 1500 Actually, it was not totally impossible.

Cicely was with him now without any emotional attachment, let alone any expectations.

To her, their relationship would just be a case of "using"

each other.

Cicely couldn't beat Seth in any aspect, so she was forced to settle, staying within a range that he could tolerate.

She didn't want to harbor any expectations towards Seth anymore, The only reason she could accept Seth's coercion willingly was the comfortable life he provided her, and...

money.

Cicely was in dire need of money.

Even though the word "money"

sounded vulgar, without it, her son would be unable to see the vibrant colors in this world However, would Seth be satisfied with this kind of "use"? The shooting was going smoothly, and Crysti was well-treated by the crew.

She was the daughter of the Watson family from B City, this identity alone commanded respect.

Moreover, Crysti did not act haughty, she was very dedicated to acting, friendly towards the crew, open to advice, and nobody wanted to mess with her.

Everything was calm.

The workload and quality of other artists were gradually improving; of course, there were some who were still unable to find their direction and were stagnating, but it was all part of their journey, totally normal.

Recently, many capable agents had joined the company, and they had their own ideas about cultivating artists.

So, could she look for a manager to help her run the company, so she could focus on her Pregnancy? She gently touched her belly and laughed.

Yes, she should indeed spend more time on her children.

After making this decision, Chloe began collecting the preparatory materials.

She was busy all morning, and before she knew it, it was noon. When she stopped to rest and prepare for lunch, she picked up her phone to chat with Rose, asking her if she had time for lunch.

She was looking forward to their days of raising children together as two pregnant women.

She thought about it, she was not exactly a responsible friend.

With all the things happening recently, she'd been neglecting Rose.

Rose, "Chloe, you irresponsible person, do you still remember that you're the father of my child? You abandoned us for someone else.

I'm going to accuse you of being irresponsible and abandoning your wife and child!"

Chloe laughed.

"Dear, as the father of the child, I have to work hard to earn money for his milk powder"

Rose snorted, "Of course, the milk powder should be bought by the child's father, but it's also a fact that you're with someone else! You actually spend so much money to keep other people. Watch how I deal with you"

Chloe was really speechless about this.

After all, she had publicly declared that she was keeping Damon.

Chloe, "Okay, I was wrong.

To apologize, I'll treat you to lunch today, how about it?"

Rose raised an eyebrow.

"What's for lunch?"

Chloe chuckled softly, so the fact that she spent so much money on Damon was less important than this lunch? She asked, "What do you feel like eating?"

"Hmm."

Rose hesitated, seemingly pondering seriously.

Having lunch was indeed more important than all that money.

Rose, "I prefer spicy food to sweet ones now.

I heard...

Damon got you a chef who's good at making spicy dishes?"

Chloe raised her eyebrows.

Rose's information was indeed accurate.

She asked, "So we're having lunch at home?"

Rose, "Since you don't have anything important going on, why don't you come to Ms.

Yasmine's place?"

Chloe paused.

She still hadn't figured out what had happened in Y Country.

She didn't know how to ask her mother about it.

She could imagine that her mother would try to avoid the topic.

What she wasn't clear about, her mother probably didn't know how to explain either.

So, she didn't rush to see her mother after returning home.

She felt they both needed time to accept and understand this matter.

When her mother was ready, she would ask her properly.

Chloe, "No, you come out.

I'll call my chef at home to prepare the meal"

Rose considered it, didn't insist, just said, "Okay; and then hung up.

Getting up from the chair, Chloe arranged the afternoon's work with her secretary, put on her coat, and left the office.

She suddenly thought of Yulia, who lived downstairs, so she gave her a call.

"Hello, Chloe."

The call was quickly answered, and Yulia's gentle voice came over.

Chloe responded softly, "I'm having lunch at home with Rose, are you free? Let's eat together"

Yulia pondered for a few seconds, then agreed.

"Okay, do I need to buy anything? I can pick it up on the way"

Chloe, "No need, just show up"

Yulia, 'Alright, I'll head back now"

Chloe, "Okay."

The elevator doors opened at that moment, Chloe slipped her hand into her down jacket pocket and walked out.

She hung up, glanced at her phone, and exited the call log screen.

When she walked out of the elevator lobby, put her phone in her pocket, and looked up, she noticed someone was making a fuss at the front desk.

She immediately stopped in her tracks.

Her gaze swept over the person in front of the reception desk.

Her mood, which had been quite good just Now, suddenly turned cold.

"You're being rude, don't you know who I am?! Ms.

Summers is my granddaughter.

Have you ever seen a grandma needing an appointment to see her granddaughter?!"

It was Carolina.

She stood in front of the reception desk on the first floor, reprimanding them with a gloomy face.

Whether it was her expression or tone, they were full of arrogance.

Faced with Carolina's persistent attitude, the receptionist seemed quite troubled.

Starlight International, as an entertainment company, was currently at its peak.

There were countless brand partners coming and going every day.

And the stars in the company were returning after completing their work, or just heading out.

Seeing the scene in the lobby, many people couldn't help but hit the brakes.

Although some of them were artists, agents, or assistants in the company, they barely got a chance to rub elbows with the higher-ups.

Some of them hadn't even had a close encounter with Chloe.

Now that there was some chatter about Chloe, everyone was all ears.