

## CHOSEN 1551

### Chapter 1551

The moment Damon walked in, he was intercepted by Cole. Chloe greeted Damon and they parted ways temporarily. Damon's gaze followed her for a moment, sweeping over the two people by her side. Only when they were following closely behind Chloe did he withdraw his gaze.

"What are you trying to say?"

Cole frowned at Damon, "I'm surprised you showed up today, I thought you'd cut all ties with the Alonso family."

"I came with my wife. It has nothing to do with your Alonso family."

"Damon, what did the Alonso family ever do to you that you can be so heartless?"c2

"Well, for starters, isn't the Alonso family the main reason why I lost everything in the Harper family?"

Cole paused, then sneered, "You knew the consequences of offending us, so why were you so stubborn back then? Wendy loved you; she could have given you so much, including the entire Alonso dynasty. But you had to have that woman. You lost your position as Chairman and CEO of Harper Group, and even your grandfather was deeply disappointed in you. Look at you now, with nothing to your name, is this what you wanted?"

Damon frowned, 'Aren't you tired of this?"

"What?"

I've heard the same thing too many times. If you're just trying to take the opportunity to ridicule me, you're far from it."

Cole laughed with rage, looking at Damon, he said angrily, "Wendy has changed into a different person because of you. I just thought about the one who started this mess should be the one to finish it. In consideration of the fact that I saw you grow up, I gave you a chance to return to her, but you're still so stubborn. Damon, what do you think you are now without the Harper family? Even if you have the ability, do you think your uncle would give you a chance to start over? Let me tell you, even if he allows it, I won't. You've made my daughter suffer enough, and it's damn time you paid the price. I want to see how long you can hold out."

Damon smirked, "I'm waiting to see what price you can make me pay. There's one thing I hope you'll understand sooner rather than later. The Alonso family, their only use now, is nothing more than a plaything for Chloe. Don't think you can use the Alonso family to pressure me. Including the Harper family, none of you are qualified."

Cole was enraged by Damon's calm tone, after staring at Damon for a while, he said coldly: "I'd like to see what kind of storm you can stir up."

But Damon had long since stopped paying attention to him, his gaze had already returned to Chloe.

"You..." Cole was left speechless by Damon's disregard, "really do not know your place."

Wendy had been greeting guests all along, but her attention was always on Damon, who was standing with Cole. There was no expression on his face, the same indifference as always. Even if he occasionally smiled, it was sarcastic and cold. She didn't know what they were talking about, but she could tell that her father didn't look pleased.

When Cole left with a face full of anger, Wendy immediately went to his side. "Dad, what were you talking about with Damon?"

Cole was still angry, and he snapped at Wendy, "What are you still expecting?! He's made you like this, and you still care about him?!"

Wendy was silent for a moment.

Cole realized he'd been too aggressive, so he said, "I was just trying to persuade him to return to the Harper family. After all, he's a Harper. Presley may not say it, but he must be hoping for it, right? It's outrageous that he's fighting with his own grandfather over a woman."

Disappointment flashed in Wendy's eyes, "But clearly, he didn't agree to return to the Harper family."

Cole sighed, "He will not come back until he hits a dead end."

Wendy nodded, "He really needs to suffer a bit to understand what's most important in this world and who truly cares for him!"

Cole didn't continue the conversation, he looked around and nodded in satisfaction. "There are quite a few people who came to the banquet today, including some major businesses and top investors. Remember to treat them well, we should be able to secure quite a few investments tonight. And what about Mr. Azriel, has he arrived yet?"

"Not yet, but he's a major shareholder in the company now, I think he'll show up tonight."

"Right. But don't worry. Even though he's currently the major shareholder, Phoebe still has some shares. I'll talk to her and temporarily transfer her shares to you, so your position in the company will remain unshaken. But don't let your feelings cloud your judgment again. The Alonso family can't afford any more turmoil, do you understand?!"

Cole's favoritism brought a smile to Wendy's face. "Thank you for your trust, Dad. I won't let you down."

"Good. It's enough that you know I have expectations for you."

Although he said this, he was still uneasy. Wendy's current state of mind made him suspicious, if it weren't for the fact that they needed to rely on Princess Ava from Y Country in the future, he wouldn't have handed the Alonso family to her.

Apart from Wendy, who else in the Alonso family could he rely on? Phoebe? Growing up, she was always the obedient one. But all those years, she was merely a bookworm, a scholar with no real-world

experience in running a business. And now, there was nobody capable to guide her through the intricacies of the corporate world. She lacked professional knowledge and a reliable backing. How on earth was she supposed to run the company?

He shook his head, sighing deeply. However, Wendy's attention had long since drifted away from him.

Chloe was already surrounded by a group of eager and restless individuals. She declined the offer of drinks from the others, retreated to a relatively safe place, and asked them with a smile, "What seems to be the problem, gentlemen?"

The group chuckled nervously. "We were just wondering, Ms. Summers, if your presence here is merely as an invited guest, or if you're planning to get a piece of the pie in this project."

Chloe replied with a smile, "This project indeed offers a golden opportunity, one that even the prestigious Alonso family couldn't resist. It's a chance not to be missed, gentlemen."

They looked surprised. "So you have no concerns about the Alonso family's miraculous comeback?"

"You're worried that I might sabotage the Alonso family's endeavors again, causing your investments to go down the drain, aren't you?"

The group's faces turned red with embarrassment.

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"We've always had faith in Ms. Summers' abilities," one of them said, shifting uncomfortably. "If there's a chance for collaboration, we would certainly prefer to work with Ms. Summers."

Chloe simply nodded. "Don't worry. It's rare to find a project this promising. There's enough profit to go around."

The crowd around her grew, their curiosity piqued by Chloe's surprising candor. "So, Ms. Summers, someone ventured, "are you suggesting you might invest in the Alonso family's project?"

"Your confidence is strangely reassuring, Ms. Summers."

"If it's a collaboration with Ms. Summers, then it's undoubtedly the best option."c2

Chloe only smiled in response.

"Business is business, and personal matters should be brought into it." someone reasoned. "If the Alonso family's heiress invited you here, they wouldn't reject your investment, right?"

They were all uncertain whether Chloe would invest or not. But if she could put aside her personal grudges to invest in the Alonso family's project, the project must truly be something extraordinary.

"Make up your own minds," Chloe advised. "The business world is unpredictable. No one knows what unexpected turns a sure-win project might take. But I trust your judgment. If you think it's worth investing in, then make your move and have no regrets. As for whether I will get involved with the Alonso family's project... they are not the type to just sit back and watch without putting up a fight, right?"

Chloe's gaze shifted to the distance. Following her line of sight, the crowd saw Wendy wheeling towards them. Her expression was far from pleasant. Well, what did they say about enemies meeting with an extra hint of hostility in their eyes? That was it.

As she drew nearer, Wendy managed to plaster on a smile. "What are you all talking about? You guys looks so happy."

Chloe merely smirked but said nothing. Wendy's gaze lingered on Chloe for a few seconds before she scoffed.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” she began, “the Alonso family wouldn’t have hosted this business dinner if we weren’t confident in our project. I trust your judgment, and I’m sure you won’t be swayed by the malicious whispers of certain individuals.”

The crowd exchanged uncomfortable glances.

“You’re mistaken, Ms. Wendy,” one of them said. “Ms. Summers values this project.”

“Yes, she even convinced us it’s safe to invest. Ms. Wendy, don’t jump to conclusions.”

“Business affairs are totally different from personal ones. We have to admire Ms. Summers for distinguishing that so clearly.

Chloe’s smile deepened. “You are flattering me, Mr. Lee. I’m just a businesswoman. I’m not above personal interests. If there’s an opportunity, of course, I’d seize it. There’s nothing admirable about that.”

Indeed, she was now the Alonso family’s largest shareholder. Attracting more investors would benefit her the most. Why all this admiration? Honestly, it made her feel a bit undeserving:—

“The fact is, Ms. Summers, no need to be modest. We have to admit that your poise and stature are beyond our reach. Truly admirable.”

Chloe raised an eyebrow. Being praised like this made her feel a bit embarrassed. When they found out about her stake in the Alonso family, the next meeting would certainly be awkward.

Wendy’s brows knitted tightly, suspicion and confusion clouding her eyes. She didn’t believe Chloe would repay malice with kindness. Even Chloe herself probably wouldn’t believe she was that magnanimous.

“Who knows how many identities Ms. Summers really has,” Wendy sneered. “Just outside, you told the press you’re a vindictive person who would never repay a grudge with kindness. Yet here, you seem to be a completely different person.”

Chloe arched an elegant eyebrow, her smile unwavering. "Don't be swayed by rumors, Wendy. I never claimed to be a saint. I'm vengeful, and prioritize profit. I'm no angel."

Wendy's eyes narrowed as she let out a cold laugh. "Well then, thank you for your kind words about our project, Ms. Summers. Is it because you couldn't secure a stake in the Alonso family, so now you're trying to profit from our project?"

Chloe nodded. "As a businesswoman, I won't pass up an opportunity to make money. Your project is indeed impressive. Your father must have worked hard to plan

it. Wendy's brows furrowed further. What right did Chloe have to comment on the Alonso family's project like that? "Ms. Summers, no matter how hard we worked, it was for the family," Wendy shot back, her voice icy. "What gives you the right to comment on it?"

Chloe raised an eyebrow. "Of course, it's said from the perspective of a beneficiary. If the opportunity arises, I will definitely thank your father properly."

Chloe's words clearly had a hidden meaning, and the more Wendy listened, the more grating it became. An instinctive flame of anger rose within her. The others were equally confused. They could sense something was off in Chloe's words, but they couldn't figure out what she was implying.

Wendy forced down her anger and composed herself. She reasoned that Chloe might be trying to maintain a dignified facade to hide her concern, to avoid appearing flustered. That was the only plausible explanation Wendy could think of, and it managed to quell her anger. Turning to the onlookers, she smiled. "It's an honour indeed to have earned Ms. Summers' approval."

The investors around the room started to relax, grinning broadly. They had always thought that the Alonso family project was a hot cake. Their only fear was that Chloe would hold on to the Alonso family too tightly. Despite the project seeming like a sure win, and with so many renowned entrepreneurs and investors in attendance tonight, they were confident that the Alonso family would strike gold.

With ample funding, there would naturally be no worries about the project running into trouble. Under normal circumstances, this was a sure bet, and there was absolutely no need for concern.

However, the group of them surreptitiously glanced at Chloe and couldn't help but shudder. Who knew what Chloe might do next?

In the face of Chloe, their certainty seemed to waver. Don't be fooled by her appearance; she was no pushover. She was the kind of person you'd want as an ally, not- an enemy. Thankfully, her demeanor tonight was, at the very least, amicable.

## Chapter 1553

Wendy was managing the guests with a touch of grace that seemed a little overdone. Chloe raised an eyebrow, but certainly wasn't going to call her out on it. After all, tonight's business dinner was her hard work. Why not let someone else take the reins for a change?

Chloe, seeing that Wendy was intentionally keeping the guests from interacting with her too much, decided to take her leave. But as she turned, she noticed Damon heading her way. Her eyes, which had a faint smile, suddenly brightened upon seeing the man.

It was clear to the onlookers that this wasn't her usual smile. They had never thought that a person's smile could be so diverse, varying in intensity, depth, and

emotion.

As Damon approached, his presence was overwhelming. Wherever he went, he became the center of attention without having to say or do anything.

His extraordinarily handsome face bore a hint of indifference, and his sharp, well-defined features remained unmoved. His abyss-like black eyes revealed no trace of emotion.c2

Except when he was with Chloe. Only then could others glimpse the other expressions on his face.

It was also thanks to him that the strong woman, who always wore a distant smile and never showed a trace of warmth between her eyebrows in front of others, showed them a different side of her. The icy aloofness in her eyes was replaced by a warmth that she herself probably didn't even realize.

Their interaction inevitably drew the attention of everyone around them.

“What were you talking about?” Damon asked Chloe in a low voice as he stood beside her.

Chloe smiled, her gaze softening as she looked up at him. “Just discussing the Alonso family’s investment project. Are you done?”

“Yes.” Damon’s expression was indifferent as he scanned the room. “Are you done too?”

“I’m done.” Chloe shook her head. “I’m hungry, and I want juice: Or maybe soda would be better.”

“What do you want to drink?” Damon asked, his tone somewhat dangerous.

Chloe blinked, quickly saying, “Milk.”

Only then was Damon satisfied, stepping forward and wrapping his arms around her waist. “Let’s go get something to eat.”/

Nate, standing nearby, was taken aback. His boss seemed to be unusually assertive in front of his wife today.

But Chloe was smart enough to let him take the lead in public. Smart people were always likable.

“Nate.” Damon’s voice brought Nate back to reality. He quickly responded and left to carry out his orders.

The onlookers were confused but soon got it.

In one corner of the business banquet, a table was filled with all kinds of snacks. Nate was continuously adding more items: juices, milk, you name it. And the host of this corner was none other than Chloe, sitting next to Damon.

Seeing the table full of snacks, Chloe was silent for a moment. "Isn't this a bit much?" Was this what Damon meant when he said he'd take her to eat? This seemed a bit showy.

"The food outside isn't clean," Damon said nonchalantly, as if there was nothing strange about their current behavior

"I'm not that delicate," Chloe responded. "As long as it's not poisoned, it's okay."

Damon cut a piece of chocolate cake for Chloe. "Try this,"

She took a bite, and the gazes of the people around inevitably made her feel uncomfortable.

At any banquet, snacks, and beverages were a given. All the guests invited by the Alonso family were prominent figures in P City, so the quality of the food and drinks was top-notch. But when it came to Chloe, why did they have to make a special arrangement?

Although Chloe felt it was a bit too much, she was relieved to know that the food was safe. She didn't have to worry about any foul play or unhealthy additives. Meanwhile, Presley, sitting in the corner, scowled at the spectacle. How could Damon be so brazen for a woman?

Robin watched the scene with a sarcastic smile. "I never thought I'd see the day when Damon would go to such lengths for a woman. But that's nothing. He'd even give up the company for her."

Presley was livid. "I want to see how far he'll go for her. Now he has nothing and is making a fool of himself in public. It's simply disgraceful."

Robin adjusted his position, his eyes full of meaning as he watched the scene unfold.

In his mind, he thought of the recent media coverage and its impact.

“It’s only a matter of time. I believe Damon won’t be able to stand being penniless forever. He’ll come back eventually. Don’t worry, Dad.”

Presley huffed. “He thinks he’s invincible because he’s talented. He’s young and reckless. But starting over isn’t that easy.”

“Indeed.” Robin agreed with a smile, but his eyes were cold. He wouldn’t let Damon start over, posing an endless threat to him, nor would he let him easily return to the Harper family and threaten his position.

Now that he had left the Harper family, it wouldn’t be so easy for him to come back.

If Presley wasn’t going to change his mind, then he would just slightly destroy this nephew of his.

He wasn’t that incompetent, brainless Wendy whose eagerness to get things done was destructive. He had all the time and patience in the world to spend with him.

## Chapter 1554

Watching the two lovebirds parade their affection without a care in the world makes Wendy’s blood boil.

Why?

Who didn’t know why she had been locking horns with Chloe till now? Who didn’t know that the reason she was bound to a wheelchair was all thanks to them?

She had fought and struggled for so long, only to end up in this pitiful state, while they shamelessly displayed their love in front of her, at her own event? It was a cruel joke.

Their actions were tantamount to slapping her in the face. How cruel, Damon, you were really too cruel.c2

The people around observed Wendy's expression. At first, they showed a bit of sympathy, but eventually, they became indifferent.

After all, the couple was clearly in love. It was Wendy who was stubbornly trying to wedge herself in between them. If she hadn't been so obsessed, she wouldn't have ended up in this situation. In the end, she had only herself to blame.

Wendy didn't expect everyone to sympathize with her. But just watching the two of them was extremely irritating. She gritted her teeth so hard that her entire head was visibly shaking. She simply couldn't forgive them.

Seeing Wendy on the verge of losing control, Cole came over and said, "Has your sister arrived yet? I haven't seen her."

Wendy blinked fiercely, and her anger suddenly cooled down. "Phoebe? No, she said she would come, so she definitely will. Let's wait a bit longer."

Right, Phoebe. Tonight was not only about the Alonso family raising funds, but also about giving Phoebe a chance to shine.

Most of the people present were either rich or powerful. If Phoebe could catch someone's eye or be noticed by someone, it would undoubtedly be beneficial for the Alonso family. The Bowles family way didn't work out, so they weren't in a hurry to pressure her. They just needed to provide her with the absolutely advantageous environment.

Marrying her into a good family would be beneficial to the company in the future. Once she got married, they would have a reason to reclaim most of the shares of the Alonso family that she held. After all, once Phoebe's shares were in hand, Wendy's position in the Alonso family would be unshakeable.

So tonight, Phoebe was also one of the main characters.

“The public investment segment is about to start, and she still hasn’t arrived. What’s the point if she arrives too late? Call her and ask why she’s not here yet.”

Cole said with a serious face. What he said was true, but his main intention was to prevent Wendy from causing a scene because of Chloe. Otherwise, the business banquet tonight would be doomed.

“Okay, I’ll call her now.”

Wendy nodded and was about to turn around and leave when she saw Phoebe walking in from the entrance.

She wore a pale aqua evening gown cinched at the waist, with a bare shoulder and a hint of décolletage. Her long hair was carefully styled into natural curls, and her makeup, while subtle, was

evidently expertly done. Whoever had dressed her had done an excellent job. She looked fresh and natural, and her attire was perfectly suited to her. Few people had seen Phoebe like this. Usually, she was a bookworm who stayed at school and didn’t know how to dress up. She rarely attended banquets, and even when Grace and Wendy had someone dress her up, they wouldn’t let her steal their limelight.

She was not flamboyant, not conspicuous, and virtually invisible. Even though she was the second daughter of the Alonso family, no one paid attention to her. But now, her appearance successfully drew the attention of everyone present.

She lifted her long skirt and ran towards the banquet hall, As she looked back, there was a hint of nervousness in her expression, but it was exactly that look that made her seem so alive. Compared to the obedient, dull bookworm she usually was, the difference was stark.

Wendy watched Phoebe, a spark of jealousy flashing in her eyes.

Damn bitches.

She was now wearing the latest haute couture from a renowned international luxury brand, adorned with top-tier jewelry, and her makeup was flawless at all times. However, she was now sitting in a wheelchair.

All the fancy clothes, luxurious jewelry, and exquisite makeup couldn't hide the fact that she was disabled. And everyone knew she had spent a dirty night with an idiot.

If it was the old her, how could she let such an event be dominated by these bitches?

As Phoebe approached, Wendy composed herself and said with a cold face, "Why are you in such a hurry? Didn't you learn to pay attention to the occasion?"

Phoebe glanced towards the door, intending to find a corner to hide in, but hearing Wendy's voice, she paused.

Looking down at the wheelchair in front of her, Phoebe's previously nervous face quickly cooled down. "Strange, when did you ever tell me to pay attention to the occasion? Aren't these parties usually where you're fighting to be the princess?" Phoebe ruthlessly exposed Wendy's intentions.

Everyone inevitably turned their gaze to Wendy because of her words. Only then did they notice her extravagant outfit for the night.

Wendy felt a wave of embarrassment and bit her lip, glaring at Phoebe. "You're the daughter of the Alonso family. No one can steal your spotlight. Don't you feel guilty saying that?"

"Really? So I'm also the daughter of the Alonso family. Father, is that true?"

Phoebe chuckled and turned her gaze to Cole.

Cole was taken aback by Phoebe's sudden question, slightly annoyed by her unexpected action and attitude. "What kind of question is that? When has the family ever not treated you as one?"

“Really? Well, in that case, I’d like to join the company as well. What do you think?”

Cole was taken aback, his brows furrowing in just a couple of seconds. Irritation was written all over his face. “Have you finished your studies? You have no clue about our business. Joining the company would only cause chaos. What else could you possibly contribute?”

Phoebe gave a derisive laugh. “At the very least, I haven’t done anything to disgrace the whole family. I may not understand the business, but who’s to say that Wendy does? If she can learn, so can I. More importantly, I believe that the employees would prefer me over her. So what if I don’t know anything?

Have you heard the rumors about her? If she were to take over, do you honestly think the employees would be willing to follow her?”

Chapter 1555

“Shut up!” Phoebe’s words were met with an indignant roar from Cole.

“Do you even realize where you are? How dare you make a scene like this!”

Phoebe dropped the hem of her dress that she was holding in her hand, straightened her posture, tilted her chin up, and gave Cole a cold and disdainful chuckle. “Making a scene? What did I do wrong?”

By this time, Grace had abandoned her conversation with a group of socialites and made her way towards them. Seeing Phoebe’s defiance, she quickly stepped in front of Cole. She looked somewhat troubled, but still spoke softly and gently. “Phoebe, if you have any issues, can’t we discuss them later? Do you have to air them out here, in front of all these guests? Isn’t that embarrassing?”

“Is this what you call embarrassing? More than what Wendy did to the Alonso family? Besides...”c2

She paused and took two steps closer to Cole and the others, her beautiful face filled with defiant sarcasm. “When do you think is the right time for me to voice out? In private? Will you even listen to me then? I am afraid you might silence me permanently in that case.”

As Phoebe's words echoed around them, the surrounding crowd erupted in low murmurs.

"What's going on? Are they gonna kill her?"

"Isn't that the Alonso family's second daughter? I never thought she'd be mistreated by her stepmother."

"Well, without her real mother around, living under her stepmother's watchful eye must be tough."

"But she's still his own flesh and blood. Shouldn't her father protect her?"

Cole was shocked beyond belief. He never expected this quiet and submissive daughter of his to had changed so much. Now, she was even bold enough to expose him in public. Anger flared in his eyes, and Grace was also visibly shaking with rage. "Phoebe, you must speak with conscience. Have I ever laid a hand on you all these years? How could you slander me like this?"

"Phoebe, you better know your limits. I didn't call you back here to upset me. Can't we talk about whatever issues you have later?"

"No need." Phoebe immediately cut off Cole, "I know exactly why you called me back here. When the plan with Abelard failed who have you picked for me this time?"

Struck by her words, Cole's expression showed waves of embarrassment. The whispers around him added to his humiliation.

At the corner, Chloe was enjoying the drama while savoring the pastries that Damon had passed to her. Though it felt a bit wrong, she couldn't help but enjoy the spectacle, especially seeing how Phoebe had grown more assertive. Turning to Damon, she gave him a teasing look, "Seems like sending someone to the hospital once has really emboldened her."

Chloe's words drew a small smile from the usually stoic Damon. He glanced at her, "Well, she's been through an 'attempted murder', what's left to fear?"

Chloe chuckled, appreciating his wit.

“Phoebe, don’t go too far!” Cole said, pointing at Phoebe with a trembling hand, clearly angered.

“I didn’t arrange anyone for you today, but even if I did, what can you do about it? I’m warning you, don’t push your luck. If you really have something against me, you can say whatever you want after the dinner party.”

“I might as well speak my mind now, otherwise, I probably won’t be able to handle the backlash from your family.”

“You...”

“Why don’t I take a guess? What’s the purpose of calling me here tonight?”

Phoebe’s sudden interjection successfully silenced Cole. Even Chloe put down her cutlery and half-finished glass of milk, resting her chin on her hands, keenly- watching the unfolding drama.

Damon stood by and wiped away the milk stuck to her lips, and when he saw the stars in her eyes; he smiled and shook his head helplessly.

“I’m not sure what you meant by asking me to bring someone home tonight, but judging from your past actions, it simply means that if i can’t find a husband who can benefit the family, my future will be in your hands, right?

“It doesn’t matter if this person is smart or silly, ugly or handsome, or if they have any bad habits. As long as they have money and power, that’s all that matters,

right?

“As long as my marriage brings endless benefits to the family and makes it prosperous, it’s all right, right?

“Then after I’m married off, you’ll find a way to transfer my shares to Wendy to secure her position in the company, right?”

With each guess Phoebe made, the expressions on Wendy, Cole, and Grace’s faces became even more grim.

Phoebe watched each of their reactions, feeling a pang in her heart. Originally, she was just speculating, even though deep down, she felt quite sure of her guesses. However, she didn’t need their verbal confirmation at all. Now, just by looking at their expressions, she had confirmed everything. She couldn’t deny that she felt hurt inside. She had thought they might lay low for a while after the Abelard incident, but they were more relentless than ever.

When she encountered Chloe at the hospital, Chloe had warned her about being cautious. If she was on guard against that mother–daughter duo, she shouldn’t let her guard down easily because when people had a purpose, they would use any means to achieve it. If one plan failed, there was always a backup plan. This applied to all of them, anyone.

And indeed, Chloe was right. She said she’d been cloistered in the world of academia for so many years, untouched by the harsh realities and cunning minds of

society.

But that was just how the world worked. There were no pure saints. Who can confidently thump their chest and proclaim their own righteousness without a hint of doubt? If one can’t even consider themselves a saint, how can they expect everyone else to be? Indeed, Chloe didn’t miss a beat with her words.

## Chapter 1556

The Alonsos were proving every word Chloe had shared with her to be accurate. How ironic. How can they win against Chloe when everything they did was so predictable?

“Phoebe! When did you become so unreasonable?” Grace was completely taken aback by Phoebe’s recent changes. She had never taken her seriously before. Now, she realized just how formidable this

young girl could be. She had always thought of her as an ineffectual bookworm. Little did she know that her mind was sharp and quick. Phoebe had seen through all their schemes and plans.

Phoebe sneered, "All you have to do is tell me if my suspicions are right or wrong."

But Wendy simply scoffed, "Phoebe, you've been acting out of character lately. Are you sure no one's been filling your head with these ideas?"

"Remember, we are a real family. Don't be so naive as to let outsiders manipulate you. Don't you see that what you've said today, to them, is nothing but a joke? Do you feel happy when others see us, the Alonso family, as a joke?"<sup>c2</sup>

Phoebe paused, her gaze drifting towards Chloe in the corner. She frowned slightly, seemingly confused by Wendy's words. She was aware of the connection between herself and Chloe. And the reason she was questioning Cole in public tonight was because of something Chloe had casually mentioned.

If one were to put it that way, Chloe had indeed played a guiding role. But the decision was hers to make. She'd rather trust Chloe than the Alonsos. After all, she knew better than anyone what the Alonsos were really like. If she couldn't distinguish between friends and foes, then she deserved to be used as a pawn by the Alonsos for the rest of her life.

"You don't have to manipulate me. I don't need to choose between being happy or unhappy. All you need to do is answer my question, and nothing else matters. I just want an answer."

Wendy chuckled lightly, "Why wouldn't it matter? Someone is trying to sow discord and ruin our family bond. How can I let them succeed?"

Chloe raised an eyebrow at Wendy's words. This time, she indeed showed a bit of skill. Seeing the suspicious looks cast her way, it was clear that the someone Wendy was referring to was none other than her.

She couldn't feign ignorance, especially under the piercing gaze of Cole and Grace. She smirked and sipped her milk. Then, leaning back in her chair, she casually said, "Phoebe, you don't really need to seek validation. Regardless, now that you've voiced your concerns here, you don't have to worry about them

taking your shares, right? Everyone here can vouch for you. If your shares end up in your sister's hands, that'd be a real joke."

Chloe's words wiped the smile off Wendy's face. Her anger was evident.

Grace looked equally troubled. Unable to contain her frustration, she pointed at Chloe, accusing her, "It was you all along, wasn't it? You've been manipulating Phoebe, driving a wedge between us!"

Chloe shook her head dismissively, "Ms. Grace, making unfounded accusations is a bit over the top, don't you think? Phoebe has a misunderstanding, and today's a good chance to clear it up, isn't it?"

"You... You're clearly taking advantage of her innocence."

"Ms. Grace." Chloe suddenly spoke in a cold tone, withdrawing her hand from under her chin and leaning back in the chair. After looking at Grace, her cool eyes \_slowly revealed a hint of a smirk.

"What would I gain from sowing discord? Besides, if I really wanted to, I wouldn't let you suspect me. Or, was Phoebe right? Are you after her shares?"

Grace's face turned a few shades paler. But Chloe's words effectively boxed them into a corner, forcing them to promise in front of everyone that they wouldn't touch Phoebe's shares. If Phoebe's shares ended up with Wendy, they'd be slapping themselves in the face.

But they really needed those shares. Lost for a solution, she turned to Cole for help.

Cole, however, appeared equally uncomfortable. After a long silence, he finally said, "Things can change. Look at what the Alonsos have been through lately. The recent market crash left our shares scattered all over the place. The SEC hasn't gotten back to us, and we still don't know who holds the majority of our shares. To obtain the three hundred billion funds this time, your sister has also given up a significant portion of her shares. She is the future family head, and her current shareholding is insufficient to secure her position within the company. So in the future, we may need to use the shares you hold."

Phoebe scoffed, "So my suspicions were right. You're determined to hand over the company to Wendy."

Cole frowned, "How many times do I have to tell you? You don't understand business. How can you run a company?"

"If I can't run it, what makes you think Wendy can do any better?" She bit her lip, suppressing the bitterness welling up in her heart. Then, she laughed coldly and continued, "Either you don't let me into the company, or you do – because let's face it, Wendy, your little piece of the pie is hardly going to hold a candle to what I could bring to the table."

Wendy's fists tightened at Phoebe's words, a sudden surge of anger coursing through her veins. This was what she was truly worried about. If she can't acquire Phoebe's shares, Phoebe would eventually use that as a way to completely overshadow her.

She had already lost to Chloe too many times, and she wasn't about to lose to anyone else – not again, not ever.

To have a once docile and studious bookworm rise above her? She'd rather eat dirt.

Chapter 1557

Grace's face turned as pale as a sheet, shocked by Phoebe's words.

"You...Phoebe, you've gone too far. You ungrateful, double-crossing wretch, you're getting off on causing trouble, aren't you?!"

"Double-crossing?"

Wendy glanced at Grace with a smirk.

"You're right. The shares in my hands are of no use to me, so why not sell them to someone else? It might be a good option"

"You...bastard!"

Cole was absolutely furious with Phoebe's words. He raised his hand, ready to slap her across the face.

Everyone gasped, their eyes widened as they watched Cole's raised hand.

Some even closed their eyes, anticipating a painful slap.

However, the expected sound of a slap didn't resonate. Chloe had risen from her chair and was standing off to the side, looking surprised at the unexpected scene.

"Who are you?!"

Cole was livid. His raised hand was firmly grabbed mid-air, the grip so strong that it felt like his wrist would be crushed.

Phoebe stood still with her eyes closed, too shocked to retaliate.

When she heard Cole's words, she opened her eyes in confusion.

It was then that she realized that she was being shielded by a tall figure.

Looking up, she saw Cole's raised hand being held firmly in someone's grasp.

She was slightly shocked, and just as she was about to turn around to see her rescuer, another arm wrapped around her waist.

pulling her abruptly into a firm embrace.

Her back hit a warm, solid chest, and she was enveloped by a familiar masculine scent.

Her heart skipped a beat, and before she could turn to look at him, he forcefully let go of Cole's hand.

The cold voice floated down from above her.

"Mr.Alonso, did you invite me here for a business dinner, or to witness domestic abuse?"

Domestic abuse? The words made Cole's brow furrow.

He glanced at Phoebe, then scrutinized Azriel for a few seconds before cautiously asking, "And you are?"

All the guests at the party were invited, either wealthy or influential.

Even if he didn't know who Azriel was, he knew he was someone the Alonsos couldn't afford to offend.

But after thinking for a while, he couldn't recall any impression of this man.

However, Azriel's demeanor was extraordinary and not to be underestimated.

"Azriel? Azriel's voice was cold, but his gaze was calm.

When the 30 billion dollar deal was made, Azriel had left everything to his lawyer and hadn't shown up in person, so it was normal that Cole didn't recognize him.

But when he heard the name, he instantly remembered the powerful signature on the contract.

His suspicious look vanished, and he quickly smiled, "So it's Mr.Azriel."

Hearing this, Wendy's face became expressionless.

So this man was the one who brought the Alonso family back to life.

She had been busy dealing with Chloe and Phoebe and had forgotten about the most important guest of the night.

But no matter what, the Alonsos would be hers in the future.

No matter how Phoebe, that damn bitch, caused trouble, it wouldn't change the fact that she was the future head of the Alonso family, and the heir to the family fortune.

She would settle scores with Phoebe when the time was right.

For now, the important thing was not her.

A polite smile spread across her pale face, and she moved closer to Azriel, saying, "So, you're Mr. Azriel.

We've been looking forward to seeing you for a long time.

We're truly sorry that your arrival coincided with such an unsightly scene."

Azriel stepped back, standing straight with Phoebe still in his arms.

As he moved back, Phoebe, who was leaning against his chest, followed him, never leaving his side.

After struggling for a bit, she lowered her head and fiddled with his hand that was around her waist.

After realizing that it still had no effect, she became infuriated and continued to struggle, slapping and hitting in frustration.

"Let me go!"

Azriel felt the slaps and hits on the back of his hand, and the pain that came with it.

He also saw how Phoebe was burying her head, struggling with his arm furiously.

His lips tightened, then relaxed, making it hard to tell whether he was angry or amused.

Seeing this scene, Cole's face was pale with cold sweat.

"Phoebe! That's enough! Don't you know Mr.Azriel is our esteemed guest?"

Hearing this, Phoebe's face turned even colder.She grabbed Azriel's arm and bit down hard on it.

Everyone gasped in surprise.

Cole's eyes widened in disbelief and it took him a moment to react.

"Have you lost your mind?"

Azriel, however, just furrowed his brow.

He watched as Phoebe bit his arm so hard that her whole head was shaking.

His eyes darkened slightly, When she finally let go, he glanced at the hand that she had just bitten.

There was a clear row of teeth marks, and within seconds, the surrounding skin had turned pale and a bit bloody.

It looked painful.

Everyone looked away, unable to bear the sight.

Damon, holding Chloe, was watching with interest.

Phoebe, breathing heavily, looked at Cole with a cold gaze.

"Esteemed guest? Anyone who covets the shares in my hand is an enemy of mine"

Azriel's eyes narrowed slightly, his face turning a few degrees colder.

Cole was pacing nervously.

"Phoebe, if you continue to cause a scene, get out of here."

Phoebe sneered, "From my perspective, that's excellent news"

Cole added, "Good news. Before you leave, return everything the Alonso family gave you"

Azriel lowered his gaze for a moment to look at the petite woman with her back turned to him.

With a calm shift in his eyes, he lowered his head and raised his other hand to caress the spot that Phoebe had just bitten.

Because he was looking down, nobody could see the expression on his face, only the faint yet clear amusement lurking in the corners of his eyes.

No one could guess what he was thinking at that moment, and while everyone was puzzled, he casually broke the silence: "Isn't there a fundraising part? Isn't that starting?\*" Upon hearing this, Wendy

hurriedly replied: "I've already asked someone to get that ready. Mr. Azriel, thank you for your timely assistance to the Alonso family this time. Rest assured, choosing the Alonso family will not let you down"

## Chapter 1558

Azriel lifted his eyes, his hand still lightly touching the back of his hand that had been bitten by someone, and he said generously, "It's just a loss of thirty billion.

It's too early to talk about disappointment.

Suddenly, Phoebe in front of him turned around, looking up with a pair of red eyes, glaring at Azriel.

"Are you the one who invested thirty billion in the Alonso family?!"

Azriel hooked the corner of his mouth and spoke casually, "Why? Can't do that?"

Phoebe's refined eyes instantly kindled two clusters of flames.

"I heard you were not interested in the Alonso family just now?"

"Yep"

"Why did you suddenly want to give it thirty billion? Are you crazy?" Phoebe, with her petite figure, stood in front of Azriel, who towered over her.

She seemed like a small sparrow squawking defiantly in front of a hawk. Her angry demeanor was not terrifying at all.

"Phoebe, get out!"

Cole was about to be driven mad by his daughter.

At this critical moment, she was creating a scene without any sense of propriety.

Azriel had kindly invested in the Alonso family, and yet, as a member of the Alonso family, he got scolded by her.

Wasn't that ingratitude? And what about her tone? Somebody offered three hundred billion in funding to them, and she had this 'mind your own business' attitude.

It nearly drove Cole mad.

Phoebe, of course, would not listen to Cole and leave.

The thought of making the Alonso family come back to life made her angry.

Knowing that the person who helped the Alonso family was the man in front of her, she was even more furious.

With nowhere to vent her anger, Phoebe looked at the man in front of her with his gentle eyebrows and cheerful smile.

She lifted her foot and kicked him hard on the leg twice.

"Mind your own business!"

Cole almost fainted from her actions.

Yet, Phoebe felt completely relieved.

The more Cole respected this man, the more she wanted to offend him.

Anyway, she was still the second daughter of the Alonso family.

If she offended him, it would make Cole furious, maybe even ruin the partnership, and watching the shock on the faces of the Alonso family members would be the best outcome for her.

"Why didn't I just poison you with pasta?!"

Everyone didn't know what comment was, but the word poison was clearly not something positive.

The face of Mr.Azriel, who had always been courteous, darkened because of her words.

Wendy saw this and knew she couldn't let Phoebe continue to act recklessly.She stepped forward and held Phoebe.

"Phoebe, I beg you, can you stop making a scene now? Look at yourself, do you know what you look like?\*" As she spoke, she stepped forward and blocked Phoebe with her wheelchair.

"The fundraising is about to begin.If you dont settle down, don't blame me for not caring about sisterhood."

Phoebe wanted to say something, but was pulled back by Chloe.

'Phoebe, that's enough."

Chloe said lightly, not caring about the suspicious glances from others.

After all, it seemed like Phoebe's actions today were really instructed by her.

"You should understand that no matter how much you make a scene, this business banquet won't change anything."

Phoebe was unwilling.

Her eyes towards Azriel change from anger to disappointment; she bit her lip and didn't want to look at him anymore. She nodded, her eyes a little red.

"Yes, you're right. I'm alone, and I can't change anything. When they want me to give up my shares, I have to give them up obediently. I have to marry someone who can help the Alonso family develop, and I have to marry obediently. I'm stupid. I'm making a fool of myself in front of so many people, and in the end, I can't change anything."

Phoebe's tone was bleak, her smile bitter.

Wendy, on the other hand, was smiling, feeling extraordinarily happy about what Phoebe had said.

Yeah, her only value was this.

Chloe shook her head and gently patted her shoulder, "You're overthinking. Who says you're alone? Don't you still have me? Don't worry. I won't let what you just said happen"

Even if she didn't care, she believed that some people wouldn't sit back and do nothing.

And the situation wasn't as bad as she imagined, Phoebe turned her head, her eyes red and looked at Chloe somewhat aggrievedly.

When she saw Chloe's smiling face, her heart inexplicably calmed down.

Wendy saw Chloe quickly calm down the somewhat agitated Phoebe with just a few words and snorted coldly to herself.

She then turned her gaze to Azriel, who was standing nearby.

She smiled and said, "Well, Ms.Summers, I just mentioned that I have the opportunity to introduce someone who can help the Alonso family through the crisis.Now that we're all here, this is Mr.Azriel"

Phoebe, upon hearing Wendy's obvious attempt to flaunt her connection with Azriel to Chioe, shot Azriel a fierce glare. She let go of Chloe's hand and decided to move away, preferring the 'out of sight,

out of mind" approach.

However, she had not taken two steps before she passed by Azriel.

He extended his long arm and blocked her path "Let..."

Phoebe raised her hand to push away the arm in front of her, but that arm curled around her waist, bringing her into his embrace.

Everyone was dazzled and didn't know what had happened.

Phoebe's face was buried in Azriel's chest, her nose aching from the impact against his firm chest, tears welling up in her eyes.

"What the hell are you doing?!"

Phoebe was really pissed off at this man today.

The reason he suddenly dressed her up like this was to bring her to a dinner party hosted by the Alonso family? She knew that, given his capabilities, he would be able to discover that she was the unfortunate second daughter of the Alonso family, neglected by her father and stepmother.

What was his real motive behind bringing her here? Did he think that because he had helped the Alonsos, she should be grateful to him? Azriel's large hand traced its way around her slender neck, gripping with just one hand the sides of her face, forcing her to meet his gaze.

His actions seemed strange, yet they revealed a man's domineering control over a woman.

His eyes bore into Phoebe's, his voice calm yet laced with an undertone of indulgence and threat.

"My old wound hasn't healed, yet you added a new one for me. Where do you think you're going, huh?\*

Chapter 1559

"That's what you deserve."

"How about I invoke the law?"

Phoebe fell silent.

For her to be locked up in front of the Alonso family, that would be the real embarrassment.

Azriel watched as Phoebe immediately subdued, a smirk playing at the corners of his mouth.

His hand again slid to her waist, turning her half-way around in his arms, holding her close.

His actions were intimate and suggestive.

Phoebe had never been this close with a man before.

Now, in front of all these people, behaving so immature, how could she handle it? Her ears were as red as ripe chili peppers.

Azriel curved the corner of his lips and leaned in close to her ear, his low, velvety voice carrying a hint of amusement.

"Be good, and we can settle the score when we get home? His warm breath brushed against Phoebe's ear. She shrank back, but couldn't escape from his hold.

Azriel looked at her reddened ear with surprise.

His eyebrows twitching imperceptibly, interest gleaming in his eyes.

His affectionate gestures and suggestive words made it clear to everyone present that the relationship between them was far from ordinary.

Cole watched the scene unfold across from them, his eyes filled with disbelief for a moment.

Only now did he realize that his second daughter had changed so drastically, probably because she had found a reliable support.

Previously, she didn't even dare to raise her voice at him even in private.

Now, at such an important public event, she could brazenly defy him.

So that was why.

Wasn't this perfect though? Although this man's background was unclear for now, anyone who could easily deal with thirty billion dollars was no ordinary person.

Hadn't he hoped that Phoebe would marry a man from a good family? If the Alonso family needed any help in the future, they wouldn't have to seek help elsewhere.

He paused, his expression to Phoebe had improved significantly.

He laughed heartily, "Phoebe, you're so stubborn. If your heart is set on the Alonso family, why create such a fuss?"

Though his face was smiling and his words sounded helpless yet indulgent, his heart was filled with worry.

Just look at Wendy's face.

They had secured thirty billion dollars in funding, but at the expense of thirty percent of the company's shares.

If this man was truly as close to Phoebe as it appeared, then the thirty percent shares he held could very well be transferred to Phoebe.

Adding that to the shares Phoebe already owned, she would undoubtedly be the largest shareholder of the company, owning more than half the shares.

All Wendy's plans to acquire Phoebe's shares were now in jeopardy with this man in the picture.

If Phoebe really wanted the company now, they wouldn't have any way to stop her.

Cole's mood was slightly better than Wendy's, Regardless of the outcome, the Alonso family was still intact.

Whether it was Wendy or Phoebe, as long as the Alonso family didn't fall into the hands.

of outsiders, that was good enough for him.

Phoebe knew exactly what Cole was thinking.

His sudden change of attitude made her feel even more ridiculous and ironic.

"Who said my heart is set on the Alonso family? What does the family have that's worth my attention? Is it the constant plotting against me, or the repeated physical attacks?"

Cole's smile stiffened.

"Earlier, I misunderstood the situation. I was just angry"

"Mr. Alonso, everything's ready. Shall we start now?"

An assistant's voice came from behind.

To ease the awkwardness, Cole quickly said, "Yes, start immediately"

"Alright"

And so, someone began leading the guests to their respective seats Phoebe wore a cold expression, trying to free himself from Azriel's hold, yet Azriel only tightened his grip, not allowing her to leave.

Wendy sat in her place, her face so grim it was beyond description.

She had hoped to gain an advantage in front of Chloe, but all her plans had been disrupted by Phoebe.

And the matter of the company shares was still troubling her.

Chloe watched Wendy's grim face with amusement, glancing at Azriel.

"Is Mr.Azriel's stomach feeling better? If you're unwell, you don't have to make an appearance tonight"

"Ms.Summers, what did you mean by some of the things you said tonight?"

Wendy finally lost her temper.

Tonight's setbacks were too great.

The unexpected issue with the shares had already left her in a foul mood.

But Chloe's words, which clearly sided with the Alonso family, made her feel even more disgusted Chloe raised an eyebrow and smiled gently as she looked at Wendy.

Wendy glared at Chloe, sneering: "It seems Ms.Summers hasn't realized the situation.You're standing on Alonso family's territory.The Alonso family's investment projects don't need your endorsement, let alone your sweet words to attract more investors.Who should come and who shouldn't has nothing to

do with you.Are you still half-asleep, or are you living in your wonderful imagination where the Alonso family is already in your pocket?"

Chloe blinked her eyes, and the glint of amusement that flashed in her eyes only intensified Wendy's sense of disdain.

"I hope you can mind your own manners.Figure out what should be said and what shouldn't be said for yourself.The Alonso family doesn't need you to play a role here.And I certainly don't believe that you are a person who repay evil with kindness"

Wendy believed that her composure and manners were already of a high standard.

Even at this point, she could still speak these words to Chloe in such a calm and composed manner.

Once she finished speaking, Wendy turned to Azriel and Phoebe who were standing nearby. She pulled on a rather forced smile and said, "Mr. Azriel, shall I accompany you to your seat?"

"No need, I have her. He dismissed her curtly, draping an arm casually around Phoebe as he started walking ahead. Even though his words suggested he wanted Phoebe to lead the way, it was quite obvious he was overtly commandeering her to "show the way".

Wendy sat in her wheelchair, head hanging low, her face clouded with a grim and sinister expression. She could put aside the matter of shares for the time being.

After all, Phoebe was family.

If this Mr. Azriel really wanted to be with Phoebe in the future, that would save her a great deal of trouble.

Better the shares be in Azriel's hands than anyone else's.

Her main goal tonight was to crush Chloe under her heel. She wanted Chloe to see just how well the Alonso family she had almost managed to seize was doing now.

Thinking about this, she pursed her lips and smiled grimly.

Chapter 1560

She lifted her gaze to the two figures standing not far away, "Shall we, Mr. Harper, Ms. Summers? Let me lead you to your seats. I've arranged the best spots for you, just for today"

Of course, she had to give Chloe the best seat, so she could watch the glory of the Alonso family, which she had long coveted, now flourishing under her control.

Whether in the present or the future, it was something Chloe could only yearn for but never attain.

Chloe, however, was candid enough to reveal her intentions.

"Damon was going to reserve the best seats for us" she admitted, "t told him you'd do it. Seems I was right"

Wendy's eyes hardened, "Ms. Summers, you always seem to know everything, Tell me, why do you think I'd reserve the best seats for you?"

As they chatted and walked over to their seats, Chloe looked at the empty front row and smiled confidently.

"Ms. Wendy, you've tripped over me quite a few times, always wanting to see me upset and humiliated. This time is a rare opportunity, and you called me over regardless of rumors. Since I've come, it's only natural for you to arrange the best seats for me. You want me to watch the Alonso family, which I've proclaimed to covet, thrive without me. You want me to feel the agony of desiring something I cannot have. isn't that right?"

Their conversation was open, and the onlookers were all ears.

Chloe's words enlightened those who were previously confused. From the start, Wendy's intention of inviting Chloe was clear.

it wasn't enough for Wendy to simply have Chloe present.

She must have more plans hidden The crowd didn't think that Ms.

Summers, who was invited and destined to be humiliated, was out of place though.

She was fine, eating and drinking well, and her man was taking good care of her.

Whispers spread among the crowd.

"Does she really think she could humiliate Ms.Summers this time?"

"Who would've thought Mr.Harper would accompany her today.He's treating her like a queen.I am so jealous of her"

"Yeah.Not only did he forbid her from drinking alcohol, but he even refused to let her have soda The way he sternly made Ms.Summers drink milk was just too envy-inducing"

"I bet no one knows the pain of unfulfilled desires better than Ms.Wendy"

While their voices were hushed, Wendy could still hear what they were saying.

She bit her lip hard, a flash of pain in her eyes followed by a look of ferocity and embarrassment.

What they were saying was true.

From the moment she saw Damon outside the hotel, she knew that tonight wouldn't be any easier for her than it would be for Chloe.

But after all she had been through, this was a small price to pay.

Whether she was sad or not didn't matter anymore, her heart was already scarred.

As long as she could see Chloe in pain, she was happy.

Happy beyond words.

Those whispers meant nothing to her.She had heard them before.

tf she cared, she wouldn't have invited Chloe.

"Chloe, I admit you're smart. Everything you said is true. I do want you to know what it feels like to want something you can't have. But I'm curious, didn't you vow never to marry if you couldn't have the Alonso family?"

Wendy began to laugh, her gaze briefly meeting Damon's cold side profile before reluctantly shifting to Chloe's face.

"So, what are your plans now?" Chloe smiled, "We're still getting married. Nothing can stop that"

Wendy scoffed, 'Looks like everyone is capable of breaking their word"

Chloe nodded, "Marriage is the most important thing. Especially when you're in love, you'll do anything to keep them by your side for life. After all, it's a lifelong commitment. Some words are better left unsaid."

Wendy finally stopped at the center of the front row, sarcastically saying, "Thinking back to all the things you and your mother said at the engagement party, it's such a joke"

Chloe merely raised an eyebrow, neither confirming nor denying.

Wendy turned her wheelchair around to face them, saying with a sneer, 'Please have a seat. I've reserved these spots especially for the two of you"

Chloe glanced at the two central seats and nodded.

'These seats are excellent, thank you"

Wendy's face was full of sarcasm, pretending to be gracious.

Damon had been silent the whole time, his face devoid of any emotion.

After helping Chloe to her seat, he sat down beside her.

Wendy's gaze continued to follow him, and as expected, she didn't receive even a single glance from him.

Her heart ached, she wanted to hate him, but every time she saw him, her longing for him was so strong that she couldn't control it.

Azriel and Phoebe sat down next to them.

Though Phoebe's face was blushed, her expression looked terrible.

She pursed her lips tightly, presumably unable to forgive Azriel for actually being the one to invest in the Alonso family like this.

Presley and Robin were seated next to Damon.

Damon glanced at them, then gave a small nod to Presley, saying softly, 'Grandfather' As expected, Presley gave him a cold look and scoffed.

'Do you have any idea what people are saying about you?'

The words dripped with venom.

"You're penniless, living off a woman, and you have the audacity to show your face in public places like this. You don't even have the decency to be embarrassed"

Presley's heartbreak was genuine.

When Chioe had brazenly offered to support him to the tune of twenty billion dollars, he had astonishingly agreed.

Twenty billion dollars - a sum that would more than satisfy a regular family's needs for a lifetime, even if they were to live recklessly and carefree.

But in their world, what was twenty billion? Peanuts.

"Twenty billion dollars," the voice sneered, "and the heir to the Harper Group empire thinks he's hit the jackpot. Living off a woman? Pathetic. You should be ashamed of yourself"