

## **CHOSEN 1571**

### Chapter 1571

There were countless other things, small and large, that they had witnessed. They had to admit and respect her success. She possessed an exceptionally intelligent mind and a decisive approach.

She often proclaimed herself as a petty, vindictive person, but how many of them were truly virtuous and forgiving?

She was an 'antagonist who was so forthright and transparent that no one could truly despise her. In fact, she had amassed a large following despite not being a celebrity. Her villainy was so grand that it even outshone some people's attempts at being 'good. It was a performance so unabashed that it left people speechless.

Who could judge her? Perhaps only those who, from behind screens and keyboards, positioned themselves as moral absolutists, using a barrage of words and phrases to criticize and condemn, all in an attempt to showcase their kindness' and justice, and how unique, wise, knowledgeable, and outstanding they were.

But how many of these people can claim to be truly selfless and virtuous? Who could personify all the virtues of the world? Even angels could not

achieve such a feat c2

Those who preached about their morality and ethics while lacking the skills and courage to act in the real world, achieved nothing themselves, but envied those who did. All they needed was to ridicule others for not doing good enough to feel balanced.

There were so many of these people, too many to count, like cockroaches, gathering in their respective corners, coincidentally criticizing you, attacking with words and trying to undermine everything you did.

Tonight's events, along with past occurrences, would inevitably

would have to face

a new round of criticism and accusations. All these were challenges she

Everyone knew there would be consequences, and of course, Chloe knew as well. But what did she have to fear now?

Being betrayed, abandoned, and thrown overseas by her own family for many years, she had experienced life and death. What were these challenges compared to all she had survived?

Alonso Corporation, the person in charge now is me, Chloe. It doesn't belong to the Alonsos, and it certainly doesn't belong to you. To be precise, Alonso Corporation now bears my name – Chloe's name."

Chloe's words pierced Wendy's heart, each one striking her core. Overwhelmed by rage and anxiety, Wendy trembled uncontrollably. Her eyes widened, and her breathing became heavy and rapid, echoing eerily around the silent room. Not sure if it was disbelief or unwillingness to believe, she shook her head, shaking it violently in the end, even screaming "No! This can't be true! Shut up, Chloe! The Alonso family is mine! I am the future head of the family! I am the only heir. The Alonso family bears my name, not yours, Chloe! You're delusional! Get out! Get out of here right now!"

Wendy's madness disgusted everyone in the room. Many had seen Wendy before, her current state was a far cry from her usually haughty, graceful demeanor. She was once impeccable, but that version of her ceased to exist the moment she met Chloe. From then on, her actions were laid bare before the public, eroding the image she had once built as the lady of the Alonso family.

Her beauty was gone, and her grace was lost. She had turned herself into a figure of public scorn and contempt.

Chloe coldly watched as Wendy sat in her wheelchair. Wendy's disabled hands were propped up on the sides of the wheelchair and her body was leaning forward. Her face was twisted with rage and madness as she wished she could rise from her wheelchair and attack Chloe.

"Chloe, you bitch! Don't get too cocky, someone will put you in your place. Someone will bring about your downfall. I refuse to believe you'll be triumphant forever. The Alonso family was never yours."

Dream on if you think you can claim the Alonso family. Everything is mine. You're the one who should die. You deserve to die. Why haven't you disappeared from this world yet?!"

She used all her strength, her shrill voice spewing the vilest words. She struggled in her wheelchair, eventually falling from it and onto the floor. After several failed attempts to stand, she crawled to the edge of the stage, gripping its edges, and hoisted her broken body up, leaning her upper body against the edge of the platform.

While maintaining her stance, her entire body was covered in sweat. Her carefully coiffed hair was now disheveled, and her once pale face was drenched in perspiration. Beads of sweat gathered on the sides of her cheeks, streaming down in rivulets. Every nerve in her body screamed a pain. Just maintaining this position was draining all her strength. Her body shook violently as she glared at Chloe with eyes filled with hatred. She gritted her teeth, every word she spoke seemed to be squeezed out from between her teeth. "Chice, you're going to pay for this. The Alonso fortune is mine by right. Dream on if you think you're going to use it as your wedding gifts. I am, after all, successful. At least, the Harper family chose me over you. Even Grandpa Presley was willing to strip Damon of his company nights just to get me into the Harper family. It's clear how much he despises you. So what if you're a princess now? Too bad you weren't back then, otherwise how could the Harpers have backed out of your marriage to Damon because of me?"

Wendy's words made Presley's complexion turn extremely unpleasant if it wasn't for her relentless pestering. How could he have driven his prized grandson out of the company? His past decision in hindsight was nothing but a colossal joke.

For the company he valued the Alonso family's solid foundation over the years, not to mention the backing of Princess Ava of Y Country. To win over the Alonso family and to legitimize his acquisition of their assets, he had applied both carrot and stick tactics to his own grandson. The end result was Damon renouncing his inheritance to the Harper Group.

Now, the Alonso family he had valued turned out to be a house of cards. While Princess Ava was still their backer, Chloe had suddenly become the princess with genuine Y Country royal blood.

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What was the saying? Penny wise and pound foolish, that was him. After living for decades and with one foot already in the grave, he had made such an unseemly scene.

“You think you’re something, don’t you? You look pretty impressive now, but you think the Harpers, after all they’ve done wrong, would just roll over and accept you into their family because you’re some kind of princess? Who’s responsible for turning everything into this mess? It was me. It was me who made this happen, you wouldn’t be marrying into the Harper family if it wasn’t for me”

Listening to Wendy’s unabashed confession and her foul words, Chloe simply responded with a faint smile. She listened to Wendy’s tirade, then nodded her head with a smile

“Yes, Wendy, you’re quite formidable, ruining my perfect marriage arrangement? You’re right, it was all because of you that I had no choice but to take the Alonso family as my wedding gifts.”

She spoke lightly and calmly, with a sweet and gentle smile, but in just a few words, she delivered a heavy blow to Wendy. This impact also extended to Cole and Grace, who were standing nearby with faces ashen. Chloe’s words were like a lightning bolt striking into their minds. If Wendy had not been so stubborn and obsessed with Damon, Presley wouldn’t have opposed Damon and Chloe’s marriage c2

the Alonso family wouldn’t even be in this situation now

If they’d been able to marry on sche

So what did Wendy have to gloat

Wendy’s face twitched at Chloe’s

It was

obsession with the Harpers that had driven Chloe to vow to take control of the Alonso family

for a moment before her features contorted into an unsightly expression.

Again and again.

No matter what she said or did, she could never gain an upper hand over Chloe. Everything she did only served to help Chloe rise higher. Every word she said was thrown back at her by Chloe, inflicting a thousand times more pain. She bit her lip so hard that the corner of her mouth was bleeding a bright, eye-catching red.

Admitting defeat to Chloe? Impossible. How could she accept it?

After fighting against Chloe for so long, from initially having the upper hand to ending up with nothing, how could she accept it?

Some may pity the villain in the end, but to Chloe, Wendy wasn't worth an ounce of sympathy.

This wasn't some chicken-and-egg paradox. Wendy started all of this, she was the one who crossed Chloe's line time and time again. Even though she was now in a state of madness, disability, hysteria, and utter disarray, Chloe still stared at her with a coldness that seemed devoid of any emotion. "I'm now exercising my rights as the majority shareholder of Alonso Corporation to revoke all positions and powers of Cole and Wendy in the corporation. Also, Wendy is not allowed to set foot in Alonso Corporation without permission."

At these words, Cole immediately retorted, "On what grounds are you revoking my position and rights, I..."

"Mr. Alonso, since you don't own any shares, why should I grant you any position or rights?"

Cole was stunned into silence, his face filled with despair. "Chloe, you can't..you can't... the Alonso family is everything to me."

Chloe gave a cold laugh, "Exactly because it's everything to you, that's why I need to take it back. Mr. Alonso, you should take some time to think about your wife who died of difficult birth, and your own daughter who you've ignored since she lost her mother, and whom you've tried to use and even sell."

Cole stiffened at her words, his gaze slowly turning to Phoebe, who was still sitting in her seat. Her face was filled with mockery, but more than that, there was sadness. Chloe's words clearly spelled out the

treatment she had received in the Alonso family over the past two decades. Though she was his biological daughter, she had ended up being sold.

First, to help Wendy get the company shares, and when that failed, for a whopping three billion dollars.

Three billion, certainly a considerable amount So it turned out that she, Phoebe, could be worth so much.

Cole's mouth opened and closed, but he couldn't utter a single word.

Grace had already been terrified, her legs turning to jelly The past events had been scrutinized and discussed, and the company was lost. All those years of hard work, she thought she was going to get everything the Alonso family, innumerable riches, and power. But along the way, she ended up with nothing

So what was the point of her painstakingly climbing to Ms Grace's position?

Seeing this, Chloe knew that tonight's drama had to come to an end "Thank you all for attending this banquet tonight, and please forgive any disturbances i, on behalf of the Alonso family promise you all that this project will meet everyone's expectations, and the Alonso family will ensure your satisfaction at any cost And with that, tonight's Alonso Corporations business banquet comes to an end."

"What do you mean it's over? What do you mean by representing the Alonso family? Who are you to represent my family On what grounds are you revoking my position and powers?! You're not qualified! Chloe, my family isn't yours to control The Alonso family is mine. How can you take what's mine and speak for me?! Shameless"

Wendy's shriek echoed in the air as she clawed at the edge of the balcony, straining to reach Chloe. Her coarse words and frantic demeanor were a far cry from the refined lady of the Alonso family she once was

Damon's brow twitched with each vulgar utterance, his patience finally worn thin "Nate!"

Nate, who had been standing in the corner, suddenly snapped to attention and quickly strode over.  
“Sir!”

Damon said nothing, just leveled Nate with an icy stare that sent a shiver down his spine. With a gesture from Nate, two burly men in black suits emerged from the shadows, grabbing the hysterical Wendy by each arm.

“What are you doing?!” Wendy shrieked, “Let me go! How dare you treat me like this? I am the heiress of the Alonso family, the future head of the family...”

A sharp slap cut off her rant, the sound echoing in the room. Wendy’s hysteria suddenly ceased. Her cheek stung with a fiery pain, and she turned her bruised face to glare menacingly at the people in front of her.

“You damn wretch! I’m your sister’ Instead of helping me, you hit me? You ungrateful snake!”

Phoebe trembled with rage, “What right do you have to claim to be my sister, Wendy? How can you claim that others have stolen from you? The Alonso family, it was never yours to begin with.

“It was you, you are the real plunderers, the usurpers. Don’t forget how your mother earned her title, and don’t forget how you became the heiress

of the Alonso family. For material possessions, you and your mother stooped to abhorrent lows, committing heinous acts. You all deserve this because, in reality, you were all trash from the start.”

“You’re talking nonsense.” Wendy spat, “You gave away your shares and handed over the company. Phoebe, you’re a fool You’re mad”

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“No, you’re the mad one.” Phoebe shot back, her voice ringing out loud and clear, cutting Wendy off mid-rant.

"You're the mad one, Wendy," she added, her anger subsiding slightly, replaced by a more pitying tone. "You've truly lost it."

Wendy froze, her eyes widening in shock. Her face contorted into a grotesque mask of fury that sent shivers down Phoebe's spine. Suddenly, she was pulled away from Wendy's rage-filled gaze and into someone's arms.

"Mad? You're all mad! All of you! Nothing but lowlives!" Wendy yelled, her voice shrill and piercing. Her accusations hung in the air like a blade, piercing everyone's eardrums.

Azriel guided Phoebe away from the hysterical Wendy, whose antics were becoming increasingly undistinguishable from a madwoman's. Chloe shook her head, her expression filled with both resignation and pity.<sup>c2</sup>

Perhaps Wendy had already lost her mind; her obsession had just been too terrifying to recognize. At first, she had maintained some semblance of composure, upholding the dignity and grace expected of a lady from the Alonso family, and covering her tracks carefully. But as time passed, she had shed all pretenses, openly displaying her madness for everyone to see.

This chaotic scene marked the end of the party. As the guests began to disperse, Wendy remained rooted in place, continuing to spew her venomous insults at everyone. Chloe, now the majority shareholder of the company, stayed behind to manage the lingering guests.

Grace slumped in a chair in the corner, watching Wendy collapse to the floor in a fit of rage. The sight of Wendy, crippled and livid, spitting vulgarities at everyone, was a jarring image that remained etched in Grace's memory. Her heart sank to the depths of despair.

Her daughter, her precious daughter whom she had poured all her hopes and dreams into, had become a mad, crippled, repulsive wreck. How had the beautiful girl she raised turned into this?

Grace had worked tirelessly to secure her position as Cole's wife, investing all her energy and hopes into her daughter. She had provided Wendy with the best of everything, from her upbringing to her education, all under the auspices of the prestigious Alonso family. But all her efforts seemed to have been in vain. Beneath the polished exterior lay a monster that was simply too ugly to bear.



Why? Why had this happened? How was she supposed to accept this?

Grace had spent the past few weeks living in fear of Wendy's volatile moods. Now, she couldn't even bear to approach her.

Cole stood nearby, his face ashen. His gaze was fixed on Wendy, who was still writhing and shouting on the floor. His eyes were vacant, almost as if he hadn't quite come to terms with the reality of the situation.

In his eyes, the defeat of the Alonso family was an absurdity, a thing that could never happen. But his gaze remained fixed on Wendy, who continued to struggle on the ground, writhing in agony. There was no emotion in his eyes, and it was impossible to discern what he was thinking. Gradually, his eyes began to widen, and a ferocious anger slowly erupted from them. It was all because of his daughter, all because of her, that the Alonso family had been pushed into the abyss step by step.

Chloe received the most attention that night, with many guests congratulating her on her new position and expressing their relief at the turn of events. Damon walked over to her, his expression grim. "Having fun?"

Chloe blinked, glancing at the few people left in the room, all of whom were watching Wendy in various states of shock. "Not bad," she replied nonchalantly.

"Hmph," Damon grunted, a sardonic chuckle that made Chloe shiver.

"Something wrong?" she asked, eyeing him warily.

Damon simply stared at her with dark, brooding eyes. "Nothing. Just realized I have a lot to do."

"Like what?"

Damon didn't answer. Instead, he wrapped his arm around Chloe's waist and led her towards the exit. "Let's go home."

Chloe didn't object.

Presley, too, watched Wendy's spectacle unfold, his face contorted with rage. After a few moments, he regained his composure, adjusted his expression, and slowly rose from his seat, leaning heavily on his cane.

His body trembled with anger as he thought of Wendy. For her, he had banished his favorite grandson from the Harper family. And now, she was destroying the family from within, reveling in its demise. If only he hadn't...

She was right. If he hadn't been so intent on uniting the Harper and Alonso families, things wouldn't have come to this. Now, there was no way to reverse the damage.

One wrong step had led to countless more

As he slowly turned around, his gaze fell on Damon and Chloe at the doorway. His lips moved, but no words came out. The dignity he had preserved throughout his life ultimately prevented him from

admitting his mistakes to them.

Robin watched Wendy, his eyes filled with nothing but disgust and contempt.

Useless.

She had now become a complete waste. Wendy had ruined everything. Chloe's true identity, kept hidden for so long, had been exposed. Originally, he planned to take Chloe down using the Alonso Corporation before she was recognized by Queen Julia of Country Y. Then, Wendy would successfully marry into the Alonso family, and everyone would be pleased. He could then reap the benefits without getting his hands dirty, and run his Harper Group with a clear conscience.

But he never expected this turn of events.

He never imagined that Cole would eventually lose. The powerful Alonso family, in the end, couldn't outsmart a mere woman. He acknowledged that Chloe had some intelligence and means, but to make him completely believe that she could have everything under her control and have things go her way all the time, how could that be possible?

Looking at Presley who was staring at Damon's departing figure, about to say something but stopping himself, Robin's eyes became even more dark and intense.

It seemed that he really needed to knock down a few pegs off his overly outstanding nephew.

## Chapter 1574

As he thought about it, his gaze went towards a certain corner, and it lingered for a few seconds before he retracted it again. He reached out to steady the old man without saying anything.

"Dad, it's getting late. Let's head home."

Presley glanced at him, then shifted his gaze to the entrance. His eyes widened as a swarm of journalists suddenly surrounded Chloe and Damon. He furrowed his brows, but before he could say anything, Robin led him away.

Nate, of course, wouldn't let the journalists anywhere near Chloe and Damon. He quickly formed a barrier around them, keeping the journalists at bay.

The situation was getting almost out of control. Damon and Chloe's escape route had been completely blocked. The group of journalists found themselves trapped on one side, but what truly blocked Damon and Chloe's path were the unexpected rush of bystanders. Damon held Chloe close to him, his dark eyes gleaming with sharp, icy determination.c2

"Ms. Summers, we heard that your grandmother, Carolina, was recently admitted to the hospital. Were you aware of this?"

“Did you know but chose not to visit her? Even if you’re not related by blood, you lived under the same roof for a while. Don’t you feel guilty for not visiting her in the hospital?”

“Yeah, even if you’re not related by blood, you did live together for some time. She might have favored others over you, but she never starved or abused you, did she?”

Chloe raised an eyebrow, her eyes darkening slightly as she replied dismissively

“Firstly, I had no idea she was in the hospital. Secondly, even if she was, I’m under no obligation to visit her. What I do is my business, not yours. Furthermore, before, you used the phrase Blood is thicker than water to accuse me of being heartless. Now, without the bond of blood, you’re using the fact that we live under the same roof to criticize me for being callous. So, in your eyes, I must just let others bully me, and only then would you be satisfied, right?”

Their faces reddened at her words, but they stubbornly continued.

“You’re so rich, why don’t you give her some money?!”

“You seem to be doing all right, why don’t you give me some money?!” Chloe scoffed at the woman standing in front of her, her words effectively silencing her

“Why should I give you anything?!”

“So why should I give her anything? Lady, have you taken care of

The woman was left speechless by Chloe’s re

f your ou

life before you come here to fight for others?”

I we can't win against cover things up"

But facts are facts, if you're not guilty, why are all the

Someone else quickly chimed in, "You're good with

posts accusing you being censored? You're clear words, and

Chloe raised an eyebrow, glanced at Damon, a

trying

, and smirked, clemused by the situation

"If I remember correctly, this issue was mentioned before the banquet began."

"But you didn't provide a reasonable explanation, did you?"

Chloe laughed coldly, "You're busier than the entertainment industry's disciplinary committee"

A few fans and journalists couldn't help but chuckle.

Damon glanced at Nate, who immediately got the hint. He dialed a number on his phone. "Why hasn't the information we gave you been released yet? Do it now"

Hearing Nate's words, everyone looked confused, wondering. "What information? What's being released?"

Tjeu quickly checked their phones, but found nothing unusual

At that moment, Robin and Presley emerged from the building Seeing the crowd surrounding Chloe and Damon, Robin chuckled “What’s all this about?”

Chloe glanced at Presley, her expression turning cold, but she still nodded at him politely

Presley coldly watched her, his lips tightly sealed, not uttering a word He despised Wendy, but Chloe was no better. After all, she was the one who had bewitched Damon, causing him to abandon the Harper Group Even if she was now worth a fortune, he couldn’t ignore the way she had come between him and Damon He felt a knot in his stomach whenever he thought about it

Moreover, he had had a heated argument with Damon that night. It would be impossible for him to compromise first. He needed to make his stubborn grandson understand that without the Harper family,

he was nothing No matter how talented he was, he couldn’t compete with the Harper family without decades of hard work and dedication

How could he let his own grandson go his own way so easily?

Seeing the increasingly stern look on Presley’s face, Chloe’s eyebrows twitched slightly. She looked at Robin, standing beside him. Their eyes met, and after a few seconds, they both smiled. But anyone could tell how forced their smiles were

Before Robin could respond, someone in the crowd shouted.

“Holy cow! The troll army has been busted!”

The shout seemed out of place, but it drew everyone’s attention nonetheless.

“What’s going on? What are you yelling about?”

“Why are you shouting? What’s this about a troll army being busted?!”

“The troll army on social media! All the trolls on various social media platforms have been exposed!”

This news was definitely fresh and exciting. But it couldn’t compare to the ongoing drama involving Chloe.

The crowd didn’t pay much attention, but then they heard someone shout again, “So, all those online attacks against Ms. Summers and Mr. Harper were actually Wendy’s hired internet trolls” Everyone was surprised. After a moment, they also realized that if it was Wendy’s doing, it made sense

“I knew from the start that those were trolls. But they were so aggressive, it was infuriating.”

“I knew there was something off about that group of unreasonable people. Turns out I was right.”

“No wonder Mr. Harper removed the trending topic. This is the right way to deal with trolls.”

“The trolls are even targeting Mr. Harper now, unbelievable.”

“And let’s not forget about the real netizens who’ve been led astray by these trolls, all of their personal information has been exposed. Over twenty thousand people.”

“Over...over twenty thousand people?”

“Yes.”

As the truth dawned, the crowd that was just moments ago boasting in front of Chloe couldn’t hide their panic.

They all stood there, lips sealed tight, hoping to sneak away unnoticed. But Nate wasn't going to let them off so easily. He quickly had them surrounded. Chloe quirked an eyebrow, "Leaving so soon? I haven't given you a proper answer yet, have I?"

"Well, so you are some of the trolls that were hired, aren't you?"

"You're crowding the entrance to smear Ms. Summers' name, right? It's unbelievable how far some would go for money, just like Wendy, not caring about their reputation at all"

The fans on the cutskirts were infuriated and wished they could give the trolls a good kick. They had heard of internet trolls, but never really encountered them. They genuinely despised internet trolls as well, those individuals hiding behind screens, wearing virtual masks, engaging in countless acts of spreading false information, baseless rumors, and attempting to tarnish or falsely elevate someone's reputation. Today, they finally got to see these people in action. How could they just stand by and do nothing?<sup>c2</sup>

Seeing the situation turning against them, the trolls began to deny their actions.

"What proof do you have? Can't we simply think that Chloe is being too much?"

"Well then, why are you running?"

Damon coldly watched the less farce unfolding below, his expression eventually revealing a hint of impatience.

"Out of the thousands of people here, not a single one of you will get away with it. Even if you only slurred one insult, there will be no room for negotiation. If you dare to insult, then you must bear the consequences."

After finishing his speech, he casually glanced at the trolls who had just denied their actions, almost scaring them into kneeling on the spot. Nate immediately called the police. These people were clearly here to provoke trouble. With so many media and onlookers present, it was necessary to make an example out of them.



Witnessing the chaotic scene unfold, Robin began to understand why Damon had only focused on removing the trending topics against Chice and not exposing the trolls.

Evidence was irrefutable.

It was a simple approach, baiting.

First, they blocked all accounts targeting Chloe, which s escalated, it was easy for him to use technology to

fred up the trolls anger. Then, as the trolls became more active and their activities the most active ones.

However clever as it was, it went against the nature of his nephew—since he couldn't tolerate anyone insulting or questioning Chloe, wouldn't provoking public anger and collective outrage be somewhat contradictory?

Unless...

Robin's gaze landed on Chloe again. Unless it was this woman's idea again. His nephe had no choice.

Only this speculation made sense.

was obedient to her that even if he was unwilling, he

Looking from the side, he could only see Chloe's profile. Her lips were curved in a slight smile, but her eyes sparkled mischievously.

Even though she was just an ordinary person, Robin looked at her with a deeply cautious and probing gaze. The more he looked at her, the more he felt that this woman was inscrutable, like a cunning fox. He had no idea when she might suddenly do something unexpected.

She always seemed relaxed and carefree, but sometimes, there were times when you had no idea how far she had figured you out, waiting for you to come to her and then striking you down in one swift move.

Perhaps Robin's gaze was too intense, Chloe turned her head and met his guarded and scrutinizing gazes. Her bright eyes flickered slightly, then she smiled at Robin "Robin, why are you looking at me like that?"

She looked down at herself and then laughed, "Is it because of my outfit?"

Without feeling caught. Robin's gaze followed hers to her outfit. The colorful embroidery, the exquisite craftsmanship, and the lifelike patterns were simply captivating This outfit, aside from its beautiful curve, was most notable for its embroidery. It was so beautiful that it was hard to look away. And Chloe had a unique charm that made the outfit look even more impressive.

Robin nodded, "Indeed, it's a work of art

Chloe touched the embroidery on her outfit and smiled softly, "I recently received a script for a period drama, so the costumes and props have to be elaborate We just found the embroiderers not long ago, and this is their work"

Chloe slightly lifted her skirt, and the embroidery on her outfit reflected different colors under the lights outside the hotel, eliciting gasps from the crowd.

Several Journalists rushed up to take pictures of Chloe's outfit.

"This outfit is absolutely stunning! It looks so real"

"It's a work of art. If the costumes in the drama are all like this, it will attract a large number of fans who pursue aesthetic beauty"

"I would definitely watch the drama for these costumes. They're just too beautiful."

As Chloe caressed the embroidery on her outfit, she laughed, "If that's the case, it would be great. This is my first drama, and I was worried about how I would face everyone if it flopped."

Robin's gaze lingered on her outfit, and his face was full of amusement, "With such exceptional embroidery, it has already won everyone's love. I believe that when the drama airs, it will definitely receive a strong response."

Chloe's smile seemed particularly guileless. "Thank you for your kind words in advance, Robin." Her words were so formal and polite. She then turned to Damon and said, "In that case, Damon, what do you think about developing this hand embroidery?"

"It's a great idea." Damon glanced at her with meaningful eyes.

"Then you help me. You'll do it better than me."

Damon looked at the woman in his arms, who was chuckling lightly with a cleverness in her bright eyes that only he understood. He couldn't help but smile softly and nodded gently. "Alright, I'll help you. What about you?"

"I'll take care of eating, drinking, and having fun."

She paused for a moment, raised an eyebrow, and added, "Together with you."

Chloe's words flowed smoothly, making everyone around them chuckle.

Robin laughed softly. "Damon, I feel it's important to remind you that the Harper clan is your bedrock, the place that nurtured and raised you. Even if you left the company for Ms. Summers, you're still a Harper through and through."

Damon's eyes held their usual calm demeanor. He gently brushed Chloe's hair back, his voice soft as he spoke. "What are you getting at, Robin?"

## Chapter 1576

“While you’re busy charming women, have you given any thought to your missing parents and where they might be?

\*Instead of managing Ms. Summers’ company and dedicating time and energy to dealing with those who merely uttered a few harmless insults, shouldn’t you allocate some of that time to searching for your own parents? If they’re alive, you should be looking for them. And if, by any chance, they’ve passed away, shouldn’t you be thinking about handling their affairs?

“I know that these may not be the most pleasant words, but I’ll leave it at that. Whatever you choose to do, I hope you won’t be led astray by some

woman.”

A cool light flickered in the depths of Damon’s eyes.c2

Chloe, who was indirectly being labeled as a seductress, didn’t seem to be bothered at all.

“Robin, are you belittling women with what you just said? I have my own company and my own career. Damon’s helping me manage my business. What do you mean by saying he’s being led astray by me? Are you saying my business is not important?”

“Working for a woman, do you think that’s something to be proud of?!” This time it wasn’t Robin who spoke, but Presley, who had been standing quietly by the side. The voice was extremely loud and didn’t consider the feelings of those present at all.

Chloe’s expression darkened, “What do you mean, working for me? Grandpa, watch your words. Yes, Damon left the Harper Group, but that doesn’t mean that the Harper Group was his only path to success. If you don’t understand the concept of not underestimating others, I suggest you take a look

at Wendy, who once flaunted her status as the heiress of the Alonso family in front of me, and see where she is now. The Harper family may be powerful, but don't think you're irreplaceable. Don't look down on others just because you're one of the Harpers."

Chloe's words were equally merciless. In her eyes, the old man had completely crossed the line. Even for an ordinary man, being criticized like that was a severe blow to their dignity, let alone for someone like Damon, who was born under a lucky star. She could not accept that anyone could use such words to describe him.

Presley was so angry that he trembled, pointing at Chloe he stuttered, "You...you.

"And another thing." Chloe interjected coldly, "What's mine is Damon's. There's no such thing as working for each other."

"I know that since you've successfully removed him from the Harper family, you wouldn't want to keep a potential threat around. Don't worry, he has no intention of starting from scratch. If you really want to suppress him, my Starlight International, and all the enterprises under my name, they will all be his weapons. We're ready for battle, prepared for any challenge."

Outside the hotel, in the chilly wind, there was a moment of silence. Her firm and resolute words echoed, leaving everyone speechless. Daring to openly challenge the Harper family? Not many people would have the courage to say such a thing.

Presley, trembling with rage, stared at Chloe, his finger shaking uncontrollably. "Fine. Good Ready for battle, huh? Since you're so audacious, I'll let you have your way."

Chloe's lips curled into a smirk. She stood tall, her chin slightly lifted, exuding an air of

f calm defiance.

"We're ready anytime."

Robin's gaze on Chloe grew colder, his doubts and questions deepening. He was having a hard time finding a legitimate way to deal with Damon, but Chloe's actions today seemed to play right into his hands.

However, something didn't feel right. There was a shadow flickering in his mind, elusive and intangible.

He looked at Damon, who had remained silent, and sighed regretfully "Damon, I just wanted to remind you of your current priorities. I meant no harm. Are you just going to let Ms Summer have her way?"

Damon lazily looked up at him, "Isn't that what you wanted?"

Robin frowned, "What do you mean by that?"

Damon pulled Chloe closer, adjusting her down jacket to keep her warm, and spoke in an indifferent tone, "Since you've gone to great lengths to become the chairman of the Harper Group, would you willingly give up your position for me?"

Robin fell silent. So did Presley. He lowered his pointing hand, resting it on his cane. He shifted his gaze back to Damon, "Damon, if you really are competent, you wouldn't need to rely on a woman to achieve something. Was your so-called plan to bring down the Harper family all about using her?"

"Of course not "

Presley nodded, "Good. For now, I'll take your word for it. The Harper Group is there for the taking. Let's see how you plan to reclaim it." Damon finally held Chloe closer, his indifferent eyes fixed on the old man "You're wrong. There's no reclaiming, only destroying."

The old man's eyes widened in an instant, and his body, supported by a cane, staggered sharply for a few moments. "What did you say?!"

'Do you think you own the Harper family? For all these years, it's been the family that has been ruling you. My father, my mother, Nathan, even I, how much we have endured and sacrificed because of your

obsession with the family, which you regard more important than anything else It's high time the family was obliterated. Take a good look at how much it has buried"

As Damon said these words, Presley's lips trembled violently. His face was filled with anger.

A chill inevitably swept over Chloe's heart. The usually taciturn man, speaking these words in front of so many people, was still hoping for a chance to see the old man wake up. But the anger on Presley's face was enough to prove that he was not moved by Damon's words. Instead, his whole body was filled with resistance.

Perhaps this man, who spent most of his life in the Harper family, constantly receiving praise and obedience, couldn't tolerate anyone challenging him. How could his character of so many years be overturned by a few words or a few days?

Damon probably saw the silent answer given by the old man. Holding Chloe, he stepped down the stairs.

The old man's voice echoed heavily behind them –

"Without the Harper family, I'd like to see what achievements you can make."

## Chapter 1577

Yet the old man's words fell on deaf ears.

Watching Damon tenderly escort Chloe as they left, Presley's body swayed violently for a few moments before Robin finally supported him. "Dad, you're not well. Don't get worked up."

Presley, leaning on Robin, kept his gaze fixed on the retreating couple, filled with deep sorrow and indignation.

"It's absolutely unbelievable. For a woman, he dares to speak to me like this."

Robin sighed helplessly. "You've known about this for some time now. Damon made his choice. Why get upset now?"<sup>c2</sup>

Presley shook his head, "No! I won't let this woman ruin Damon. I can't forgive her. She's too arrogant. Robin, keep her in check, and take her down a peg"

Pointing at Chloe, his hand shaking uncontrollably. "Just because she got the Alonso family she's she's isn't she supposed to be filming a series? And designing clothes..."

"Just From

"Alright, I know what to do. Let's go home. You need to rest."

Robin interrupted Presley. There had been so much drama tonight. From the Alonso family matter to just now, it was all too taxing for an old man, which was why Presley didn't protest when they left.

After they left, the media present immediately erupted. They quickly took note of the old man's words.

"After dealing with the Alonso family, is she directly declaring war on the Harper family now?"

"Ms. Summers is fearless, even daring to poke the Harper family."

"She's really angered them this time. The old man is talking about suppressing her."

"But what about Mr. Harper? What will he do?"

When someone raised this question, another person scoffed, "What can he do? With the Harper family out of the picture, he has to rely on Ms. Summers' businesses."

"But didn't he say he wouldn't depend on her?"



“Who wouldn’t say things like that to maintain his image? He’s left the Harper family, and had a falling out with Presley, what can he do alone? If not for Ms. Summers, who else can he rely on against the Harper family? Ms. Summers just took over the Alonso family. In all of P City, who else has the power to challenge the Harper family? It has to be the fearless Ms. Summers. At the end of the day, isn’t he just a man living off a woman?”

“Haha, birds of a feather, indeed. The one from Starlight International is cold and ruthless towards her family. She just won a lawsuit refusing to pay alimony to her elders. Now, she doesn’t even think about visiting them in the hospital. And it’s the same with Mr. Harper. He doesn’t even know whether his parents are alive or dead. He can defend his woman, deal with Internet trolls, track down over twenty thousand netizens who insulted the lady of Starlight International, but he doesn’t have time to search for his parents? Don’t even think about relying on that heartless woman. It’s a pity Damon is so protective of her. I feel sorry for his parents.”

“Yeah, it’s been a while, hasn’t it? We haven’t heard any news about his parents. Are they alive or dead?”

“Need you ask? Their plane fell from several thousand feet in the air. When they found the wreckage, other than the parachutes used by a few crew members, there was no sign of his parents having used

any. You’d have to be a god to survive that ”

“What a pity”

Everyone sighed

After a while, someone exclaimed, “Huh?” and asked, “We didn’t know about this. How do you know so much?”

The man who had been criticizing Damon paled slightly. “I have a relative who’s a reporter. He uncovered all this. Since it’s about the Harper family, he dared not report it casually”

No one paid it any mind, their gazes drifting towards the direction Chloe and Damon had left. They were nowhere to be seen.

With Chloe and Damon gone, the atmosphere cooled down

For a while, everyone stayed silent, looking at each other, finding humor in the awkward silence it was as if Chloe was the center of their universe The atmosphere grew tense and quiet for a while, until someone craned their neck to look into the hotel.

“Hasn’t Ms. Alonso come out tonight? What’s happening at the business dinner?”

“She invited the woman from Starlight international just to annoy her Now we know she’s doing pretty well. What about her?”

“She must be feeling pretty superior tonight. She probably secured a lot of investments”

The people speaking had been waiting outside all night. They had their reasons for wanting to see the outcome. They knew Wendy invited Chice

to annoy her, and by common sense, Chloe would be annoyed tonight. But they wanted to see it for themselves, hoping for an unexpected turn of

events

They heard something happening at the business dinner, but they weren’t sure what exactly took place.

Upon hearing someone mention Wendy, the crowd finally realized something.

“Yeah, why hasn’t Ms. Wendy come out yet? Most of the guests have already left, haven’t they?”

“And the Alonso family? Not a single one of them is here. Did they decide to stay at the hotel? That’s odd, after such a triumphant evening. wouldn’t they want to show off a bit?”

“Wendy’s gone bonkers.” A journalist who’d been at the party declared abruptly.

Everyone looked at him. “What did you say?”

“Not long ago, the Alonso family’s shares dipped several times in the stock market. The person who seized the opportunity to gather those loose shares was none other than Chloe. Moreover, just a few days ago, someone invested thirty billion into the Alonso family, essentially buying thirty percent of their shares. And guess what, those shares have already been transferred to Chloe.”

The crowd collectively gasped, “Oh my goodness, so the Alonso family’s biggest shareholder is now...”

“That’s not all. Even Ms. Phoebe’s shares have been given to Chloe a while ago.”

“Oh my God.”

“That’s right. In other words, the largest shareholder of the Alonso family is now Chloe, and she owns more than half of the family’s shares. In Chloe’s words – the Alonso family is in her hands now.”

## Chapter 1578

Yet the old man’s words fell on deaf ears.

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“That’s right. In other words, the largest shareholder of the Alonso family is now Chloe, and she owns more than half of the family’s shares. In Chloe’s words – the Alonso family is in her hands now.”

Chapter 1579

“You’re overthinking, I don’t care about that.”

Chloe shook her head, “But I do.”

Her eyelashes trembled slightly, "I never wanted to be a burden to you, but now, because of me, you've abandoned the Harper Corporation, you've even left the Harper family behind, and tonight, the way those people treated us."

"Chloe," Damon's voice was soft, "No one can dictate my decisions. I love you, you know?"

Chloe's moistened eyelashes fluttered. Those three words touched her heart. Because they held a special meaning. These three words were not uttered without thought. They were a promise, a declaration of true feelings. Even though she and Damon were close, she had not heard these words many times. But each time, they'd carve a deep mark on her heart, indelible.

Because she believed them.<sup>d2</sup>

"I know," she nodded, looking down, biting her lip gently, "Though it sounds nice, your diversion is too obvious."

Damon chuckled lightly, "Because I love you, I must give you the best this world has to offer. So how could I possibly leave the Harper family behind without any assurance, hmm?"

Upon hearing this, Chloe blinked. She finally lifted her gaze, her guilt-stricken eyes filled with lingering remorse and newly surfaced confusion. "But you left the Harper family behind."

"You said it yourself, the Harper family doesn't necessarily have to be my path to success, didn't you?"

Chloe sniffled, her nose wrinkling adorably, causing Damon to chuckle.

Embarrassed, Chloe wished she could disappear. Even Nate, their driver, couldn't help but laugh at her cute reaction. Chloe pushed Damon away slightly, rubbing her nose with a bashful expression.

Damon found it incredibly amusing, reaching out to touch Chloe's cheek. He gauged her temperature, then reached into the compartment in front of the car to grab a thermos. The warm scent of ginger filled the car, warming Chloe's heart.



Recently, her Mr. Harper had been like a genie, magically appearing with unexpected surprises. Smelling the aroma, she knew the thermos contained a health soup specially made by a nutritionist for expectant mothers in winter. She had overheard him ordering it from the nutritionist one night, and even saw him taking notes diligently.

He was always silently taking care of everything. If she hadn't found out, she wouldn't be sure if she could love him as much as she did now.

Thankfully, she knew.

"Take this. Drink it while it's hot. If you get sick, you'll have to choose—between medication and injections."

Chloe quickly took the thermos, brought it to her lips, blew gently, then took a small sip.

She couldn't take medication or injections. She was pregnant. She knew Damon was threatening her, but she willingly accepted his threat.

"It's a bit hot," she looked at Damon, speaking softly.

She intended to lighten the mood, but the way it sounded to Damon was completely different.

His gaze softened at her careful sipping and soft voice. "Then drink slowly." He murmured, his eyes focused

on Chloe, his intent clear.

Chloe noticed his strange look and quickly diverted her eyes, looking down at the thermos in her hands. Her mind was in a whirl from Damon's intense gaze.

However, after a few seconds, she recovered. She looked up at Damon and furrowed her brows, "Isn't our conversation topic a bit too disjointed?"

Damon raised an eyebrow with a smile, "What's wrong?"

Chloe pursed her lips, "What did you mean by what you said earlier, what are you planning to do? And what are you going to use to fight against the Harper family?"

Damon raised an eyebrow, leaning back on the armrest, smiling at Chloe. "I said it's easy. Do you believe me?"

His casual and playful look was clear in his eyes. Chloe's brows knitted together even more; she took a step back from Damon, sipping from her thermos, her eyes showing her intelligence and alertness.

Damon's interest grew, but so did Chloe's caution and suspicion. However, it didn't take long for Damon to pique Chloe's curiosity. "What are you thinking, hmm?"

He was really losing to her. Her eyes sparkled with intelligence, making him eager to know what was going on in her clever mind.

She should not know about the things he held in his hand. She should not be able to guess the answer to the question in her mind, regardless of how hard she thought about it.

But she thought about it for such a long time.

If they weren't together, and one day they met on the business battleground, he would definitely consider her a formidable opponent and prepare himself accordingly. From early on, he knew she was a queen in her own right, conquering the world of business with an unrivaled prowess.

Behind closed doors, she was his tender, captivating enchantress. But in the business arena, he never treated her as just any woman. Her intellect and acumen outshone many, marking her as exceptionally extraordinary.

The place where she could fully flex her muscles, where she felt most confident and proud, was this entire business world. So he never thought about taking away her freedom.

If she wished for it, he wouldn't stand in her way. Her existence was not confined to being his wife.

## Chapter 1580

"Of course I believe in you," Chloe declared, her gaze steady on him.

"I'm quite curious about how you can say that so casually. But if I want to find out, all I need to do is look into this Azriel character that's suddenly appeared, right?"

Damon's dark eyes blinked in surprise. Chloe watched him intently, a faint smile playing on her lips. "What's the matter? Am I off track?"

Damon's gaze shifted back to her, and he suddenly started to chuckle. It was a laugh tinged with a bit of self-deprecation. Was he underestimating the woman in front of him?

His recent interaction with Azriel was when Phoebe had him admitted to the hospital. The only other time was when he went to Azriel's company for some stock transfer papers.

All this, he kept from her.d2

Even tonight, at the banquet, his interaction with Azriel was minimal. To everyone else, his relationship with Azriel was just like what Wendy thought it was – non-existent. Otherwise, she would not have been so eager to introduce Azriel to them. But why was she, of all people, focusing on someone who seemed to have no connection to him?

"What are you laughing at?" Chloe asked, frowning.

"Why would you think of him?"

Chloe took a sip from her water bottle, let out a soft sigh, then leaned back against the car door, contemplating her thoughts with a faint expression in her eyes.

"If the Alonso Corporation project is successful, it will certainly be valuable. With his 30% stake, it could multiply many times over. I believe that current you, on the surface, would not have the qualifications to negotiate terms with him, let alone make promises! Why would he give you 30% of the Alonso shares?"

Damon looked at her with interest, loving every side of this woman. Her various aspects – the demure, girlish demeanor in his presence, the confident swagger in the business world, and now, leaning there, deliberating methodically – were all incredibly attractive.

"You heard it tonight. Mr. Azriel doesn't care about money. Perhaps a 30% stake in the Alonso Corporation isn't a big deal to him either."

Chloe shook her head, "He may not care about money, but he's a businessman. No businessman would give up a profitable deal for no reason. He might be willing to spend money, but the premise is that he knows how to make money. The 30% stake he holds, if there are no special circumstances, he wouldn't let go so easily. And from what I see, the first thing he did when he returned was target the Alonso family. It's too obvious."

As she finished, Chloe took another sip of water and turned her smiling eyes to Damon. "What if I told you he came back specifically to get the Alonso family's shares? Would you think it's possible?"

Damon's lips curled up in a smirk as he poured her another half cup of water. "You're making it sound like it's impossible for it not to be true."

Chloe laughed, "So are you admitting it?"

"Admit what?" Damon asked, his eyes still on the thermos.

"That there's some connection between you and Azriel, right?"

Damon chuckled, "Mrs. Harper, you seem to have forgotten about Phoebe. Aside from you, she's probably

the only person who would enjoy the downfall of the Alonso family. Why don't you think that Azriel's main reason for buying the Alonso family's shares is her?"

Chloe was silent for a moment, "If it's for her, why didn't he give the shares to Phoebe? Plus, Phoebe and him are not close; they even have some issues. I don't believe that he, just a few days after he came back, would do so much for Phoebe."

"Why not? Didn't I also decide you were my wife the moment I saw you?"

Chloe's cheeks turned slightly pink, remembering his assertive approach. Even now, it still made her heart race. "But the things he said tonight, the impulsive, flippant attitude, it doesn't seem like someone who's genuinely interested in Phoebe."

Damon smirked, "You know him well?"

This question made Chloe frown. Azriel was a bit elusive. His every action and word were both true and false, both righteous and wicked.

She nodded, "Indeed, to understand him, I would need to interact with him more closely."

Chloe's eyes widened as she watched Damon's movements, and as soon as he placed the bottle securely back on the table, a strong and firm arm reached beneath her bent knees. In the blink of an eye, he had her in his arms. The suddenness of the action left her somewhat surprised and dazed. Once comfortably seated, she lowered her head to look at the man before her.

"You might as well get a van," she suggested, noting that he often liked to hold her like this.

Damon chuckled, "Hmm, your suggestion is worth considering. A van would certainly provide more room."

Chloe bit her lip, annoyed that he always steered the conversation in the same direction.

Damon moved her hair away from her face, his fingers gently caressing her soft skin. "As for 'interacting closely', I suggest you drop that idea. Otherwise, you'll have to answer to me."

Chloe could certainly hear the possessive tone in Damon's words, and she couldn't help but smile at his jealous dominance. "So, how exactly are you planning to make me 'answer to you'? Are you implying...?"

Humoring her, Damon arched an eyebrow and replied, "Hmm, you are about to know."

Meanwhile, the button on her slender neck had come undone, revealing her delicate and fair skin, exuding a unique refreshing scent that was hers alone. His cool lips pressed against it.

Chloe stiffened at the touch, a tingling sensation coursing through her entire body. Her hands that were resting on Damon's shoulders tightened slightly in response. The warmth spreading from her neck was intoxicating. This casual act had sent shivers down her spine, causing her to tremble lightly.

"I'll make you even more attractive."

His deep and enchanting voice echoed from below her neck, making her heart flutter.