

## **CHOSEN 1591**

### Chapter 1591

Chloe's faint smile was the only reaction to the effervescent atmosphere around her. She made her way towards the parking lot after another bout of press interviews, trailed by a swarm of reporters, each eager to dig up even the tiniest morsel of news.

As they followed Chloe to the parking lot, they were greeted by a line of young maids, their youthful faces betraying their profession. They were clad in typical black and white maid uniforms. Seeing Chloe, they bowed their heads slightly although their faces were etched with slight tension.

Chloe responded with a soft smile, "Get in the car, everyone."

The maids glanced questioningly at the reporters behind Chloe, but obediently turned around to board the car.

They had chosen to keep their uniforms, which were unique to the Harper family, because they had paid for them out of their own pockets as per requests of Addie. They might as well continue to use them in their future jobs as maids. When they decided to leave the Harper family, they took off these uniforms and packed them away.

The reporters gathered around the scene with their lenses trained on the maids. Their faces turned slightly pale.

"Ms. Summers, are these all your maids from your household?" One of the reporters finally asked.

Chloe paused for a moment.

The reporters behind her, eager to make headlines, started clicking away at their cameras. Their lenses were trained on the line of maids.

-There were a total of ten maids. If Chloe indeed had these maids all to herself, it could be seen as a bit

extravagant. A classic case of squandering social labor. Luxury cars, black-clad bodyguards, and young and beautiful maids. It seemed like a scene straight out of a royal court.

Turning around, Chloe smiled at the cameras, her smile genuine and natural.

“They are the people I intend to take home. Don’t overthink it.” She responded, seeing right through the reporters’ intentions, leaving them a tad embarrassed.

“But, ten maids, isn’t that too much?” The reporters asked.

Chloe sighed softly, leaning against the car door, “Even if I had more, I could still afford their wages. Perhaps, my dear journalist friend, you’re being a tad too nosy.”

The reporters, however, didn’t let go of the topic so easily, “Ms. Summers, as a public figure, shouldn’t you be more mindful of your public image.”

Chloe raised an eyebrow, studying the reporter for a moment before her gaze fell, hiding the amusement and sarcasm in her eyes. “Public image.” She muttered under her breath.

“We are the maids of the Harper family! We were treated unfairly and it was Ms. Summers who stood up for us, allowing us to escape!” The maid who had previously stood up for Vanya in Harper’s Mansion was the first to speak.

Her voice and expression were filled with defiance and accusation. She added, “And besides, I’ve never heard that hiring more maids if you’re wealthy is something abhorrent. What is this public image? Is it a standard for everyone to follow? If so, Ms. Summers, who runs a successful company, treats her employees well and is incredibly wealthy, should be the standard everyone aspires to, shouldn’t she? If

you had the capability and the money like her, maybe you wouldn’t be here, grilling her about the number of maids she has. Accusing her of influencing the public negatively is merely because you don’t have what she

has. If you did, perhaps you wouldn't be saying these things."

The maid's words left the room silent. Who wouldn't want to have billions at their disposal, and to do whatever they wanted? What was ten maids in comparison to that?

Living in mansions, traveling the world, enjoying wealth and luxury, spending money freely, and being admired and envied, these were things everyone dreamed of!

Work, careers, and ambitions. They sounded nice. But apart from work, which was for the poor, careers and ambitions were pursued only by the wealthy.

The reporters were left speechless. At this point, anything they said would only highlight their jealousy.

Chloe curled her lips into a smile, turning to look at the maid who had spoken. She nodded subtly at her. The maid blushed as her eyes met Chloe's. She bit her lip and quickly lowered her gaze. Chloe then turned to the reporter who had asked her the question earlier. "Any other questions?" She asked.

The reporter hesitated under Chloe's gaze, then shook his head.

Chloe raised an eyebrow, opened the car door, and got in. The maid's also boarded the car one by one. Just before they drove off, one of the reporters managed to get in one last question, "Earlier, you said you were mistreated. May I ask where you previously worked?"

It was the same maid who had previously spoken up. She turned around and said, clear as day, "We used to work at Harper's Mansion."

The reporters gasped, their faces paling. Before they could ask anything else, the maids had all gotten into the car.

Chloe, however, didn't drive away immediately. She rolled down the window, her gaze sweeping over the sea of reporters before finally landing on one. He wore a press badge from P City, a reputed entertainment magazine known for its high sales and popularity.

Under the envious gaze of his colleagues, he walked up to Chloe. "What can I do for you, Ms. Summers?" He

asked.

Chloe smiled and held up a flash drive.

"Exclusive scoop." She said.

His eyes lit up and he reached out excitedly to grab it, but Chloe pulled it back just in time.

"Miss Summers, what do you mean?" He asked in surprise.

Chloe gave a wry smile and raised an eyebrow, "The reason I chose your magazine is because you folks are known for fair and impartial reporting. As for this..."

She lightly shook the USB stick in her hand, "I can't be sure about the ripple effect it will create. But here's a piece of advice for you, don't rush to publish it. Wait a bit. If you stubbornly insist on broadcasting it immediately, believe me, it will sink like a lead balloon. How to make the most of it, well, that's up to your judgement."

## Chapter 1592

She finished speaking, and handed over a USB drive to him through the car window.

Then she rolled up the window and left, leaving the reporter standing there, staring at the USB drive in his hand for a moment, before finally clutching it tightly. Although he didn't know what exactly was in it, he decided to abide by Chloe's advice. It was clear that Ms. Summers had dealt him a good hand, and he absolutely couldn't misplay it.

But first, he needed to know what was on the drive. For now, his first priority was to head back to the office. As the reporter hastily got into his car and drove away, the other reporters were a mix of envy, jealousy, and endless curiosity.

“What exactly did Ms. Summers give him?”

“It sounds like it’s big news.”

“No idea, we can only wait until the magazine publishes the news.”<sup>d2</sup>

“We don’t know when that will be, Ms. Summers just told him to wait. It seems so mysterious. I wonder what she really knows?”

At Harper’s Mansion, the atmosphere was almost freezing. Addie was trembling with fear, wishing she could tear Vanya apart for her reckless words in front of the reporters. She had publicly claimed that she was mistreated and bullied at the Harper’s Mansion!

How had she mistreated them?! A bunch of ungrateful brats!

Even though she was fuming, her predominant feeling was fear. Addie said, “Sir, don’t listen to their nonsense. I’ve always been stricter with them than Marina. They’re young and naïve. They’re simply trying to retaliate against me!”

Presley’s hand, clutching his cane, was pale knuckled and shaking violently. His ashen face further amplified his rage.

“This woman... This woman...” Presley murmured in rage.

“Yes, sir, Ms. Summers has really overstepped her bounds. If she hadn’t come, all of our servants would still be obedient.” Addie hurriedly chimed in, fearing that the old man would hold her accountable.

“Father, don’t be angry, we can make Ms. Summers pay for her actions.” Robin said.

The old man looked at Robin with a frown, “You’re talking about her entering Harper’s Mansion? That won’t work, Damon dotes on her and she’s lawless. As long as Damon is a Harper, her entering is not a serious issue.”

He didn’t mention the fact that the two had already obtained a marriage license. It was unclear whether he didn’t want to bring it up, or if he had other considerations. Apart from Damon’s parents and him, only Marina and a few servants knew about Damon and Chloe’s marriage.

As for her coming to Harper’s Mansion, she was technically a member of the family. If he insisted on making an issue out of it, he wouldn’t gain anything.

Wasn’t that the reason why the woman was so brazen? It was infuriating!

After taking a few deep breaths, he spoke again, “Are you talking about her taking away all the servants?”

Robin shook his head with a smile, “Not just the servants, there’s something more important.”

The old man furrowed his brows, “You take care of everything. She’s been smug for far too long!”

Robin bowed respectfully, “Yes, you can rest assured.”

Hearing this, the old man took a deep breath, as if some of his anger had been diffused.

“As for Ms. Summers taking all the servants away. I’ll contact the press right away. You need to clarify this matter to the media in person.” Robin said.

If they didn’t actively come forward to explain the words of the servant in front of the reporters, the public would definitely have numerous speculations and opinions about the Harper family. If this impression took hold, not only would the Harper family’s reputation be tarnished, but the company would also be affected. Publicly traded companies feared nothing more than bad press. The slightest bit of disturbance could cause a storm in the stock market.

Addie nodded vigorously, “Of course, this is necessary.”

Even if she didn’t understand the company’s affairs, having been by the old man’s side for a long time, she knew that some issues could not only damage the family’s reputation, but also cause unimaginable loss to the company.

She wanted to clear things up; of course she had the responsibility to do so.

However, despite her quick agreement, she soon became extremely nervous and uncertain. Could she handle it in front of the reporters?

Perhaps sensing Addie’s hesitation, Robin smiled subtly, “Just tell the truth when the time comes, there’s no need to be nervous. I’ll arrange things with the reporters, they won’t give you a hard time.”

Hearing this, Addie finally relaxed.

Indeed, Robin’s prediction was spot on. Ultimately, the interview boiled down to two main topics. One was Chloe’s revealed design sketch, which attracted many people’s attention.

Fashionistas, artists, economists, and people who appreciate fashion and art, or even just spectators, were all abuzz about the news.

Why? Because what they saw of the so-called fashion design sketch was no clothes, just a pattern. A golden phoenix in a noble and aloof posture, wings spread wide with each feather visible. The crest elegant was exuding an invisible solemnity.

But no matter how beautiful, it was just a pattern after all. They didn’t have enough imagination to associate a single pattern with a style and shape of clothing.

“Why is there only a pattern? Isn’t it supposed to be a fashion design sketch?” Someone raised this question, and everyone else was curious as well.

“It might be a precaution. Designs need to be protected after all. Don’t look at this as just a pattern, someone is sure to use it to make some money!”

“That’s true. I was expecting a show for nothing.”

Apart from the excitement over the fashion design pattern, what really got the gossip enthusiasts excited was the words of the Harper family’s servant.

“The maid, let me tell you, she has a knack for stirring the pot with her brutal honesty!”

“Ha, she makes me think that the saying ‘money can’t buy everything, and some things are priceless’ is pure hogwash. It’s not that money can’t buy it, it’s the folks saying this who are just flat broke!”

“When you’re broke, all you can do is sell sentiment! That way, you don’t seem so poor, and you can even gain a good reputation. Smart, huh?”

“Who needs a good reputation anyway? I don’t kill or commit crimes. I just want to be wealthy, live like a

commoner!”

“Being rich is everyone’s dream. Don’t lie to ourselves!”

Chapter 1593

“I wonder how the Harper family could be so harsh on their maids? They’re audacious enough to air such grievances in the public eye?”

“The term mistreated sounds harsh, but when you consider the power and influence the Harpers have, imagine what they could do to their maids if they wanted to?”

“Who could dare cross the Harper family?”

Indeed, everyone was no stranger to stories of the rich and powerful oppressing the less fortunate. Some spoke more realistically, though they were careful to avoid sensitive words. But such caution didn't quench the public's fervor. It was like when Damon had to withdraw his negative comments about Chloe. The more they tried to suppress, the more excited people became.

The topic of the Harpers using their wealth to oppress others lingered for a long time. The impact was immediate and noticeable. Whispers of unrest started making rounds in the stock market.

Robin was quick to act. Not long after Chloe's interview ended, he alerted the media. Half an hour later, a press conference was held at the entrance of Harper Group's headquarters to address the allegations of their mistreatment of maids.<sup>d2</sup>

Upon receiving the news, all reporters hurried to the site.

With a casual elegance, Robin stood on the steps, a faint smile showing on his face, “Thank you all for coming. I've seen the news and I'm distressed by the allegations that we, the Harpers, have been oppressing our help. We have employed them for many years and never have we heard such accusations of human rights violations. Our management of our help has always been open and free. If we were indeed oppressive, it wouldn't have taken this long for the truth to appear. Moreover, we have

no reason, or even the time, to pick on our help. So, I believe there must be some misunderstanding. As a matter of fact, just today, Ms. Summers barged into Harper's Mansion uninvited, took our help away, and even used force against our butler, which has greatly upset the old man. Before things are clarified, I will not pass judgement, and I hope everyone can be patient and understand what truly happened!”

Robin's words stirred the reporters. Words like “barging into Harper's Mansion,” and “using force against the Mansion's butler” were too conspicuous to ignore.

“What happened exactly?”

“How can we find out the truth?”

Facing the restless reporters, Robin smiled. He made a gesture, and Addie, masked and somewhat concealed, emerged from behind him. Sharp-eyed reporters started snapping photos even before Addie reached Robin's side

Robin silently stepped aside.

Facing so many reporters for the first time, Addie's legs were shaking. After a while, she took a deep breath, and with trembling hands, removed her mask. Her beaten and swollen face was exposed to all the media present.

The reporters went into a frenzy, bombarding her with questions.

"Ma'am, why are you in this condition?"

"Are you the butler of the Harper family?"

"Can you tell us what happened?"

Addie, her swollen eyes squinting at the swarming crowd and the cacophony of questions, involuntarily

'stepped back.

Robin stood behind her, extending a hand to steady her. "Don't be nervous, just tell the truth as it is." Robin said.

Swallowing, Addie winced as the movement pulled at the wounds on her face. Hatred for Chloe surged in her heart.

Tears welled up in her swollen eyes and she began to sob, "This afternoon, Mr. Presley was taking a nap, and I was cleaning with the help. They made some mistakes, and having been supervising them daily, I lost my patience and scolded them. That's when Ms. Summers suddenly appeared in the Harper's Mansion living room. I was just scolding the help, and they weren't fond of me, so Ms. Summers took

advantage of their resentment, luring them away with promises of high wages and freedom, and then encouraged them to attack me.

"I know she often has disagreements with Mr. Presley, and I'm used to following his orders. I know he used to favor Ms. Wendy, and having watched Ms. Wendy grow up, I naturally have some personal bias towards her, often favoring her a little more. Ms. Chloe's smart, and she could see that. This time it was clear she came to cause trouble. Not only did she cause me pain, but when Mr. Presley found out, he was extremely upset.

"The Harpers are good to us. It's the help who are ungrateful! They can't stand a few scoldings and have to throw mud at the Harpers. It's unforgivable. That's the truth. The Harper family has never mistreated or persecuted their help! If they did, it would have come out a long time ago, not now! And, Ms. Summers was the one who barged in. She came in like a storm, looking for trouble. Just look at me now. I'm just a help, how could I..."

Choked with sobs, Addie paused to wipe tears from her eyes, looking as pitiful as could be. Though her account lacked a coherent narrative, it was clear enough. To sum it up. Chloe broke into the Harper family -home, probably due to some dissatisfaction with the Harpers, looking to stir up trouble.

It was true that she assaulted the butler, took away the help, and upset the old man.

Everyone knew that the atmosphere between Ms. Summers and Presley at the Alonso family's business dinner was as tense as a drawn bowstring. Especially considering Presley had sent a message, specifically to strip the privileges of the Harper family's eldest grandson. All of this could potentially be the reason why..... Chloe targeted the Harper family. Getting back at them seemed like the natural consequence.

With this, all the pieces of the puzzle seemed to fall into place.

Having understood the truth of the matter, everyone outright dismissed the words of the servant.

"Did Ms. Summers only take away the servants when she went to the Harper family? What about the rest? What else did she do?" The reporters asked.

Since she did go to the Harper family, and caused a stir, taking the servants seemed like a chance encounter with Addie scolding a servant. She grabbed the chance to make a point. Shouldn't there be more to the story?!

Addie nodded, "She didn't plan on seeing the old man when she entered the Harper Mansion, instead she

went to..."

"Alright!" Robin suddenly stepped forward, interrupting her words with a light pat on her shoulder. "Since everything has been explained, let's move on."

Addie, wiping her tears, nodded. Although she had just adjusted, she stepped back.

## Chapter 1594

Robin addressed the media with a smile, saying. "The Harper family could never stoop to such acts of oppression and persecution. I believe you all witnessed the state Addie found herself in, and heard her words. I hope that this will clear any misunderstandings you may have about the Harper family. Moreover, I hope that Ms. Summers will think twice before taking any reckless actions. If your actions are merely a declaration of war against the Harper family, we are ready to face it. I just hope that whatever happens in the future, you won't live to regret it."

Robin maintained a demeanor of an elder, his tone imbued with a thick sense of helplessness. In the end, he left the stage shaking his head in regret

The impromptu press conference ended, clearing any lingering doubts. Online spectators, having seen the proceedings, started to change their allegiances like the wind.

"Presley stripped Damon of his title; that must have provoked Ms. Summers into retaliating, right?"

"Wow, this Ms. Summers can't tolerate even a bit of humiliation. She creates a scene for such a petty issue?"c2

“Taking away all the servants was probably to further irritate old man Harper, right?”

“She’s too vengeful”

While these comments were clearly biased, they were expressed in a relatively mild tone, lacking any real venom. However, it wasn’t long before a few more aggressive posts appeared online.

“She has admitted herself that she is a vengeful person, and some idiots still idolize her. Trash always attracts trash—like”

“Vengeful people are inevitably narrow-minded! Her actions clearly reveal that she is not a good person. She abandoned her family without a second thought, and for what? No matter the reason, she drove her elders who watched her grow to desperation. What kind of public figure is this?”

“Just considering today’s events, how shameless can one be? Knowing full well that Presley despises her, she still went out of her way to provoke him. What a peculiar creature”

“What did the servants do to deserve this? I saw the butler, who is not young, and I can’t help but wonder what grudge she holds against him to warrant such treatment.”

“She drove her grandparents to the brink, while her boyfriend’s parents are still missing, and she doesn’t seem to show any remorse or grief. She beat up the old servant just to get back at Presley. Is she targeting the elderly? She is nothing but a scourge on society. Why doesn’t God do something about this scourge?”

Chloe’s few die-hard fans were almost driven to rage by these comments. Their indignant replies seemed too weak compared to these comments. The online community sighed collectively at these words, probably the harshest criticism Chloe received recently.

“Who are you people? Are you out of your minds, suddenly emerging to insult someone so brazenly?”

“We like vengeful people, what about it? You trolls know nothing better than hiding behind screens and spouting nonsense! Be careful or Mr. Harper might drag you out and whip you!”

“Ms. Summers has always been like this, when have you seen her start a fight? It’s you who are the real scum. She probably doesn’t even know which corner of the world you parasites come from. Why do you insult people for no reason? Don’t you feel ashamed?”

“Do we need a reason to be disgusted by her? She offends us! She’s bothering us! Delusional fans, get lost, we’re not trying to wake up a bunch of brain-dead trash!”

“Anyone who hurts the elderly deserves retribution!”

“What do you mean she doesn’t start fights? Breaking into the Harper household and beating up the old servant doesn’t count as starting a fight? Are you blind?”

Chloe was a bit surprised, because she didn’t expect to be ambushed by a crowd of reporters at her own doorstep. But the surprise quickly turned into understanding

Robin was always cunning. If she could predict some events, so could he. She just didn’t expect him to know where she lived, let alone predict her arrival time and arrange for the reporters to ambush her.

Chloe smirked at the crowd of reporters waiting at her gate. He had planned this well

“Madam, what should we do now?” The bodyguard who was driving asked.

Chloe smirked, leaned back in her seat, and pulled out her phone to check the internet. She swept through the online situation and let out a cold laugh.

“Now that they’ve cornered me, not showing up would make me seem guilty. Find a safe spot for me to get off” Chloe said.

“Understood.” The driver replied.

As Chloe got out of the car with the bodyguard's escort, the reporters quickly swarmed her. Naturally, they were held back by the bodyguards.

"Ms. Summers, the statements made by the Harper family's old servant at the press conference, were they true?"

"Breaking into someone else's house, injuring the old servant, and taking away all the other servants just to provoke Presley. So, there's no real oppression or persecution, is there?"

"Did you tell the servant in advance what to say in front of the media in the parking lot?"

As soon as the reporter finished speaking, Chloe's indifferent gaze fell on him. In that instant, the reporter felt as if he had been pierced by ice, his limbs numb and cold.

Casually withdrawing her gaze, Chloe faced the other reporters and calmly spoke, "What did the old servant say? I forced my way into someone else's house? Had someone beat her up, and even took away all the servants to provoke the old man?"

The reporters didn't speak, they exchanged glances as if to confirm her words.

Chloe smirked silently. "Accusing someone without any evidence comes with a price. You, as reporters, have cornered me here to ask me these questions, don't you find it ridiculous?"

"But the servant's words were also without evidence. The reporter said.

"Why do you immediately assume her word is nothing but air, and yet you hold the old housekeeper's words as gospel?" Chloe's voice cut through the reporter's words, "You're questioning me on baseless accusations? Why should I dignify such targeted questions with a response? If you can't do your job as journalists, I can always take it up with your bosses. Perhaps you're better suited as online trolls."

"Ms. Summers, we would still appreciate if you could answer our questions. We have a duty and an obligation to seek the truth for the public." The reporter said

## Chapter 1595

The reporter used the responsibilities of being a journalist into urging Chloe to answer his questions.

Chloe scoffed, "Say that again. Who are you trying to advocate for?"

For some reason, the reporter felt an inexplicable sense of fear facing Chloe's retort.

"Even if not for someone else, shouldn't you clear the air for yourself? Your online image isn't looking great." The reporter's voice wavered, clearly intimidated by Chloe's overwhelming presence

Smirking. Chloe replied, "Who said I haven't clarified?"<sup>c2</sup>

The reporters looked baffled. When did she clarify?

"Just stop wasting my time with your nonsense." Chloe wasn't in the mood to entertain these reporters any longer than she already had. She had given them enough time.

With a cool voice, she motioned for her bodyguards who quickly escorted her into the gated community. A couple of assistants scurried from the

car to catch up

Behind her, the crowd of reporters murmured, clearly irritated, "You fools actually believed in what that old witch said? Getting played like a fiddle, how pitiful!"

The reporters were left in confusion. Were they really deceived by that old witch?

"What's really going on? Did that old housemaid lie?" The reporters asked.

Their questions were met with silence as the staff glared at them and disappeared behind the apartment doors, leaving the reporters scratching their heads.

“What just happened? When did she clarify?” Some were confused.

Almost every major news outlet from P City was present. Yet none of them had received any news of Chloe’s alleged clarification.

When was her clarification? Some reporters were confused but realized out of the blue, starting to browse the internet.

Suddenly, a buzz arose as several reporters checked their phones. In minutes, a trending hashtag appeared on Twitter: #The TruthBehindTheHarperFamilyStaffWalkout

The trending topic was initiated by the same magazine company that Chloe had handed the USB drive to. The top post under the hashtag had already garnered close to 50,000 comments in less than ten minutes. The title in the post was also concise in addition, there was a clear and colorful video.

The video showed Addie lounging on a patio, bossing around the house staff in a manner both haughty and distasteful. Her attitude, with a touch of authority, was as ugly as it could be. It revealed her mistreatment, including making a staff member kneel while cleaning and deliberately dropping apple cores for them to pick up. Also her vicious words towards other maids were recorded in the video.

The comments were full of outrage and disgust towards Addie.

“Such an old witch, she deserves the worst!”

“How dare she claims victim in front of the media! Lying witch!”

“Trashy behavior. How could the Harpers even let someone like her manage their household for all these years?”

“She’s more hateful than a medieval stepmother! That darn old witch, now she’s calling all the shots for the Harper family! Seriously? The old man’s son and daughter-in-law are still missing! Presley’s wife is still around, right? Not a new wife, but is he taking a mistress? What a joke These rich people are ridiculous!”

“Who would go for trash like this? There’s probably something wrong with their judgment.”

“Isn’t that the truth? First, he didn’t like her daughter-in-law, and now he’s not keen on Ms. Summers either! Instead, he’s determined to have her own grandson marry the Miss Wendy! Presley’s attitude is just something else!”

“If the Harper family keeps employing that nasty old woman, I swear, my descendants and I will boycott anything related to the Harper family.”

“Who knows what kind of trouble might arise in the middle!”

“That was a good fight! I’d even accept her being seriously injured! I don’t think she’ll have the chance to create a scene in the media anymore!”

“She wields so much power, if they don’t follow her orders, she kicks people out and even threatens the servants not to report to the old man. Don’t hold me back I’m going to expose this old witch!”

“I told you, how could Ms. Summers just randomly take away those servants? The real story is actually quite surprising!”

“Ms. Summers appearing in time was just fantastic, watching her stand up to Addie was satisfying!”

The onlookers were watching, feeling quite satisfying. There was nothing more satisfying than knowing the secret fights among the wealthy people. In less than a quarter of an hour, this topic had already reached the trending status.

Because this gossip, from its beginning till Addie stepping forward to explain and change the situation, and now the big reversal, all happened in just one afternoon. To be precise, it was less than three hours. The pace was too fast and dramatic, and the situation of turning and re-turning in a short time was constantly affecting everyone's emotions.

Emotions had reached their peak!

Within the mainstream magazine companies in P City, everyone was excited and couldn't contain themselves.

The reporter favored by Chloe was sitting in a chair and looking at the skyrocketing data online, his whole brain was still in a stunned state. He was still holding the USB drive that Chloe gave him. Although his eyes were fixed on the computer screen, his mind was playing Chloe's advice over and over again.

She said, "Don't rush to make it public immediately, you need to wait. If you insist on rushing and want to announce it right away, believe me, the consequences will definitely be disastrous. How to make it achieve its maximum value depends on your judgment."

So what she made him wait for was this press conference by the Harper Group, wasn't it?

She anticipated it long ago, that there would be this press conference.

Chapter 1596

Impressive, really.

From a man's perspective, for every move she made previously, he assumed there was a powerful male figure supporting her from the shadows. No one could always turn the tables so easily without some help. His suspicions only deepened when her relationship with the Harper family's eldest grandson came to light.

Everything, he believed, was orchestrated by Damon. But today's encounter shattered his long-held beliefs. This woman was genuinely intelligent.

It wasn't that she thought of things others couldn't, but rather, she always seemed to be one step ahead, accurately predicting the countermeasures. On closer thought, she had always been like this considering all possibilities, preparing for the worst, and always ready for

battle

Looking back, it was only natural that the Harper Group would step in to clear things up. The Harper family valued their reputation and wouldn't allow inconsequential matters to affect the company's interests.c2

They fell short of Chloe because they were reactive, always responding to immediate challenges. Chloe, on the other hand, had prepared her most lethal weapon right from the start. The USB she gave him was proof of that.

Moreover, he had a feeling that the old servant who stepped forward had somehow crossed her in the past, forcing her to fight and drive that

servant into a corner

"Nice one, Jack! We all thought you were going to get fired when you argued with the deputy editor! You've got guts! If anyone else had beaten us to this story, even by a minute, the deputy editor would've gone ballistic!"

"Absolutely! And if we'd published this news immediately like the deputy editor wanted, it wouldn't have made such a splash! What perfect timing!"

"Couldn't agree more. This is the perfect moment. Jack, don't forget to treat us when you get your bonus this month!"

Jack gave a smile, and his mind was still in a fog. The online click rates and traffic were skyrocketing at an alarming rate. Chloe was a media darling. It was hard to imagine how dull P City would be without her.

Chloe approached the gate of the complex and soon stopped, turning to the servants trailing behind her.

She said, "I don't need help here. Marina is at Greenfield Village. You can go there."

The servants weren't familiar with Greenfield Village, but the mention of Marina brought smiles to their faces. They replied, "Thank you, ma'am, for standing up for us. I saw some of the comments online when we were in the car. If you need to clear things up, we were all there. We can testify that Addie only told half-truths. We can explain everything that happened."

Chloe gave a faint smile and raised an eyebrow, "It's fine. I think everyone understands by now"

The servants exchanged confused glances, not quite understanding Chloe's words But they didn't ask. They had been servants for a long time and it was an unwritten rule not to pry into the employer's business.

Chloe went upstairs, leaving the bodyguard to take the servants to Greenfield Village. The servants climbed into the car, their minds full of questions When they checked their phones and saw the trending topic online, they let out a shriek

"Oh my God! There's a video online! It's from when Addie bullied us today!"

"I see it! It must be from the surveillance camera!"

"It's so clear! I think I was too lenient with Addie. Should've been tougher!"

"People online are lambasting Addie! Serves her right! Disrespectful old witch! She's hit rock bottom! I wonder who Mr. Presley will believe now

After the press conference, Addie went back to Harper's Mansion with Robin. She had checked the online reactions during the conference. Seeing the various insults towards Chloe made her gleeful, especially the harsher ones.

it served her right! Showing off and taking the servants away and treating her like that, this was her retribution.

Addie's mood couldn't have been better

Servants could be replaced After all, the Harper family offered high salaries People would be breaking their necks to work for them.

But she never expected that within the short time it took for her to get home, the tide had already turned.

Robin, with no airs about him, allowed her to share his car Seeing Addie in high spirits, he gave a slight smirk, I've arranged for new servants at home. After you get back, assess them and keep the

competent ones you can manage. You'll have to handle the private affairs at Harper's Mansion. You've worked hard today. In recognition of your years of dedicated service to the Harper family, I'll give you a raise

Upon hearing this. Addie's glum face immediately brightened into a smile. "Thank you, Mr Robin. It's my duty. Ms. Summers said she would pay those brats a whopping ten grand a month. Even after all these years at the Harper family, my salary hasn't even doubled theirs. Ten grand, that's almost as much as I make."

Even the driver felt a shiver run down his spine. She was obviously hinting at wanting a bigger raise, aiming for double what others were making. Even the drivers and assistants working for Mr. Robin didn't earn several tens of thousands a month. She was such a greedy old witch.

Robin simply flashed a nonchalant smile, "Well, this time I'll grant you a double raise. You've earned it."

Addie couldn't help but beam, pain forgotten, "Thank you, Mr. Robin, thank you! Ms. Summers is truly audacious. No matter how close she is to Mr. Damon, she can't just barge into Harper's Mansion and take away all the staff just to irk the old man. And as for Mr. Damon, I can't understand his unyielding devotion to this woman."

Robin maintained his serene smile, but a hint of icy annoyance flickered in his eyes.

They arrived at Harper's Mansion in the late afternoon, and the early winter twilight was already setting in. Following Robin's instructions, Addie hurriedly went to interview the newly appointed staff, planning to select a few to prepare dinner. However, as soon as she entered the living room, she was met with a sight of suitcases piled up by the door. About a dozen people stood in the spacious living room, hands clasped in front of them and heads slightly bowed, not uttering a word.

Presley, on the other hand, was seated on the couch, holding onto his cane. His face was showing an ominous shade of pale.

## Chapter 1597

The sight of him instantly dampened Addie's previously buoyant mood. She was so taken aback that her smile faltered. After a moment of stunned silence, she quickly approached Presley, her face full of anger directed at the surrounding housemaids. "What on earth are you all doing? This isn't the place for maid interviews! Come, follow me to the back"

Seeing Addie's sudden appearance, the expressions of the housemaids changed visibly. A mix of fear, contempt, anger, disdain, and disgust crossed their faces.

The sight of such expressions on their faces infuriated Addie, and she quickly dropped her pleasant demeanor. She questioned, "Didn't you hear me? Are you deaf? Maid interviews belong in the back, now move!" Her tone was irritable and her words were harsh.

The maids rolled their eyes, "We didn't intend to work here! We were just here to say goodbye to the people, then we planned to leave

Addie's face darkened even more. "Not planning to work here? Then why did you come here in the first place?"c2

"Well, we did intend to work here initially, but who knew what kind of person you were? We'd rather earn less than be oppressed by you every day! Another maid spoke up, not hiding her disdain for Addie.

The words of the maids and their attitude made Addie livid to the point of nearly exploding.

Addie's voice grew colder this time, "What do you mean? What oppression are you talking about? I've clarified everything in front of the reporters, and you're here to stir up trouble? If you don't want to work, then just leave. With this attitude, it seems like you won't obey rules in the future"

At first, her words were a bit unfiltered, but she realized there was Presley, sitting in the living room, and quickly corrected herself

Addie said. "Sir, I don't think these servants are genuinely willing to work. If not, we should let them go, and we can find new ones"

Presley said, "I'm sitting here today, and you're talking to people with this attitude. If I weren't here, would you be even more unrelenting?"

Presley, who had been silent all along, suddenly spoke in a stern tone, sitting there without even batting an eyelid.

Addie paused, feeling a bit nervous. "Of course not, sir. Normally, as long as they do their jobs and fulfill their responsibilities, I won't make it

difficult for them."

"Is that so?" Presley spoke again, his voice cold.

But hearing Addie's words, a few of the servants by her side, particularly those with stronger personalities, couldn't help but let out a sarcastic chuckle They looked up at Presley and said. "Sir, we've made it very clear. We earn our wages, and we're not afraid of being supervised. But we really dare not work under Addie. Rather than being oppressed by her in the future and then being kicked out, it's better if we quit now. We re truly

sorry for the inconvenience today"

One person spoke up first and then others followed, bowing respectfully to Presley and preparing to leave.

Addie was so infuriated by the words and attitudes of these servants that she felt like her head was about to explode. She gave them a murderous look. "You don't dare to work under me? What on earth do you mean by this?"

The maids ignored her, avoiding her like the plague as they made to leave

"Hold on Presley's voice suddenly halted their retreat. He lifted his head, his gaze focusing on Addie. His eyes were cold and indifferent. Addie

had rarely seen him like this

"Addie, I've always trusted you" Presley said.

Addie nodded quickly. "Yes, I've always been grateful for your kindness and trust"

Presley scoffed, "Trust?"

His scoff sent chills down Addie's spine She looked at Presley cautiously, sensing the icy mockery in his eyes.

After a long while he sighed deeply, closing his eyes and shaking his head Presley said, "Trust? The word now only makes me seem more foolish! To have allowed such an arrogant and sycophantic person by my side for decades!"

Addie was completely taken aback Even Robin, who had just entered from the back, was stunned by Presley's words. "What happened?" Robinia words brought Addie back to her senses

“What did I do wrong, sir? I’ve already clarified everything in front of the reporters, didn’t I?” She paused, her gaze landing on the maids, and snapped “Speak up Did you gossip about me to the master? What did I do to offend you? Oh, I see, did someone pay you to smear me?”

The maids rolled their eyes in disbelief One of the maids said. “Who would bother to hear you? You’ve already disgraced yourself enough in front of the media! Do you really think you’re some sort of big shot? You think people need to unwar you?”

Addie had no idea what ‘disgrace the maid was referring to Seeing the situation turning against her, she quickly moved closer to Presley. don’t be swayed by their words I’ve been by your side for many years, dont you know what kind of person i am? Everything was fine before today They must have been bribed by Chipel it’s not enough for her to take away all our maids, the even senda people to continue causing trouble here it’s too much.”

“So, were you also bribed by her? Presley asked

Addie was taken aback, “What?”

Presley pursed his lips picked up the mole, and resumed the paused TV On the screen, Addie was seen in her interview, her face tear and pathetic. Even after the interview ended,

I clueless as to where she went wrong

But the next moment, the scene on the TV changed to another video. It started with the scene of Addie lounging on the sunlit terrace at the Harper family mansion earlier that afternoon, her legs crossed as she savored a piece of fruit

Just a single glance, and Addie’s eyes suddenly widened. Her face turned sheet pale as if she had seen a ghost.

Chapter 1598

The moment her eyes met the screen, Addie's pupils dilated and her face drained of color. Her legs turned to jelly, shaking uncontrollably. What she saw was her own actions, displayed with the clarity of a high-definition, 1080p video. Every expression, every word, every action was laid

bare for all to see.

There it was, footage of her forcing the servants to scrub the floors on their knees, and threatening them with dismissal. The moment where she casually tossed an apple core on the floor, expecting the maids to clean it up. The scene where she demanded they polish her shoes. All these scenes played out on the screen, causing Addie's legs to buckle beneath her collapsing to the floor in shock

From the moment he'd switched on the TV. Presley had turned his head, attempting to avoid the painful sight. However, the sounds alone were enough to enrage him. His forehead throbbed with pulsing veins, and his breath was coming in ragged gasps

"What's the matter? Don't tell me you've been bought off by that woman too, helping her stage this whole act?" Presley demanded, his icy gaze

fixed on Addie

"I" Addie stammered, her mind in chaos, not knowing what to say.c2

"Addie all these years, is this who you've really been? Did you think I was a fool, playing me for all this time?"

"No, sir, I didn't.

"How do you explain the video then?!" Presley roared, his cane pounding on the floor to punctuate his words.

Addie, trembling with fear, clenched her eyes shut. Her body shook violently with each thunderous boom of Presley's voice and the pounding of his cane on the floor "Sir, I just wanted them to obey me,

to do their work properly. They were used to Marina's management, so it was hard for me to discipline them..."

"And your idea of discipline is what? Having them bow down to you, treating them like your slaves, expecting them to polish your shoes daily?"

Presley's voice boomed through the room, reducing Addie to tears. "No, sir..."

"Addie! These people are employees of the Harper family. They're here to help us. We wouldn't dare treat them as slaves, but you they are someone's cherished children! How dare you treat them the way you did?!"

"Chloe was right, you're worse than the harshest head housemaid of the old manor houses! And you have the audacity to play the victim in front of the press? What do you have to complain about? You should see how people are talking about you outside! You're utterly shameless!!"

Presley was furious, his voice almost cracking with his anger. He glared at Addie, his face a mask of anger and disappointment "You've made a fool of me again! First Wendy, and now you! Do you have any idea how much damage you've done to our company in just half an hour?"

"I've always wondered why Elizabeth couldn't stand you, now I understand I've been blind, fooled for decades, blindly trusting and protecting you Presley shook his head with a bitter smile on his face What had his life come to? His most treasured grandson was now blinded by a woman His eldest son gave up his power for a woman. His wife refused to live with him. Even Wendy, whom he watched grow up, turned out to be a disgrace And now Addie, who had been by his side for decades

The people closest to him, the ones he trusted most All of them had deceived and betrayed him

After venting all his anger, he finally calmed down

The young servants who had come for job interviews were terrified, hiding in the corner, speechless. The room was silent, save for Addie's sobs. which seemed to grow louder in the quiet After a long while, Presley took a deep breath and let it out with a sigh. "You should leave, Addie There's no place for you in the Harper family"

At these words. Addie's crying stopped abruptly. She quickly scrambled to Presley's side, clinging to his leg, begging for mercy. "Six, / know wrong I'll change, I promise! Please give me another chance, for the sake of my many years of loyal service to you! I've always been loyal Harper family, sir, I can assure you

Mr. Robin had just promised her a double salary on the way here, yet before she could even taste the benefits, she

losing her job

"I dont need your assu

i now faong the

I gave you a second chance when Elizabeth kicked you out and you brought Wendy to speak for you! This time. you ve senously damaged the reputation of the Harper family and our company I don't want to see you again! Your presence will only upset mer It's best if you stay out of my sight and never appear before me again

Addies eyes widened in shock She clung to Presleys leg tightly, shaking it "Siz please give me another chance

Addies desperate ones echoed through the room, causing Presley head to pound. Finally, he roared out in annoyance. "Get out!"

His voice was so loud it seemed to split the ent

I've worked for the Harper family for so many yea

Hon in two Addie stevered, and hai crying finally stopped. "Si, /v sally bwson koyal to you.

always consider

home, and non-shers ac i supposed to

Presley didn't answer Seeing this, one of the servants, knowing that Presley might have been softening due to years of loyalty, quickly said. "Did you consider the Harper family as your own, while disregarding the reat of the staff when you reigned over them, waart 4 Gecause they had nowhere else to go once they left here? Now you know lear but did you ever consider how those you oppressed fat? Those you threatened to pack their bags and leave at a moment's notice how helpless and devastated must they have leil?"

Addie shot a frigid, hateful glare at the speaker the very same young woman! The gri seemed to shrink back from Adde i gaze, retreating behind a companion An utter look of terror on her face, she slammed. 1. I was just telinga the it is why do you have to be so fierce? Libe you're about to kill me

Her words allowed Presley to catch the resentment in Addie's eyes, and his heart, which had begun to soften, hardened again in an instant.

He pushed Addie aside, barking, "Get out of here! Now!!"

## Chapter 1599

A plea and desperation replaced the malice in Addie's eyes. "Sir, please! Just give me one more chance...I swear, I'll change, I'll correct my mistakes. Please let me stay..."

Presley shut his eyes, his jaw muscles taut with anger. "...Guards! Kick her out!"

Upon hearing the command, the guards waiting outside immediately entered. They hoisted Addie from the ground and started dragging her out. She slumped to the floor, refusing to cooperate. "Please. You can't be so heartless. I've always been loyal to the Harper family... Her voice faded as she was dragged out of the drawing room and into the courtyard.

The servant, who had been hiding, now emerged, looking rather pleased with herself. She knew Chloe wouldn't turn against someone without reason. If she was going out of her way to deal with Addie, then she must have done something unforgivable.

The drawing room fell silent once again as nightfall arrived.c2

“You guys can stay. We’ll need you to work in the house from now on,” the old man said, his voice filled with exhaustion.

He slowly rose to his feet, swaying slightly. “I’ve lost my appetite, so I won’t have dinner. You guys go ahead”

Leaving these words behind, he ascended the staircase with the aid of his cane, disappearing out of sight.

Robin’s eyes stayed glued to the TV screen, where the news had shifted to the scene of Chloe being ambushed outside her apartment. She was calm and collected, as if she had expected the media’s attention.

This woman, did she always remain so composed under pressure, or had she anticipated being cornered by the reporters?

Or perhaps did she know that he was behind the media attention?

Or did she have other suspicions?

He narrowed his eyes, his expression turning grim. In just a day, with Addie as a catalyst, she had expertly played her hand. The faithful old servant who had been by the old man’s side for decades, whom even Elizabeth hadn’t been able to drive away, was now completely out of favor

Chloe really didn’t leave any room for a comeback. Her actions were even more decisive and ruthless than a man’s could be.

Addie was immediately dismissed from the Harper family. After decades of service, she wasn’t even allowed to stay the night. She trudged into town with her suitcase, utterly exhausted, but was recognized by a crowd. Their disdainful and contemptuous looks made her lower her head.

“Did she get kicked out?”

“Why feel sorry for her? Better to sympathize with the other servants who were oppressed by her!”

“She lived a luxurious life at the Harper mansion, with a bunch of flunkies at her beck and call, and a hefty salary. You want to feel sorry for her?”

“Whod dare hire her now?”

“Who would be crazy enough to pay for an outsider to rule their home?”

“Haha, probably just that old man from the Harper family...”

“Let’s go. Her ugly face is nauseating. Nothing to see here!”

Addie trudged along, head lowered, avoiding the pointing fingers and sidelong glances. Every word was a nail, piercing her heart. She was filled with a mix of feelings, helplessness, anger, regret, and resentment.

Because their ideals were fundamentally dissimilar from those of normal people, bad individuals could never become good. A person’s values were developed from birth and were more ingrained over time, shaping their personality and mentality.

Like Keira, who was always envious of Chloe and despised everything about her, ended up hiding in her corner, consumed with jealousy and hatred.

Like Wendy, the golden girl of the Alonso family, who believed that everything should belong to her, including the Alonso family, the shares and Damon Anyone who touched her cheese became her enemy.

Could they repent and admit their mistakes?

Some things were deeply ingrained and couldn't be changed, just like Addia

Despite everything, life had to go on. She dragged her luggage to the Employment Agency, where the staff looked at her with contempt and rejection. Still, they sent her to fill out a form and wait

"What kind of job are you looking for?" the clerk asked.

"A housekeeper"

The clerk looked at her, smirked silently, shook her head, and jotted down her request. "Do you have any salary expectations?"

"The lowest I'll take is fifteen thousand."

Addie stated this matter-of-factly. The clerk paused, looked up at the elderly woman sitting across from her, her swollen face showing all the signs of her recent ordeal, and silently laughed at the audacity. The signs of a life of luxury were still evident in her appearance. Despite her

current disheveled state, she was cleaner and more refined than the women from the poorer regions. But her I come from a rich family' arrogance was off-putting.

The staff member scoffed, his words dripping with sarcasm. "You're asking for a salary of fifteen grand?"

Addie nodded, a hint of arrogance in her demeanor. Even when she looked at the staff member, there was a hint of disdain and condescension in her gaze. "That's my bottom line. I used to make more than that."

The staff member let out a sarcastic chuckle, jotting down "15000+" on the form as he spoke in a dismissive tone, "Well, then perhaps you should return to your previous job."

“Then you might as well go back to your old job.”

The arrogance in Addie’s eyes morphed instantly, as she stared blankly at the staff member across the counter, her expression desolate.

The staff member quickly filled out a form and set it aside before calling out, “Next!”

Addie sat immobile on the chair. It was the woman behind her, also seeking employment, who gently nudged her. “Excuse me, ma’am, could you please move? It’s my turn to fill out the form...”

The woman spoke with an air of honesty and caution. She wasn’t oblivious to who Addie was. In this day and age, one had to be able to read. With smartphones and the internet, almost everyone could navigate the online world. Even the old hand-me-down phones from their children were somewhat usable for these women c2

News was everywhere online. Even without actively searching, they could still see it. Addie’s face was as recognizable as it was during the press conferences. She was easy to identify

But just because Addie was a nasty character, didn’t mean she had to stoop to that level. She lowered her voice as much as possible, not wanting to provoke Addie

Despite this, Addie suddenly stood up from her chair, forcefully pushed the woman away, and slapped the spot the woman had touched. With a sharp and disgusted voice, she sneered, “Why did you touch me! Don’t you know how dirty you are?! Disgusting! Country bumpkin, just as I thought, poor, crass, and filthy!”

The woman was pushed aside. She was taken aback by Addie’s words, and her face was flushed with embarrassment. She quickly glanced at her clothes, they were old but clean. The clothes were faded

due to frequent washing. She wasn’t dirty. She was just a simple country woman, unsure how to react to Addie’s sharp and merciless words.

“What’s all the fuss about?! Fill up the form and go find a place to wait! Do you think you can do whatever you want here?!”

The staff member, dealing with these country women on a daily basis, was somewhat impatient. But upon encountering the arrogant Addie, he couldn’t help but lose his temper.

Addie turned her head to give the staff member a fierce glare. “The form is already filled out. I hope you can arrange a job for me immediately. Staying in this place for a long time is like slow suicide. What kind of low-life place is this!”

As she spoke, her gaze swept over the woman from the country, her eyes full of contempt.

“People like you can’t even take care of themselves, and you want to take care of others? I fear you would pollute the air in their homes!” Addie had been holding back her frustration all afternoon, looking for an outlet. Now, the woman was her target.

“What kind of job are you looking for?”

Before Addie’s sharp voice had a chance to fade, a young woman in professional attire suddenly appeared in front of them, asking the red-faced woman, whose eyes were filled with tears.

Startled, the woman looked at her fearfully. “What?”

“What kind of job are you looking for? The young woman asked again, patiently

The woman looked at her, who was clearly wealthy from her city attire, quickly wiped the tears from her eyes, and straightened up to answer, “I can do anything Babysitting, cleaning, cooking, washing dishes...”

Addie scoffed, “Cooking? Washing dishes? Who knows if the food you make would even be edible...”

"Alright. I'll give you fifteen hundred dollars, come with me." Before Addie could finish speaking, the young woman spoke indifferently.

Addie was taken aback. "Are you kidding me? You're giving her fifteen hundred dollars? What can she do?"

The young woman ignored her completely and went straight to the counter to handle the woman's paperwork.

The woman snapped out of her daze and hastily approached, asking, "Miss, what do you want me to do? Where should I work? L..."

She knew she didn't have anything valuable to be scammed, yet, she still felt a twinge of fear.

The young woman had smoothly completed the procedures, and she said casually, "The Harper family. You're to take care of the old man of the Harper family"

Standing aside with a disgruntled expression, Addie instantly lifted her head at her words. "What did you say?! Allowing this lowly woman to care for Mr. Presley, had she gone mad?

The woman still didn't spare her a glance, "Three months trial period, after which, the salary will be doubled accordingly."

Doubled? Fifteen thousand doubled, wouldn't that be thirty thousand? The mere thought of this number made the woman jump in shock, as she quickly shook her head in refusal. "No, no, no, I can't take that much money I just do a little work. I should be paid accordingly. This salary is too high... I... I don't know..."

The young woman smiled. "It's alright. We'll discuss it later. Maybe you won't even pass the trial period, right?"

The woman finally nodded. "I'll try my best."

“Alright, get your stuff and come with me.”

“Yes, yes, alright!” The woman quickly agreed, excitedly.

“Hold on!”

As the young woman was about to leave, Addie suddenly stopped her, striding up to her and examining her before asking. “Who are you, exactly? By what right are you hiring for the Harper family? I’ve never seen you before? You even hire country bumpkins, do you have a discerning eye...” “Anyone is better than you, Addie. You don’t have the right to question the Harper family’s hiring decisions, especially not now. You have no right to interfere in any of the Harper family’s affairs. I suggest you understand your current situation. What gives you the right to act so recklessly!” The woman finally stopped, her cold eyes on Addie, then she continued, “As for why I have the right to hire for the Harper family? It seems that in all these years, relying on Mr. Harper’s trust, you have forgotten that Harper Mansion has a real mistress, Alyssa. If not, why don’t you ask Alyssa herself why she can hire staff for the mansion?”

Addie’s face went deathly pale. “Alyssa...”

Yes! She had forgotten! Presley had married.

But...

“I just left the Harper’s Mansion not long ago. How could she

“Yeah, even though she didn’t particularly like you, you were indeed favored by the old man? She thought of giving you a taste of the bitterness of life’...

“Since you regreted and reflected on your errors, knowing your mistakes, she decided to let it go. How many years does a person have in a lifetime? If the old man likes you, at most you’d serve him a few more years, but alas... you never learn...”