

CHOSEN 1741

Chapter 1741

Chloe emerged from her room in different attire. The people waiting outside appeared somewhat weary, but their expression was instantly captivated by her stunning presence.

Under the soft glow of the chandeliers, the diamonds on her gown glittered brilliantly. A cascade of pearls veiling her slight baby bump, subtly concealing her pregnancy.

Her tall, slender figure was accentuated by a simple updo, topped with a diamond-encrusted tiara that drew every eye in the room.

She was no longer just Chloe. She was the princess.

The most esteemed princess of the Y Kingdom.c2

Her unique aura finally had context.

Born into the royal family, her exceptional demeanor left no room for doubt about her lineage.

Just by looking at her, they knew she was the most esteemed Princess.

Queen Julia nodded approvingly, moving to stand beside her, studying her intently.

“This is what a true princess of our royal family looks like.”

Chloe smiled faintly, turning to look at the man standing nearby.

She quirked an eyebrow at him invitingly and sauntered over.

“Do I look good?”

Damon’s dark eyes were locked on her, reflecting the image of a beauty beyond compare.

“You look beautiful.”

Chloe’s smile widened, “Do you see anything that needs to be improved?”

Damon nodded, “A shawl perhaps.”

Chloe blinked, looking down at her bare arms, then turned to the designer.

“I might actually need a shawl.”

The designer looked troubled.

A gown’s appeal was its overall effect. Although individual elements might be outstanding, nothing compared to the overall look.

Adding a shawl would detract from the overall splendor of the gown.

A shawl would cover the gown, turning it into nothing more than an undergarment, a mere prop.

It felt like a waste of a masterpiece.

Chloe noticed the designer’s predicament and felt a tinge of guilt. After all, this was a masterpiece meant for the entire Y Country, even the world. Her request seemed a bit much.

Damon fell silent for a moment, his gaze falling onto a sheet of paper and a pen on a table nearby. He walked over and began sketching under the watchful eyes of the crowd. After a few minutes, he handed the sketch to the designer.

“Make it like this.”

The designer took the sketch, his excitement palpable after just a quick glance.

He brought the sketch closer, studying the design with shining eyes.

After a while, he looked up at Damon.

“You... are truly gifted.”

Damon was nonchalant, “My wife should always look her best. I like this gown very much.”

Initially, the designer had been a bit peeved. After all, his design was being modified.

It felt like an intrusion into his domain.

He was both envious and admiring of Damon’s skill to design such an impressive sketch in such a short time.

After hearing Damon’s high praise for his work, his irritation vanished.

“I’m honored to have your approval. Your design adds to the overall effect, thank you.”

There wasn’t much time left until the coronation ceremony. Designing and making a shawl from scratch would be a race against time.

With a ready-made sketch, the process would be much less stressful.

Damon didn't say anything else. Yasmine watched Chloe with a calm expression, but her eyes betrayed her pride and affection.

Her daughter had grown into such an exceptional woman.

This was undoubtedly her greatest joy in life.

Upon closer thought, the thing she was most proud of in her life was giving birth to Chloe, a daughter that had never disappointed her.

Chloe looked a bit flushed. Damon's words in front of so many people made her feel slightly embarrassed. After all, her mother had never seemed fond of Damon.

More importantly, she always considered her mother to be a serious person who didn't appreciate public displays of affection.

This feeling of flaunting their love in front of her grandmother and mother felt a bit awkward.

But did Damon care about this?

He pulled Chloe into his arms, adjusted her tiara, and, seemingly satisfied with the result, flashed her a smile.

"I still can't believe my wife is actually a princess."

Queen Julia laughed, "So, you must treat her well and protect her. If she ever feels wronged, I won't let it go easily."

Damon raised an eyebrow, "Just a princess?"

Queen Julia paused, and Yasmine frowned at the tall, arrogant man.

They didn't appreciate his tone.

But Damon continued, "To me, she deserves to be treated like a Queen. What does a mere princess title mean to me?"

Queen Julia was taken aback.

Yasmine glanced at him and said in a soft voice, "Smooth talkers can't always be trusted."

Damon pursed his lips. Chloe felt mixed emotions and tugged at his sleeve, "Don't mind it."

Damon looked down at her, his voice soft but with a hint of danger, "Why should I mind? Am I a smooth talker?"

Chloe shook her head quickly, "No, you're not. You're perfect."

He must not get angry, or the coming days would not be easy.

Satisfied, Damon smiled.

Looking at the intimate interaction, and the natural warmth that flowed between them, Yasmine's eyes couldn't help but become tender.

How wonderful...

Her daughter had lived up to all her expectations.

Through trials and tribulations, Chloe had always remained true to herself, living an honest and guilt-free life. She had given her best, received the best, and owned the best.

There were many more wonderful things waiting for her.

What a life to be envied.

It was enough.

As long as Chloe was happy, everything was worth it.

When Brisa had followed Chloe out of the room earlier, her face had been pale.

Chloe's words had left a profound impact on her.

No.

What truly shocked her, even frightened her, was not just those words, but the casual, nonchalant look in Chloe's eyes when she looked at her.

She genuinely didn't harbor a strong desire for money or power at the moment, but who could guarantee what the future would hold?

Indeed, she had her own ulterior motives in this matter.

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She wanted Ava out of William's life for good. She wouldn't mind how cruel it might be.

Yes, she wished Ava would disappear from this world.

Death would be best.

In reality, she was no different from Ava.

She didn't want to share her man with any other woman, not one bit.c2

That was why she willingly played along with Chloe's scheme, eliminating Ava from her and William's lives forever.

She admitted that her intentions were far from noble

, so she thanked Chloe today.

Chloe was the mastermind behind it all. She was merely a participant, a helping hand.

Yet, she had this unsettling feeling that Chloe saw right through her dark intentions.

Looking at Chloe in this moment, she was certain she wouldn't end up like Ava, b

ecause she had everything she wanted now.

All she wanted was a complete William that belonged to her.

"There's one week left until New Year's Day, so tomorrow is Christmas. You should all head out early and prepare for the holiday. I hope you all have a wonderful holiday."

As much as she didn't want to break the cozy atmosphere, Queen Julia spoke up.

Christmas?

Chloe thought about it. Indeed, there was a strong festive atmosphere everywhere recently.

But Christmas?

She hadn't thought about how she was going to celebrate it.

After changing her clothes, Chloe followed Damon out of the palace and headed straight to the hotel.

The streets were already decked out in festive decorations, and couples were starting their Christmas celebrations early.

All the shops had started Christmas sales.

Tomorrow was the day.

Chloe was torn about how to spend it.

Perhaps

she could tell him a few jokes.

She turned to Damon with a smile, causing him to squint his eyes.

"If you dare think about telling me another lame joke, I'll tape your mouth shut

Chloe pursed her lips.

This man, he must be a mind reader.

Back at the hotel, Chloe took a shower and lay in bed, still unsure of how to spend the next day.

Even as she fell asleep, she hadn't figured it out.

After taking a shower, Damon came out to find her fast asleep. He hesitated for a moment, then quietly left the room.

He sat down on the couch and began to scroll through his phone contacts.

He dialed Kane.

"Hey! Damon, where have you been lately?!"

Damon asked coldly. "What are you doing for Christmas?"

There was a long pause on the other end, "Damon, you're not just calling to rub it in, are you? I don't have any plans. I'm thinking about taking my hound for a walk downtown. If I see any couples holding hands, I'll let it bite their hands off, if I see any couples kissing, I'll let it bite their mouths off, if I see any couples going into a hotel, I'll set the place on fire. Hey, hey, hey, Damon, Damn, he hung up!"

Damon's expression darkened.

He dialed Nathan next, "Hey, bro."

Ignoring Nathan's low spirits, Damon asked the same question, "What are you doing for Christmas?"

Nathan: "Watching the kid."

Damon hung up the phone.

What a loser.

Next was Noah, same question.

Noah: "Working. TV workers don't get holidays."

Damon: "As a company CEO, do you have the right to say that?"

Noah: "I don't, but I'd rather earn more money at work than celebrate the holidays."

Seth Diaz,

Damon raised an eyebrow, ultimately deciding against it.

Seth had no worries about how to spend Christmas.

Danielle would have arranged a lot of "activities".

Nate.

Hmm.

... He dialed Nate, who picked up immediately.

"Sir?"

Damon grunted in acknowledgement, "What are your plans for Christmas?"

Nate's lips twitched, "If nothing unexpected happens, I'm supposed to spend it with you."

Damon was speechless.

Who the hell said I wanted to spend Christmas with you?

Nate scratched his head, "In the past, I never really celebrated Christmas. If I have to say something, I spent every Christmas with you."

Damon pinched the bridge of his nose, "Nate, I think I should give you a raise."

"Huh?" Nate didn't react for a moment.

Damon continued, "You should earn some more money. You should really get a girlfriend."

Nate was almost in tears, "I'm sorry for making you worry, sir."

Damon grunted again, "Don't show up in front of me tomorrow."

Even after the call ended, Nate was still in a daze.

Why did he feel like Mr. Damon's last sentence was a gritted-teeth command?

So was he being rejected?

But Christmas, without the excuse of staying with Mr. Damon, how was he supposed to spend it?

Perhaps it was best to just sleep in the hotel.

What a lonely Christmas.

Nate wiped away a tear of self-pity. Life was so hard.

After making several calls and getting no useful answers, Damon simply got up, opened the bedroom door and went in.

He gently pulled the sleeping Chloe into his arms. Her soft and fragrant body was his top priority.

Chloe, half-asleep, felt herself being pulled into a warm embrace.

The familiar temperature and scent made her feel especially safe, even in her sleep. She draped an arm over the man's slender waist, nuzzled her head into his chest, and fell back asleep.

Damon kissed her on the top of her head, reached for the remote and turned off the light.

However, a few seconds later, the light in the room was back on.

When Chloe woke up the next day, Damon was already gone, b

ut there was a big, red apple lying quietly next to her pillow.

No wonder she smelled apples when she was sleeping.

She had thought she was just hungry, but it turned out to be real.

She picked up the apple, sniffed it to make sure there were no pesticides or anything like that, then leaned against the headboard and took a bite.

Around nine in the morning, Damon guessed Chloe should be awake. He opened the door to find her munching away at the large apple.

Chloe saw him and greeted him with a smile, "Morning."

Damon pursed his lips as Chloe took another bite of her apple.

"This apple is delicious."

It was just the two of them in the room, she knew well enough that Damon had prepared the apple.

Appropriate praise equaled favor in disguise.

Damon's brow twitched.

He was relieved that he had washed the apple before offering it to her.

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Damon strode over, looking down at her from a taller vantage point.

Chloe flicked her eyes at him, mouth full of apple.

"What's the matter?"

Damon observed her apple-juice-glossed lips, his eyes narrowing imperceptibly

The crunchy sound of apple came from her mouth, the swallowing sound was natural and ordinary, but to Damon, it was bloody adorable.c2

“Is it good?”

Chloe nodded, “Delicious.”

“Do you know today is Christmas?”

Chloe paused mid-chew, her eyes darting, then she nodded.

“I know.”

“Do you know what day it was yesterday?”

Chloe paused again, looking down at the apple in her hand, suddenly feeling like she was chewing wax.

If today was Christmas, then yesterday...

Wasn't it Christmas Eve?

So, this apple, was it Damon's Christmas Eve gift to her?

But

she hadn't prepared anything for him, what should she do?

Her face revealed a hint of confusion, her bright eyes flickered, suddenly lighting up with a mischievous glint.

She lifted her hand, offering the half-eaten apple to Damon.

“Lucky for you, there’s still half left. Here, you can have it.”

Damon looked down at the apple in front of him, his face a picture of resignation.

“Are you giving me back the apple I gave to you?”

“If something is given to me, doesn’t that make it mine?”

Chloe said matter-of-factly. But seeing Damon’s slight displeasure, she thought for a moment, took another bite of the apple, then knelt up on the bed, wrapped her arms around Damon’s neck, and offered him the apple in her mouth.

All he had to do was open his mouth and take a bite from the edge.

However, he seemed to have anticipated her intentions. As soon as she rose, he wrapped his arms around her waist and dipped down to meet her halfway.

Chloe was taken aback.

At times like this, he always reacted the fastest.

The apple disappeared somehow, ending up in his mouth.

His lips left hers swollen, and he seemed less than satisfied when he finally let her go.

“The apple is yours, but you are mine.”

Chloe sighed and resignedly sat down on the bed.

“Whatever you say, I mean, we already have babies together. Can I even back out now?”

A somewhat dangerous voice sounded from above her, “Are you thinking of backing out?”

Chloe quickly shook her head, looking up at him earnestly, “No, absolutely not.

Damon gave her a faint glance, “Get up, let’s have breakfast.”

“Okay.”

Chloe was evidently used to Damon making breakfast.

During the meal, she kept complimenting Damon’s culinary skills.

For dinner, Chloe was bundled up by Daman, and they headed out.

“What are we doing?”

Damon said nonchalantly, “We’re going on a date.”

Chloe, her lips hidden under her scarf, curved into a smile.

“Where to?”

“Shopping, playing, and eating”

He had thought about it all night. A date for a woman often included these things.

If they could try all the best spots for shopping, playing, and eating in Y Country, this Christmas would be perfect.

Damon's words clearly had an effect on Chloe.

Although she didn't know the specifics, she had a feeling that as long as Damon was with her, it would be interesting no matter where they went.

However, d

ue to her pregnancy, all the thrilling games, and even a large portion of the food, were off-limits to her.

In fact, she found it interesting just to wander around, but pregnancy was indeed a delicate job.

More importantly, as a princess who had just returned to the royal family, appearing in public was a bit more exhausting than usual.

After a short walk, she was already tired.

Damon's complexion was equally grim. As someone inherently preferring a quiet and simple life, being pursued and surrounded by so many people significantly affected his mood.

Seeing Chloe's struggling, he simply bent down and picked her up, striding through the crowd with a stern expression.

This action naturally elicited a lot of screams from the crowd.

It seemed their appearance was more attractive than any amusement park attraction.

Their amusement park date was somewhat unsuccessful.

Exhausted as they were, they couldn't even consider shopping.

Their shopping spree was a defeat without a fight.

In the end, only eating was left.

This was also the most crucial part. Chloe had been craving food recently and had a good appetite, so Damon planned to satisfy her cravings this time, but he overestimated Chloe's stomach.

After dining at two popular restaurants in Y Country, Chloë, clutching her belly, surrendered.

"Do you still want to eat, Damon? I can't anymore, I'm so full, I feel like I have another baby in my belly."

Damon's expression was quite unpleasant, "Let's go home."

Today's Christmas date plan was a complete failure.

Mr. Harper wasn't pleased, but Chloe was satisfied.

After all, they did a lot of things she'd never tried before, within their physical capabilities. For her, it was more than satisfying.

It was only about three in the afternoon when they returned to the hotel. After settling Chloe in, Damon left again.

Chloe had no idea what he was up to.

After resting for a while, Chloe got up from the bed, checked the time, and dialed Rose.

The video call was quickly connected, and Rose's pretty face soon filled Chloe's screen.

"Merry Christmas."

Rose was sitting on a chair, and when she heard Chloe's words, she couldn't help but laugh, leaning back against the chair.

"Merry Christmas. It seems like you're having a good holiday; you look especially cheerful."

Chloe smiled. As she was about to speak, she noticed the wall behind Rose.

Her brow furrowed, "Where are you?"

Rose's eyes flickered, she sighed, and turned her phone around to show her surroundings.

"At the office"

Sensing Chloe's concern, she added:

"It's the end of the year, isn't it? All the department's quarterly reports need to be checked in detail, and the Commerce Bureau needs to be notified for review. We can't afford any mistakes. Don't worry, I won't push myself too hard. Besides, being alone at home is boring."

Alone.

Chloe pursed her lips, "You really shouldn't push yourself too hard. And you should really hire a housekeeper."

Rose gave a small shake of her head, “Not for now, I like my solitude. Having a nanny around would mean constant chatter. Don’t worry about me. I get my medical check-ups regularly, and they’ve all

come back with satisfying result. Your future son-in-law is growing healthily.”

Seeing the light in Rose’s eyes at the mention of her baby, Chloe managed a small smile.

Take good care of yourself. After New Year’s day, I’ll fly back to be with you. Anything that comes up, make sure to let me know, okay? Don’t push yourself in any way

Rose chuckled, “Yes, your Highness.”

The two friends chatted briefly before ending the call.

Throughout their conversation, they only discussed matters between them. Even the topic of Christmas, Chloe did not bring it up again.

However, facing Rose who had a lover yet had to work during Christmas, Chloe didn’t know what to say to cheer her up.

Thinking back now, Morrison was not the type of man to propose celebrating Christmas with Rose.

“Jerk.”

She uttered the word, her face darkened.

She was genuinely upset for Rose.

As night fell, Chloe stood in her hotel room, overlooking the city.

The neon lights twinkled in various forms, enhancing the festive cheer that was absent the day before.

Checking the time, it was already seven o'clock.

Chloe rubbed her belly, letting out a sigh.

"Sweethearts, are you two eating too much? Thank goodness your dad's wealthy, or else I wouldn't be able to afford you."

Yep.

Chloe was hungry again.

She conveniently blamed her hunger on the two innocent babies in her belly.

Naturally, she felt no guilt.

"But where is your dad? He's been out the whole afternoon, and there's no sign of him."

She patted her stomach with a hint of complaint just as her phone rang.

It was Damon.

"Where are you?"

Damon cut to the chase, "I'm downstairs. Get dressed and come down. I'll take you to..."

"Alright, I'm coming!"

Before Damon could finish his sentence, Chloe interrupted him, and hung up the call.

Ten minutes later, Chloe successfully found Damon in the hotel lobby.

Seeing her properly dressed, Damon took her hand and headed towards the exit,

Chloe assumed that Damon was planning to take her out for a sumptuous meal, b

ecause it was dinner time after all.

However, Damon led her to the hotel's outdoor plaza. Before them stood a towering Christmas tree, almost ten meters high. She could vaguely see some decorations on it.

Just as she was about to comment on the lack of fairy lights, her eyes were suddenly flooded with dazzling lights.

The massive Christmas tree before them lit up suddenly, its height equivalent to a three or four-story building. Chloe's mouth fell open in surprise.

Looking up to the top of the tree, she saw, high above the Christmas tree, one star, two stars, three stars. One after another, countless stars gradually lit up, covering the vast hotel plaza.

Standing beneath it, they were gazing at a starry sky.

Chloe looked up at the endless array of star-shaped lights, a sense of surprise and warmth washing over her.

She knew very well that all of this was Damon's doing.

She turned to look at the man next to her, "Did you spend the whole afternoon arranging this?"

Damon's voice was slightly tense, "Our date during the day was a disaster."

Chloe shook her head, "I've never properly celebrated Christmas before, today was more than enough."

"I can give you more!

Chloe wrapped her arms around his neck.

"This might be the most unforgettable Christmas of my life."

Damon held her close, "Next time, I'll make it even better."

Nate, watching from a distance, wiped his sweat, watching the two lovebirds, he turned his head away, unable to bear the sight.

The two of them were rather boring and cliched.

These Christmas surprises were honestly quite tacky.

Didn't they feel embarrassed?

Was she really that moved?

was she so receptive to these cliched arrangements?

It felt like watching two love fools in a relationship.

Their future seemed concerning in Nate's eyes.

Nate let out a long sigh

He shook his head and covered his face with his hands.

He was the typical rookie player looking down on a lower level player.

He didn't even have a girlfriend, yet he was criticizing others for their poor dating skills.

However, despite the clichéd nature of the surprise, it was indeed a large-scale project.

It seemed like he could finally relax for the day.

Time to go home, take a shower, and sleep.

Damon's arrangement unsurprisingly attracted many people. Couples arrived one after another, and the surprised and envious chatter of the women filled the air, causing a sudden influx of people into the square.

If there were food stalls on either side, it would look like a fair.

Chloe stood on her tiptoes and pecked Damon's lips.

Damon wasn't satisfied with her light kiss, but just as he was about to lean in for more, Chloe pushed him away.

Damon raised an eyebrow at her

Chloe rubbed her belly, "It's all your son and daughter's fault, I'm hungry."

Damon was speechless.

Fortunately, he had already prepared a Christmas dinner.

So he calmly led Chloe into the hotel restaurant.

After a satisfying meal, Chloe wanted to return to the plaza, but Damon dismissed the idea.

The night was too cold; that was his reason.

After Christmas, the princess's coronation became the highly anticipated event.

The palace was preparing for the event in full swing, with representatives from all over the world arriving to congratulate Queen Julia and to catch a glimpse of the royal princess.

In the final two-day countdown, Nathan, Kane, and others suddenly arrived in Y Country and found Chloe and Damon in their hotel.

They insisted on attending the coronation, and Queen Julia naturally made the best arrangements.

Chloe was in the palace at the moment, going over the specifics of the coronation process once again.

Queen Julia was meeting with ambassadors from various countries, leaving Yasmine and Chloe alone.

Queen Julia's study had essentially become Yasmine's personal space.

Chloe was lounging on the couch, her expression nonchalant as she looked at Yasmine and said,

"Rumors have been swirling around the palace lately, saying that grandmother intends to step down and put you on the throne."

Yasmine put down the folder in her hand, "I had the same suspicion."

"What about you? What's your plan?"

I see your grandmother is quite pleased with you as well."

Chloe scoffed, "Sorry to burst your bubble, but I'm already married. Now, I am taking Damon's last name, which doesn't seem appropriate if I am about to take her position."

Yasmine scoffed back, "Maybe Damon could consider taking your last name."

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Yasmine curled her lips into a smirk. "Who said I was joking?"

Chloe met her gaze, her expression neutral.

Yasmine chuckled lightly, "Anyway, he was already kicked out by the Harpers, wasn't he? He shamelessly accepted being the kept man, and the royal family's son-in-law isn't a role any man can take. He should feel honored."

Chloe pursed her lips, "He's not a kept man."c2

"I despise that old man from the Harpers. The best way to get back at him is to have his favorite grandson take our last name. I bet his face would be a sight to see."

Chloe rubbed her temples, "You're overthinking. Why should my relationship with Damon be based on revenge?"

Yasmine raised an eyebrow, “Do you think your relationship didn’t cause anyone pain?”

Chloe’s expression hardened.

“I believe I didn’t interfere with anyone.”

“That’s my point. People are selfish. Why worry about others?”

Chloe narrowed her eyes at Yasmine, “So what are you trying to say?”

Yasmine shrugged, “I don’t want to deal with this mess. As long as Damon is willing to take our last name, you can take my place

Chloe scoffed, “You don’t want to deal with it, so you’re pushing it onto me and using Damon to indulge your laziness?”

Yasmine didn’t deny it. “I’m getting old. It’s time you took over.”

“You can let go of this mess. What about your cousin? Let him take over.”

Yasmine sighed, “Let’s talk about it later. Let’s review the coronation process for New Year’s Day again.”

Chloe wasn’t interested in discussing things that had nothing to do with her.

After nearly an hour in the office, Chloe finally left.

Every staff member in the palace greeted her with the utmost respect.

She had been to the palace more than once, but the difference between the past visits and the present was striking.

After all, the authority that Ava and her daughter had established over the years was deeply rooted.

If it weren't for Ava being locked up, she believed that these people would have a different attitude towards her.

She smirked at the hypocrisy of people.

As she exited the palace, Kane and Nathan were waiting for her. Seeing her, Nathan imitated a gesture from a TV show, bowing to greet her.

"My respects to you, Princess Chloe. May you be forever blessed."

Chloe gritted her teeth, her feet itching.

She really wanted to kick him.

She slid her foot along the ground, maintaining her dignity by not kicking Nathan.

Nathan got up off the ground after his greeting.

He grinned at Chloe, "Chloe, should I call you Princess or Sister-in-law? Or maybe Princess Sister-in-law?"

Chloe gave him a look, not knowing how to respond to his joke.

Kane was a little better than Nathan, but when he saw her about to get in the car, he made a gesture and ran to the car with bent waist, and opened the door.

"Princess, please get in."

She rolled her eyes, speechless at these two men.

How did they grow up to be like this? How could Damon have such unreliable buddies?

How could they do justice to their handsome faces that could drive women crazy?

Truly, appearances can be deceiving.

As soon as they got in the car, the two men started chatting about the absurdity of Chloe being a princess.

Their chatter gave Chloe a headache.

“You must be busy with end-of-year business, right? Why do you seem so idle?”

Kane shrugged, “The rest is up to the managers. Do you want me to sit and do bookkeeping?”

Nathan chuckled, “That’s a funny image. Why not? Your father told you to start from the bottom, right? You’ve cleaned toilets before, this is nothing. At least you’d be in an office.”

“Do you have the nerve to say that? What about you?”

“Me? Robin likes to keep all the power to himself. How could he let me handle the company’s finances? I’m free as a bird.”

When the Harper family was mentioned, Chloe frowned, “What’s going on? You have a lot of shares in the Harper family, but they won’t let you handle the finances?”

Had Robin become so unrestrained?

Nathan scoffed, “He just took over the company recently, and he’s been dealing with a lot of issues. The company has been losing money. How could he let me see his performance?”

Chloe was silent, thinking that Damon might have had a hand in this.

“Maybe he’s just afraid of losing his dignity in front of me. But he’s naive. Can he hide it forever? After New Year’s Day is the Global Economic Summit, and the Harpers will be thrust into the spotlight. They used to be ranked second among global businesses, but I doubt they’ll be able to maintain that position this year.”

Chloe remained silent. After New Year’s Day was the Global Economic Summit, she wondered how far the company’s accounts had gotten.

It seemed that after the coronation, she would have to return to supervise as soon as possible.

Although Damon had arranged people in place, she was still a bit worried.

When she returned to the hotel, Damon was nowhere to be seen. Chloe was used to it.

He, as a kept man, was busier than her, the “sponsor”

The busy days passed in a blink of an eye, and soon it was New Year’s Day.

A day that attracted the attention of the world.

Chloe was taken to the palace early in the morning. After breakfast, she began to dress up.

Every radio station in Country Y was broadcasting the event live, every eye on the internet was glued to the coronation ceremony.

The streets, multimedia, electronic screens, and all available spaces capable of broadcasting live scenes were showcasing the grand occasion.

The coronation of the princess of Y Country was a sight to behold, the first one to occur in over sixty years since Queen Julia's reign.

It was a rare event, one that people were lucky to witness in their lifetime.

The live broadcast of the event was spreading the news across the globe.

The carriage that carried Chloe was drawn by six magnificent horses, arranged in three rows, with a pack leader at the front, two in the middle, and three at the rear. The horses were robust and radiant, their long manes fluttering in the wind.

The carriage was a beautifully decorated platform, with curtains that allowed a clear view of the surroundings.

The royal guards, dressed in royal uniforms, stood solemnly around the carriage, their formation impeccable, ensuring the safety of Chloe.

Chloe wore a ceremonial gown, the top half of which was covered by a faux fur coat that was pure white. A large diamond pendant dangled from her neck, and on her back was a golden phoenix that spread across her arms, seeming to take flight with every movement she made.

There were many details that Chloe could not describe in just a few words. She admired the thought and effort that Damon had put into the preparation in such a short time.

When she stepped out of her room, the palace servants waiting outside were taken aback by her appearance.

It wasn't her gown or the dazzling crown that caught their attention first.

It was Chloe herself.

The impact she had on them was stunning.

She exuded an air of aloof elegance and regality that was hard to put into words.

It was something that radiated from her very core; every word, every action, even a simple glance, was filled with a sense of majesty and sophistication.

At that moment, everyone forgot everything else and could only acknowledge and respect the princess standing before them.

This was the true princess of Y Country.

They had always assumed that Ava, Barbara and Becky were the princesses of the royal family, without ever considering what a true princess should be like.

Now, seeing Chloe, they realized how wrong they had been.

Not everyone was worthy of the title of princess.

Seeing Chloe now and thinking back to the previous princesses, they realized how inadequate those women had been.

Chloe, lips pursed and expressionless, was helped towards the carriage by the servants.

The crown on her head was light, but for some reason, it felt heavy to Chloe.

She adjusted her breathing and when she saw the lavish carriage, she couldn't help but crack a smile.

She knew it was going to be a carriage ride, but seeing it in person was still a bit awkward.

Thankfully the weather is nice today, and the temperature is gradually rising, so it won't be too cold. The total journey will be ninety minutes. You don't need to worry about security. Se have everything taken care of." The man responsible for the security of the procession said respectfully. Chloe nodded In response.

Seeing the robust horses and the luxurious carriage she was seated on, she couldn't help but feel a sense of time travel.

Queen Julia, accompanied by Lea, came out at this time. Seeing that Chloe was seated comfortably in the carriage, she smiled. "Don't be nervous: I'll be in the carriage ahead. You just need to wave and greet them, nothing else." Chloe nodded in response.

Queen Julia studied Chloe for a moment longer before nodding in satisfaction. She then turned around and held Yasmine's hand, who had been slowly following her, and walked towards the front carriage.

Yasmine wasn't in a wheelchair, nor was she using a cane, so she walked with a slight difficulty.

She looked up at Chloe, who was dressed in ceremonial attire, and smiled faintly.

She never thought that she would indirectly bring such honor to Chloe. Although boasting about being a princess seemed superficial, which mother wouldn't want to give more to her child?

Even if it was just one extra grain of rice, she would be proud and happy.

Once everything was ready, Queen Julia, accompanied by Yasmine, got on the same carriage and signaled for the procession to start. The royal entourage then slowly left the palace gates.

The palace entrance was already crowded with media personnel and citizens.

The moment the palace gates opened and the luxurious carriage came into view, a cheer erupted from the crowd.

Each person was holding the flag of Y Country, their faces beaming with joy.

The culture in Country Y was different from back home. Chloe couldn't imagine people back home being as enthusiastic as they were here.

She would be lying if she said she wasn't nervous, but seeing the crowd, her anxiety gradually lessened.

She was no longer the Chloe of the past.

She wasn't the scandal-ridden Chloe who was ridiculed every time she stepped out.

She had the best friends, the best husband, the best mother, and the best grandmother.

And now, she could finally accept these people's warmth without any guilt.

She had always been true to herself.

Looking back at everything she had been through, her emotions welled up within her.

Step by step, even now, she found it hard to believe that her life had led her to this point.

The princess of a country.

Even now, the title seemed far-fetched, so much so that she felt like she was in a daze.

People on both sides of the street were waving their flags and smiling at her.

She turned her gaze, raised her hand, and waved back at them.

“Wow, our princess is so beautiful.”

“Princess, you look gorgeous!”

“Princess, look here!!”

Chloe bit her lip, overwhelmed by the candid enthusiasm of the people of Y Country.

The media documented the entire journey.

Ava, Barbara and Becky were also watching the broadcast without blinking.

Ava’s face was as pale as death. Barbara’s mouth tasted of blood.

She hated Chloe.

Why was it that in her direst hour, Chloe was living the life of a Princess?

If it weren’t for Chloe, Barbara would still be the princess who was the center of attention in the Y country.

Now, she had become the biggest laughingstock of the Y Country.

New Year’s Eve.

Their grandmother had not come to see them from start to finish.

Was it true that once she had her own daughter and granddaughter, their lives meant nothing to her?

How cold could her heart be?

All those years of companionship, and she couldn't even get a shred of pity or leniency.

"She's stunning. You wouldn't doubt she's the real deal just by looking at her."

"Yeah."

The scene must be so much more lively. We are the unlucky ones stuck here watching over them."

At this point, a man among them, whose uniform was different from the others, snorted coldly and said,

"I was wondering why the princess requested extra guards today. But seeing their expressions now, it's clear they might do something foolish if left unsupervised"

Barbara's eyes narrowed at his words, her blazing gaze fixed on the group.

What did you say? Extra guards were requested to watch over us? Who? Which princess?!"

"The real princess on the TV, of course."

Barbara gritted her teeth, seething, "Why? What right does she have?"

The man sneered, reaching for a document from beside the ashtray on the table behind him. With the cigarette held between his lips, he opened the paper bag and pulled out the document.

Chapter 1745

Barbara was livid, "What are we supposed to know?!"

The man bit onto the cigarette dangling at the corner of his mouth, glanced at Barbara's angry face, and gave a derisive laugh. As he skimmed over the document in his hands, he spoke,

"Seeing as we have nothing better to do, I might as well explain it to you."

He removed the cigarette and crushed it into the ashtray before sitting on the table.

"Aren't you forgetting that you've already bribed the hospital into giving you a fake paternity test?"c2

Barbara froze

his heart had long been numb. From a long time ago, he knew how foolish it was for him to have let Chloe go.

He even thought of making amends, but someone else had already taken her place in Chloe's heart.

He had completely lost her, cruelly pushing her away with his own hands.

Now, the only thing he could do was to watch her through the screen, like everyone else who had nothing to do with Chloe.

No, he might not even qualify as a stranger to her:

He rested his head in his hands, feeling worn out from recent busy days. His home was filled with his mother's sobs and his father's sighs.

At the hospital, there was Keira, whose true nature was revealed, relentlessly wanting to fight him to the end.

The divorce agreement had been torn up countless times by her, refusing to sign it under any circumstances.

Now she had the excuse of pregnancy to stay in the hospital.

Looking back at his past with her, all he had left were regrets and disgust.

Chloe had always been clear, but he had hurt her time and time again by blindly trusting Keira.

On reflection, Keira's past actions were full of hypocrisy and flaws.

Even later, when Chloe repeatedly exposed her true face, he never thought of breaking up with her.

Now, with one thing after another piling up, he had truly reached his limit with Keira.

However, Keira's current reckless behavior made it hard for him to cope.

With the company being busy, he simply stopped seeing her.

He could only drag on.

When the day her fake pregnancy was exposed and she was truly locked up came, he could finally be free.

If she didn't want to divorce, then let her be.

He didn't care if it took a lifetime; he had no expectations for the rest of his life anyway.

The timing was just right, ninety minutes. After a round trip around the city, they arrived back at the palace gates.

The carriage slowly entered the palace, and when the door closed, Chloe finally breathed a sigh of relief.

Although she had gradually adapted to the enthusiasm of the people, she was still a bit tired.

What followed was the real coronation ceremony on top of the city gate, where she would announce to everyone that she was the princess of Y Country.

e, and Ava's face in the other room turned pale.

"Sure, there must have been a reason. But I don't know where you're planning on using it. Princess Chloe, however, thinks you're going to use it at the coronation ceremony. You've prepared thoroughly, so why let it go to waste? The coronation is the most likely place for your plans to come to fruition.

"You've brought this upon yourselves. You started scheming against her too early. Otherwise, you might have been able to attend the coronation today. But now, your disgrace will be even more pronounced.

"A fake paternity test? You're really pulling out all the stops, aren't you? Well, speaking of which, the princess wanted me to show you this document. Then you'll understand how magnanimous she has been towards you."

As he spoke, he handed the document to a man standing nearby.

The man immediately took it and walked over to Barbara, whose face had turned pale. He handed her the document.

Barbara opened it and her expression changed dramatically.

It was the blood relation identification between Yasmine and Queen Julia.

She didn't even need to look at the results. Instead, the date at the bottom was what caught her attention.

Ava snatched it from her and also looked at the date. Her reaction was not much different from Barbara's.

The date of the test was a month ago, during the Y Country's national banquet.

She slumped to the ground.

So

Chloe had been preparing to handle them all along.

If they had stuck to their original plan and brought out the fake paternity test at the coronation ceremony, insisting that Yasmine and Chloe were fake princesses, then this document alone would have been enough to give them a fate worse than their current one.

Seeing their reactions, the man continued, "Now do you understand how merciful the princess has been towards you? She could have made your lives much more miserable if she wanted to, but she didn't want to spoil the coronation. And most importantly, she didn't want to risk you harming her unborn babies like you did with Brisa. She didn't want to waste her time dealing with insignificant people like you and put her babies in danger.

"Over these years, you've been occupying a place that doesn't belong to you, attempting several times to take their lives. This led to years of separation between her and her mother, and even now, you're still scheming against them. She hasn't even had the chance to settle scores with you yet. You're somewhat fortunate that you haven't received more torment."

Ava and Barbara turned ashen.

Becky was the first one to be locked up, and she was already on the verge of a mental breakdown. Now that Ava and Barbara joined her, she just sat in the corner with a vacant look in her eyes.

Noticing Ava and Barbara's reactions, even Becky, slow as she was, could tell that there was no chance of them getting out this time.

"No, we didn't..."

"Stop denying it. All it does is make you look stubborn and unwilling to take responsibility. The hospital and doctors you bribed have already confessed. But considering all the connections you've made in the Y Country over the years, we had to bring in extra people to make sure you don't cause any trouble during the coronation. It's been quite the hassle."

Ava and Barbara were not listening to his words anymore.

"Who are you? Why are you telling us all this? Where did you hear all this from?"

The man gave a cold laugh, "I'm just a nobody; it doesn't matter who I am. As for the information I've given you, it's all common knowledge outside, not a secret. I'm telling you all this because the princess wants me to. She wants to make you suffer for all the things you've done."

"It's strange, really. Despite all your scheming and treachery, she's not exactly a saint herself. But somehow, she manages to be likable even when she's being bad."

Barbara couldn't hide the bitterness on her face.

Bad but likable?

How was that possible?

There were so many people who despised Chloe, who hated her with all their hearts.

They wished she would just die!

On the television screen, footage of Chloe's parade around the city was still playing. Her regal attire, shimmering under the sunlight, was truly a sight to behold.

Compared to before, she was now wearing a cloak, the droplet-shaped crystals on her chest catching the light and drawing attention.

Every detail about her was exquisite and noble.

Her face, with a faint smile playing at her lips and a light touch of makeup, was undeniably beautiful and regal.

Whether still or in motion, she radiated an indescribable aura.

The enthusiastic citizens lining the streets were all cheering and shouting her name.

They were showing their admiration and support for her.

They were acknowledging Princess Chloe's status.

All of this, everything that Barbara had once aspired for, was now hers. She was sitting high and mighty, enjoying the glory that Barbara had once dreamed of, while Barbara could only watch through a screen from afar.

How ironic.

Meanwhile, in P City, most people were glued to their screens, watching the broadcast.

Keira was still lingering in the hospital, claiming that she was pregnant and needed to rest.

However, she refused any examination from the doctors.

She would scream and yell if anyone tried to touch her.

Now she was taking advantage of public opinion, staying in a luxury hospital room, with all her needs taken care of. The Olson family was helpless against her and could only pay for her expensive hospital bills and other expenses.

The Olson family's business was in the pits, and now they were saddled with Keira, a burden that only made things worse.

Lauretta spent her days at home, filled with regret, yet unable to deal with the freeloading Keira.

If the Olsons didn't step up, the media would have a field day painting them in the worst possible light.

They were already walking on thin ice, any more scandals would tip them over the edge.

Meanwhile, Keira was ensconced in a deluxe hospital suite, watching Chloe on the telly, surrounded by the wreckage of luxury fruits, skincare products, jewelry, and even medical equipment meant for her care.

She had heard rumors that Chloe might be a princess, and despite Queen Julia's public proclamation after the state banquet, she still held out hope that it was all a mistake.

How could Chloe possibly be a princess?

Considering how harshly Chloe was mistreated by her in the Summers family, where everything was snatched away by her, and how Chloe lived without any semblance of the demeanor of a wealthy heiress, how could she possibly be an exalted princess now?

She had clung to the hope of a twist in the tale, only to be met with the reality of Chloe's coronation.

Chloe had transformed into a real princess.

Despite being on the other side of the world, Chloe had once again made Keira the butt of the joke.

A complete and utter joke.

On the other side, Lauretta was also watching Chloe on the telly, riding in a horse-drawn carriage, basking in the warmth of Y Ccountry's adoration. She thought of Keira, the freeloader draining the Olson family's resources, and was filled with regret and resentment. Tears streamed down her face uncontrollably.

"We were blind to have chosen Keira, the shameless bitch," she said.

Grover's face was ashen. At her words, he snorted, "I told you you'd regret this. Didn't realize it would happen so soon."

"How was I to know Keira would bring such bad luck? Carolina was always fawning over her, I thought she was certain Keira was the one destined for great things."

"Chloe and Lance were engaged back then, but you were still secretly pushing Lance towards Keira. The Olson Group was on the brink of bankruptcy, and if it weren't for Chloe's help, we would have been done for. Have you no conscience? Even in gratitude, you shouldn't have done such a low thing. And to think, Chloe is the half-sister of Keira, no, the funny thing is, Keira is not even a real Summers. It's karma. You didn't appreciate what you had, and now, who can you blame?"

Grover's words left Lauretta speechless and seething with rage.

"I pushed Lance towards Keira for the sake of the Olson family! You have no right to blame me!"

"Did you let me say a word back then? What mutual affection? Yes, Lance is truly your son, and he never disappoints you! You pushed him towards Keira, and he really hooked with her. I've long left the Olson

family in Lance's hands. Now let's see how he manages the Olson Group. You should pray that Keira, your star of fortune, stays in the hospital to help your precious son survive this crisis."

Gripped by anger, Grover stormed upstairs.

Lauretta was left stung by Grover's words. Her sense of guilt was overwhelming, her tears flowing freely.

Watching Chloe on the TV, adored and respected by all, she was consumed by a deep sense of regret.

The Summers had a daughter, born to be a phoenix, hidden in the woods, without a nest to return to, taken advantage by the wicked, her fate filled with misfortune. And she will rise above all."

Chloe was the real phoenix, not only saving the Olson family from bankruptcy but also a real princess.

And the wicked one, undoubtedly, it was Keira

Chapter 1746

After sipping some water, the makeup artist touched up Chloe's makeup. A short break was given in between.

Queen Julia was out there re-verifying every detail of the process to make sure everything was ready to go, which showed just how much importance she placed on this coronation.

Meanwhile, Yasmine and Chloe were resting together in the lounge. Sitting at the dressing table, Chloe gazed at herself in the mirror, her expression as calm as still water. To her, the coronation seemed just a formal procedure, something that she had to go through. After the mission was completed, she would still be the same person, and nothing would have changed.

"What are you planning to do after the coronation?" Yasmine asked, her brows furrowed slightly.

“Go back home, handle some company stuff, then stay at home and wait for the birth.” Chloe replied nonchalantly, her eyes meeting Yasmine’s reflection in the mirror.c2

“Aren’t you forgetting that you are a princess?” Yasmine countered, her expression souring.

“What does a princess do? Chloe chuckled softly, “If you’re too overwhelmed, I can help share some of your duties.”

Yasmine’s expression hardened further.

Chloe observed her for a moment before breaking the silence, “If you don’t want to do it, I think Grandma won’t force you. In my opinion, the reason she wants to pass on the throne to you is probably just to make up for you. The throne may be burdensome, but Ava and her daughter have been longing for it for a reason. After all, it comes with supreme power.”

Yasmine’s expression softened a bit, but her brows remained furrowed.

After a long pause, Chloe gently curved her lips into a smile. “If...” She started to speak but stopped, her eyes sparkled, leaving her words hanging in the

air.

“What were you going to say?” Yasmine asked, her eyes narrowing.

After a moment of silence, Chloe finally said, “The reason Grandma wants to compensate you with the throne is based on the premise that she knows you have the capability. You’re not busy with anything else, right? Rather than sitting idle, taking up this position won’t be too difficult for you. I know you’re not someone who can stay idle. Unless...”

Unless you have a special reason.” Chloe quickly finished her sentence, smiling at Yasmine.

Yasmine stared at her for a moment before scoffing, “What reason could I possibly have?”

Chloe arched an eyebrow, stood up, and began adjusting her gown in the mirror. She held the drop-shaped diamond pendant hanging from her neck and said casually, "Grandma has dedicated her life to this position. Being a ruler comes with many constraints; you won't be able to have the kind of love that most people desire. The harsh reality is, once you ascend to the throne, it's almost like severing all ties with love. Can a Queen really afford to have a husband?"

Chloe's words, spoken with a smile, made Yasmine's expression darken. After a long silence, Yasmine huffed, "Are you itching for a spanking? Daring to tease me like this? Am I really a hopeless romantic in your eyes? Can't I live without a man?"

Chloe shrugged, seemingly unaffected. "If that's not the case, then I must be overthinking things. You don't have any other reasons to refuse this responsibility, do you?"

Yasmine remained silent for a while and then slowly stood up, "But you do have a point. I should be glad that your Grandma trusts me. Making the most out of my life is indeed not a bad idea."

Chloe simply nodded, "I'm glad you understand."

After another short break, Queen Julia entered the room. She approached Chloe, placed her hands on her shoulders, and said, "Don't feel too much pressure, and don't get nervous. If you feel tired, just tell Grandma. Don't push yourself."

"I understand, Chloe replied.

Queen Julia then turned to Yasmine, whose expression wasn't exactly pleasant.

"Yasmine, what's wrong? Are you tired?" she asked.

"No, I'm fine," Yasmine responded.

"Alright, it's almost time. Let's get ready. There are many important foreign dignitaries waiting outside. We need to be careful with the final part of the ceremony."

"I understand."

Queen Julia left to greet the guests, leaving Yasmine and Chloe to rest for a few more minutes. When they were ready and stepped outside, Queen Julia was already leading a group of people towards the castle steps. Upon seeing them, she waved at them affectionately.

As they approached, Queen Julia took their hands, one on each side. "These are all important leaders from various countries. We'll have dinner later and I'll introduce each of them to you. For now, let's head to the castle gate. Listen, can you hear the excitement outside?"

Even through the thick castle walls, Chloe could hear the cheering and shouting from outside, filled with anticipation and excitement. She pursed her lips and followed Queen Julia up the castle steps in silence.

Behind them, the foreign dignitaries were courteously led up the steps by the country's high-ranking officials.

Ever since she stepped out, Yasmine had the unsettling feeling that something was off. She could sense a dangerous undercurrent. But in such a highly guarded place and event, she couldn't figure out where the danger was coming from.

When Queen Julia, Yasmine, and Chloe slowly appeared above the castle gate, a cheer erupted from the crowd outside. Flags were waved and cheers echoed, full of excitement. From the distance, all Chloe could see was a sea of people in the castle square.

"Thank you all for your acceptance and support over the years. I'm truly honored. Without you, I wouldn't have been able

progress of our country. It's all of you who have made me, and our country, what it is today. I, Julia, am forever grateful. Today is a significant day, probably the most important day in my life, and I want to share my excitement and joy with all of you."

There was a pause, and cheers filled the air. Queen Julia continued, "Thank you all again for your continued support. Now, let's proceed with the final part of the ceremony."

Julia smiled, then continued: "I'm sure everyone knows that my daughter, who has been away from me for many years, has safely returned and brought me a smart and kind granddaughter. I believe there's nothing in this world that can make me happier than this moment. I thank God for bringing them

back to me."

"Today, we are gathered here for the coronation of my granddaughter. She's had her fair share of struggles and hardships in the past. From this moment forward, I will protect her from any harm that this world might throw her way. To all those who have belittled, slandered, insulted, or looked down upon her in the past, let this be a testament of how foolish you have been. From now on, everything that is mine will be hers, and whatever I don't have, I'll do my utmost to provide for her. She will rise above all.

7

"She is my most precious and only granddaughter. Today, I bestow upon her the title of Princess of Y Country."

The crowd below burst into excited cheers, demonstrating their understanding and support for Queen Julia's heartfelt words.

As Julia's words fell, Lea, who had been waiting respectfully at a distance, slowly approached: In her hands, she held a red velvet tray, upon which sat a dazzling diamond tiara/The tiara, made entirely of diamonds, was fashioned in the shape of a star.

Julia gently pulled Chloe to her side. Chloe slightly bent her head, and Julia carefully removed the meticulously crafted tiara on her head.

The spectators fell into silence, all eyes fixated on the scene unfolding before them.

A true coronation. This was undeniably a moment for the history books.

After placing her own tiara on the tray, Julia held the star-shaped tiara in her hands, carefully and reverently placing it on Chloe's head. Once it was secured, Julia gazed at the tiara adorning Chloe's radiant face and nodded in satisfaction.

Chloe responded with a soft smile, calm and composed. Her tranquil demeanor endeared her even more to Julia.

"May you be the best version of yourself in the years to come. May you be the happiest. May your life be devoid of sorrow, tears, hardships, and calamities. May you always be God's favorite."

Chloe gave a small smile, aware that such a blessing was a tad too perfect. Life could hardly be a smooth sail, but at this moment, she felt incredibly fortunate. She also knew, this was probably the most sincere and perhaps the greediest wish from her grandmother.

"Thank you, grandma."

Julia lovingly opened her arms to embrace her, planting a kiss on Chloe's cheek. "You deserve it."

Chloe could only accept it gladly.

The two women separated, and Julia, holding Chloe's hand, took a few steps forward. "Today, I introduce to you the one and only Princess of Y Country,

Princess Chloe."

At her words, the gathered dignitaries who were present to witness the coronation applauded in celebration. The quiet spectators erupted into cheers once again.

"Princess Chloe!"

"Your Highness!"

The cheers went on for a while, as Julia gave them ample time to celebrate the coronation. After a while, she raised her hand to signal for silence. "I have another crucial announcement to make on this day of the coronation."

The crowd grew quiet. People exchanged glances, clueless about the next announcement.

Amidst the murmurs from the crowd, Chloe cast a glance at Yasmine. Yasmine expressionlessly stood there. Her face cold, her lips tightly pressed together.

Julia turned towards Yasmine, giving her a smile. "I'm sure you are all aware of this news as well. I am old and handling state affairs has become quite a challenge for me. There's no room for error in running a country, and I no longer possess the keen sense I once had. So, as much as I hate to say this, I must face reality."

"Queen Julia." People in the crowd began to murmur, calling out to Julia. They could guess what she was about to say.

Despite being a woman, Julia had proven her capabilities beyond doubt. Y Country had done a great job in achieving gender equality. While polygamy was practiced, it never demeaned the status of women. No man looked down upon a woman's abilities, and no woman was forced to share her husband With other women against her will. Everything revolved around capability and consent.

No one was surprised when Julia ascended the throne, but the suddenness of her abdication was indeed shocking.

"Yes, it's time for me to abdicate."

The crowd erupted into murmurs.

"But don't worry, I wouldn't have mentioned abdication if I hadn't found a suitable successor who can manage the affairs of the state."

The crowd fell silent, curious to know who the next ruler would be. Julia walked over to Yasmine and held her hand. “Actually, she has been gradually taking over the state affairs. My daughter has always

been competent, and I’ve been impressed with her recent handling of matters. I believe she will be an even better ruler than I was. I trust her to lead us all into a brighter future.”

Yasmine was slowly pulled towards Julia, closer to the microphone. She felt no surprise at the sudden announcement. She had long prepared herself for the commitment it entailed. In her mind, this was the only path that held any meaning for the rest of her life.

2/3

Wasting a life in mediocrity was truly not her wish.

But even though she was ready, the reality of it all didn’t bring her joy. Instead, she found herself hesitant to accept this trust and the expectations it bore. She didn’t lack the confidence, but a decision that would entirely shape the rest of her life left her feeling a bit bewildered. If she agreed, she would no longer be Yasmine. She would be the Queen of Y Country, nothing more. Yet, if she declined, her life would be devoid of any significant purpose. After a moment of silence, she took a deep breath, lowered her gaze to the sea of faces below her, and began to speak.

“Hello everyone. I am deeply honored by the Queen’s faith in me and grateful for her trust. From now on, I will do everything in my power to fulfill her wishes and meet your expectations. I will carry this burden and lead us forward. I am also hoping you could give me this opportunity. You may have doubts about me, and that is understandable. But I promise you that I will earn your trust, your support, and your recognition.”

Her hand clenched into a fist as she paused, forcing a smile onto her face. “Here, I make a vow. I will dedicate the rest of my life to the Y Country, and to you all.”

Her sentence was abruptly cut off as her arm was gripped tightly by another man. A third person reached out, taking her microphone

Chapter 1747

Simultaneously, a deep, yet sizzling voice echoed behind her. Through the microphone, it resonated across the entire square. "She will not be the Queen of Y Country, and she will not dedicate her life to you."

Yasmine turned, her usually serene face now filled with shock.

Boyd stood there, holding the microphone, gripping Yasmine's hand tightly. His eyes, as tranquil as a far-off mountain, did not flinch under her gaze. His sudden appearance not only caught Yasmine off guard but surprised everyone present. On such an important day when the whole country was celebrating together and the world was watching, it was utterly and completely unexpected for this person who came out of nowhere to interrupt the

process.

"Who is he? Security must be tight. How did he manage to appear up there so silently?"

"I'm not sure. If it's not a failure in security, then he must have been part of the coronation ceremony team."c2

"Is he out of his mind? Disrupting the ceremony at such a critical moment? What has he done before?"

"But he doesn't look like a staff."

The people below the stage were chattering, tilting their heads wondering what would happen next to the man who had suddenly appeared to cause trouble. Even the foreign diplomats invited to the coronation ceremony were stunned by this sudden turn of events.

Eventually, someone exclaimed in surprise,

"Mr. Boyd, what on earth are you doing?"

"Mr. Boyd?!" Wasn't he the President of B Country?

Queen Julia looked at the man who had suddenly appeared, her face darkened. Her most important day had been disrupted. No matter who it was, she would not be pleased.

“Mr. Boyd, what are you doing here?” Queen Julia’s voice was deep and authoritative, her expression remaining serious.

Boyd coolly responded, “Yasmine will not take your place, and she will not be the next Queen.”

Queen Julia laughed in anger, “Mr. Boyd, do you have any idea what you are talking about?”

Yes, I am sorry. But I won’t allow her to waste her life here. She can only spend her life with me.”

His voice, firm and implacable, echoed through the microphone and spread throughout the entire square, reaching everyone’s ears.

Queen Julia was shocked. Foreign diplomats and the crowd all fell silent. Everyone was once again shocked by his bold words.

The crowd below became even more excited. Such a domineering declaration was unheard of. Daring to make such a bold statement about a woman in front of the world, was incredibly attractive.

The all-encompassing cameras projected his entire figure onto the massive screens in the square, and some people recognized his identity, becoming extremely excited.

“That’s the President of B Country!”

“No wonder he suddenly appeared there. He’s here to attend the coronation ceremony personally.”

“But didn’t the Queen’s biological daughter just return? Has she already crossed path with the President of B Country?”

"I don't think so. It must have been before she came back. They must have known each other before."

"My God, who exactly is she? It's not just any princess who could get involved with the President of B Country! He's so cool!"

"More importantly, she's managed to make the president disregard the occasion and make such a domineering statement. She must have some serious skills."

The crowd below was buzzing with speculation about this unexpected interlude.

Yasmine, having recovered from her initial shock, tried to pull her hand away from Boyd's grip. However, the tighter she struggled, the firmer his grip became. Yasmine glared at him angrily.

Boyd looked down at her, his voice low, "Don't struggle. You know I won't let you go. The more you resist, the more you'll suffer."

Yasmine, trying to keep her cool, stared at the microphone beside him. She wanted to silently plead with him, but his stubbornness was in the way. Her chest was taken over by anger, and she coldly frowned as she stared at him, her icy voice carrying a deep anger, "Boyd, have you gone mad?!" Boyd calmly looked at her, not shying away from the woman he had deliberately avoided in recent days. "Yes, so you need to refuse your mother's proposal. Don't accept this position."

Yasmine, growing impatient, struggled again. The pain in her wrist was becoming more prominent. She raised her other hand, tightly pinching his hand. She used all the strength she could muster, fueled by her anger.

Blood seeped from Boyd's hand.

A vein throbbed on Yasmine's forehead. "Do you want to keep going like this?"

Boyd's eyes remained calm, unmoved, his voice low, "Come back with me."

Sensing his determination, Yasmine's tense body gradually relaxed. She looked at him coldly, deciding to make things clear with him.

"Why should I go back with you?"

She raised her hand, which was still in his grip, and looked at him sarcastically "Go back with you and then what? Like this, I'm in pain, you're hurting, and we spend our lives like this, torturing each other?"

Boyd looked at her raised hand, and instinctively loosened his grip. Yasmine noticed and tried to pull away, but Boyd caught her attempt and tightened his grip again.

"I won't hurt you again."

"But you already have. Why should I erase the scars you've left on me? Can they be erased? Boyd, I've made it clear before. I've never given you any hope. Did I give you any false impressions?"

"No. It was all me."

"That's your problem. Everything is based on mutual consent. I don't want to be entangled with

you anymore. Do you understand? Let me go."

Yasmine's directness stung Boyd's heart. His eyes momentarily flickered, and Yasmine happened to catch that.

Pain? How familiar and distant was that?

"Yasmine..."

Boyd's gaze dimmed as he looked at her, a shallow sadness resonated within his low voice. "I won't let go. I've always been a selfish man, so even if you consider every day spent with me as a torment, you have to stay by my side. Even if we torture each other, it doesn't matter. All I need is you."

The last sentence, profound and clear, caused Yasmine's heart to tremble. She opened her mouth to say more, but she knew, at this point, Boyd wouldn't

back down.

From the beginning, no matter how many cruel, heartless things she said to hurt him, he never gave up. He was like a stoic warrior, immune to any attacks, oblivious to pain.

She didn't know how to deal with him anymore. The silence between them created a tense atmosphere.

Their conversation made Queen Julia realize something. Boyd and Yasmine once had a relationship. Boyd had deeply hurt Yasmine, a wound carved deeply into her heart.

Her daughter, despite having just returned, had a personality similar to hers, which made it easy for her to understand. Yasmine was a reasonable and generous person. If it were just a small misunderstanding, she wouldn't have let things escalate to this point. To make a man beg in such a humbling way, it was clear how deeply she had been hurt. Therefore, she was determined to hurt the one she loved back.

Yet...

While hurting him, how much pain was reflected back onto her?

He was in pain. She was in even more pain. They were truly torturing each other

They couldn't completely let go of each other, and their hatred tinged with love. One person's pain, shared by two.

Queen Julia sighed helplessly, but she had no pity for Boyd. He had hurt Yasmine, which was unforgivable.

“Mr. Winston, do you realize what you’re doing? I hope you understand that you’re interfering with the matters of our country.”

“But this is also a personal matter, Queen Julia. I’m sorry for intruding, but I hope you understand one thing, Yasmine is not going to take your place. Please find someone else.”

Queen Julia frowned, “You...”

Yasmine glared at him, “Are you finished? Is this how a president acts?”

“I don’t care about all that.” He stared intently at Yasmine, his firm grip on her wrist pulling her closer.

The distance between the two people was close in the first place, Yasmine’s legs were inconvenient, and she fell into his arms. Before she could react, she felt herself getting lighter as she was lifted off the ground. Boyd’s microphone still in his hand, he turned and strode towards the city gate with her in

his arms.

People were initially stunned by his actions, and now even more so by his current actions, their minds in a complete blank. Instinctively they all made way

for him.

It wasn’t until Boyd walked down the steps with Yasmine in his arms that Yasmine finally came back to her senses, and grabbed onto Boyd’s neatly tailored suit.

“What are you doing?”

“We’re going home.”

“Put me down!”

“Not gonna happen.”

“Boyd!”

I’m here.”

Regardless of how Yasmine tried to express her anger, Boyd kept responding with a calm and indifferent voice, unfazed. His undisturbed demeanor left Yasmine feeling like she was punching a brick wall.

You’re utterly despicable.”

“I know.”

Boyd still held the microphone. Yasmine’s angry voice and his calm, indifferent responses echoed throughout the square.

Everyone heard that. They felt very conflicted deep inside.

Such a man was a president of a country. As the Queen’s daughter, their princess sure knew how to control her man.

Suddenly, a noise came from above. Everyone looked up to see a helicopter flying overhead, eventually landing inside the at

Her heart sank, “Boyd, put me down.

“No.”

Without any hesitation, he carried her onto the helicopter.

Queen Julia hadn’t expected this man to be so prepared. It seemed he had planned this from the start.
“Quickly, stop them!”

Boyd was forcibly taking Yasmine away. He clearly didn’t respect the Queen. The guards were all mobilized, but the two had already boarded the helicopter. They couldn’t casually shoot at the president of B country, especially when the princess’ life was at stake. The situation was complicated.

As the helicopter began to ascend, all they could do was aim their guns and follow its movement.

Queen Julia’s face darkened like a stormy sky, but when she saw Chloe standing aside, seemingly indifferent with a sly smile, her eyebrows furrowed.

Her mother was being forcibly taken away, and yet she remained calm and unbothered?

Or was it...

Queen Julia was pondering when Boyd’s voice echoed across the square again. Apologies, Queen Julia, but I’ve taken Yasmine for now. After all, it was your grandson-in-law who first took Yasmine from me in this way. I’m just bringing her back. But still, I should thank your grandson-in-law for teaching me such a simple and effective way to kidnap someone. I regret having to resort to such measures, and I will come to apologize in person. Lastly, congratulations to Princess Chloe on her successful coronation. I hope you can find the time to visit your mother.”

Everyone was shocked at his words.

Nate grimaced, feeling the icy chill that radiated from Damon. He bit his lip, wanting to laugh but daring not to. This Mr. Boyd was indeed something else, even managing to throw a last-minute jab at Damon.

Indeed, revenge is a dish best served cold. When men bore grudges, they can be even pettier and scarier than women.

Chloe was thinking the same thing as Nate. Maybe she had been deeply mistaken about certain men, all along. Looks can be deceiving after all. Damon sat in front of the television, watching as the helicopter flew further and further away in the camera lens, then he ominously said, "Prepare the missiles. Bring him down."

Nate's eyelid twitched, "Calm down, sir. Remember your beloved mother-in-law is still on that plane."

Of course they had missiles, Damon was the world's top arms dealer behind closed doors after all.

The fact that he didn't mention nuclear bombs was a relief indeed.

Chapter 1748

Yasmine was forcefully taken onto the plane, her face a frightening shade of grim. "Boyd, are you satisfied now? Keeping me captive in your company this way?"

Boyd pursed his lips, "Yes, as long as you're with me."

Yasmine scoffed, "Alright, I see. We're tormenting each other now, huh? If you're not afraid, then I won't be. I've endured much worse than this. What's this to me now?"

Boyd bit his lip, his gaze towards Yasmine was as dark as a moonless night. "Yasmine..."

"Don't call me in that tone," Yasmine coldly retorted, turning her head to look out the window, "I don't consider us close enough for you to address me so affectionately."c2

Boyd forcefully turned Yasmine's shoulders to face him, "No, we are. You can't deny that we once..."

"Once what?" Yasmine sharply cut him off, her gaze icy and mocking. "Instead of bringing up the past, why don't you just throw me off this plane now? That would be more merciful."

Boyd's eyes, as dark as spilled ink, seemed to shatter into a mottled fracture. Every day, he reminded himself that despite Yasmine's harsh words or her attempts to hurt him, he wouldn't get mad.

Because he owed her that. He was willing to spend a lifetime letting her get her revenge bit by bit.

Yet, having experienced it, every word, every action, even a mere glance from her was like an invisible, yet sharp dagger, slowly torturing him.

"You know I wouldn't do that."

Yasmine laughed coldly, "Even if you did, I wouldn't be surprised. After all, it wouldn't be the first time you've tried to take my life,"

Her words were like a sharp sword, piercing his chest. A sharp pain made it hard for him to breathe.

Yasmine had already broken free of his grasp, turning her head to look out the window, giving him only her cold profile. He didn't speak again. If he did, he was sure she would have an even more indifferent expression and say things that left him speechless.

Yasmine's eyes were cold as she looked at the scenery outside the plane window. Below, patches of white were scattered. It was snow that had accumulated at some point, and there were winding rivers frozen into glaciers. Maybe in a few months, when spring came, the snow would melt, and the ice would thaw.

But how could the snow mountains and glaciers in one's heart melt? They couldn't, not after a decade. That was the snow and ice formed on bloody wounds. Once the ice and snow melted, the wounds would fester again.

Her face unconsciously tightened, and the aura around her gradually became colder. No one should ever mention the past to her. Especially this man. He didn't deserve to.

Sensing the change in Yasmine's aura, Boyd glanced at her. His thin lips moved, but he dared not speak. Given her state now, if he spoke, the result would only be more embarrassing.

Yasmine's sudden departure had thrown the princess' coronation into chaos. The crowd under the castle wall was in an uproar, their emotions varied, Everyone was taken aback by the unexpected turn of events at the princess' coronation.

The President of B Country had forcibly taken away the mother of the princess at the coronation. This was sure to become one of the most talked-about topics worldwide.

Queen Julia was initially furious, but after seeing Chloe's reaction, she suddenly felt a sense of relief. She was not oblivious. She had observed the distracted thoughts inadvertently expressed in Yasmine's eyes ever since she revealed her intention to abdicate and pass the throne to Yasmine.

At first, she thought it was because Yasmine felt overwhelmed by the sudden and heavy responsibility. But later, she realized it wasn't just that. Now, she understood it. Yasmine held a deep resentment towards the man named Boyd. And resentment was often built on the foundation of love.

The deeper the love was, the heavier the resentment. Resentful, yet there was an expectation she wouldn't admit to. Only someone who knew her very well could notice this.

Now everyone was waiting for Queen Julia's handling of the situation. This was a matter of royal dignity. But Queen Julia didn't have much to say. The most important part of the coronation was over. She gave a brief speech, stating there would be a nationwide celebration in the evening and asked everyone to look forward to it.

Although curious, people didn't dare question royal affairs too much. Upon hearing about the celebration, the crowd below cheered.

Chloe stood there waiting for the procedure to end, only following Queen Julia down the castle wall afterwards.

The foreign diplomats watched Queen Julia in confusion, noticing she had no intention of resolving the situation.

The matter of Yasmine had come to an end. There was no news for a while.

As Chloe, who has just been crowned as a princess, greeted each foreign envoy under the introduction of Queen Julia, they were then arranged to have some rest. Upon returning to the palace, Chloe breathed a sigh of relief.

Some of the high-ranking dukes followed Julia into the office. Their country's crown princess being forcibly taken away by another country, to them, it was not only a matter of royal dignity, but also a serious violation of national sanctity. Moreover, the sudden announcement of the Queen's abdication and the appointment of the crown princess on the spot was very sudden to them. All of these needed to be discussed carefully with the Queen.

In the Y Country, while things were a bit chaotic. Back home, the unexpected twist seen on the live broadcast had already caused quite a stir. The media and the internet were filled with all sorts of opinions on the matter.

"When did she get involved with the President of B Country?"

Was it before she married Nick Summers or after? Either way, it seems that Nick got cheated pretty well."

"Well, we can't be sure about that. Didn't Yasmine disappear for a few years? It's not certain that she may have been involved with the President of B Country during that time. By then, Nick was already with Viviana."

"Oh my goodness, I almost forgot about that homewrecker Viviana, where was she when she started messing around with Nick? They must have started their affair shortly after he got married, or else how could he believe that Keira's child was his? Isn't Keira the same age as Chloe?"

"Oh right, it seems like it."

“Nevertheless, it’s no surprise that Yasmine has a history even with the President of B Country. And judging from the President’s demeanor, he seems quite smitten with her.”

“But it seems like there’s some misunderstanding between them.”

“Indeed.”

“It’s quite interesting to think about it now. The once disgraced Ms. Summers, who was ridiculed by all, is now the respected princess of Y Country. Back in the day, Keira used to constantly set traps for her, stole Chloe’s home, and even her fiancé. Now, she has become a respected princess, and the position as the heiress of the Summers was never of importance to her.”

!

“It’s really pathetic. Chloe doesn’t care about favor of the Summers, because she could single– handedly toppled them. She is very rich herself, and the favor of the Summers means nothing to her. And Lance, what a fool! He gave up a perfect princess for Viviana’s bastard daughter, what a joke.”

“I heard that Keira is now living lavishly in a hospital, being supported by the Olson family, haha. It’s karma.”

Meanwhile, the Olson and Summers were engulfed in deep regret. They treated the real rising star like insignificant dust. They pampered the real dust like a rising star, even going to great lengths to hurt Chloe for her. They didn’t even dare to ask for Chloe’s forgiveness, or even saw her. Chloe was no longer part of their world.

They let go of her themselves. This incident was enough for them to regret for a lifetime.

After having lunch with Queen Julia and the foreign ambassadors, they started to wait for the grand city–wide celebration at night.

Upon returning to her room, Chloe found Damon wearing a black pinstriped suit. His slender figure exuded a strong aura. Chloe rarely saw Damon wear anything other than black or grey suits, and white ones even less. She remembered only one occasion when he wore a pinstriped suit.

Today, he emitted a strong, cool aura. She was taken aback. However, the moment he saw her, he smiled, put his hand on his chest and slightly bent towards her. "Welcome back, dear princess."

Chloe looked at him, eventually bursting into laughter. "What are you doing..."

Damon straightened up, grabbed her hand and pulled her towards him, looking down at her. "Congratulations on your successful coronation." Chloe smiled, "It's just a process. This title won't change anything. Don't worry about it too much."

"Of course it won't change anything, but I am very happy."

"Really?"

"Now, I don't have to worry about people bullying you. The title of a princess should spare you a lot of trouble."

Chloe raised her eyebrows, "So you didn't feel anything about my coronation, just because of this?"

"What else could there be?"

'Aren't you worried that my princess title might put some pressure on you, like, what if they ask you to be a stay-at-home husband?"

Damon paused, "I think Queen Julia will not make this request."

Chloe looked at him. Indeed. From the beginning, she could see that her grandmother's attitude towards Damon contained a lot of respect. It might have changed recently, perhaps due to her, but she always felt that he was not just as simple as it seemed.

The identity of an arms dealer must be an anonymous one. Once the identity was exposed, it would bring unnecessary trouble. It was too easy to make enemies, even to endanger life.

There must be something else he hadn't fully told her. Otherwise, Barbara and Becky wouldn't respect and admire him so much. Moreover, with the huge profits from selling arms, if he didn't develop some regular industries, it would be a loss.

"Damon, is there something you haven't told me?"

Her sudden doubt made Damon raise his eyebrow and smile. "Why would you think that?"

Chloe nodded. "Just a hunch."

Damon raised his eyebrow, and touched her forehead, "Scary woman."

Chloe's eyes twinkled, "So I'm right? You're hiding something from me, aren't you? You've sold so many arms, where is the money? At least you should establish a listed company, right? Otherwise, it would be a waste. Money should make money. That's the wise thing to do."

Damon pursed his lips, "I can afford to keep you."

Chloe pouted, and sat down on the bed, "But I'm afraid you can't afford my insatiable heart!"

Damon took off her shoes and put her white, round feet on his knee. "So tell me how much money would it take to satisfy your insatiable heart?" I'm not sure, at least, it should be more than what the Harper family has."

Damon smirked; his well-defined hand held her foot, gently massaging it. "Okay, you don't have to worry about that. You underestimate the profit of selling arms

Chloe opened her mouth wide, her eyes full of surprise. "So how much is it?"

Damon looked at her, "it should prevent you from having any opportunities to stray."

Chloe paused, happily swinging her legs. Her slender ankles were caught, "Stop moving."

Chloe immediately stopped moving. So you're saying you're the richest man in the world?"

Damon glanced at her, "Who told you that?"

"No? Then what did you just mean? If you are not the wealthiest of the wealthy, of course there's a chance of me straying."

"My point is that the people in front of me are either old or pot-bellied, with receding hairlines, or unremarkable in appearance. Ask yourself, would you really cheat?"

Chloe immediately shook her head, "Absolutely not. I prefer a man who has the whole package. Good looks and physique make up ninety percent of my consideration."

She was aware that she had misspoken about cheating. She couldn't confess the possibility of cheating, for she had no idea what this man might do in response. Firmly saying no, while also trying to appease him. A flawless damage control strategy.

Damon moved his hand to her other leg, giving it a gentle squeeze, his dark eyes, for some reason, seemed a bit icy. "So, you're saying you were also attracted to Lance's face?"

Chloe was speechless. This man's train of thought was really hard to follow,

Damon watched her, her eyes uncomfortably drifting away. "If we're talking just about appearances, Lance is not exactly ugly!"

The atmosphere shifted, and she could distinctly feel the grip on her foot tighten. Her scalp tingled, and she hurriedly added, "I'm just being honest. But you are definitely several times more handsome than Lance."

Damon's eyes narrowed, still dangerous.

Chloe's voice became quieter, "Much...much more handsome."

Damon's expression softened slightly, his grip on her foot loosened. "Don't compare me to scum."

Chloe found this statement oddly familiar. "Ok."

What's your plan now?" After a moment of silence, Damon asked.

Chloe paused, "I'm going home."

Chapter 1749

The evening celebration, though not small in scale, were a more relaxed affair compared to the day's coronation ceremony. Queen Julia and Chloe accompanied diplomats from allied nations, watching the performances from atop the castle walls.

Chloe was bundled up under Damon's insistence, resembling a polar bear more than a princess. Decked out in a fluffy white hat, scarf, and coat, only her sparkling eyes were visible, watching the nation-wide celebration of her successful coronation. Several times she tried to remove her scarf, but each time her fingers grazed the fabric, she was startled by Damon's cold gaze and quickly withdrew her hand

Yes, Damon was also present at Queen Julia's invitation, sitting nonchalantly next to Chloe, his demeanor indifferent despite the dazzling lights and lively atmosphere below. However, he was observant of Chloe's every move, always ready to assist her

The festive celebration was broadcasted live, enabling everyone to witness the nation's merriment. As the star of the day, Chloe naturally received more screen time. Damon was right next to her. It was well known that Chloe was now pregnant and it was her and Damon's baby. So the camera zoomed right in on Chloe and Damon. Every time the camera panned over them, Damon wasn't idle. There was a thermos on the table, half-filled with water steeping various fruits. Oranges, grapes, bananas, and more. If he wasn't peeling fruits, he was on his way to do so, or he was feeding the peeled fruits to Chloe.

Queen Julia found this amusing, but the other prominent figures of Y Country sat up more rigidly, casting frequent glances their way, their twitching lips betraying their thoughts.

The sight was too much for them. Could they not show some restraint in their public display of affection? Did they not consider the feelings of others? Nate stood to the side, occasionally helping to

change the water, his face expressionless, unfazed by the scene.

Others looked at him in admiration, impressed by his composure, but Nate had long given up resisting. He had once been at their stage, but what could he do if he couldn't bear it? He was now the master of enduring their PDA.

The carnival lasted for ninety minutes, while Chloe watched the final performance and ate a feast. After bidding everyone goodbye, she left the palace with Damon. Queen Julia had tried to convince them to stay the night, but Damon declined. Staying in his mother-in-law's house felt somewhat awkward. Chloe didn't object, falling in line with her husband's decision. Queen Julia had no choice but to concede.

While the live broadcast of the evening festivities was a celebration in Y Country, back home, after watching a performance with foreign characteristics, the focus of discussion shifted to something else.

"Looks like Mr. Harper really has the potential to be a kept bot. Look at him in the video, playing up to women is so awkward."

"Yeah, Chloe is now the precious princess of Y Country, and he's just a man ousted by the Harper family, without power or influence. He better serve and please her properly, otherwise, if the princess dumps him one day, what will he do?"

"I used to find it amusing when he admitted he was a kept boy, but now, this isn't humorous at all. It feels just like those male prostitutes, shameless"

"He used to brazenly talk about overthrowing the Harper family. Now that he's climbed up to the Princess of Y Country, he indeed has the capital."

"I used to be so infatuated and admired him. No matter how handsome a man is, it's really disappointing to rely on a woman to ascend to power. He's just a pretty face

"Who says he's just a pretty face? Have you tried? Do you have that opportunity? Princess Chloe likes him and can afford him. Whether he's useful or not, it's not for you to say"

Presley was furious when he saw these comments. "What the hell is he doing? For a woman, he tarnishes his own reputation! Is this the result he wanted?" Pointing at the television, the old man's face was ashen, his mustache trembling with rage. "What's wrong with him? What's so good about that woman that he would give up his basic dignity as a man? He's worthless! How did I end up raising such an ungrateful grandson?!"

Surprisingly, in Presley's heart, Chloe's sudden ascension to princess of Y Country had somewhat balanced things. He used to make concessions for Wendy and the Alonso family because they had a aunt who was a princess as the Queen's foster daughter in Y Country. Now that the Alonso family had fallen into disgrace and Princess Ava had been unexpectedly dethroned, his previous insistence became a joke. But if Chloe was the princess, it was a great help to Damon Taking her into the family now wouldn't be a problem.

But before he had a chance to express his stance, Damon had already made a fool of himself. He already couldn't bring himself to recognize Chice, and after this incident, even more so

He only felt that the change in his grandson was too drastic, going from being reserved and inviolable in the past to now having a notonous reputation and being ridiculed by everyone, which made him furious.

All this was Chloe's doing

Robin never expected such a sudden turn of events, which was quite helpful to him. At least those employees in the company who still had illusions about Damon should now face reality. Rather than working hard to manage the company, it was easier to serve the woman around him

“This was Damon’s choice, and he was always one to march to the beat of his own drum No one could easily sway him Marrying the princess of Y Country, that’s a stroke of luck. At least he’s independent and doesn’t rely on the Harper family. His life wouldn’t turn out too shabby

It sounded like Damon had become a live in son-in-law of the royal family of Y Country, living a life of luxury without lifting a finger. A downright trophy husband

Presley was only fueled with more rage by this “Disgraceful

Presley spat out another insult, struggling to his feet and stormed upstairs

Robin looked at the images replaying on the TV screen, a smirk played on his lips as he picked up the remote and turned off the TV

The next day, Chloe told Queen Julia of her plans to return to her homeland

Queen Julia tried to persuade her to stay, but to no avail.

“I need to personally supervise my company Besides, I’m married to Damon now, it wouldn’t be appropriate for me to stay at the palace for too long. I’ll visit you regularly. Don’t worry about my mother Judging by Mr Boyd’s demeanor, he won’t harm her. She’ll be back to see you soon.”

Tears welled up in Queen Julia’s eyes, “You’ve just come back and now you’re leaving again. We’ve had so little time together. Every second you’re away cond

nd you. Chloe.”

Sing the Queen's sorrowful expression, Chloe felt a pang of guilt. Suddenly, she felt as if she fell short compared to Barbara and Becky. For years, whether their

tentions were genuine or not, they had kept the Queen company and had never left her feeling alone.

And now her mother had left, and she was leaving too. How cruel

As Queen Julia aged, she became more childlike Tears were on the brink of her eyes as she looked at Chloe with a pitiful expression. "Chloe, can't you stay?" Feeling increasingly guilty, Chloe stepped forward and hugged the Queen.

"I'll come back as soon as I've sorted things out. I'll try to get my mother to come back too."

Facing Chloe's firm resolve, Queen Julia had no choice but to relent. "Alright, I'll wait for your return: You must take care of yourself and the babies in your womb. Come back as soon as you're done, okay?"

Chloe nodded, "I will You must ensure your health too."

Queen Julia nodded, her lips quivered, reluctant to speak for fear her voice would betray her sadness

Chloe, smiling faintly while fixing her hair, said, "Don't be sad Your top priority now should be to choose a successor soon. You really should enjoy your golden years. When the time comes, you'll have to help me look after the babies"

Mentioning her great-grandchildren, Queen Julia's eyes immediately lit up. "Of course, who else would look after my great-grandchildren?"

Only then did Chloe smile in relief

Meanwhile, in P City, Alyssa and Elizabeth both sneezed simultaneously without any warning. Hannah quickly fetched a blanket and draped it over Alyssa "Madam, did you catch a chill from going outside?"

Alyssa rubbed her nose. Tm not silly, why would I go outside in this cold weather? Elizabeth, did you catch a chill?

Elizabeth, too, was rubbing her nose. She shook her head, “No, haven’t I been with you these few days? This room is as warm as an oven. There’s no chance of catching a cold”

Alyssa nodded. “Yes, there’s no chance of catching a cold. Maybe it’s just a sneeze”

Elizabeth nodded, “I don’t feel unwell, it’s probably not a cold. If we need to find a reason for the sneeze, I’m sure it’s because our kids are thinking of us. Well, my dear Chloe, when will she come back.”

Alyssa nodded in agreement. Yes, the coronation ceremony is over. She should be back soon. It’s tough on her to be so busy while pregnant”

The two of them shared a look, grabbed a handful of popcorn each and continued watching TV

“I didn’t expect Damon to be so considerate. He’s not too bad when it comes to pampering his wife”

“That boy finally grew up I was so worried about him before, thinking that he would have a hard time finding a life partner. Who knew he’d move so fast and win over Chloe I won’t call him a blockhead anymore.”

“It’s not just Chloe he won over You’re a great–grandmother now!”

“Hahaha, yes, yes, that’s worth a reward”

“Reward whom? If anyone deserves a reward, it should be me. After all, who gave birth to such an outstanding son?Come on, what reward do I get?”

“You’re the clever one, always asking me for rewards.”

"I only need rewards from you"

"You cheeky girl!"

Elizabeth laughed

From the side. Royce chimed in. "While you're missing your granddaughter-in-law and daughter-in-law, did you ever think about how your grandson and son are being harshly criticized?"

Alyssa and Elizabeth rolled their eyes, "Those people online don't know anything. They probably either enjoy domestic violence or are victims of it. They're not worldly, and they don't know the joy of pampering a wife or being pampered. Why should we care about them?"

Hearing this, Royce frowned slightly. He was, after all, a man. A man's thoughts were greatly different from a woman's. Reputation was very important. Even though Damon was only caring for his pregnant wife, he felt Damon should not have allowed things to escalate to the current scenario. If a man can't maintain his own reputation, how can he provide stability for his loved ones?

Should everyone close to him be ridiculed because of him? If his mother and Chloe were to go out, how many people would treat them differently, making side remarks? How could Chloe feel at ease by his side?

As a father, Damon's actions were not satisfactory to him. There were issues to be addressed, but everything would have to wait until Damon's return. Royce's grim expression cast an icy pall over the room. Alyssa and Elizabeth exchanged concerned glances, their lips pressed together in tense silence.

And the matter of Damon being discussed and laughed at in the country was only told to Damon by Nate at the hotel after Chloe went to the palace the next day.

Damon had seen some of the online comments targeting him before, but it was the first time he'd been so publicly vilified and reading those harsh words sparked a moment of blinding anger.

It wasn't the personal humiliation that stung him the most, but the realization of how Chloe must have felt when she saw similar insults aimed at her. He'd always despised those who cast aspersions on her online, but he'd never truly empathized with her until now. After all, no matter how close they were, the cuts were inflicted on her, not him. He could sympathize, but he couldn't share her pain. Now, he knew exactly how it felt. Those people were really despicable.

"Sir, should we try to suppress this issue for now? We're soon returning home. It wouldn't be good for the lady to see this, would it?"

There was no doubt about it. That was the only course of action.

Damon nodded. "Do it."

"Is there something I'm not supposed to know?"

Chloe returned to their home office where Damon was sure to be. She had tiptoed in, intending to surprise him, but instead, she overheard his conversation. 2/3

or walk in, Nate was momentarily at a loss for words.

What a coincidence...

Chapter 1750

Damon's eyebrows pinched slightly at her silent appearance. Nate stood before Damon, head bowed, hardly daring to meet Chloe's gaze. Chloe pushed the door open and stepped in, noting the attitudes of the two men, a frown gradually forming on her forehead.

Damon's gaze followed her, his movements subtle as he turned off his phone screen and set it aside. After all, he was currently in the Y Country, and the reviews about him on the internet were naturally not as harsh as they were back home.

"Have you explained everything to Grandma?" Damon asked, his tone unchanging

Chloe's eyes briefly skimmed over his phone, almost instantaneously shifting back to Damon's face. She gave a small nod. "I did. Grandma was upset, so once I've settled affairs back home, I might come back to stay with her for a while."

Damon's eyebrows twitched. "That depends on your capabilities."

Chloe approached him, standing opposite his desk, with a smile on her face. "Why so?"

"You might have forgotten, but you also have one grandmother and one mother-in-law who are very fond of you."

Chloe had indeed forgotten that

Sensing her hesitation, Damon gave a slight smile, his long fingers drumming lightly on the desk. "When do you plan on going back?"

"As soon as possible. Maybe tomorrow. That way, I can spend more time with Grandma Alyssa and Elizabeth."

"Alright," Damon responded nonchalantly, turning his gaze towards Nate and commanding in a cold voice, "Isn't it time you started making arrangements?"

Nate snapped back to reality, quickly replying "Yes", and humed to leave. The arrangements were not just about the return trip. There were also matters to resolve on the domestic internet.

Chloe didn't stop Nate, instead turning her attention back to Damon, and asked, "So, what were you two discussing just now? What are you trying to hide from me? If she didn't ask anything, it would seem too deliberate."

Damon looked up at her, a smile playing at his lips. "Of course, I'm hiding how much money I have."

Chloe raised an eyebrow and smirked, "If I wanted to know, I could find out. After all, whatever money you have, is mine. It's just a big number and as long as I know it's more than I can spend in my lifetime, that's enough

Damon chuckled "What if we run out one day?"

Then you deserve it for not telling me how much you're worth"

"Sure, spend as much as you can. Let's see if that day ever comes"

Chloe smiled, tapping the documents in front of him, "I don't want to see that day, so get back to work and earn money"

Damon sighed, straightened up and picked up his pen, "Yes, I'll definitely work hard to support you

"Good" Chloe said sounding pleased, I'll go pack my bags now. Good luck With that, she left the study cheerfully

Damon watched her leave, the smile gradually disappearing from his face once the study door closed, his gaze falling on the phone by his side, his eyebrows pinched slightly

Outside the door, Chloe's smile faded too. Remembering Damon's actions when he put down his phone, she took out her own phone from her pocket, opened the browser, and saw that the local news in Y Country was dominated by yesterday's coronation ceremony

There was no news that could make Damon want to hide something from her Could she be mistaken? But she had heard him, that he was indeed hiding something from her

Frowning, she headed towards the bedroom, deep in thought about what could have gone wrong

Today was supposed to be the day she bid farewell to her grandmother at the palace. What could have happened in Y Country that he would hide from her?

Suddenly, she stopped, her eyes on her phone, and her lips pursed, as she expertly navigated the device. Since there was nothing wrong in the Y Country, it must be in their hometown, P City, where the problem lay

However, just as she was about to search it on her phone, she heard the study door open behind her. She turned around to see Damon, his lips pursed, walking straight towards her Her eyes flickered, "What's up?"

"About what we discussed earlier"

Damon just started speaking when Chloe's phone rang Chloe retrieved her gaze, seeing the caller ID, the answered the call without hesitation.

"Dear Chloe

"Chloe"

Two familiar voices made Damon's eyebrows furrow instantly

Chloe had a small smile on her face, Grandma Alyssa, Elizabeth"

"Hmm, Chloe darling, we both miss you. When will you be back?

"That's night This is your first year of being married to Damon Hurry back, we're starting prepi

Tm all ready, I should be back tomorrow"

“Really?! You see, it seems like we have an unspoken connection, don’t we? What time is your flight? We’ll pick you up tomorrow!”

“Nate is handling it, and I’ll let you know once it’s confirmed”

“Okay

Alyssa and Elizabeth laughed happily, the screen shaking slightly as the phone was handed over to Elizabeth Chloe, am you doing well? they well?”

Chloe nodded, “Of course, they’re doing well”

In response, her expression somewhat serious, “Be careful when you land tomorrow. I suspect the reporters won’t leave you alone/Don’t mind ver they ask. They’re just trolls trying to belittle you. Don’t waste your time and emotions on them.”

lee’s eyes narrowed slightly. As expected. “What happened? Did something happen back home?”

Elizabeth said, “There are too many busybodies in our country. They’re jealous of Damon’s affection for you and since they can’t antagonize you, they’ve shifted their focus to Damon. The comments aren’t nice, but you shouldn’t worry about it

Chloe’s frown deepened instantly. She glanced at Damon, blinked, and suddenly broke into a run toward the bedroom

Damon didn’t expect she would do that. As he quickened his pace to catch up, Chloe had already shut the bedroom door with a decisive click

Damon was taken aback. Chloe, who was panting against the door, had given Alyssa and Elizabeth on the phone quite a scare Sweetheart, why did you run off like that?”

Chloe shook her head, “Nothing What’s happening back home? Why is Damon being talked about even though he’s not there?”

Elizabeth hesitated, a hint of worry creeping into her heart. Did she cause trouble for Damon? If Chloe didn’t know, then he must be intending to keep it from her

“Well

The call was suddenly cut off

Chloe frowned. She tried ringing again through WhatsApp, but it indicated that the user was busy. Then, Damon’s sullen voice sounded outside the door What did you tell her?”

“Nothing much, but I reckon Chloe’s smart enough to figure it out Sorry son, we won’t disturb your quality time anymore. See you tomorrow With that, Elizabeth hung up abruptly, not giving Damon a chance to respond

With gloom etched between his brows. Damon faced the closed door. He stepped forward and knocked on it “Chloe, open the door”

At this point, Chloe had successfully found the domestic media pages. However, the comments under the trend painted a different picture

Damon was a freeloader, using women to climb the social ladder, wooing the princess to become a live in son-in-law

More disparaging remarks followed As Chloe read on, her grip on her phone tightened, her hand turning white and shaking noticeably. The anger in her heart was far beyond her control at this point

How vile were these people to slander someone like this? What gave them the right to belittle him?

He was a man of grace and dignity, who treated her with utmost care. To them, however, he was just a man leveraging women to elevate his status His very dignity was stripped away by their slander

“Chloe Damon’s voice had called out several times from outside. As his words fell, the bedroom door suddenly swung open.

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Chloe stood in the doorway, looking up at him Her eyes were red, betraying her attempt at appearing strong. Seeing her like this, Damon sighed and pulled her into his arms “Your current state justifies why I intended to keep this from you”

Chloe merely stayed in his embrace, not even given a chance to voice her grievances. “I didn’t expect things to turn out this way

“I didn’t think it was a big deal”

Chloe shook her head while nestled in his arms.

Damon held the back of her head. “You care so much. Do you believe what they’re saying?”

“How could I?”

That’s not the truth. You don’t need to worry about it.”

Chloe stayed silent. Despite his words, she couldn’t help but be angry at the sight of Damon being ridiculed. She always thought she wouldn’t let the words of strangers on the internet affect her, but these people always knew how to push her buttons. Cyberbullying was more vicious and violent than any real-life enemy

“Ainight, don’t get angry over their ignorance You might upset the twins”

Whenever there were problems, their babies were always his trump card. Hearing this, Chloe took a deep breath in Damon's arms.

Nate quickly arranged everything for their return to the country and made sure that matters back home were being taken care of

When he reported back, Chice was sitting in the living room, her expression a bit grim. Damon was treading carefully around her, completely at her

Nate thought that Damon might have let the cat out of the bag. Handling the situation at home didn't seem to matter anymore.

After a flight of over ten hours, they finally landed at P City airport. At around eight in the evening, Alyssa, Elizabeth, and Royce successfully picked up Chice from

the VIP exit.

Upon seeing her, Alyssa and Elizabeth immediately flocked to her, pushing Damon aside.

Damon's face darkened considerably. However, he didn't dare to say anything to them and let them lead Chloe away.

Royce, naturally, was left aside by his wife, but he remained expressionless and naturally walked over to Damon. "What are you planning to do about this?"

"Once the storm has passed, everything will be fine."

Royce frowned. "Do nothing? You don't care about your reputation, but what about Chloe? How would she feel? How can a man protect a woman if he protects his own reputation? Have you thought about how people would see her when you're being ridiculed and scorned?"

Damon clenched his lips. As long as she trusts me that's all that matters. My dignity is so fragile that a few baseless comments will shatter it. She won't be led by the nose by these people"

Royce snorted, halted his steps and looked at the chaos ahead. "What about now?

Damon looked up. The three women ahead were surrounded by reporters who had come out of nowhere. Although bodyguards were already around them, the reporters' enthusiasm remained undiminished

"Miss Chloe, congratulations on your successful crowning as a princess. May I ask, Mr. Damon truly become the sit

Country?"

once admitted to being a kept boy, so what exactly is the relationship between you two? From the start, were you only attracted to his looks?"

"He's willing to give up the vast Harper family fortune to be with you. Princess Chloe, have you ever thought that he might have known about your background along and that's why he's so attached to you?"

Chloe's expression darkened as she scanned the chaos in front of her. She responded coldly, "You should all become screenwriters

The reporters were taken aback, having received only this response after posing several questions. They felt unsatisfied. "Do you feel trapped just because you're pregnant?"

Chloe's icy gaze narrowed, "What are you implying?"

"Now you've transformed into the distinguished princess of a nation, while Mr. Harper has been left penniless and destitute by the Harper family, a homeless dog....."

*Slap!”

Before the reporter had even finished his sentence, Chloe reached over her bodyguard and landed an accurate slap on his mouth. The scene fell into silence, the bustling airport now eerily quiet. No one expected Chloe to publicly slap a reporter.

That slap, clear and resounding

A public figure the princess of Y Country, and the CEO of Starlight Entertainment, slapped a journalist. This action was bound to incite opposition and resistance from all media outlets and they wouldn't let her off the hook easily. If an entertainment company lost the support of the media, it was almost as good as gone

Chloe, she sure had guts

As everyone snapped back to reality, they started snapping pictures and recording videos of Chloe Yet, Chloe remained collected. She snatched the microphone out of the stunned reporter's hand and casually ripped off his press pass hanging around his neck.

“I thought I knew the media circle pretty well, but I've never heard of your magazine. If you want to pursue this, I'm game, as long as you're not afraid of being exposed who's pulling your strings

If they could find someone like you, they must be desperate. You thought I was too naive to see through your obvious agenda? How stupid do you think I am?”