

CHOSEN 1661

Chapter 1661

"No one can resist the allure of a place that instills fear and dread, a place from which people run. I happen to be the ruler of such a place. Everyone's fate here, whether they live or die, hinges on my mood."

He turned his head, gazing at Chloe's calm and collected face. His fingers gently stroked her smooth jawline. His eyes were intense, and his voice was low. "Scared?"

Chloe held his gaze. Her lips parted into a soft smirk. "So, you're really a gangster."

Controlling the lives of everyone here was exactly what a gangster does.

Damon raised his eyebrows. A low chuckle escaped his lips as he leaned in, his forehead resting against Chloe's. "Right. So you're the girlfriend of a gangster now." c2

Chloe smirked. "Well, I happen to be tough."

At around three in the morning, a commotion at the gate attracted the attention of the steel mill. Despite the distance, the sound piercing the silence of the night was hard to ignore.

Yasmine, seated in her wheelchair, stirred from her rest at the sound. She slowly opened her eyes, listening attentively to the distant clamor. Her expression was calm, as if she were listening to a beautiful piece of music.

The gate was soon opened, and the sound of metal scraping against metal echoed through the area. Wendy walked in hurriedly, a look of panic etched on her face. When she spotted Yasmine in the center of the room, her anxiety faded. She approached Yasmine with a smile playing on her lips. "Did you hear that?"

Yasmine rubbed her temples. "It's quite noisy outside."

Wendy chuckled. "Indeed. Don't you want to know who's causing all that noise?"

Yasmine remained silent.

Unperturbed, Wendy continued, "Mother knows best, I guess I knew she'd come looking. I just didn't think she'd be so quick. Pity, I thought I could get some sleep tonight."

Yasmine slowly looked up at Wendy, with a hint of irony in her eyes. "I suggest you get some sleep. You might not have the chance later."

Wendy paused for a moment before bursting into laughter. "Are you suggesting your daughter is going to kill me? That's hilarious."

She laughed heartily, shaking her head at Yasmine. "Admittedly, your daughter is clever. But no matter how ruthless she is, I doubt she has the guts to kill. She's well-respected internationally, and her pride would prevent her from stooping to my level and risking her reputation. Moreover, it was me... I intentionally lured her here. Did I lure her here just to kill me? What a joke! If she dares to show up here, she'll be the one to die! Both of you must die! Your existence is an eyesore. You both must die!!"

Wendy's expression was twisted, her madness evident.

Yasmine remained stoic. She watched as Wendy ranted and raved before her.

"Chloe is nothing but a weakling masquerading as a tough guy. Does she dare to take my life?"

"She will kill you, Yasmine replied calmly. "She's my daughter; if I were in her shoes, I'd do the same. You've made too many stupid moves. She might have overlooked your previous transgressions and even tolerated your presence. But you crossed a line when you involved me. This isn't just about crossing her boundaries anymore Ms. Wendy, all this for a man, if you were more open-minded, you

could have a fresh start and a lot of hope for your life. It's a shame you've made such a mess of your life."

Seeing Wendy descend into such madness evoked sympathy in Yasmine. However, they were no longer children. Everyone had the ability to discern right from wrong and make choices. The path one walked was one's own making.

While she felt sorry for Wendy, she didn't pity her. Her life was her own, and no one else could interfere. Sympathy was just that, sympathy.

"No I am successful Wendy laughed triumphantly. "As long as I kill you two, I'll be more successful than anyone else! It's because of your daughter's existence that I've lost so much that was supposed to be mine! Only when she dies can my life truly begin, free of obstacles"

Yasmine shook her head, laughing softly. "If that thought comforts you, so be it But are you sure that all this noise outside is just Chloe alone?"

"She brought help, Wendy scoffed. "A handful of people trying to force their way in here. Ridiculous. If we hadn't arranged for our contacts at the gate to let them in she wouldn't have made it this far

Yasmine gave a faint smile is that so?"

Wendy raised an eyebrow, a smug expression on her face. "You should thank me. You and your daughter will be reunited soon"

Thank a person who is intent on killing us You have a strange sense of humor

Hmph Wendy snorted

Yasmine closed her eyes, clearly uninterested in further conversation with Wendy

The vast factory fell into silence once more. After about ten minutes, the gunfire in the distance gradually subsided. The look of satisfaction in Wendy's eyes intensified She was even starting to feel excited Finally, the moment she had been waiting for was upon her There would no longer be a Chloe in the world the stupid bitch she despised

bon, the gate was opened again Wendy looked up to see the man who had been sent to negotiate at the gate. "Why are you back so soon? Did you let them in Are they dead"

The man shook his head. "They're not dead! It seems the boss called ahead, so by the time we got there, they were already inside. But perhaps the boss didn't make it clear to the gatekeepers. That woman had a few cars with her."

Wendy furrowed her brows. "Seems like she brought quite a few people. Is she planning to go head-to-head with us?"

You don't need to worry about that. We saw the chopper of our leader, too. With the leader here, he won't allow them to run amok on his turf! If they really want to save this woman, they'll have to do it covertly. They won't cause a scene!"

The leader here was the absolute authority and would not tolerate anyone disrupting the peace on his turf. Otherwise, it would be a blatant challenge to authority, a provocation to a seasoned hustler. To the Boss, whether it was dozens, hundreds, or even thousands of them, they were all just insignificant ants, easy to crush with a single snap.

It was only then that Wendy felt a sense of relief. However, her relief was quickly replaced with confusion. "Why would the Boss be here at this time?" She questioned, glancing at the clock that read a little past three.

Furthermore, he had arrived almost at the same time as Chloe and the others.

Chapter 1662

Her words prompted a smirk from the thugs. "What's the big deal? The boss seems to always show up late at night or early in the morning. Maybe he's in a different time zone"

Wendy furrowed her brows and nodded in understanding.

That made sense. If the time here was the same as back home, it could only mean one thing – the so-called boss was not from their home country.

“And the woman?”

“She caused a ruckus at the checkpoint, and the boss caught her red-handed. He’s probably taken her away temporarily... Doesn’t look good for her “c2

By the time they arrived, the conflict had already cooled down, leaving only scattered whispers of those who had been loitering in the streets. They hadn’t seen the boss’ face, and by the time they had gotten close, the woman had vanished. It was obvious that she had been taken away by the boss himself.

Wendy’s expression darkened. She turned to Yasmine, who was already awake and listening to their conversation with a calm expression. With a sneer, she said, “Taken away by the boss here... Looks like you might be disappointed this time. I wonder what kind of death she met in his hands. What a pity, I didn’t get to see her die before my eyes.”

A faint smile spread across Yasmine’s face. “You speak as if the boss is some kind of psychopathic killer. She’s just a woman. She didn’t participate in the disturbance, nor did she harm anyone. What reason would he have to kill her? What about the people she brought? Were they punished?”

The thug shook his head. “No.”

Yasmine’s smile deepened. “There you have it. He didn’t take care of the most threatening group of people, yet he chose to take a woman? Even if he’s as ruthless as you say, he should know the importance of maintaining his reputation. As for why he took Chloe...”

Yasmine let out a soft chuckle. “Maybe he simply took a liking to her.”

Of course, it was that man. Although she had a hunch, she was still surprised to confirm that Damon was the boss here.

What kind of man did Chloe end up with? He had such a complex identity.

Yasmine's words caused a moment of silence before a wave of laughter broke out. Wendy laughed the hardest. Her voice was sharp and filled with sarcasm. That's hilarious. So, to every mother, their daughter is the best in the world? Beautiful as a goddess. So smart and wise that every man would fall at her feet?"

Her words were filled with hatred and madness. "Do you think everyone else is blind or stupid? He's the boss here. What kind of woman hasn't he seen? And he just had to choose your daughter? Any woman would be better than her!"

Yasmine chuckled. "Is that so? But it doesn't matter. Having Damon in her life is enough for her."

Without a doubt, Yasmine's words had hit Wendy where it hurt. Any woman was better than Chloe, but the man she cared about the most only loved Chloe and wouldn't even give her a second glance.

Wendy was trembling out of anger, veins were popping on her forehead, and her eyes were bloodshot as she glared at Yasmine.

Sensing the escalating tension, one of the thugs stepped in impatiently: "Enough! This isn't the time for you two to be arguing. Get ready. The people she brought could find us at any moment. Don't get

caught off guard."

Wendy seemed to snap out of it, reining in her anger. She turned to the thug with a cold expression. "I want Chloe! I want to kill her myself!

"You're talking nonsense! She's been taken by the boss, and we don't even know if she's dead or alive. How can I guarantee she'll come here? The thug leader, who had been absent until now, suddenly walked in from the entrance with no hint of politeness towards Wendy.

"Stop messing things up. My only task was to kill that woman. Once she's dead. I've done my job," he said, making his way towards Yasmine

He already had his knife in hand. It was clear he intended to kill Yasmine, but Wendy stood in his way. "Hold on!"

The thug's face twisted in annoyance. "Dame it, have you had enough? Your personal grudges are messing up my plans! I was stupid to let you run wild before, but now that woman is in the boss' hands, your plan is busted Give it up. Let me finish her off quickly before the people she brought find us and cause unnecessary trouble. Now move!"

Wendy didn't budge. "Both mother and daughter are thorns in your employer's side! Even if she's gone, her daughter will still be a problem if she doesn't die now, she'll still be targeted next time. Think about it, if you kill her now, your payment will undoubtedly double! Why let a business opportunity slip through your fingers, or invite trouble for yourself?"

The thug fell silent Wendy's words stirred his interest. But the problem is that woman can't possibly show up here

Wendy shook her head, her expression unusually calm "You don't understand that woman. What we think is impossible, is nothing to her. She's cunning and since she dared to go with the boss, she must have a way to get out Besides

She glanced at Yasmine, who was calmly sitting next to her, then continued, "Her mother is here with me. She won't let anything happen to her mother's in danger So trust me she will come. As long as we take care of her this time I promise to negotiate a satisfying price with your employer"

The thug pondered for a moment, his face showing hesitation.

I promise that bitch will come here, Wendy declared confidently

Having dealt with Chloe for so long, she knew how tricky, annoying, and cunning Chice could be she wouldn't let anything happen rescued Vaurrene

was swayed by Wendy's Conviction He put away his knife and said goodly

This time, she really owned Wendy one.

Chapter 1663

Before long, a rumble echoed from outside. The incessant sound of bullets filled the air. The gang leader, originally intending to rest for a moment, jolted up from the worn-out sofa at the noise.

What's going on?!"

Yasmine's eyes, previously half-closed, slowly opened, revealing an unflappable calmness despite the chaos outside.

Wendy, on the other hand, was startled out of her wits. Sure, she had some experience with weapons from her time at the shooting range, but she had never been involved in a real-life gunfight. She still cringed at the memory of her last embarrassing encounter at the ranch.

"Boss, it's those guys that woman brought!"c2

"Damn it!"

The gang leader shot Wendy a venomous glance before charging out with his men.

Inside the villa, Chloe clung to Damon, not letting him leave. Damon decided to stay by her side, as she seemed to have drifted off to sleep. Gently stroking Chloe's smooth cheek, he noticed she had put on a little weight since he last saw her. He had often heard her joke about being fattened up like a pig by her mother, and now, he felt grateful for it.

His phone buzzed in his pocket. It was a call from Nate. He hung up immediately and sent him a text instead. [What's up?]

Nate's reply came quickly. [Sir, Mr. Stanley and his men have located them, and a fight has broken out.]

Damon's brow furrowed, but before he could react, another message from Nate arrived. [Shall we provide backup depending on the situation?]

In Nate's view, this decision was entirely up to Damon. It was a somewhat callous and ruthless plan, unabashedly devoid of conscience.

If Stanley's men were winning, they'd let them continue, regardless of the effort involved. If they were losing, they'd timely step in to ensure Yasmine was rescued unscathed. It was indeed a rather heartless plan.

Having read the message, Damon paused for a moment, then replied, [Arrange it immediately.]

With just those few words, Nate understood Damon's intention. Quite surprising, he thought, but with no time to ponder, he went off to carry out the order.

Damon glanced at Chloe, who was sleeping soundly on the bed, as he considered his next move. Deciding to leave alone, he tried to gently pull his arm away, only to be held back.

Chloe slowly opened her eyes, gazing at him. "Where are you going?"

Damon pursed his lips. "You weren't sleeping?"

"I was " Chloe sat up on the bed. "But I'm not so callous as to sleep soundly."

With her mother in the hands of others, how could she sleep peacefully? If it weren't for her current physical condition, she wouldn't be lying docilely in

bed.

She glanced out the window. The night was still pitch black, so she hadn't slept for long.

Brushing her hair aside, she questioned, "It's still early, where are you going?"

Her face showed signs of fatigue, but her eyes were clear, as if she had already discerned the reason behind his actions.

Damon thought he saw reproach in her eyes. He had promised her, yet now, he was going back on his word. He picked up her down jacket from the side, silently helping her put it on, then carried her downstairs. "We're going to find your mother."

Chloe gave a slight smile and buried her face in his chest.

By the time they reached the bottom, Nate had swiftly arranged everything. Seeing Chloe, he was somewhat taken aback. Why was the couple always so unpredictable? In such a situation, why would Damon insist on taking Chloe with him?

However, he was in no position to question Damon's decision.

Once they were in the car and the doors were shut, Nate drove them towards the abandoned steel mill on the outskirts

Chloe sat quietly in the car, her face serene.

"Tired? Damon asked softly, stroking her hair

Chloe gave a faint smile. A little But the sooner we resolve this, the sooner i can get back to sleep

Damon glanced at her. Her calm demeanor made her seem like a bystander

Stanley and his men had the opposition on the ropes Despite being only a handful, they were seasoned fighters of grem cad

The local thugs no matter how tough, were simply too merciless and desperate but who among Shapley's men

o down to hody Court they were no less

stand imposingly in the middle of bodies a long gun slung over his

War to keep fighting

"You don't deserve to know my name! Stop wasting time. Are you giving up the woman or not?!"

How could they give up now? They had accepted the job; there was no backing out midway.

Stanley's patience was wearing thin. "Seems like you're asking for a complete wipeout, huh?"

As he spoke, he lifted the long gun from his shoulder. "Damn it, wasting my time!"

Just as he was about to open fire, a gunshot from behind hit the enemy camp Stanley paused, turning to see a group of men armed with assault rifles charging in. Without any hesitation, they fired at the enemy, dropping a large number of them in an instant.

The enemy gang leader instantly lost his footing, ordering his men to retaliate. They fired at Stanley's men, but to no avail.

"Damn!"

Dodging a bullet by ducking, Stanley returned fire, dropping several enemy men

Seeing the new group of men, he questioned, "Who the hell are you guys? What's your business here?"

“We’re here to take the mother-in-law home!”

The word “mother-in-law” nearly made Stanley grind his teeth to dust. Again, it was that damned rascal Damon!

He almost got him in trouble! Bloody hell!

Chapter 1664

“That damned Damon!” Stanley spat out, “Who is his mother-in-law?”

His men pointed towards the direction of the steel mill entrance. The one inside there.”

Stanley grimaced. Who the hell asked you?’

The leader of the rival gang had been hit and was clutching his chest. A trail of blood trickled from his mouth.

Stanley, with his eagle-like eyes, scanned the area, then hoisted his rifle, extending his long legs, and walked straight towards the gate. The tightly shut entrance was locked by a heavy iron chain. Stanley clicked his tongue, aimed, and fired directly at it.c2

The loud clash of the bullet against the iron gate made Wendy, who was hiding inside, flinch. Her long eyelashes fluttered in fear.

She was terrified! The windows of the mill did not face the front gate, so she could not see what was happening outside. She could only listen to the rapid gunfire and moans of pain. She was gripping the armrest of Yasmine’s wheelchair, pretending to be calm.

Yasmine, clearly noticing the terrified Wendy behind her, smirked. What gave this woman the courage? She had such a small heart yet decided to kidnap her in such a murky place.

Wendy stared at the mill's gate, completely panicked. She didn't know what to do next! She could only pray that the person who entered would be an ally

However, reality was always cruel.

When Stanley, a man completely unfamiliar to her, appeared in her line of sight, her grip on Yasmine's wheelchair tightened. Almost reflexively, she pointed a handgun at Yasmine's head. She stared at Stanley with both caution and fear. "Who are you?"

"Your daddy!" Stanley sauntered towards her, holding his rifle.

"Don't come any closer! Or... or I'll kill her!"

Stanley's steps paused. His gaze casually shifted to Yasmine.

Yasmine was also looking at him. Without a doubt, they were strangers to each other. But now, Yasmine knew that this man, Stanley, was not her enemy. In this place, anyone who wasn't with Wendy was her ally.

The only people who could find her in this place of danger, apart from Damon, would be the man who brought Chloe.

"Are you Chloe's mother?"

Before Yasmine could answer, he interrupted, "Never mind! She does look like you."

Wendy was completely ignored at this point and was utterly clueless. She felt both fear and anger. How invisible was she? She had pointed a gun at the hostage and was still being completely overlooked.

"Who are you? Are you the lapdog sent by that bitch? You're so obedient. You even came to a place like this for her!"

Stanley lifted his eyes to Wendy, narrowing them into a dangerous line. "Stupid bitch."

Wendy's face stiffened.

Stupid... For the first time in her life, she was being directly insulted with such vulgar language, especially by a man. The humiliation was indescribable.

"Listen to your daddy and hand over the lady. Or don't blame me for blowing your brains out!"

Wendy opened her mouth. The hand holding the gun started to tremble violently, and her eyes were rapidly reddening. She was born into a wealthy family, and even though she was still being ruthlessly insulted online, she could turn a blind eye to it, blaming it on people stirring up trouble.

Now, being humiliated by a man to her face, left her speechless.

Wendy was easily reduced to tears by Stanley's harsh words. Feeling both wronged and humiliated, she was livid. Her trembling hand tightened around the gun again, pressing it hard against Yasmine's head. The sheer force made Yasmine's head bow down.

"Not listening, are you?" Stanley's eyes flashed with a dangerous glint.

Wendy had lost all reason. Stanley's presence here was proof that her men outside had failed. Now, she was left alone and didn't know what to do. The only leverage she had was Yasmine.

Ignoring Stanley's words, she yelled, "Where is that bitch Chloe?! Bring her to me, or I'll kill her mother. Ahh!!"

"Damn it! You're threatening me, do you have a death wish?!"

With a loud bang, Wendy's piercing scream echoed in the empty factory, lingering in the air.

Everything happened in a blink of an eye Stanley was seen holding his rifle with one hand, resting it on his hip. The muzzle was still emitting wisps of smoke. The gun Wendy had against Yasmine's head fell to the ground, and her right arm was shot again

She had been shot in both legs and hands by Damon before God knew what she had been through just to stand here now

At first, she took painkillers like crazy to ease the pain, but when it proved ineffective, she started using drugs for relief

People said she was crazy But the only reason that kept her going was her determination to kill Chloe, the woman who ruined her life

She had lost everything. Not only did she not get what she wanted, but she also lost everything that was supposed to be hers

All because of Chice

Her life was a mess Why should Chloe live happily? She wanted to make Chloe suffer even die As long as Chice was in pain. Wendy's multiply by hundreds, thousands

wanted to see Chloe watch her kill her mother watch suffer and

But there were constant setbacks.

Chloe was taken away by the gang leader here, and now Stanley knocked Wendy to the ground, hooked Yasmine's wheelchair with his leg, and brought it

to his side.

Wendy was too engrossed in her pain to care about Yasmine. She could only watch helplessly as Yasmine sat unscathed next to Stanley. She looked up, noticing the only leverage she had now was gone. Her face was a tumultuous mix of anger and resistance.

Yasmine glanced at her, her expression unreadably cool. "I told you, you should get a good night's sleep tonight," she said.

Wendy knew exactly what she meant, because Yasmine's original words were. "You won't get another chance."

She shrank back as a fear akin to death was washing over her, chilling her to the bone.

Chapter 1665

But how could she accept this? How?!

The blood, still warm, trickled down her arm, dropping weakly onto the ground. On her other side, her fingers clawed desperately at the ground, causing her nails to split and bleed. She found herself once again spiraling into a state of pure self-induced madness.

Her appearance was grotesque, terrifying. Yasmine watched her, shaking her head slightly with a sigh.

"You're wrong! I won't die, and if I do, it won't be by that bitch's hands!" She screamed hysterically, turning to Stanley. "So what if you saved her mother? Chloe could be dead, for all we know! Do you love that bitch? Pathetic. You finally get a chance to play the hero, but there's no one to witness it. She might already be dead, at the hands of the gang leader, right? And how would she die? It would be the most brutal way to go, I bet. Look at the woman you all fought over and loved. She met such a dirty, pathetic end."

Stanley watched her with a dark expression, his brows furrowing deeply. "What the hell are you talking about?! You've completely lost it!"^{c2}

Wendy ignored him and continued her manic laughter, "You said Chloe would kill me, but she's not even here. So, you were wrong..."

Yasmine smirked, her tone almost questioning, "Was I?"

Wendy sat up from the ground, throwing her head back in triumphant laughter. "Yes! You were wrong! Wrong!! Hahaha... I didn't kill her directly, but it was I who lured her here. Ultimately, I caused her death... Hahaha..."

Her laughter echoed eerily in the empty warehouse, ringing in their ears. "I caused her death... You were wrong... Wrong..."

Stanley pulled out his earpiece with his free hand, visibly annoyed. With a flick of his wrist, he spun his gun around, pointing it at Wendy. "You've got the most annoying voice I've ever heard, a real menace. Time to shut up, for good!"

"Stanley."

His flippant words fell, and he was about to pull the trigger on the ranting woman in front of him. But then a cool, aloof voice rang out.

Stanley paused, turning his head sharply. His expression darkened.

At the same time, Wendy's manic laughter slowly died. She quickly raised her head to the entrance. The previously triumphant expression froze on her

face.

The man and woman who appeared at the entrance made her face twitch uncontrollably. The man was clad in a black coat and was tall and handsome. His face was the one she had been obsessively thinking about. He was breathtakingly attractive, and the woman by his side was covered from head to toe, her bulky down jacket obscuring her figure. A plush scarf wrapped around her neck, and a large hood covered her head, the long fur trim was blocking most of her face.

Though her face was hidden, there was no mistaking who she was. Wendy continued to stare at her. Her bloodshot eyes nearly popped out of their

sockets.

The woman slowly approached and stood in front of Wendy. She reached up, slowly removing her hood.

Even though Wendy knew who it was, when she saw that cold, aloof face, looking down at her, the face she had hated her entire life, her hand clenched the ground, and her pale lips trembled violently.

The Chloe she remembered was always dressed immaculately, but the woman before her now was a stark contrast. Dressed in loose, ill-fitting clothing, she still managed to exude a style uniquely her own.

“Your hopes may be dashed yet again.” Chloe stood before her, looking at her coldly.

Wendy gritted her teeth, realizing her current predicament, and struggled to get up from the ground. She turned to look at Damon standing behind her, laughing in a mix of despair and scorn.

“You really do treasure her, don’t you? For her, you’d even rush into a place like this without a second thought. For her, would you all willingly give up your lives?”

Damon stood aside, not even sparing her a glance.

You really are pathetic” Chloe’s voice was cool and steady, a sharp jab at Wendy’s heart

Yes, two men would willingly rush into this place for her. But what about her? Who would do the same for her?

She truly was pathetic. The man she loved disabled her limbs, and he wouldn’t even spare her a glance. Now, she was again shot in the arm by a stranger

All for Chipe

“Nobody will die for me today. I know Stanley’s abilities. He’s not cornered here

Stanley looked pleased, turning to Damon who was looking less than thrilled. His smile became even more smug Damon resisted the urge to punch DINE Lannoying face beside him.

And Damon Chloe continued, “surely won’t either

Damon smirked, glancing at the now crestfallen Stanley. He never paid much attention to the gang wearier idently before but now he realised, it 100 bad

Wendy had no idea what Chloe was trying to say “What do you mean?

Chloe chuckled coldly. Do you know who the leader of this territory is?

Wendy froze for a comere. Her gaze involuntarily turned to Durman, and her body swayed slightly

at’s right, it’s him

She shook her head frantically, stumbling backwards. “It’s impossible! You don’t have any control over the Harper family. You don’t have any weapons. What will you control this place with?”

“Who said the weapons here belong to the Harper family?” Chloe cut her off, looking at her before bursting into laughter. “How ludicrous. You planned to use my mother to lure me here and kill me, and now... Isn’t this like a mouse walking right into a trap?”

Wendy still couldn’t believe it. “No, it can’t be!”

Chapter 1666

"No, it can't be!"

"Why was I able to enter this territory so easily? Why was I taken away by the leader and now able to stand before you? Why was it that I could come straight here?"

Chloe's words hit Wendy like a punch in the gut. Each question was a testament to Damon's undeniable authority in this place.

Chloe gave a wry smile, moving towards Yasmine to check for any injuries. Yasmine grabbed her hand, shaking her head to indicate she was unharmed. Only then did Chloe relax. Standing upright, her back turned to Wendy, who was reeling from the shock of reality.

"Still want to live in denial?"c2

Wendy frantically shook her head. "I don't believe it. You're all lying to me! You're all liars! Damon.... he was clearly thrown out by the Harpers, and he has nothing now. How can he be the leader here?! I don't believe it!"

The front door hung open, and the early morning wind blew in like icy daggers. Wendy shivered involuntarily, and her pale lips were trembling uncontrollably.

Chloe took a deep breath, slipping her hands into her down jacket pockets. She slowly turned around, her gaze indifferent as she stared at Wendy.

"Do you know why I'm telling you all this?"

Wendy didn't say anything, just stared at her fiercely.

"The truth is the truth, whether you believe it or not," she said, closing the distance between them. Her aloof expression sent an icy chill down Wendy's spine. "Wendy, you've always been a thorn in my side,

constantly testing my patience with your shameless actions. But I never let it get to me because I had my own life to live. I didn't need you tainting it. I even considered avoiding you at all costs. Like, do you really think anyone would be afraid of a pile of crap? It's just unpleasant to be around...

Wendy's eyes were practically bulging with hatred.

Chloe gave a faint smile, continuing in her indifferent tone, "There's another reason.... I know

that being alive and living a life worse than death was a better option than you, is the perfect punishment. But you crossed the line

punishment for you. Seeing me happier than you, seeing everyone else living better than you

when you targeted my mother. From that moment, I knew... you deserved to die..."

Finishing her words, she paused for a moment, then took another step closer to Wendy.

"What are you doing?!" Wendy, like a startled bird, began to back away at Chloe's approach.

But Chloe suddenly gripped her wrist tightly, and slammed her against the wall

Chloe moved closer, her legs pinning Wendy's. Their bodies were almost touching, the closest they had ever been since they met.

Damon's expression shifted slightly. His brow furrowed in a frown. Despite his calm exterior, the underlying agitation was palpable to those nearby.

Yasmine gave him a sidelong glance, and Stanley also looked at him with confusion. Nate just stood silently by, scratching his head. He wanted to cover his eyes but thought it might be too obvious. He was worried about potential repercussions from his boss.

Damon was really a man who could be jealous of a woman. But at this moment, Wendy... was technically Chloe's love rival, right?

And Chloe with her rival...

Nate glanced at the scene unfolding before him, and his mind conjured up some inappropriate images.

Chloe conquered her own rival...

Holy crap. Why did it feel kind of... exciting? Poor Mr. Damon, though. He blinked a few times and shook his head. He was overthinking it

Wendy was immobilized by Chloe, and her face was taut with hatred.

Chloe's icy smile widened as she closed the distance between them. Her cold gaze met Wendy's hateful eyes as she said in a low voice, "Let me tell you one more thing. Have you seen the news online?"

Wendy's gaze faltered

Chloe's smirk seemed even more mocking "They're right. I'm pregnant. With twins."

Wendy's eyes widened to their limit, and her pupils froze in shock. She stood there as if her soul had been sucked out of her body

Chloe, seeing this, slowly let go of her and stepped back, creating some distance between them. Her hands went back into her pockets as she looked at Wendy with cold eyes.

She could be as ruthless as anyone else when she wanted to. It had always been that way.

Chloe was really pregnant With Damen's children

Twins

Wendy's face finally showed some emotion. Her muscles trembled and her eyes were full of hatred. Everything was used because of this woman knew she had no chance with Damon anymore, but she still considered him as her possession.

The man she had been longing for all her life was now in an intimate relationship with another woman and even had children with her. And then

twins twins.

She had seen the news about Groe being pregnant and had even thought about ways that she heard it from the horse's mouth, how could she remain indifferent?

Seeing Chipe turn to leave, she suddenly stood up and charged at her. "Bitch, you must die! All of you should go to hell! Bitch!!"

Damon and Stanley's expression changed at her outburst. They were about to react when a gunshot rang out in the empty square.

Everyone froze. Yasmine, sitting in her wheelchair, slowly closed her eyes.

Wendy stood still, her hands outstretched, her face full of hateful madness. But now, it was frozen on her face. Several streaks of fresh blood gradually dyed her eyes red. At the center of her forehead was a ghastly bullet hole, blood pouring out.

Chloe, standing to the side, still held the smoking gun in his hand. It wasn't until the sound of a thud echoed in the room, and Wendy's body collapsed in response, that she slowly lowered her arm. Throughout this, she had kept her body turned sideways, her eyes never once meeting Wendy's.

The gazes from everyone in the room were filled with disbelief.

Chapter 1667

She had shot a man point-blank, without so much as looking at him. Afterward, she was as composed as if nothing had happened.

It took a moment for Nate to close his gaping mouth, glancing at the crumpled body of Wendy.

At least it was a mercy killing. A single shot. Quick and tidy.

Chloe turned, and walked over to Stanley, handing back the pistol and the bullet magazine from her pocket. "Thanks."

Stanley took them, weighing them in his hand. Just one bullet was used.c2

She then walked over to Damon, giving him a small smile. "Tired. Need to sleep"

Damon took her hand and pulled her into his arms. He never let go of her. His hand was on her wrist, subtly checking her pulse. It was as calm as her demeanor suggested.

Without a care for the onlookers, Damon lifted Chloe into his arms. He turned and began to walk out. Nate was quick to follow, pushing Yasmine's

wheelchair.

Damon's men had started to leave one by one, leaving only Stanley and his men standing. They looked at each other in confusion behind Stanley. How could their boss let another man take Chloe away so deliberately? If this happened in the past, there would have been an explosion!

Stanley ran a hand through his hair. His body was radiating irritation.

“Damn it!” He suddenly cursed under his breath, startling his men.

“Boss...”

Stanley turned abruptly, glaring at his subordinates.

“Is that Damon a freak or what?”

Everyone looked at each other, puzzled. “Huh?”

Stanley gritted his teeth.

“Does he even have a shred of humanity left in him?”

Chloe and that woman were just standing a bit too close for comfort. Anyone could tell that they were at odds. Damon, standing there, started to act all awkward and uncomfortable. At first, Stanley didn’t understand why, but then he started to have an inkling.

That woman was one of Damon’s admirer from childhood. She must have been his love rival. But Damon was able to get jealous over this.

Everyone shook their heads in unison, empathizing with their boss’ sentiment. “He’s a freak.”

Stanley’s expression didn’t improve. “Tell me, does that make me less of a man compared to him?”

Everyone, “Huh?”

“I don’t get as jealous as he does! Does that mean he cares more about Chloe than I do?”

They glanced at each other and shook their heads in unison. “Boss, that just means Mr. Harper is a petty man! Most women won’t like a man like him!®

Stanley’s mood didn’t lift, and his eyes were glinting coldly. “Is Chloe like most women?”

Their hearts skipped a beat. Without thinking, they shook their heads in unison. “No!”

Thump, thump, thump...

Then, the factory was filled with the wailing of Stanley’s people. They were hopping around, clutching their feet, looking rather comical.

Stanley stormed out, his anger palpable.

Damon had already left with Chloe.

It wasn’t until the afternoon that Chloe finally woke up.

Damon had stayed by her side the entire time, worried that her calm exterior was nothing but a facade. Killing someone might not have been a big deal to her in the past, but now, her body wouldn’t allow it. She was pregnant, had gone through the fear of her mother being kidnapped, and now had taken a life. No one could be completely indifferent

However, perhaps he really underestimated her. She slept soundly, oblivious to the world.

He stayed by her side so when Chloe opened her eyes, the first thing she saw was him.

Damon watched her silently His gaze was fixed on her, and he was not planning to miss any hint of her true emotions.

Chloe lay on her side, looking at Damon’s silent but intense gaze. A small smile played on her lips.

"Morning

Her voice was languid from sleep, her body relaxed

Damon's deep dark eyes finally moved away from her. It's not morning anyway?

Chloe's smile didn't fade, as she propped herself up slightly, resting her chin on Damon's shoulder. Then why am you still here?

Damon's brow twitched, and his expression showed this displeasure

you being here?

that was bound to come, would come. I'm sorry"

Damon didn't respond and moved her head back to the pillow, as he got ready to rise. But as soon as he sat up, Chloe followed suit, wrapping her arms around his waist from behind. "I promise this will never happen again. I will behave and stay at home. Really. This is the last time!"

Damon's lips thinned. Every time he tried to move, she tightened her grip.

"Let go." In the end, he spoke, and his voice sounded icy and rigid.

Chloe was silent for a moment, then surprisingly, she let go of him, rolling over and crawling back under the covers. "If you don't forgive me, I'll be heartbroken, and I'll be sad. I'm pregnant now, so you figure it out!"

With that, Chloe felt Damon beside her rise from the bed. He then left the room.

Chloe was genuinely upset this time. Even though the act–first–explain–later approach wasn't very considerate, being given the cold shoulder by her man, even if she was wrong, made her feel wronged and upset.

She had lived for over twenty years, so couldn't she be afford to be a little spoiled?

The door to the room was opened again. Chloe heard the noise. Her closed eyes fluttered, but she chose not to open them. Not long after, she smelled the aroma of food.

"Get up and eat.

Chloe's lips curled up into a smile, but she didn't move.

Damon came over to her, looking down at her. His voice was cold and stern. "Chloe, you don't have the right to be angry with me now. I should be the

angry one."

already apologized to you!"

"I never said I forgave you."

"If you don't forgive me, I won't eat."

Damon squinted his eyes and retorted in a deep voice, "Spoiled much?"

"Yup. That's right! You figure it out!"

Chloe decided to be unreasonably stubborn till the end.

Chapter 1668

Damon gazed at her for a moment before breaking the silence with a frosty tone. "Eat it or leave it! It's not just your stomach you're starving, you know!"

At his words, Chloe stayed still for a moment, before abruptly climbing off the bed.

Damon, not missing a beat, gave a sly, subtle smirk. However, to his surprise, Chloe, instead of heading towards the table, headed for the door.

His face fell instantly. "What are you doing?"

Chloe pulled open the door. "I don't want to eat with you!"^{c2}

"Chloe!"

Ignoring him, Chloe stepped out of the room where two housemaids were waiting respectfully. Seeing her sudden appearance, they both rushed to her side. "Ma... Ma'am!"

Although the mansion was heated, Chloe still felt a chill compared to the warmth of the bedroom. Unable to suppress a shiver, she felt Damon following her from behind.

She pouted and headed downstairs.

Damon's face darkened further. "Chloe, stop right there!"

However, Chloe didn't listen and was promptly surrounded by a group of housemaids downstairs.

"Ma'am!"

“Get out of my way!”

“Ma am, it’s dangerous outside. You shouldn’t go out alone.”

Chloe’s brow furrowed at their words. The argument was persuasive enough to give her pause. She could throw a tantrum, but she was also sensible to know that it’s really dangerous outside.

After a beat, feeling Damon catching up to her, she looked up at the housemaids. “Where’s the phone?”

One of the housemaids pointed to a side table, and Chloe made a beeline for it

Damon followed, standing at the foot of the staircase, watching her silently.

Chloe quickly dialed a number, and as soon as the call was connected, she blurted out, “Where are you? How about lunch? I’d like to thank you for bringing me here. Let’s meet up. I want to have...”

Suddenly, the call was cut off. Chloe turned, only to meet Damon’s stormy gaze. Before she could say anything, she felt a coat being draped over her shoulders. The next moment, she was lifted off the ground.

“What are you doing?”

“You better not say a word now, or I can’t guarantee what will happen next.”

Damon’s voice was ice cold, and his eyes did not even glance her way.

Feeling Damon’s anger, Chloe stopped struggling. She was carried all the way to their bedroom. As Damon tried to set her down, she tightened her grip

around his neck.

"Let go," Damon commanded.

"Why should I? You carried me without asking, didn't you?"

"So I put you down just now"

Chloe tightened her hold. "You carry me when you want and let go when you don't? You get to call all the shots?"

Holding Chloe wasn't a problem for Damon, but it was tiring with her being so stubborn. Chloe refused to let go, and Damon decided to sit down in that position. "Weren't you planning to have lunch with someone else? Let go!" He said.

Chloe stared at him for a moment before suddenly releasing him Damon's face changed instantly

"Okay, I've let you go, so are you going to let me go now?"

Chise patted his arm, but his firm grip held her, immovable. Amused, Chloe held back her laughter as she looked at his stern, face. She swung her leg "Are you letting go or not?"

Damon remained silent

Chice took a deep breath "I didn't actually make the call

Damon looked up at her

Just wanted to annoy you

Before she could finish her sentence she felt a slap on her bottom Looking up she saw Darmonis dark eyes glaring at her

'Annoy me?

Chloe pursed her lips. You said I had de right to be spoded

I'm pretty great, so even if I am spoiled, somene ere might want ne

sally added, really know I was wrong And

and not now. I've said i west

wouldn't let anything bad happen i

Damon stared at her. "Not be my burden? So when you had problems, you had go to another man?"

Chloe blinked. "You weren't there with me, were you? Besides, would you have let me come here if you knew? You didn't say anything when it happened. I just didn't want you to worry..."

Suddenly, Chloe found herself back on the bed.

Damon stood up, looking down at her. "Quite a lot of excuses, huh?"

Chloe blinked. "I'm sorry."

Her innocent look instantly extinguished half of Damon's rage.

"I was really wrong. Everywhere, all wrong."

Damon felt powerless. In the end, it always came down to this. What could he do to her?

“He clearly has feelings for you...” He finally brought up the one unresolved issue. Stanley was a threat to him.

Damon wasn’t part of her past. For both of them, each other’s past was a blank slate, but Stanley was different. Their shared past was something Damon both envied and feared. If it came down to

understanding each other, maybe Chloe and Stanley’s bond was stronger.

Like this time, she didn’t go to him first but to Stanley.

“He’s not that romantic.” Chloe chuckled helplessly. “He hasn’t shown any interest in women for years. We’re just friends, and he’s just not used to me being with you.”

This naive woman. She had no idea how agitated Stanley would be if he heard this.

A

“Besides, we have babies now. What could possibly happen between Stanley and me? Or do you think I’m the kind of woman who would cheat?”

Damon frowned. Somehow, Chloe managed to turn the situation around.

Seeing Damon lost in thought, Chloe quickly added, “I messed up

Damon was stunned.

, and I won’t do it again. Can you forgive me? If you do, can I eat now? I’m really hungry...”

What was the connection between forgiving her and allowing her to eat? Was there some kind of causal relationship here?

But, boy, this girl was smart.

He wouldn't naturally starve her, but if he agreed to let her eat, didn't that imply he'd forgiven her?

She'd got all the brains!

Chapter 1669

The dinner was eventually served. It was reheated leftovers, but it filled the stomach, nonetheless.

Damon watched her eat. What else could he do? Would he rather have starved her?

This little devil...

In the end, Chloe won this round. Her mood improved as she ate more. Although, this left Damon somewhat frustrated. He was watching her happily devour the meal but didn't know how to react. He pinched his forehead in resignation. He must have owed her something in a previous life.

After dinner, Chloe picked up her phone. There was a message from Stanley. She sneakily glanced at Damon, then opened the message.

[Damon screwed me over this time, and I'm pissed. I won't let him off the hook just for your sake! Anyway, you should go to sleep]

Chloe was shocked. What was Stanley planning?

[Eat well, drink well, then leave. You're at a disadvantage here]

[Not sleeping? Are you worried about me? Don't worry, I'll be fine. That guy really needs a beating. He almost killed me twice! I must have my revenge!]

Chloe. [Revenge is a dish best served cold.]

Stanley, I won't start a fight, but I won't back down from one either!]

Chloe. [An eye for an eye makes the whole world blind.]

Stanley, I'm not letting this go. I'm on my way]

Just as she received the message, the front door of the villa was kicked open with a loud bang "Get out here and open the door for your daddy!"

Damon glared at Chloe, who calmly put her phone aside.

"You dare to mess with me, but now you are too chicken to open the door?"

The room was silent.

"Stop hiding. I know you're in there!"

Chloe grimaced, unable to listen any longer.

This unpredictable man. You never knew what he'd do next.

"Open the door! Open the door! Open the door for your daddy!"

If it weren't for Nate outside, who knew Stanley and was aware of his decent relationship with Chloe, Stanley would have been treated as a rioter and dealt with on the spot.

Faced with the boisterous Stanley, Nate was embarrassed. "Mr. Stanley, please keep your voice down. Ms. Chloe is resting

"Resting my ass, she was just texting me"

Damon's gaze instantly shifted to Chloe.

Chloe cursed Stanley as an idiot teammate in her mind, then tried to reassure Damon. "He said he was coming to settle the score with you. I told him not to be impulsive But he didn't listen You can see for yourself," she said, offering her phone to Damon

Damon, of course, didn't take it, he wouldn't inspect her phone in front of her. He left the room with a cold face.

Chloe quickly grabbed her phone to stop Stanley, but Damon's voice suddenly rang out. "If you say one more word to her, I'll throw you out the window!"

Chloe silently put down her phone, but she got up and followed Damon. The two of them really could turn a small disagreement into a big fight.

Stanley was eventually let in Damon sat on the sofa, not looking at him, so Stanley sauntered over and sat across.

"So son, you almost killed me twice Was that on purpose?"

Damon looked at him coldly Arguing with him over such trivial matters seemed like a waste of time. He couldn't understand how Chloe managed to put up with this madman in the past

Damon picked an apple from the table and started peeling it leisurely

Stanley's forehead vein was throbbing

"Mr. Stanley, let's talk this out Nate tried to mediate This nonsense about father and son made it impossible for Damon to reply

"He almost killed me on purpose. I'm already being very patient"

"What are you trying to do? Damon suddenly spoke with a deep voice, his dark eyes finally looking at Stanley

K

"Let me take Chloe away She's Iny woman"

Chloe looked anxiously at Damon, fearing that he would explode. Instead, Damon laughed, continuing to peel the apple. He casually said, "She's my wife

now"

"Bullshit! Just because you say so?"

Damon didn't address him directly. Instead, he offered the peeled apple to Chipe

I'm not hungry I just ate" Chloe replied.

"You need to eat a balanced diet, not just for you, but for the babies in your belly too

Nate grimaced. A voice in his mind announced, "K.O! Stanley defeated!"

10:34 D

Indeed, Stanley looked like he had been struck by lightning. His carefree attitude vanished instantly. "What did you just say?!" He suddenly stood up, and

his roar echoed in the room...

"Hmm?" Damon leaned back lazily

Stanley paused, and his eyes flickered. Then, he looked at Chloe... at her belly. She was wearing loose casual clothes, so nothing was visible.

"What did he mean by what he just said?"

Chloe took a bite of the apple Damon forced into her hand, then nodded at Stanley. "Yes, I'm pregnant. With twins..."

Stanley was speechless, staring at her belly for a long time.

Chloe had always thought that she and Stanley were partners, and now friends. Even though Stanley always claimed that he wanted to marry her, she had always thought he was just fooling around. But now, looking at Stanley's expression, Chloe felt a sudden pang in her heart. She saw shock and an emotion she never thought she would see on his face. That was something she found a little daunting to confront.

The grand living room plunged into a momentary silence. There was a particularly noticeable tension in the air.

Damon's face became increasingly taut, far from pleasant. He was naturally perceptive, so it was unlikely he didn't notice Stanley's mood shift.

“Damn!” After a while. Stanley suddenly spat out a curse

Chloe’s eyes flickered, and she lifted her head to look at him, but Stanley’s gaze had already moved off her. Without a word, he strode towards the door. His steps were slightly rushed and erratic.

Chapter 1670

Everyone watched him walk away. The palpable tension seemed to thicken, hanging heavy in the air.

Damon sat motionless, and his lips were pressed into a thin line.

Chloe held the apple Damon had just given her. Juice trickled through her fingers, but she was at a loss for words. She was usually adept at diffusing uncomfortable situations or finding solutions, but this time, she felt out of her depth.

Matters of the heart were never her strong suit. She had seen Stanley’s emotional outburst and didn’t know how to pretend it hadn’t happened. She had no idea how to face Stanley, let alone how to explain the situation to Damon.

Promises made so earnestly were broken just as easily. She didn’t want to hurt Stanley, but she was completely clueless about what to do.

She took a bite of the apple, and her expression was still stricken. Her mind was filled with the look on Stanley’s face, something she had never seen

before

Damon watched her from the corner of his eye, realizing that his presence was not reflected in her current state of mind. His heart tightened. He had only said those things to make Stanley give up on Chloe, but now it seemed to have backfired.

“What are you thinking about?” His voice, deep and icy cold, broke the silence.

Chloe blinked, turning to look at him. A complex emotion flickered in her eyes.

Damon's face darkened. Chloe placed the apple on the coffee table, using a napkin to wipe her hand. She sank back into the couch

"No nothing."

In this world, there were some things that, no matter how much you pondered over, you could never find a perfect solution. Even a near-perfect solution wouldn't cut it. The only answer was how selfish you truly were.

Damon watched her silently for a while. Even though he knew she was troubled, he still didn't know what to say. After a long pause, he finally stood up and ordered Nate, "Get ready. We're heading back to the city tomorrow"

"Yes, sir

Nate quickly acknowledged Damon. Sensing the chilly atmosphere, he hesitated before asking, "Sir, about Ms. Alonso's situation, what are our plans once we return to the city""

Damon contemplated for a moment before responding. "She's dead"

Nate glanced at Chloe before nodding. Understood."

Wendy was dead

She died in the gray zone on the outskirts of P City, a place everyone avoided

By the time Chloe and the others returned to P City the next day, this news had already exploded in the media. No one had any sympathy for Wendy's death. She had brought it upon herself, not respecting others' lives. She was the one who started the kidnapping, so why would anyone feel sorry for her when she ended up dead?

Chloe didn't expect Damon to blow up the situation like this. She thought it would only be revealed if someone asked. But now, it was clear that Damon had deliberately stirred up the incident. She didn't

know what he was up to, but she didn't bother to find out either. With him handling the aftermath, she didn't need to worry.

However,

With one Wendy gone, there would be another Wendy...

Not long after they returned, Yasmine and the others were confirmed to be safe. Cole and Grace immediately came to visit.

The media and the Alonso family currently surrounded the Harper family's mansion. Presley made a call and summoned Damon and Chloe back.

Right now, the Harper family was in complete chaos. Grace sat in the yard of the mansion, holding a newspaper, crying, and screaming.

Presley stood on the side with a cane. His face was ashen, and his muscles were trembling intermittently. He glared furiously at the two arriving with a bunch of bodyguards.

Grace saw the two of them and immediately got up from the ground, rushing towards Damon. She met him and asked, "Where did you hide my daughter? How could she possibly be dead? Did you hide her?"

Grace was stopped by two bodyguards two meters away from him. "Damon, give me back my daughter! Bastard! What did my daughter do to you for you to be so heartless?"

Chloe frowned, and as expected, she couldn't stand to see Damon being bullied. "Your daughter is truly dead." She used the simplest words to hurt Grace.

Grace abruptly looked up at her. Her eyes were filled with rage, looking just like Wendy's crazed expression. "You"

"That's right, it's me." She admitted in a light tone, shocking everyone around her with her indifference toward a human life. I could, I would want to feed her a few more bullets. I shouldn't have let her die so easily!"

Grace swayed, her eyes rolling back as she almost fainted. "You"

"I've always said, don't provoke me. If you don't mess with me, we can coexist peacefully. Before you came here to demand the Harper family for your daughter, you should know that she was the one who kidnapped my mother first. She took my mother to such a dangerous place and lured me there

with the intention of taking our lives. Now, she's only reaping what she sowed."

She left everyone speechless with her words. Grace's face was ghastly. Her lips were trembling, and she didn't know what to say.

The pain of losing a child was not something one could fake, but that didn't mean she deserved sympathy.

"Is she really dead? Did you really kill her?"

Grace still found it hard to grasp the reality of the situation. After all, without witnessing it herself, it seemed unfathomable that her daughter could have met such a fate while everyone else seemed to be just fine.

"Damon, this can't be happening, can it?" She implored. No matter what she did wrong, it was because she cared for you, right? You grew up together, you wouldn't just stand by and watch her get killed, would you?"

Damon's response was chilling. "She deserved what she got."

“But you two was still alive. Even if you wanted to punish her, why did it have to end this way...

“Ms. Grace, Chloe cut her off “it was your daughter who dragged me into this deadly game. If she hadn’t died, it would have been me and my mother instead! You’d better get clear about the stakes here.”