

CHOSEN 1581

Chapter 1581

The husky allure of Damon's voice echoed from beneath her neck during a quiet moment.

"You should know when you're at your most 'irresistible'." His voice reverberated warmly against her neck, with every syllable acting as a sensual touch, causing Chloe to almost involuntarily shrug her shoulders and gasp for breath.

In the confines of the car, with Nate driving upfront, even if they weren't doing anything...

The wandering hands underneath her clothes touching her skin, made Chloe bite her lips and close her eyes. Glancing uneasily at the front, she noticed the partition had been raised. The feeling of embarrassment washed over her.

Her face flushed, and she murmured, "Stop fooling around, Damon."

Ignoring her plea, he retorted, "It seems you misspoke, Mrs. Harper."d2

"Alright, alright, I apologize."

"Apology not accepted. Actions have consequences, you've said so yourself."

True.

She had told her grandfather that, and apparently, he remembered.

When they reached the apartment building, Nate parked the car quickly, and almost sprinted away without so much as a goodbye. Almost as if he wished he could tear his ears off.

Despite Chloe's efforts to suppress her voice, her breathy whispers echoed in the quiet car, sounding like a bug in his ear.

It was an ordeal for Nate, and he felt a sense of relief when he finally bolted into the cold night. His breath formed white clouds as he ran through the winter night.

Chloe's elegant evening gown was now in disarray. The hidden zipper at the back had been undone, the neckline hanging off her shoulder, and the skirt spread messily over Damon's suit. Her appearance was a picture of disarray and softness.

Seeing Nate's hasty escape, she felt a mix of embarrassment and relief. Damon, on the other hand, looked perfectly content as he carried the limp Chloe into the apartment building.

With a blush that could light a room, Chloe wished everyone would disappear when they reached the elevator, which was conveniently on the ground floor.

Upon seeing Nathan, Damon's brows furrowed. Nathan looked sullen, but his expression lightened upon seeing Damon and Chloe. He chuckled, "What happened? You left upright, but now you're carrying her?"

Chloe could not have been more embarrassed to see him.

Damon ignored him and entered the elevator. Nathan looked over at Chloe, who was tucked away in Damon's arms. "Is she not feeling well? Should I call a doctor?"

Damon gave him a sideways glance, "If I needed a doctor, would I need you to tell me? Press the elevator button."

Nathan complied and then asked, "So what happened at the Alonso Corporation's dinner party tonight? Did my sister-in-law overdo it with the flirting or did she get played?"

The elevator doors closed.

Chloe mentally growled at him to leave.

Damon remained silent, while Nathan grinned, “Bro, I think your temper has improved a lot since you married.”

With his own brother, Nathan was completely unrestrained, often saying whatever came to mind. Because of this, he had taken a few hits over the years. But after all, in his eyes, getting reprimanded was a sign of affection.

And in front of his brother, he could be carefree and unrestrained. After all, the price to pay for misspeaking wasn’t that high. The only people he could be this candid with were the ones he considered closest to him.

However, based on his previous experiences, the things he just said should’ve earned him a punch, But his brother didn’t even give him a cold look. He was unusually calm.

When they reached the apartment, Damon paused and shot Nathan a silent glance. Understanding immediately, Nathan entered the password for the smart lock.

As soon as the lock clicked open, Damon kicked the door open and carried Chloe inside. Nathan, who was still curious about the events of the dinner party, followed them. But as soon as he was about to step in, the

door slammed shut.

“Ouch!!”

Despite his quick reflexes, the door hit his nose. Tears streamed down his face as he held his throbbing nose. “Good thing my nose is tough,” he muttered, standing up and attempting to kick the door in retaliation. But he only feigned the action, and then turned around, holding his nose as he left.

For Chloe, the moment Damon put her on the couch, she sprung up and darted upstairs.

Watching her, Damon chuckled softly. But within a minute, his smile faded. He narrowed his eyes, walked upstairs, and tried to turn the doorknob. As expected, it didn't budge.

His voice was deep and gravelly, "Chloe."

"There are no spare keys left. You're banned from the bedroom tonight. I'm off to bed, goodnight."

From within the room, Chloe's muffled voice could be heard, as if she had already buried herself in the covers.

"Give me a reason."

"You're such a pervert.."

Chapter 1582

The events of last night had undeniably become the talk of the town the next day. The interaction between Chloe and Wendy was undoubtedly the focus of everyone's attention.

The moment Chloe appeared at the business dinner hosted by Alonso Corporation last night, the media had her in their sights. The triumphant words Wendy uttered at the hotel entrance, along with their exchange after meeting, were as clear as oil on water.

Wendy's arrogance and triumph, Chloe's consistent composure, and the explosive revelation of Chloe becoming the largest shareholder of Alonso Corporation, all of these events unfolded one by one, keeping everyone on their toes.

"Holy moly, I was so pissed when Wendy openly invited Ms. Summers. But when Ms. Summers showed up, I almost choked on my lunch. Now, I feel like I can live another five hundred years."

“Look at Ms. Wendy, strutting around in front of the media. Initially, not knowing the outcome, I was so disgusted I almost threw up last week’s dinner. But now, I am enjoying a hearty meal at a buffet, watching the trending news as I walk in and out of the restaurant.”

“Even seating her in the best spot in the front row, haha, we must thank her for allowing Ms. Summers to clearly see how much money her company has raised.”d2

“Hahahahaha, I can’t stop watching the scene where Ms. Summers takes the stage. Wendy’s face was priceless. And Ms. Summers, she was so sarcastic, scrutinizing the company’s fundraising while laughing at you, it’s so satisfying.”

“I know, right! Especially seeing Wendy’s expression, it’s so satisfying.”,

“The Alonso family sure is complicated. Wendy has been so outrageous, yet Mr. Alonso still wants to trade his second daughter for that thirty percent share. Wendy has messed up the Alonso family so much, as an experienced adult, what on earth is he thinking?”

“Isn’t it because of some adopted princess in Y Country? Phoebe was quite a character yesterday. Her words were so satisfying.”

“Especially in the end, Wendy looked so crazy and pathetic, it was disgusting and pitiful. She deserved to end up like that. She’s not worthy of pity!!”

Online discussions were in full swing, with everyone revelling in Wendy’s misfortune.

“Am I the only one who thinks Ms. Summers’ evening gown was beautiful? I’m absolutely in love. Who knew embroidery could be so fashionable and not look old-fashioned.”

“Right! I heard the new series is going to be about fashion. Just for this dress, I have to watch it.”

“Of course, if Ms. Summers really commercializes embroidery, I’ll definitely be a loyal fan.”

Last night, Wendy avoided the media all night and never left the hotel. At this moment, she was sitting on the bed with her phone connected to a charger, staring at the screen, her fingers constantly swiping. She sat like this for a whole morning, her eyes bloodshot, and her fingers trembling uncontrollably.

She was looking...

Looking at all the news about last night published by the media.

Looking at Chloe's calm and composed demeanor throughout the video, and her elegant handmade embroidered evening gown as she stood on stage, radiating charm, announcing confidently that she was now the largest shareholder of the Alonso family.

Looking at her own defeat, ugly and crazed appearance.

Looking at Damon protecting Chloe throughout, his sudden investment of twenty billion, and the way he didn't even glance at her.

Looking at Phoebe confronting her, even hitting her.

Looking at Mr. Azriel, throwing thirty billion after thirty billion at Phoebe.

Everyone was smug and triumphant.

Except her.

Even the most glamorous clothes couldn't conceal the fact that her limbs were paralyzed. The shares she had coveted from Phoebe and Azriel, all ended up in Chloe's hands. The Alonso family, which she had been so proud of, was taken away by that bitch Chloe. The hysterical manner in which she behaved in the audience was something she couldn't even bear to look at now.

Why?

What did she do wrong? Why didn't she get what she wanted the most, and had to lose everything she-already had?

Everyone was fine, but she was now nothing. Why!

Her fingers trembled more and more, her long nails scraping against the phone screen, making a harsh sound, her face unconsciously distorted in horror. Not only was she at her worst, but she was also being ridiculed and humiliated by everyone. She was angry to the extreme about this, but she refused to put down her phone and divert her attention from those negative comments.

She was like a man possessed, seemingly trying to find even a single piece of sarcasm and ridicule targeting Chloe from the vast sea of comments.

However, apart from her own disgraceful behavior last night and the exposure of her buying internet trolls, resulting in a new round of negative comments, she couldn't find any of the content she was hoping for.

But she kept scrolling. She was acting like a lunatic,

Grace sat on the bed opposite, not daring to say a word at this moment. She was terrified of Wendy's current state, as if Wendy could hurt her without reason if she said one more word.

Cole still hadn't recovered from everything that had happened last night. He had never imagined that the firmly established Alonso family would one day be transferred from his hands to someone else's.

Alonso Corporation would no longer belong to the Alonso family, but to Chloe. The Alonso family was no longer his. Why was this happening?

For the sake of the family, he had turned a blind eye to everything for so many years. Ignoring the true cause of his wife's death, he had maneuvered Grace into power, thinking that with the backing of Princess Ava's family, the path ahead would be smooth and wide.

He had given Wendy the future position of the family head, thinking that even if he was not around, with the support of Princess Ava, Wendy would surely retain the Alonso family and develop it for the long term.

Now, all his presumptions were just that – presumptions.

Cole had had a smooth life, but at this moment, he was abruptly falling from the clouds into an abyss. The Alonso family was suddenly in someone else's pocket.

Cole's expression was dazed, and he even hoped that all this was just a nightmare. But lying in the hotel bed all night, he seemed to be completely trapped in this dream. In his lucid dream, he even racked his brains for a solution.

More than half of the shares had fallen into someone else's hands. What could he do to make Chloe give those shares back?

Chapter 1583

Someone was knocking at the door of a hotel room right now. It was a man dressed in all black, his hat pulled low to avoid revealing his face to any security cameras.

The door opened, and it was Grace who answered it. Upon seeing the man, Grace asked with confusion, "Who are you?"

"I'm here to offer advice." He swiftly entered the room after his statement.

Wendy was sitting on the bed. Hearing the man's words and sensing his entrance, she finally pulled her gaze from her phone screen. She squinted slightly at the man's mysterious demeanor. She didn't know him, but she asked, "How can you help me?" As long as she could reclaim everything that was hers, she didn't care who the man was.

The man scoffed, "What other options do you think you have at this point?"

Wendy closed her eyes briefly, took a deep breath, and retorted, "I'm not in the mood for your nonsense. If you have nothing to say, please leave."d2

"You prefer to see Chloe panic and break down more than you want to reclaim what you lost, right?" The man asked.

Wendy's eyelashes trembled as she slowly opened her eyes, "Yes, I would rather see Chloe defeated, panicked, and broken. I don't care about the Alonso family!"

The man smiled at her answer, "It's simple then. If you dislike something, then get rid of it."

"Are you suggesting I take Chloe out directly?" Wendy interrupted him with a cold laugh, "Do you think I haven't thought of that? Chloe is heavily guarded by Damon's men. Even if I decide to go all out, I

would –only–make a fool of myself. I can't even get close to her!"

In reality, last night would have been the best opportunity. But at that time, she thought she could do nothing and still make Chloe taste defeat. And now...

"I know that. Strike her at the vital spot. You can't touch her, but what about those that she cares about the

most?" The man said.

Wendy's pupils constricted. She was silent for a long while before a cold smile crept onto her lips. Looking up at the man in front of her, her face was filled with mockery. "You want to use me to take out Yasmine." Wendy said.

The man smirked, not denying it, "I'm giving you the opportunity to get back at your worst enemy. This isn't something I can't do, but it would be more satisfying for you to deal the hardest blow to your foe, wouldn't it? I save energy, and you achieve your goal. Think about it, the recently returned mother suddenly dies in front of her. I believe Ms. Summers' reaction would be quite interesting!"

The man's words were clearly enticing, but Wendy's face began to show signs of madness. Yes. He was right.

Seeing her most beloved mother die in front of her, what would Chloe's reactions be like?

She would cherish it and savor it for a lifetime.

The man saw her expression and knew that his plan had worked, "I'll wait for your good news." After saying this, he turned to leave. As he was about to open the door, Wendy's voice rang out from behind him, "Does Princess Ava know of your visit today?"

The man didn't turn around as he responded, "Why would she need to know?"

Still hiding his plan?

Wendy chuckled, "Yes, I hate Chloe, but that doesn't mean I need to target her mother. You use me to get rid of Yasmine, and everyone will think I'm taking my hatred out on her mother. They won't know that it's all part of your plan. From then on, Princess Ava will have no worries. There's no one else who can't tolerate Yasmine as much as she can. So, in the end, she's the biggest winner! You've never met me before, yet you want to consider my feelings and give me this opportunity? Sir, do you think I'm stupid enough to believe such a lame excuse?"

The man finally turned around, "So?"

Wendy smirked, "The excuse may be lame, but it's correct. Go back and tell her, I can fulfill her wishes, but she must return the Alonso family to me once she succeeds!"

"That shouldn't be difficult. I believe someone who has just lost their mother won't be able to handle everything at once. By then, not just the Alonso family, but all her properties won't be a problem." The man said.

Wendy finally revealed a satisfied and obviously crazed smile, "That's great! That's the result I want to see."

The man didn't say anything else. He lowered his hat, opened the door, and walked out.

Grace, who had been standing aside, somewhat understood the situation and disapproved, "Wendy, you're young. Don't be so reckless."

"Mom, I know what I'm doing! Besides, if we want the Alonso family back, we have to rely on Aunt Ava, don't we? As long as she's secure, she will help us! I need to satisfy her and get my revenge, why

wouldn't I? Wendy said.

Grace remained silent, furrowing her brows, "Don't act rashly."

"I know." Wendy's eyes darkened. It was a big decision and she had to make it count, how could she act rashly?

The online mockery of Wendy gradually cooled down. Someone mentioned Chloe's evening dress, and the attention shifted to the dress and the drama in Chloe's hands. Everyone was greatly interested in these two projects.

Some said that Chloe's business acumen was truly admirable. She attended a business dinner completely unrelated to her projects, but her dress easily promoted two upcoming industries

The show's popularity rose before it even aired, and the embroidery techniques on the dress were bound to become a trend. The dress boosted the show's popularity, and the popularity of the show would eventually create a craze. The two complemented each other, and the trend was unstoppable. Any businessman with a bit of sense would realize this after the fact.

Presley had also been reading the news about last night for a while. The ugly faces of the Alonso family were too much for him to bear.

Ironically, seeing Chloe standing on the stage with her insufferably arrogant attitude towards Wendy, blatantly playing the villain, was enough to make anyone grind their teeth. Yet, there was something oddly –not so repulsive about it.

However, actions were one thing, Image, in his book, was another. Just the fact that she had bewitched his most prized grandson into such a disgraceful state was enough for him to never forgive her.

He stared at the massive flat–screen TV, his eyes filled with disapproval, “What a clever trick, always turning the tables.”

Chapter 1584

Her cunning had appeared a little satisfying last night, but it seems she had a hidden bigger agenda all along.

The consensus on her was pretty spot–on.

“Who would have thought that she could manage to get the Alonso family under her control! That Mr. Azriel’s background needs some digging into. I don’t recall ever hearing about him. The Azriel’s family...” The old man pondered, unable to figure out which family had such power that they could casually spend hundreds of billions on a whim, an extravagance even the Harpers couldn’t afford. But he couldn’t quite place any figure of such magnitude in the business world.

Sitting beside him, Robin seemed to have not registered his words. His eyes were downcast, and his mind was filled with images of the evening gown Chloe had shown him the previous night.

No matter how he looked at it, something seemed off about the dress, but he couldn’t put his finger on it. Even after mulling over it for most of the night, he couldn’t figure it out. But he felt certain that there was something crucial about that dress, otherwise he wouldn’t be so fixated on it! Lost in thought, he couldn’t shake off the uneasy feeling.

Having received no response, the old man couldn’t help but turn to Robin. Seeing him deep in thought and completely immersed in his own world, the old man couldn’t hide his annoyance, “Are you even listening to me?”d2

Having spent most of his life in the business world, his authority within the Harper family was something to be reckoned with. His stern voice finally brought Robin back to reality. Looking up to see the old man watching him, he straightened up on the couch. After a moment of hesitation, he spoke,

“Ms. Summers does have quite the business acumen. The Olson Group was practically revived under her control, then there’s the Starlight International she now holds, and now the Alonso family...”

At this point, Robin paused, his brow furrowing in concentration and his expression turning serious.

Presley squinted at him, “What is it?”

Robin looked at him, his face solemn, “Now that she has the Alonso family, along with her other businesses, and even Damon is now helping her, if they decide to go against us, we might not end up like the Alonsos but we’ll both certainly be significantly damaged.”

After he finished speaking, he looked at Presley with a questioning gaze, “We can’t let this continue, Damon is hell-bent on being with Ms. Summers. If what you said last night wasn’t just heat of the moment, I think it’s time we put a stop to them.”

Presley’s eyes narrowed, “The company is under your control now; its future rest’s on you. Damon is family. and my grandson, but in the business world, who has the luxury of being sentimental? Besides, it’s about time he faced some hardships! Only through experience will he learn what’s good and what’s bad, or what’s important and what isn’t! The Harper family cannot afford any major setbacks now; anything that poses a threat to us must be nipped in the bud. Do I need to teach you that?”

Robin smiled, “I understand the principle. It’s just Damon is your favorite grandson. How could I treat him like any other?”

The old man snorted, his eyes narrowed, “He may be my favorite, but if he insists on this path, I can’t be blamed for not giving him a chance! It’s time he realized what he is without the protection of the Harper family!”

The corners of Robin’s lips twitched imperceptibly, “Since you say so, I won’t hold back any longer.”

Presley's lips moved, his expression subtly shifting. He seemed about to say something, but swallowed his

words. After a moment, he spoke again, "Speaking of the Alonso family's business gathering, it reminds me that isn't the Global Economic Summit coming up next year?"

At this, Robin's eyes lit up a bit, he nodded, "Yes, right after the holiday season."

Presley grunted, "I suppose it won't be long before the new Fortune 500 list comes out, followed by the Forbes rankings."

As he said this, Presley took a deep breath and let it out heavily. His expression was somewhat grim. For the past decade or so, the Harper Group had consistently topped the Fortune 500 and the Forbes list. But a few years ago, the Obsidian Group suddenly shot to the top of the Fortune 500, pushing the Harper Group to second place. The Forbes list also changed from a Harper to someone named Obsidian.

It was human nature to not accept a fall from grace. The feeling of falling from the top was like falling from the clouds into a valley. It was hard to swallow.

He had tried to find out more about them, only to learn that the group covered a wide range of industries. What was even more unbelievable was that the Obsidian Group started as a small business on the verge of bankruptcy, later bought by a mysterious figure. In just six years, they went from taking small orders to big ones, slowly expanding to various sectors in countries all around the world.

No matter the size or complexity of a task, they were always up for the challenge. With a meticulous attention to detail, they were known for their flawless execution and sterling reputation.

Eventually, the Obsidian Group began to launch their own ventures. With a robust financial portfolio at their disposal, they could afford to invest in multiple projects concurrently. Unburdened by financial constraints, they operated with an almost uncanny certainty of success. They never fretted over potential losses, always making bold and decisive moves.

Many of the projects they took on were considered by others too risky or even impossible. Yet, time and again, they managed to pull off spectacular returns, leaving onlookers flabbergasted.

With each passing year, the Obsidian Group's growth seemed to intensify and their momentum was seemingly unstoppable. All he could do was watch, learning through his investigations that the Obsidian Group had completed several new projects this year. The rest remained a mystery.

The real boss never made an appearance. Rumor had it that a proxy had been managing the group for years. Yet, they couldn't even dig up information on this elusive figurehead.

Chapter 1585

It was as if the other party knew he was investigating them, revealing only superficial information and keeping everything else cloaked in mystery.

He was even more clueless about who this Obsidian was!

In the past, it was Damon who was invited to the Global Economic Summit, and he'd never mentioned the Obsidian Group afterwards. When asked, he'd simply say he hadn't paid attention, and he wasn't sure.

He'd also asked Cole, but the answer was always the same, that Obsidian hadn't attended.

The more mysterious they were, the more curious and restless he became. Yet, he had to admit, the head of the Obsidian Group was indeed a rare business genius.

Clear-sighted, shrewd, and decisive!

In just a few years, he had transformed a small and near-bankrupt enterprise into a global leader. How could such a person be overlooked?

This was why he was particularly concerned about the Obsidian Group. Dissatisfied, he primarily focused on the Harper Group.

Thankfully, under Damon's leadership, the Harper Group had also been on an upward trajectory. The day when the Harper family could reclaim the top spot in the international market was just around the corner. But who would have guessed that a woman named Chloe would appear out of nowhere, completely diverting Damon's attention. Eventually, he even gave up on the company.

Presley took a deep breath at this thought. In the past, he'd always been proud when speaking of his grandson. Now, just thinking about him filled him with a stifling frustration.

He had always wanted the best for the Harper family, and had pinned all his hopes on Damon.

"The Harper family will definitely be invited. At that time, I'll accompany you to the international business dinner after the summit." Presley said.

Robin frowned at these words, "Father, you're not in a good condition. It's best if you rest at home. I can handle the international banquet on my own."

The old man shook his head. "I'd rather go with you. I'm familiar with most of the corporate leaders who will be at the banquet. I can introduce you to them."

Recalling how the old man had personally taken Damon to his first international business dinner, Robin let go of his slight dissatisfaction. He nodded gently, "As long as it doesn't affect your health."

"Alright." Presley agreed. Now that he'd handed over the company to his second son, there was no reason to suddenly strip him of his position.

As for Damón, if he was willing to return, they could discuss it then. But first, he needed to experience what it was like to lose the protection of the Harper family.

"As for that woman, do what you think is best. Also, spread the word..." Presley added.

These days, all social platforms were filled with news about the Alonso family. Wendy, Cole, Grace's actions, and even their past were being dug up.

Eventually, someone summed it up:

"In the past, we thought the Alonso family was only eccentric because of that Ms. Wendy. Now it seems that the apple doesn't fall far from the tree. The only decent person in the Alonso family is their second daughter."

"Yes, Ms. Phoebe's mother was from a well-educated family, gentle and graceful, also well-read with impeccable manners. Thankfully, Phoebe took after her mother!"

"Indeed! Ms. Phoebe was always humble and unassuming. Now, a man is willing to pay three billion dollars to sever her ties with the Alonso family. So, everyone, it's better to be a good and honest person!"

The topics of the online discussion finally seemed to be turning around. Apart from that, the hottest topics were still the film and clothing industries controlled by Chloe.

Then, in the evening, a piece of breaking news appeared online. [The old chairman of the Harper Group, Presley, has declared that Damon is no longer to be given special treatment as the eldest grandson of the Harper family in any company or situation.]

The news caused a stir. The public had been aware of the falling out between the grandfather and grandson after the Alonso family's business dinner the previous night. The old man had said something similar then. So when he made this announcement today, no one doubted its authenticity.

"Wow, this old man is ruthless! He's so harsh to his own grandson."

"Is he trying to drive his own grandson into a corner?"

“What’s the big deal? Hasn’t this old man done all sorts of things? Back then, he threatened Damon with the company’s inheritance to force him to marry Wendy, didn’t he?”

“I’m confused! Now that Wendy is in this state, and the Alonso family is in Ms. Summers’s hands! Does the old man still want her as his granddaughter-in-law? Compared to Ms. Summers, she’s like day and night!”

“I really don’t understand this old man’s thinking!”

“So what if he’s no longer treated as the eldest grandson of the Harper family? As if without the Harper family, people can’t survive! If Mr. Harper cared about this, he wouldn’t have chosen to give up the company in the first place!”

“Even without the Harper family, there’s still Ms. Summers. Who dares to offend Ms Summers in P City?”

Damon and Chloe weren’t bothered upon hearing the news. Damon didn’t care, and Chloe knew Damon didn’t care. Besides, compared to last night, she felt much more at ease now. Even though Damon didn’t. speak a word, she knew he must have his own schemes.

Now, she was diligently searching for information on Azriel using her smartphone. However, all traces online had been meticulously wiped clean. This, of course, was within Chloe’s expectations. If Azriel truly wanted. to maintain a low-key persona, he naturally would not leave any breadcrumbs for others to trace. If Damon. genuinely had a secret he wanted to keep from everyone, how could he let them know they might trace it back to him? If she hadn’t seen Azriel at the hospital in the first place, she wouldn’t have suspected anything about him.

Not feeling too disappointed, she exited the screen and opened an online shopping platform, trying to pick. up some snacks. She seized the moment while Damon was not looking, secretly placing several orders.

Before she got pregnant, she had restrained herself for the sake of her figure, not to mention she didn't have much desire for snacks. But recently, her taste buds had been acting up. She would leisurely surf the internet, and saliva would start flowing whenever she saw snacks.

Previously, every snack she added to her shopping cart would ruthlessly be cleared out by Damon. Now, while he wasn't paying attention, she didn't bother adding them to the cart anymore and directly purchased the best snacks available!

She had barely completed the payment and hadn't even had the chance to celebrate when a message arrived on her WhatsApp.

Chapter 1587

Addie said, "Because you just managed to piss me off. When I'm upset, I like to teach people a lesson. It's a big deal that my slippers got dirty. It's covered in juice anyway, and it's going to get dirty wherever I go. You can just follow behind me and wipe my footprints if you like!"

Everyone was stunned. To follow behind her and wipe her footprints? She was such a nasty piece of work, wasn't she planning to exhaust them deliberately?

Everyone glared at her in rage. However, Addie just scoffed, "Let me remind you all, your beloved Marina is gone. The Harper family is under my rule now! If you want to stay here, behave! Or else, find somewhere else to chill. You want to complain to old Mr. Harper? Go ahead, see who he chooses to believe, you or me?"

The maids were all young, and anyone from a more affluent family would not choose to stay here and be treated this way. But they had no choice. They needed the job.

Seeing that everyone was so angry but dared not speak up, Addie felt immensely satisfied. She took off her other shoe and threw it at the maid's feet. The maid stared at the shoe in front of her, quivering with rage. After a while, she finally managed to say, "I quit!"

The other maids heard this and their faces changed; it seemed they were also at breaking point.

Addie was stunned for a moment, then laughed again, “You think you can just quit? Do you think the contract you signed with us is just for show? You can quit, but you need to pay double the penalty first!”

The maids, who were just about to rebel, backed down immediately. Double the penalty? Where would they get that kind of money? They barely had anything left after sending the monthly allowance home and buying some clothes and cosmetics.

Addie felt extremely pleased, seeing how she managed to keep everyone in check with just a few words. In the past, they all relied on Marina. Now that Marina was gone, would they dare to defy her?

“Surprised to see who’s ruling the world.” A clear and sarcastic voice suddenly came from the doorway.

Everyone was startled and looked towards the door, only to see a tall and slender figure slowly walking in.

Addie frowned and took a few steps forward. When she saw who it was, her pupils dilated, and she involuntarily took a couple of steps back, “It’s you? Who let you in?!”

Chloe kept walking, stopping right in front of Addie. From her higher position, she looked down at Addie. Her expression was unreadable. “It seems you really think you’re the mistress of the Harper family now?”

Addie couldn’t help but keep her distance from Chloe. This woman might be smiling, but to Addie, she seemed hostile and intimidating. She always knew Chloe was a tough cookie, and she had always been wary of her. There had been a lot of talk about Chloe recently, and Addie was more scared than ever. Besides, her opening remark was clearly directed at Addie.

“It’s all because of you that Mr. Harper and Damon fell out. Everyone knows how much old Mr. Harper despises you! Who would dare let you in?” Addie said.

Chloe glanced at her dismissively, then turned her gaze to the maids standing nearby, “You’re just a maid in the Harper family. Someone need to play the bad guy at some occasions, but sometimes you need to win people over with kindness!”

Her gaze swept over everyone, and finally landed back on Addie. “You’re not even as humble as the old housekeepers in the mansions of the past!” Chloe’s voice was soft but clear and resonant.

Addie shrank back, and a shiver ran down her spine. The maids, perhaps feeling vindicated, huffed at the sight of Addie’s cowardly demeanor. Addie felt a wave of humiliation. After all, she still had to discipline

these women in the future. How could she do that without any authority? With that in mind, she plucked up the courage to meet Chloe’s gaze, “I was put in charge of them! Am I supposed to beg them to do their work? Ms. Summers, this is the Harper family’s internal matter, and it has nothing to do with you! Please leave immediately, or I will not be polite! If it comes to it, I could have the security throw you out. That wouldn’t look good for anyone!”

Chloe raised an eyebrow and continued to smile at her.

Addie stared at Chloe, her heart pounding. She had always found this woman sinister, “Leave if you’ve heard me! Don’t you have any self-awareness? You know the Harpers don’t like you, yet you keep sticking around. Ah!”

Addie’s shriek was followed by a crisp “slap”. She staggered to the side, nearly falling over. Everyone stared in surprise at the calm and composed Chloe. Addie stumbled a few steps before she managed to regain her balance. But before she could steady herself, Chloe was already in front of her. Her face was like a sheet of frost, too cold to look at directly.

“You! Who are you to cause a scene here? Somebody...” Addie murmured.

“Slap—” Another slap!

This time, Chloe didn’t even give Addie a chance to stumble. She simply grabbed her by the collar and yanked her back, “Even at my worst, I’m still higher in the Harper family hierarchy than you! Mr. Presley may have said that Damon is no longer entitled to the privileges of being the Harper heir, but that doesn’t mean he’s disowned him! As long as Damon is still the son of the Harper family, my status in

the family is far above yours! You have the audacity to bully others, but you threaten them not to complain to Mr. Presley? Who said that you have the right to discipline them?!”

Addie's cheeks were red and swollen from the slaps. She looked at Chloe in terror, her lips trembling, "You... you..."

"Why don't you go ahead and raise your voice? Might as well wake up Grandpa and show him how you're running roughshod over the Harper family!" Chloe said.

Addie promptly sealed her lips. Her next words, though deflated, still bore an unyielding posture, "I'm their manager, and how I train them is my business. Besides, it's just cleaning. What have I done wrong? Aren't you being a little too harsh?"

Chloe scoffed, pulling her over to the coffee table and picking up a bunch of grapes from the fruit bowl, ruthlessly throwing them onto the floor. The ample juice from the grapes instantly splattered everywhere!

Chapter 1588

Chloe shook off Addie, and her foot aimed at the bend in her leg.

"Take a good look, is the floor dirty or not? Clean it up well for me!" Chloe said.

Addie's face turned pale and green in an instant, "You! Let me go! This is clearly intentional."

"Who says it isn't?" Chloe's tone was exceptionally righteous, "So what if it is intentional?"

"I won't do it!" Without a second thought, Addie loudly refused Chloe.

Chloe suddenly stepped on her calf, pressing her down as she tried to stand up. "What are you talking about? You're just a maid in the Harper family, getting the same wages. If you can order people around, why can't I?"

"You! How dare you..." Addie retorted.

“Because I am Mrs. Harper.” Before Addie could finish, Chloe interrupted her.

“Nonsense! The old man will never agree to you being with Mr. Damon.” Addie said.

“Sorry to disappoint you, but I am with him now. Are you gonna clean it or not? If not, pack up your things and get lost!” Chloe echoed almost all of what Addie just said.

“I...” As Addie was about to speak, Chloe subtly pressed harder on her calf. Addie’s words got stuck in her throat.

Chloe looked down at her with cold eyes, “Do you not remember the taste of being kicked out of the Harper family for the first time? You had Wendy to back you up before, but do you think she can help you now?”

Addie’s face turned pale immediately. How did she know this?

Chloe added, “You were able to stay in the Harper family, but you didn’t know how to behave. Now, it seems you’re getting worse. So, are you the mistress of this house now after getting rid of Elizabeth that you dislike?”

This was a serious accusation. Nobody knew the current state of Elizabeth, but it was said to be more bad than good. In such a sensitive time, claiming that she was the mistress of the Harper family was no different than admitting that Elizabeth was dead.

“What are you talking about?!” Addie asked.

“Denying now? Then clean up this mess!”. Chloe ordered.

Watching Addie’s unwilling and humiliated look, Chloe squinted at her for a moment, then suddenly lifted her foot from Addie’s calf. Addie’s body suddenly relaxed, and she fell to the ground, right onto the juice on the floor. As she tried to struggle to get up, she saw Chloe’s expensive boots in her field of vision, and the juice splashed from her foot again onto her face.

Chloe's voice rang out again, but it was clearly not directed at her, "How much do you earn in a month?"

A few maids didn't expect Chloe to ask them. They looked at each other, and the maid who was threatened by Addie to clean up the apple juice, she had stepped on answered, "Minus insurance, we get about eight hundred."

Chloe nodded. It was simple to handle insurance for them. "Since someone wants you to pack up and leave, why are you still lingering here, making her feel proud? I'll cover the insurance, and give you ten thousand a

month. Pack up and follow me."

The maids' faces lit up.

"How dare you!" However, before they could enjoy their happiness for too long, Addie's somewhat sharp voice suddenly rang out.

Chloe glanced at her, stepped on the grape residue on the ground, her voice cold, "What did you say?"

Addie's face changed slightly, "They have contracts here; if one party terminates the contract during the term, they have to pay double the penalty."

Chloe smiled coldly, "Do you think I can't afford their penalty?"

Addie remained silent.

The maids looked at each other, their faces full of joy.

"However, isn't it you who wants them to pack up and leave? Firing employees unilaterally, shouldn't you pay double the compensation? Also, remember to tell Presley about this." Chloe said.

Upon hearing this, Addie turned completely pale. How could she argue with Chloe about managing personnel?

“How should I explain...” Addie said.

“How mighty you are and how high your position is in the Harper family? What’s so hard to say?” Chloe asked.

“But why should I fire them for no reason?” Addie asked.

Chloe sneered, “Just because you simply don’t like a few maids. Isn’t that a reason?”

Addie was completely disoriented now, her eyes flitting left and right, not knowing what to do. Chloe looked at her, suddenly sneered, “Since you have no reason, I can help you out.”

After saying that, under the bewildered eyes of everyone, Chloe turned to the maids beside her, lifted her chin, and said clearly, “Those who have grudges, please report your grudges. Those who have complaints, voice your complaints. There’s nothing that a good beating can’t solve! It’s just one more reason for being fired, what’s so hard about that?”

The maids looked at each other, glanced at Addie, and hesitated.

Chloe stepped back two steps, “Would you rather endure her oppression for eight thousand a month, or work with Marina for ten thousand a month? It’s your choice.”

Then she turned around, looked at them with a faint smile, “You’ve successfully been fired, so these have become all her problems, right?”

Of course, she was referring to the mess on the floor, the apple juice and the grape juice. What Addie used to oppress the maids, Chloe used the same method to discipline Addie. As the saying went, you reap what you sow.

Chloe's argument was so compelling that it was impossible for the maids not to be swayed. Eight thousand versus ten thousand. Addie and Marina. If they still couldn't decide, they might as well be labelled as fools.

Moreover, in their eyes, Ms. Summers was nothing short of a legend. There was nothing she couldn't handle. Plus, they had been tolerating Addie for far too long! The decision was a no-brainer.

Chloe, grinning faintly, began to ascend the staircase towards the second floor.

"Stop! You..." Being used to the servitude in the Harper household, Addie instinctively attempted to stop Chloe's almost domineering invasion.

But before she could finish her sentence, she felt the presence of figures gradually surround her. Looking up at the maids who had now encircled her, panic washed over her. "What are you all up to?!" Addie asked nervously.

Chapter 1589

Addie was roughed up by a few maids. They smothered her cries, punched, kicked, and even took turns tickling her. Their roles were clearly divided.

Downstairs was a cacophony, but upstairs, it was eerily quiet. The soundproof design of the mansion was often more professional than the professionals.

By the time Chloe appeared at the top of the stairs, the maids downstairs were exhausted. Addie lay on the floor, and her face was a bruised mess. Her clothes were torn and disheveled, and she was moaning in pain. Even if she wanted to call for help, she couldn't muster the strength,

She was vaguely threatening to sue them, to make them pay. Chloe raised an eyebrow, then turned and left for another part of the second floor. When she checked back, the maids were standing in a line, each with a wrapped parcel at their feet.

Chloe found it amusing. She believed in their efficiency. It was evident from their actions today.

Addie had managed to get up from the floor and was sitting amidst the mess. Her swollen face turned towards Chloe, anger flashing in her eyes. The angrier she got, the more the pain seemed to intensify. Pain and anger coexisted.^{d2}

Chloe finally stood before her, looking down, “Do they have enough reason to leave now? If not, I believe they still have some energy.”

Addie shuddered. She glanced at the line of maids, whose eyes shining with anticipation. She quickly shrank back, trying to hide.

Chloe watched her, a faint smile playing on her lips. Back at the Harper family, Addie had been a regular informant for Wendy. Addie had managed to annoy her mother-in-law, be in cahoots with

Wendy, and even manipulate her father-in-law to her advantage.

She knew all too well how Addie had gradually forced Marina out. This cunning old woman had been disciplined by her mother-in-law more than once, even expelled, but now she was living carefree.

Carefree? If someone offended her, how could she let them live carefree?

“I’ve dirtied the stairs and the master bedroom. Remember, clean them thoroughly! Kneel there and scrub! Otherwise, you’ll be kicked out of the Harper family too.” Chloe said.

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“Mr. Presley won’t allow me to leave!” Addie jolted, wincing at the pain that shot through her body.

Chloe smirked, her eyes sparkling with amusement. To others, it was a beautiful sight. But to Addie, it was chilling and intimidating.

Chloe said, "Who knows? If he could let you leave once, he can certainly let you leave again. He's the type who would disregard his own family for his reputation. Let's see what tricks you have up your sleeve to surpass his family's place in his heart."

Addie had no idea what Chloe was talking about. She was just a maid, why would she be concerned about his reputation?

"Alright, let's go." Chloe announced to the line of maids, who immediately nodded with joy. They were all young, glad to finally escape this place with a higher paycheck.

Now, the vast Harper family was left with only one maid. New maids might come, but they were content. They had personally beaten the old witch Addie and left her in a mess that she would have to clean. If she waited for new maids to do it, she would indeed get fired. A full strike felt so satisfying.

"You can't leave!" Addie yelled. How was she supposed to explain a full strike to Mr. Presley? Moreover, who

would clean up this mess?

But who cared about her?

Chloe rolled up the document in her hand and lifted Addie's swollen face, examining it for a long moment before smiling faintly, "Not bad."

Addie frowned deeply. She glanced at the rolled-up document in Chloe's hand, vaguely seeing a detailed color drawing. She squinted, unsure of what it was, but it must be something valuable from the mansion. The Harper family was filled with valuable items. Whatever was in her hand was surely a piece of art or a design blueprint.

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Seeing Addie's eyes fixed on the blueprint, Chloe raised an eyebrow and put the document away.

“Presley should be taking a nap, so I won’t disturb him. Just tell him I was here and this scene is quite satisfying.” Chloe said.

If she saw Addie kneeling there and scrubbing the floor herself, it would be even more satisfying. But that was just a coincidence. Chloe didn’t have time to stick around and watch Addie clean.

When Chloe left with the maids, they finally understood why Presley disliked Chloe so much yet she could freely enter the Harper mansion. The guards she brought with her were of a much higher rank than those currently in the Harper’s Mansion.

The Harper family always trained their guards in a military–like manner. Ranks were clearly defined. Seeing someone of higher rank, the current Harper family guards dared not act rashly.

Though Presley had announced the removal of the young master’s family title, everyone understood that bloodline couldn’t be eliminated.

Damon was not someone they could offend. Strictly speaking, they should listen to him. So now, they were obedient, as docile as could be.

The group had arrived in separate cars, so the maids were quickly arranged into seats.

Chloe’s sleek limousine was guarded with utmost precision, stern faces and rigid postures of the guards making the housekeepers shrink to the side of the car, clutching their parcels tightly.

Only when everyone had left did the grandeur of Harper’s Mansion echo with tranquility again. Addie, confronted with the aftermath, couldn’t afford to slack off. Despite her sour expression, she managed to stand and start tidying up.

After a hasty clean–up of the parlor, she was panting heavily. But the path of grape juice Chloe had stepped on meandered its way upstairs.

Addie felt a wave of revulsion, recalling Chloe’s words. What was Chloe’s intention if not to see the old man of Harper’s Mansion?

Chapter 1590

Questions bubbled in her mind, but she still needed to clean up this mess. Following the trail of her footprints, Addie navigated through the labyrinth of the grand Harper mansion, and finally arriving at the door of Elizabeth. What on earth could this woman be doing in Elizabeth's quarters? Especially considering she rarely resided here and had very few belongings within.

But Elizabeth was particular about her possessions, especially her blueprints, which were so precious that even a fleeting glimpse was considered too much of a luxury.

And then Addie remembered the blueprints she'd seen Chloe holding earlier. Had Elizabeth not informed her about the taboo? She had dared to enter Elizabeth's room?

Staring at the vacant room and the rag in her hand, Addie gritted her teeth, a plan forming in her mind.

When Robin returned, he found his father slumped in the living room sofa with a look of displeasure etched on his face. Hands folded in front of her with head bowed, Addie portrayed an image of sincere humility.^{d2}

"What happened?" Robin asked, approaching.

As Addie looked up at him, she quickly replied, "This afternoon, Ms. Summers barged in here and took away all the housemaids."

Robin narrowed his eyes, "You're saying she just showed up to take our staff? Addie, she's a formidable businesswoman. She wouldn't waste her time on trivial matters."

As he mused, sinking into the sofa, Addie's panicked expression didn't escape his sight. "Tell me, why did she come here?" Robin asked.

Addie shook her head, "I honestly don't know. I was directing the maids to clean because they were careless, and in the middle of it, she just barged in."

“Just like that?” Robin interrupted Addie, growing impatient. Addie shuddered and quickly lowered her head. Suddenly, she remembered something and quickly blurted out, “I recall being puzzled when she came here. without meeting Mr. Presley and went straight to Mrs. Norwood–Harper’s room.”

Robin’s furrowed brows tightened at Addie’s words as he sank deeper into his thoughts, his eyes thoughtful.

Addie, not understanding, quickly confirmed, “Yes, I saw her coming down from upstairs with some blueprints. I knew how much Mrs. Norwood–Harper treasured them.”

A slow smirk spread across Robin’s face, “I see.”

His cryptic words left Addie perplexed. But now wasn’t the time for that. Presley was fuming.

“Why are you in this state?” Presley finally spoke, his voice cold. Addie’s eyes welled up with tears as she wiped them away.

Addie said, “Sir, all the maids have grown unruly since Marina left. They’re careless, and when I scolded them, they ganged up on me. Just then, Ms. Summers came, promising them a new salary and they

attacked me.”

Presley scoffed, “She dares to cause a ruckus in the Harper’s Mansion!”

Addie sobbed harder, “Sir, I’ve always had the Harper family’s best interest at heart. To be humiliated by an outsider, it’s unbearable.”

Presley’s face darkened, “She hasn’t even settled her accounts with us, and she dares to make a scene at our home.”

Before he could finish, Chloe's face appeared on the television screen. Clad in the same outfit she wore when she came to the Harper's Mansion, she was followed by the former Harper housemaids.

Chloe said, "Thank you for your interest in Starlight International. 'The Queen' is confirmed to start shooting in a month. All costume designs are ready. We're just waiting for the final products. Today, I've seen the costume designs. I believe you'll all love 'The Queen' and the stunning costumes. Stay tuned!"

The reporters immediately pounced, "Ms. Summers, since you have the designs, can you show us one to whet our appetite?"

Chloe smiled, "I'm afraid I can't do that. These designs are confidential. If leaked, there could be many problems. I apologize."

Although disappointed, the reporters understood. After all, there were many out there who would stop at nothing for money.

But then, Chloe pulled out a blueprint and revealed it to the reporters, "In gratitude for your constant support of Starlight International, I'm more than happy to give you a sneak peek. Besides, I have faith, the final product will certainly surpass any sketch."

The reporters snapped photos frantically, their words keeping pace with Chloe's.

"We certainly know. Ms. Summers, you've always been a trendsetter, always imitated and never surpassed."

"Absolutely right! After all, a knockoff can never replace the real deal. We believe that your clothing line will make waves worldwide."

Chloe chuckled, but nodded unabashedly, "Indeed. There's no better design out there, and our craftsmanship is truly one-of-a-kind, absolutely precious."

Watching Chloe say these words on TV, someone clapped enthusiastically, “My daughter-in-law sure knows

how to sweet talk!”