

CHOSEN 1861

Chapter 1861

e words hit Ronald like a ton of bricks, and he fell silent, his gaze shifting to Yulia, filled with an intricate web of

emotions.

Yet Yulia simply couldn't contain the smile that Nathan's words brought to her lips, a mixture of shyness and quiet

joy that sent a chill through Ronald's heart.

He had thought he could brush aside the fact that she had confessed her love for Nathan, assuming it was just a

convenient excuse to get rid of him. But now, even if he wanted to deny it, he couldn't. It was just too self-

deceptive.

He knew that Yulia wasn't the type to lie, and the look on her face now was undeniably genuine.

Nathan, no longer paying Ronald any attention, swung the car door open, ready to usher Yulia inside.

"Yulia!" Ronald called out again, and she turned to look at him, the smile instantly fading as she faced him, leaving

her expression cold and distant. "You sure about this? What about Anya? Have you told him about her? You're just

going to trust him that easily? You're not afraid of what might happen later?"d1

Yulia's response was even chillier, "This is my business, and I'd appreciate it if you'd stop bringing up things that no

longer concern you."

Disappointment filled Ronald's face. "Do you even realize the consequences if something goes wrong? Can you

handle that?"

There was a brief silence before Yulia spoke again, "If I can't handle it, then I'll stick to him like glue. Wherever Anya

is, that's where I'll be."

The comment stung Ronald as though he had been pricked by a needle. Was she implying that they had discussed

Anya's situation the previous night? Did she really also disclose Anya's background to Nathan?

In a bout of impatience, Nathan cut the conversation short, brusquely guiding Yulia into the passenger seat.

"Enough chit-chat with him."

He slammed the door shut and walked over to Ronald, giving him a cold stare. "Get a grip, dude. Stop acting like

some love-struck puppy. You pushed her away yourself, and now you want her back? You think the world revolves

around you?”

Nathan chuckled at his own words and gave Ronald a once-over with a scoff.

Ronald’s usually calm exterior cracked, and his forehead bulged with veins. Nathan didn’t care. He simply chuckled

again, got into the car, and drove off with Yulia, who had buckled up and was smiling at him.

“You are such a good sport today. I’ll make sure to give you a proper reward tonight.” Nathan said with a wink.

Yulia blushed, “That’s sweet, but I was just doing what I should. No rewards necessary.”

“Can’t have that. You’re too cute not to be taken care of properly.”

Yulia muttered, “You’re just looking for an excuse to play the rogue. Besides, that’s not a valid reason. I decline the

‘reward,’ thank you.”

Nathan just smiled and didn’t respond, but Yulia felt a tremor inside. She knew that Nathan was far from as calm as

he seemed and was probably scheming something.

...

After dropping Yulia at her office building, Nathan wrapped her in his arms for a deep kiss before letting go.

“Be good and wait for me to pick you up tonight.”

Both Yulia and Nathan were the talk of the town at the moment. They were well aware of the potential presence of

reporters around the company. Their public display of affection was sure to stir the pot.

The news was buzzing, with mixed reactions. Some criticized Yulia for lacking principles, willing to forgive an affair

for the status of Mrs. Harper. Others surmised that if the couple was this affectionate, perhaps the rumors of

Nathan’s bar escapades were unfounded.

Regardless of the online frenzy, Nathan and Yulia seemed unaffected.

During the day, Nathan was particularly energetic in the company, making his colleagues look down on those

people online who were still speculating about the true and false of their relationship. In their eyes, those people

were no different from clowns.

Nathan was in a good mood today, and he had done twice the work with half the effort. He had completed all the

work piled up yesterday, as well as today's and tomorrow's, before the end of his shift. He rested on his chair for a

while, then picked up his phone and made a call.

The call was quickly connected, and he straightened up from his chair and picked up a pen. "How's the investigation

I asked you to do?" He asked.

The office was very quiet, and the voice on the phone could be heard faintly. "Not yet... it hasn't even been 24

hours, and I'm investigating things from years ago. I need more time..."

Nathan pursed his lips, threw the pen on the table, and leaned back into his chair. "Hurry up!" He ordered.

"Actually, boss, instead of getting me to investigate all this, why not just take the opportunity to do a paternity test?

That wouldn't be wrong..."

"You don't know shit! Just do what I asked you to do and don't meddle in other things." He hung up, and Nathan's

face wasn't looking too good.

A paternity test? If Yulia knew about it, wouldn't she make a big fuss? Besides, Ronald was so sure that it was his

child. If he took Anya to do a paternity test now and it turned out not to be his, he couldn't even imagine what his

feelings would be like then.

Besides, for the life of him, Nathan couldn't figure out any point of connection with Yulia that could have resulted in

a child. The mystery of Anya's parentage continued to haunt him. If he had to pinpoint it, the only time that

matched up was that year in Brookside. The timing was right, but that was about it.

How the hell could it be Yulia? He remembered distinctly, that woman was a virgin. And Yulia, she had been with

Ronald for ages. It just didn't add up.

Rubbing his head in irritation, his good mood for the day was shot. After swiveling in his chair for what felt like an

eternity, he finally stood up, his face set in a grim line as he strode out of the office.

He drove straight to Yulia's workplace, timing it perfectly with her clocking out.

Yulia practically jogged down to the car, still catching her breath as she asked him, "How come you're here so

early? I thought you'd wait until after work. I just brewed some coffee, was gearing up for some overtime."

“Overtime? Being the boss means you get to cut corners.”

Yulia chuckled, “Shouldn’t the boss set an example for the employees?”

“What, they’re so dim they need me to model clocking in and out?”

Yulia chuckled.

“Besides, I’m setting an example now. If they want the luxury to come and go as they please, they should hustle

and become the boss themselves.”

Yulia was at a loss for words. What he said was beyond contesting.

They swung by the apartment to pick up Anya before heading straight to Greenfield Village.

“Shouldn’t we give Damon and Chloe a heads-up?”

“And give them a chance to say no?”

Yulia: “You are right.”

Nathan chuckled, “Don’t worry, they always have plenty of grub, enough for an army.”

That’s not what she was worried about. It wasn’t about the food – they wouldn’t miss a meal for her. But what was

this sudden visit about?

They were about to crash at their place unannounced, and considering Damon's temper, she wasn't sure what kind

of face he'd make seeing Nathan.

To Yulia, it was fine though. Since he didn't care, she guessed she'd go with the flow.

—

Chloe hadn't stopped eating all day.

Damon, out of fear that she wasn't eating enough, kept trying to stuff her with all sorts of delicacies.

Jane had been called here and made to stay long-term. After clipping a few fresh flowers for the house, she walked

in on Damon spoon-feeding Chloe soup and couldn't help but roll her eyes.

"Damon, for heaven's sake, can you think beyond filling her up? She's got twins in there and needs to be careful

with her weight right now. Overnutrition isn't a good thing."

Damon frowned, "She hasn't eaten well today."

Jane took a deep breath, "Ask your wife how she feels. Can she even stomach dinner later?"

Turning to Chloe, Damon saw her troubled expression, "I don't want any more soup. I'm so full."

“Really?”

“Yeah. I might not have room for dinner.”

Setting the soup bowl aside, he said, “Take a break. We’ll have dinner later.”

Chloe nodded, “I get hungry fast. I’ll eat plenty later.”

Damon’s lips quirked into a smile, “Sure, whatever you crave.”

Jane sighed, replacing the old flowers in the vase with the new ones she had brought. Chloe’s eyes sparkled at the

sight of the vibrant flowers. With her heavy belly, she couldn’t walk much these days. She was missing the season’s

floral fragrance. Now, the sight and scent of the fresh blooms lifted her spirits.

Damon, noticing how the gesture pleased Chloe, let it be.

Chapter 1862

with an uncontrollable twitch. His clenched fist, resting on the table, was white-knuckled, the bones pressing hard

against the wood. “What did you just say?”

Nathan, too consumed by his own nerves to notice the storm brewing in Damon, repeated his question hastily: “I

said, could Anya possibly be your daughter with Yulia?”

He couldn't finish his sentence before a solid punch collided with his face. His nose felt like it was about to shatter.

"Damn it." Nathan clutched his throbbing nose, bending over and tears streamed down his face. It wasn't the pain

that made him cry. It was totally sheer reflex.

Damon had no sympathy for him, stepping closer as Nathan stumbled back, pleading. "Hold on, hold on, man, this

really sucks."

Anya, perched on the table, blinked her wide eyes, not quite grasping the situation. She'd assumed they were just

messing around.d1

As she turned to follow Nathan's retreat, confusion clouded her gaze. When she saw the blood trickling between

Nathan's fingers, she let out a startled yelp. "Don't be mean to Nathan."

Anya scrambled to her feet, flailing her little arms, jumping anxiously on the table.

Nathan, noticing the blood gushing from his nose and Damon still fuming, backed away, looking for an escape. "I

was just asking. Just tell me yes or no. Even if she is your daughter, I wouldn't tell Chloe, man."

Damon's face went from dark to downright thunderous.

Nathan sighed desperately, nearly in tears as Damon closed in on him.

"We're blood, man. If I keep mum and you keep mum, and Yulia keeps mum, Chloe will never have to know. We're

all family here, right? What's yours is mine, right?"

Damon shut his eyes tight, took a step forward, and grabbed Nathan by the collar, followed by another punch to the

gut.

"What's mine is mine, and yours..." He paused, his entire body tensed, his lips pressed together.

Just the thought of Nathan associating him with Yulia sent him into a rage, itching to turn this fool into pulp.

Did Nathan not get it? How could he picture his woman with another man?

"Damon, chill out, you've gotta stay cool. I messed up, I really did. I shouldn't have asked."

It took every ounce of Damon's willpower to suppress the fury inside. He raised his eyes, and those dark, menacing

orbs sent shivers down Nathan's spine.

"Just tell me, does Anya really look like you? I'm just being realistic here. Isn't it better to know if there's any legacy

of your wild days?”

“Are you brain-dead? She looks like me? Have you ever considered who you look like?!”

“Like dad, duh.” Nathan blurted out, then took a deep breath. “You’re not suggesting that Anya’s dad’s love child?”

The sound of Damon’s teeth grinding was all too audible.

Nathan’s skin crawled. “Can I... can I go clean up this bloody mess?” He figured if he stayed any longer, he might

not make it out alive.

Damon gave him a cold stare but didn’t let go.

Gathering his courage, Nathan gently grasped Damon’s wrist and nudged it aside. “You don’t want the blood to dirty

those pristine hands.”

When Damon didn’t budge, Nathan grew desperate. “The smell, man. You don’t want Chloe to catch a whiff, do

you?”

That struck a nerve. Damon abruptly let go, and Nathan seized the moment, sprinting for the door.

“Nathan! Nathan...” Anya fretted on the table, watching Nathan run with his bloody nose until he was out of sight.

Then, she slowly turned to Damon. They were left alone in the study. Damon also turned around, his piercing gaze

meeting Anya's wide-eyed look.

She shivered, blinked back tears, but they swelled over the brim. Without a need for pretense, the moment Damon

stepped toward her, Anya burst into tears.

The volume of a child's sudden crying had an indescribable piercing power. Damon felt momentarily deafened.

Downstairs, Yulia and Chloe were chatting when Anya's cries startled them. Realizing it was Anya, they hurried

upstairs.

"Chloe, you stay here. I'll check on her."

Yulia advised Chloe with care, and she was already on the move, reaching the staircase first.

Chloe, though worried, didn't heed Yulia's advice and followed. Yulia slowed to assist her, wary of Chloe's pregnant

belly.

Halfway up, Anya's sobs reached them.

They looked up in unison, pausing. Chloe's eyes widened in surprise to see Damon at the top of the stairs, cradling

Anya in one arm, the other wiping away her tears with an awkward tenderness. She realized it might be the first

time she'd seen Damon holding a child, and with such gentle patience.

She often daydreamed about what life would be like with the little ones running around, and how Damon would

interact with their children. Her mind wandered through every little detail, from feeding and changing diapers to

soothing their cries, but she never could quite picture how Damon would handle it all. So, watching him now, she

was genuinely taken aback by his tenderness.

"Hey, I was just messing with Nathan. No more tears, okay?"

Anya, sniffing, clung to Damon's neck with one arm. "But he's bleeding."

Damon murmured a soft "Mhm," and added, "He's just a bit under the weather."

Chloe couldn't help but giggle. Despite not knowing the whole story, from the way Nathan had followed Damon

around, it seemed almost like he was asking for trouble. Chloe could guess what had happened—nosebleeds from

stress, probably Damon's doing. And here he was, trying to convince the child it was just a small ailment.

Chloe couldn't help but laugh, drawing Damon's gaze. His charisma was undeniable. Within moments, Anya was

utterly convinced by his version of events, lost in the reassurance of his gentle voice. She nestled closer, her little

arms wrapping tighter around his neck.

Gently patting her back, Damon's attention was stolen by Chloe's laughter. "What brings you upstairs?"

Yulia was as surprised by Damon and Anya's interaction as anyone, and his question snapped her back to reality.

Chloe, still grinning, tilted her head up to look at him as he descended the stairs with Anya in his arms. "We heard

Anya crying and thought something was wrong."

Approaching the girls, Damon handed Anya to Yulia and took Chloe's weight onto himself. "It's nothing serious.

Nathan just had a bloody nose, and it scared the little one."

Chloe's smile widened. "Under the weather?"

Damon didn't meet her eyes, focusing on the floor as he nonchalantly confirmed. Without prying further, Chloe

comfortably leaned on him as they made their way down.

Once in the living room, Anya seemed eager for more of Damon's affection. As soon as Chloe was seated, Anya

dashed over and hugged Damon's leg. "Are you my big brother?"

Chapter 1863

Today had already been a whirlwind for Yulia, and she had simply assumed Nathan's impromptu visit was driven by

his notorious appetite for a free meal.

She hadn't expected things to escalate so quickly. Or so dramatically.

She was utterly blindsided. Completely unprepared.

Though she and Nathan had laid their feelings bare the night before, Yulia had carefully skirted around the subject

of Anya.b2

Her fear was palpable—if something were to happen between her and Nathan, at least he wouldn't be quick to hold

Anya back. Now, it seemed she was being cornered into acknowledging Anya's parentage. It wasn't paranoia if she

felt like she'd been set up today, was it?

But who could have masterminded such a scheme? Damon and Chloe? A glance at the pair revealed nothing amiss.

Nathan?

If he'd orchestrated this whole scenario, surely he'd have avoided the potential smackdown from his brother, right?

Or was it a conspiracy between Nathan, Damon, and Chloe? Shaking her head, Yulia doubted Nathan would go that

far.

Despite the suddenness of the situation, it seemed to be unfolding quite naturally, but the more natural it felt, the

more Yulia sensed something was off. Yet, without proof, she was stuck in her suspicions.

Her wary gaze lingered on Chloe, who was merely holding her phone with a casual smile. To suspect her of any

wrongdoing felt like a cardinal sin.

"This is a bit hard to explain," admitted Yulia with a sheepish grin.

Chloe chuckled. "They don't need an explanation. As long as they're sure Anya is their beloved granddaughter,

that's all that matters. As for whatever's going on between you and Nathan, that's between the two of you. They

don't need to be involved."

Yulia felt the sting of truth in Chloe's words. Indeed, Nathan's parents had never meddled in the younger

generation's love lives. Whether it was Damon, Nathan, Chloe, or herself, none had faced scrutiny or judgment

from them.

Considering Damon and Chloe's own journey, it was clear their parents were supportive. As long as Damon's mind

was made up, they had no objections. On the contrary, they showered them all with love. It was rare to find such

understanding family.

Yulia remained silent, and after a few seconds, Chloe seemed to understand her stance and dialed the phone

without further ado.

...

After cleaning himself up, Nathan descended the stairs to find the living room silent, everyone deep in their own

thoughts, including Anya, who clung to Damon's leg with wide, bewildered eyes.

His entrance inevitably drew everyone's attention. A single glance from his brother sent shivers down Nathan's

spine. Clutching his nose and keeping a safe distance, he shuffled over to Yulia.

Anya, seeing Nathan unscathed, left Damon's side and ran to him, hugging his legs and looking up in concern.

"Nathan, are you feeling better? Damon said you were feeling under the weather."

Nathan's lips twitched in annoyance, shooting his brother a sardonic look. He never would've guessed his usually

stoic brother could spin such tales to a child.

Bending down, Nathan scooped Anya into his arms, feigning injury. "The bleeding's stopped, but my nose still hurts

a bit."

Anya, looking distressed, blew gently on his nose. "There, there. My breath will make it all better."

Nathan nodded, his gaze lingering on Anya's face. She didn't mind his intense scrutiny and continued her tender

care. After a while, she looked up and asked softly, "Does it still hurt?"

Nathan shook his head slightly, nuzzling Anya's forehead with a gentle motion. "Just a little bit," he murmured softly.

"I'll keep blowing on it then," Anya offered, her hands cupping his face, her touch as soft as feathers.

Nathan's eyes never left Anya's face, the emotions swirling in his gaze as intense as a tempest roaring at sea.

His expression was not lost on the others.

His brother watched with cold disdain, his look one of sheer contempt.

Chloe's eyes, on the other hand, shone with emotion. The natural bond between a father and daughter could soften

even the hardest of men.

Yulia, too, was touched, feeling the walls she'd built around herself crumbling bit by bit. Her lips twitched into a

smile, and the hands she'd been clenching in front of her relaxed.

Chloe, catching the subtle gesture out of the corner of her eye, focused back on her phone, her smile growing

wider.

After Anya seemed satisfied with her efforts, she patted Nathan's cheek gently. He grinned weakly, sighing as he

looked up, only to meet his brother's icy gaze. A shiver ran down his spine, and he clutched Anya closer. "I... um...

suddenly remembered something urgent. Gotta run."

"The business has been doing well these past few days," Damon interjected coldly.

Nathan hesitated. "It's personal. It's really important personal stuff."

"The folks will be here soon." His brother's tone was calm yet firm. "What personal matter could possibly be more

important than seeing them?"

Nathan was speechless, his lips twitching as he sought an excuse. But his brother's piercing gaze bore into him

once more, and Nathan's resolve wilted. Defeated, he settled back down next to Yulia, clutching Anya close.

Anya clambered off Nathan and returned to Damon's side. Ever since he'd held her, she took every chance to

snuggle close.

Damon glanced at Chloe, who was eager to dote on Anya, then bent down and lifted Anya onto his lap.

Anya kicked her legs joyfully, only to be halted by Damon, who gently pressed down her wriggly little limbs before

glancing at Chloe.

Chloe scooted closer with a wide grin, reaching out to caress Anya's rosy cheeks.

"My sister-in-law!"

"Anya, sweetie, you've got to change how you address me," Chloe said with a chuckle. "It's not 'sister-in-law'

anymore. From now on, it's 'Aunt Chloe.'"

Anya blinked, "Aunt Chloe?"

At this, Nathan, who had been silent, suddenly looked up at Chloe. "Aunt Chloe?!"

Chloe glanced at him and continued to smile at Anya, "Yes, that's right. Call me Aunt Chloe."

Anya blinked again, "Aunt Chloe."

Chloe patted her head fondly and turned to Damon, "And call him Uncle."

Anya looked at Damon and attempted, "Uncle?"

Her attempt at the word was slightly off but utterly adorable. Damon didn't seem to mind as he grunted an

acknowledgment.

Nathan didn't speak this time. Instead, he turned to Yulia, who seemed a bit uneasy. He suddenly stood up and

pulled her to her feet.

"What... what are you doing?"

"Come with me!"

He dragged Yulia upstairs without another word.

Yulia cast a desperate look at Chloe for help, but Chloe didn't even glance her way. Overpowered by Nathan's

strength, Yulia was taken upstairs to a guest room.

Nathan closed the door and pinned Yulia against the wall with a fierce grip on her chin. "Spill it, Yulia! What's going

on?"

Yulia swallowed nervously, "We're married, and you know Anya's my daughter, which makes her yours too."

"Is that so?" Nathan's voice was icy. "Tell me straight – is Anya Ronald's daughter or not?"

Yulia furrowed her brows, "When did I ever say she was Ronald's."

Nathan leaned in closer, "You didn't refute it when he mentioned it yesterday. Just answer me – who is Anya's real

father?"

Yulia's eyes flickered, "Didn't you say she looks like Damon today?"

Nathan narrowed his eyes, "What are you saying? She really is Damon's daughter?"

Her expression darkened, "You later said she resembled your father, too."

“So, she’s my father’s? Anya’s my sister?!”

Yulia kicked him hard in frustration. “Are you crazy? How could I be with your brother, your father, and then you?

What kind of woman do you take me for? If she looks like your brother and your father, didn’t you ever consider

she might resemble you?”

Nathan’s lips curled into a smug smile. “Did I know you before? When did I ever get a child with you?”

Taking in his barely concealed laughter, Yulia pursed her lips, “Maybe I’m mistaken. Anya’s father must be someone

else.”

His smile froze, “Someone else my foot. I am Anya’s real dad.”

Yulia’s lips twitched, “Nonsense. I didn’t even know you back then, so how could we have a child?”

He caught her wrist as she tried to push him away. “Tell me. Was that woman in Brookside you?”

Yulia raised an eyebrow, “No.”

Nathan paused, then snickered, “You deny it so quickly? Didn’t even think about it?”

She choked on her words, “Because it’s not me. What’s there to think about?”

He hummed, “Oh, really? Maybe I got it wrong. I remember being with another woman. I’ll have to have someone

look into it. If there’s a child of mine out there, I’ll have to bring them home.”

Yulia glared at him. “Didn’t you say there was only one woman last night?”

Chapter 1864

Man, this was freaking awesome. After playing second fiddle to Damon for more than two decades, it felt like

Nathan had finally got his moment in the sun, thanks to his little girl.

Yulia never expected him to be so over the moon about this of all things. She wasn’t sure how to feel about this.

Shouldn’t he be more thrilled about suddenly having a daughter? Well, he was just a big goofball for being so

chuffed about edging out his big brother.

Damon’s brow furrowed slightly, his expression cooling off.

Chloe paused for a moment, then, realizing what was going on, pressed a finger to her lips to hide her smile.b2

That Nathan, what a character. Life with him must be full of laughter. He was like a big kid, really. His way of

thinking was totally off the beaten track.

Nathan was still basking in his own glory, looking all smug. Even Yulia, standing beside him, felt the urge to throttle

him. Some people just didn't get slapped enough growing up.

Little Anya could sense Damon's mood was off and carefully slid off his lap. She was smart as a whip. She had got

her dad's knack for reading a room, except she was a thousand times better at it.

Damon glanced at her briefly, then subtly looked away.

Anya ran to the foot of the stairs, craning her neck to look up at Yulia and Nathan. "Nathan, Nathan, do you have a

daughter?"

Watching Anya's innocent face, Nathan felt his heart swell with affection. "Yep!"

Anya's little mouth puckered, and her brows furrowed slightly, her big eyes filled with sadness. "Where is she

then..."

Nathan walked down the stairs and scooped Anya up in his arms. "Come here, sweetheart, say 'Papa.'"

Yulia immediately covered her face with her hand. Who was going to deal with this troublemaker?

Anya was totally confused by Nathan. "What's a Papa?"

Nathan laughed, "Papa is another word for 'Dad.' Now, say 'Dad.'"

Anya's eyes flickered nervously, unsure of what to do, and she looked to Yulia for guidance. Those eyes were filled

with anxiety, questioning, and hope.

Yulia's heart was a mix of tenderness and guilt. She knew that from the very first moment Anya laid eyes on

Nathan, she felt an inexplicable closeness.

The fact that Anya called Nathan 'Dad' at first sight nearly scared Yulia to death. She knew, it was an innate bond.

Throughout their time together, she could feel that both Nathan and Anya were being pulled by this connection.

Anya liked Nathan. In her heart, Nathan had long been her "buddy," her closest person.

The one she considered her closest person, in her understanding, was the 'Dad' role she had never met but had

always longed for. And clearly, Nathan had already filled that role.

Anya thought that she wasn't his daughter. Still, Yulia kept it a secret. Indeed, no woman could be more heartless

than her.

Yulia managed a small smile and nodded gently, "Go on, Anya, call him 'Dad.'"

Anya's eyes sparkled with surprise, and she turned her gaze back to Nathan. After staring at him for a while, her

little mouth quivered, and a cry trembled in her voice. "Is Nathan really my Dad?"

Nathan was taken aback by Anya's sudden tearful look and felt a twinge of unease. "Don't you like me being your

Dad?"

Anya cupped Nathan's face, tears brimming in her eyes, "Is Nathan my real Dad?"

Anya's simple question made everyone realize what she was asking. She wanted Nathan to be her real Dad, not just

someone she had to call 'Dad' halfway through her life.

Nathan's heart clenched painfully as Anya looked at him with those big, tear-filled eyes. Nodding repeatedly, he

kissed her cheek. "Yeah, I am your real Dad."

Anya's little hands, still cupping his face, tightened slightly.

"Really?"

"Yeah, Anya. You're Yulipop's and my precious daughter. Yulipop is Mommy, I am Daddy, and Anya is our little girl."

Anya sniffled, resting her forehead against Nathan's, "So Nathan is really my Daddy."

"That's right!" Nathan gently rubbed Anya's head.

Anya sniffled again, wrapping her arms tightly around Nathan's neck, burying her head in his shoulder.

"Daddy."

"Whoa, damn."

Nathan's nose tingled, and he almost cried out. Damn it all! It was all Yulia's fault for not telling him sooner.

Yulia, who was already moved to tears, suddenly snapped back to reality at Nathan's outburst. "What did you just

say?"

She couldn't help but punch him lightly on the back. He always knew how to spoil the moment.

Anya seemed used to Nathan's silliness. She was completely lost in the happiness of having just found her Daddy.

"Daddy."

"Hey, my good girl." Nathan responded without missing a beat this time.

"Daddy." Anya said again, straightening up and looking at him, "I think 'Nathan' sounds better."

"What... what'd you say?!" Nathan replied reflexively, then frowned as he realized what she meant.

Anya answered obediently, "I think 'Nathan' sounds better. Can I still call you Nathan?"

Nathan's face darkened, "No. You have to call me 'Dad' from now on."

Anya pouted, "But 'Nathan' sounds nicer than 'Dad.'"

"Nope, no way. It's 'Dad' or nothing."

Anya huffed, "Nathan's mean."

"Say 'Dad'."

"Nathan."

"Hey, you little rascal. I've just become a father, haven't even had a chance to enjoy the feeling, and you're already

wanting to switch back?!"

Yulia couldn't help but snort with a mix of irritation and amusement. What was that guy even rambling about?

Damon watched the guy's flustered antics with a smirk, clearly taking some guilty pleasure in the scene.

Bragging about being a daddy? Big deal. It was not like the guy's kid was saying 'daddy' yet. What was there to be

proud of?

Chloe caught Damon's subtle, schadenfreude-laced expression. She had thought Nathan's view of Anya as

evidence to finally surpass Damon was immature, and Damon wouldn't be much affected, maybe just enough to

put Nathan in his place physically.

Turned out, she was wrong. Damon seemed to really care about this petty issue.

After all, Nathan was his flesh and blood brother. When it came to understanding each other, they did have a bond.

She had overlooked the depth of their brotherly ties. But man, these two were truly childish.

Though she hadn't been out much lately, and Damon had been a fortress, blocking any company problems from

reaching her, she didn't find herself bored.

Aside from the people Damon had deliberately sent to keep her company, there was also Rose, who checked in

from time to time.

Despite the pregnancy restrictions and morning sickness, she found this time surprisingly interesting. Compared to

before, it was downright cozy.

Damon was especially attuned to Chloe's moods. Feeling her cheerfulness, he glanced up at her.

Chloe raised an eyebrow at him without a trace of embarrassment at being caught.

Damon raised his too, leaning in close, "Laughing at me, huh?"

Chloe leaned back on the couch, her hand resting on his shoulder, and chuckled, "We are not upset. I bet our little

ones will call out 'daddy' and 'mommy' long before Nathan's kid does. Right?"

Damon gave a low humph, "He's lucky to get a 'daddy' out of his kid. I'll have two calling me at once. Much better

than him!"

Chapter 1865

Yulia couldn't help but smirk silently to herself on the sidelines.

Chloe, too, rose from the couch, her hand on her hip, leaning into Damon's embrace as she sauntered over, a faint,

tender smile gracing her face.

She believed that Nathan was truly the clown of the household. His talent for playing the fool was both exasperating

and endearing.

But as the saying goes, love is blind. Perhaps if someone else were in Nathan's shoes, suddenly discovering they

had a daughter would be just as unbelievable, especially a daughter who had been under his nose the whole time,

sweetly calling him 'Nathan' day in and day out.b2

Bystanders can only see the surface of things, too many complexities that only he would understand. Piling up one

thing after another, the web of considerations was daunting to untangle.

When it came to children, a crucial piece, no room for error can be afforded.

She understood, had Nathan not cared so much, he wouldn't be beating around the bush, reluctant to even

consider the possibility. He was probably scared to death of the disappointment if it turned out not to be true.

He knew coming to Damon for answers would invite a "harsh talking-to", but compared to the potential letdown, he

figured a few harsh words would be easier to swallow. As long as Damon denied it, that would be the best answer

for him.

Nathan may seem like a wayward son, carefree all day long. But even he had a heart.

With Damon and his father's strict and detached dispositions, if he were similar, the family would be suffocating.

He had a knack for charming people. A little exasperating, sure, but not necessarily a bad thing.

He made his rounds, greeting Elizabeth, Royce, and Alyssa.

Alyssa responded cheerily, rubbing her cheek against Anya's and beckoning Yulia over.

Yulia approached, and Alyssa took her hand, looking up at her warmly. "Yulia, bless you for keeping Anya, and for

raising her so well. I know you're a good kid, just dealt a bad hand with a husband like Nathan. If you ever need to

talk, come to grandma and your folks, we'll have your back unconditionally. If he steps out of line or gives you

trouble, we'll set him straight for you."

Nathan leaned in, "Hey, hey, what's all this about having a rough time because she's married to me? Marrying me

must be the luck of her."

Alyssa scoffed dismissively, "Don't flatter yourself. If I'd known marrying you was a sign of good fortune, I'd have

whisked Yulia off to a convent long ago."

Nathan's mouth twitched, "You guys, come on, I'm your flesh and blood. Is this how you treat your own?"

“That’s why I say Yulia’s got it tough, marrying someone like you. Perhaps you saved humanity in your last life, and

this is your reward. Hmph.”

Nathan almost choked on Alyssa’s disdain. Was this really his dear grandmother?

“The one who saved humanity was me, not him,” a calm voice interjected. It was Damon, standing beside Chloe, his

expression unreadable as ever.

The room fell silent.

Chloe blushed, seemingly aware of what Damon meant by his words. She looked like she wanted to hide but merely

lowered her head, closing her eyes in a brief escape. Why did he have to compete even in this?

Nathan rolled his eyes to the heavens in response. Why on earth was Damon taking such a silly boast seriously?

The onlookers exchanged complex glances at Damon. Was there a single normal person in the Harper family?

Thank goodness for the hired help, who chose this moment to announce that dinner was ready.

As they moved towards the dining room, the tension eased, and forced smiles crept onto their faces. The younger

generation, two couples, lagged behind.

Yulia chuckled softly at Chloe's awkwardness.

Nathan watched Damon, who stood with an air of self-assured righteousness. "Really, bro? You care about that sort

of bragging?"

Damon glanced at him from the corner of his eye, "Your sister-in-law is the best, so I have to be the best, too."

Nathan was speechless, nodding after a while before giving Damon a thumbs-up. "You're the man! Numero uno!"

Damon turned away, indifferent to Nathan's words, leaving him with a view of the back of his head.

Anya was doted on by Alyssa and Elizabeth, leaving Yulia and Chloe barely able to get a cuddle.

By the end of the evening, Anya's little belly protruded triumphantly, round as a little watermelon.

Nathan seized the moment to lift her dress and pat her belly gently. "Knock, knock, knock," he laughed, "Hey, looks

like the watermelon is ripe."

Anya giggled uncontrollably at Nathan's antics, her little hands reaching to lift his shirt, "I want to see Nathan's

watermelon."

Slumped on the couch, Nathan let Anya pull up his shirt, revealing his taut abs, no watermelon for her there.

“Call me daddy.” he insisted.

Anya reached out and gave a little press, pouting. However, she didn’t make a big fuss, as if Nathan’s well-defined

abdominal muscles were something she had long grown accustomed to.

A cushion flew through the air, hitting Nathan squarely, and he turned to see Damon staring him down coldly.

“Show off again, and I swear I’ll cut each one off.” Damon spoke while covering Chloe’s eyes, his face a mask of

murderous intent.

Nathan quickly straightened up, pulling his shirt down with a sheepish expression.

Anya, accustomed to Nathan’s tussles with Damon, covered her mouth to hide her giggles. “Nathan got beaten up

by Damon again.”

Nathan glared at her, “Say daddy.”

Anya furrowed her brow, “Nathan!”

“It’s Dad to you.”

“Nathan, Nathan!” Anya stubbornly twisted her little neck away, refusing to look at him.

—

After Nathan straightened out his clothes, Damon released Chloe.

In the kitchen, Elizabeth was busy preparing a fruit platter with the help of the housekeeper. Being pregnant, Chloe

insisted on getting involved whenever she was home. Only then could she truly relax.

Chloe found a comfortable position on the couch and turned to Yulia with a soft voice, “You didn’t eat much tonight,

dear. Didn’t the dinner agree with you?”

Yulia offered a half-smile and shook her head gently, “No, it’s not that. I wasn’t very hungry, had a cup of coffee

before coming over.”

Chloe nodded understandingly, “It seems grandma and mom are reluctant to leave tonight. Why don’t you stay

over too?”

Yulia had considered this earlier. These days, staying over had become almost routine. At first, there was a touch of

awkwardness, but she quickly grew accustomed to it.

Yulia glanced at Nathan. She had always been accustomed to following his lead. If he stayed, then she would.

“Don’t worry about him. If you stay, he definitely won’t leave.” Chloe seemed to read Yulia’s mind.

Yulia felt a bit embarrassed and nodded slightly. The thought of leaving and enduring a long car ride made her

stomach churn uncomfortably. Her complexion turned a bit pale.

Chloe gently took her hand, “Are you alright?”

Yulia covered her stomach with one hand and forced a smile, “I’m fine. Just the thought of the car ride made my

stomach feel uneasy.”

Chloe looked surprised, “You get carsick?”

It was true, that the mere thought of a car ride can unsettle those who suffered from motion sickness.

“Sometimes.”

It had happened before, but rarely.

Elizabeth, accompanied by the housekeeper, brought over two identical fruit platters. With so many people, it was

easier to have separate platters within reach.

Chapter 1866

“Yulia!”

“Yulia, honey.”

Elizabeth and Alyssa were startled by her sudden dash. With Alyssa’s mobility limited, Elizabeth quickly passed little

Anya into Royce’s arms, who was sitting nearby.

Elizabeth got up and hurried around the couch to check on Yulia, only to see a figure flash past her. Nathan was

already hot on Yulia’s heels. Elizabeth paused, then followed suit.b2

Alyssa watched anxiously toward the bathroom, “What in the world happened all of a sudden?”

Chloe furrowed her brow slightly, replaying the day’s events since she had seen Yulia. Her gaze finally settled on the

fruit bowl. She picked up a slice of mango and popped it into her mouth.

Mangoes can be quite the divisive fruit. Some adore them, while others can hardly stomach the flavor. But since

Yulia had chosen to eat one, it meant she wasn’t averse to mangoes. Yet, the reaction it provoked was suspicious.

The sweetness of the mango clung to her taste buds, exceptionally fragrant. As she swallowed, Chloe turned to look

at Damon, whose brow was deeply furrowed, his face clouded with a particularly nasty scowl.

Raising an eyebrow, a childish and ludicrous thought flashed through her mind. He couldn't possibly be bothered by

this, could he? Considering how he had gloated over Nathan earlier, it wouldn't be surprising if his petty competitive

streak was flaring up again.

With each person lost in their thoughts, Royce, suddenly left holding the child, sat back on the couch, cradling Anya

in one arm, his gaze emotionless as he examined her. Upon closer inspection, one could see a mix of surprise and

scrutiny in his eyes.

Anya hadn't spent much time around him, and now sat quietly on his lap, looking up with wide, innocent eyes that

shimmered as she stared at Royce.

Royce's impassivity and aloofness didn't scare her. After a long stare-off, Anya's mouth suddenly split into a grin,

revealing rows of tiny, bright teeth.

She propped herself against Royce's belly, climbed up, and planted a kiss on his cheek. "Grandpa is so handsome."

Caught off guard, a range of emotions flickered across Royce's usually stoic face.

Grandpa?

His brow twitched. Although factual, why did he feel as if the title aged him by decades?

This little one truly was charming though, her ability to endear herself seemingly boundless.

She wasn't like her father, who was either asking for a smack or a scolding every other day.

Grandpa it was, then. That day would come eventually.

With a slight tug at the corner of his mouth, Royce watched as Anya, after kissing him, settled down cross-legged

on his lap, facing him with a broad smile. He stretched out a hand, indulgently pinching her rosy cheek. "If you don't

want to smile, then don't."

Anya's smile drooped slightly, her face the very picture of a well-behaved, pitiable child. "Handsome Grandpa. Is

Yulipop okay?"

Royce chuckled softly, "She's fine."

Anya blinked, "Really?"

“Mhm.”

Anya trusted Royce completely and beamed in relief. She gazed at Royce for a few seconds before exclaiming

happily, “Daddy, Uncle, and Grandpa, all so handsome.”

In his lifetime, Royce had only two sons and had never encountered such sweet flattery from a little girl. Her few

words had the power to bewilder even the usually composed Royce.

Handsome Grandpa, successfully charmed.

Chloe looked at Anya with a mixture of love and urgency. She truly wished for a sweet, warm, and cuddly daughter

of her own, just like Anya.

—

Yulia spent a while in the bathroom, getting rid of the little she had eaten for dinner.

Nathan came after her, supporting her back with his hands knotted in concern. He felt her neck for any sign of

fever but found none.

“What’s wrong? Are you feeling unwell anywhere specific?”

Yulia leaned against the wall, feeling weak after vomiting. She covered her mouth and slowly stood up. "Please,

step out." She didn't want Nathan to be offended by the smell.

But Nathan didn't heed her request. Seeing that she wasn't going to be sick again, he helped her over to the sink

and turned on the tap.

Yulia bent over to rinse her mouth with water. Nathan kept soothing her, watching her every move, his brow

furrowed, his expression grave.

Elizabeth asked with concern, "You looked off during dinner too, and you barely ate. Is it that the food didn't agree

with you? Or is there something you can't eat?"

Yulia shook her head, "No, I'm not picky and I don't have any food aversions. Maybe I just got car sick on the way

here."

Elizabeth nodded, "Car sickness can be awful. Why don't you go upstairs and rest a bit? I'll have the kitchen keep

some broth warm for you. You can have it whenever you feel up to eating."

Elizabeth's care and attention touched Yulia deeply. "Thank you."

Elizabeth sighed softly, "What's there to thank me for? I've spent my life raising two sons who give me nothing but

worry. I'm just hoping they'll make something of themselves and bring home a couple of daughters-in-law. Having

finally gained two daughters, it's only natural for me to care and dote on them, isn't it?"

Elizabeth's words made it awkward for Yulia to keep thanking her.

As they left the bathroom, a servant had already prepared some warm water. Elizabeth handed Yulia the cup and

said gently, "Drink this and then head upstairs to rest."

"I'll take her to the hospital to have her checked out." Nathan's voice was unusually solemn and firm, leaving no

room for argument.

Yulia turned to look at him, "I'm fine."

Alyssa, with her sharp eyes, considered the situation and nodded, "Nathan's right. It's best to have a checkup at the

hospital."

"But Yulia just got car sick, didn't she? The back and forth could be more trouble. Why don't we have Jane take a

look first? She lives right next door.” Chloe spoke in a subdued tone, a trace of an elusive smile playing across her

lips, leaving the others somewhat baffled.

Alyssa glanced at her, nodding in understanding, “Oh, that reminds me, I completely forgot about Dr. Jane. Quick,

someone fetch Dr. Jane to check on Yulia.”

A servant nearby responded promptly and dashed off.

Nathan, this time, stayed silent, wrapping an arm around Yulia as they settled onto the couch. His expression and

aura were such a stark contrast to his usual pushover demeanor that no one would have guessed his true nature.

Chloe arched an eyebrow, shifting her position to lean against Damon.

“No wonder Yulia always acts so demure around Nathan. It seems your little brother has quite the commanding

presence behind closed doors, huh?”

Damon’s complexion remained on the sour side. Hearing her words, he shot her a glance, but his mood didn’t seem

to lift.

Chloe, exasperated yet amused, nestled closer in his arms and teased in a low voice, "Looks like Yulia's got her

three sons all mapped out."

Damon's lips tightened into a straight line.

Suppressing her laughter, Chloe continued, "I bet Nathan's going to tire of being called 'Dad'."

Damon frowned and turned to give her a frosty look. "Even if she has three sons, they might not all be his. And it's

not even certain yet."

"You and your negative thoughts; he's your own brother. Can't you hope for the best? Deep down, you don't really

think that way, do you? Just comforting yourself with denial?"

"Keep it up, and we might as well go up to bed," Damon said gravely.

Chloe chuckled softly, "If it bothers you that much, we could always have a few more ourselves. They have four, we

could go for five, maybe?"

Damon narrowed his eyes, looking at her, "At least four hundred times?"

Chloe blinked, confused, "What?"

“Based on the lowest probability of conception, to have the remaining four kids, wouldn’t we need to have sex for

at least four hundred times?”

Despite knowing his occasional crude humor, she was still taken aback by his words, wishing she could just

disappear.

“Four hundred times, are you planning an early demise? Besides, why calculate using the lowest probability? We

didn’t need that for the first two.”

Damon glanced at her round belly, expressionless, and said coldly, “The twins were an accident.”

Chloe was flabbergasted.

Damon: “I never considered children. If I had, I would have made sure you didn’t get pregnant so easily.”

Chloe frowned at him, “Since it was an accident, maybe they shouldn’t call you Dad. You seem to dislike the hassle.”

Sensing her clear displeasure, Damon’s lips pursed slightly, and he felt a twinge of concern.

He was screwed. He’d made his wife angry.

He shifted slightly closer to Chloe and cleared his throat, whispering, “I do like these two accidents.”

Chloe forced a smile, "If you like them, what's wrong with having more?"

Damon pinched her slightly swollen leg, "It's too hard on you."

Her anger deflated in an instant. She turned to look at him, her eyes betraying her touched feelings.

Damon leaned in to touch his forehead to hers, "Let's talk about more kids later, okay? Let's focus on bringing

these two into the world and getting you back to health."

Their tender exchange in the midst of everyone's teeth-gritting annoyance was something to behold.

Yulia was still feeling unwell, and their blatant display of affection was infuriating to the others.

Dr. Jane arrived shortly after.

Yulia was surrounded by the family, holding a cup of water, her complexion still pale.

Jane glanced at her, then looked at Chloe, who was being clung to by Damon, and rolled her eyes before approaching Yulia.

The servant had briefed her on the way, so Jane squatted down, Yulia giving her a faint, forced smile in return.

Jane pursed her lips, "Give me your hand."

Yulia handed it over.

Jane checked her pulse, casually asking, "How long have you been feeling like this?"

"Just now."

"About a week."

The first response was Elizabeth, cut off mid-sentence.

The second was Nathan's voice.

Elizabeth paused, "What?"

Nathan continued, "She's not been eating well these past few days, but this is the first time she's thrown up."

Elizabeth and Alyssa blinked, looking at Nathan, then at each other. When did this kid become so attentive? Even

noticing someone else's appetite?

Impressive!

They turned back as Elizabeth smacked Nathan on the head. "You knew and said nothing?"

At that moment, a barely noticable smile appeared on Jane's mouth as she stood up.

Alyssa and Elizabeth watched her eagerly, a mix of anxiety and expectation in their voices, "Dr. Jane, what's the

verdict?”

Jane raised an eyebrow, “She’s fine. Just make sure she’s well taken care of. In eight months, you’ll be holding a

chubby little grandchild.”

The room fell silent for a beat.

Yulia’s head shot up, “You mean... I’m...”

“Yes, congratulations, you’re pregnant.”

“Oh my gosh!”

“Good heavens!”

Elizabeth and Granny clasped hands, nearly jumping for joy and spinning around in excitement.

Royce, who was holding Anya, looked up with a rare show of interest.

Nathan, after a moment of stunned silence, looked at Yulia and planted a firm kiss on her face, laughing heartily as

he stood up and fixed his gaze on Damon from across the room.

Chloe lifted an eyebrow and turned her head away.

Here we go. That goofball was at it again.

Damon's face darkened in an instant, as he realized that the fool was about to kick up a fuss again.

"Come on, bro, I've got a little one on the way that's been calling me 'daddy' from the womb—hahaha. Isn't my

wife just amazing? She's always making me so proud.

"But hey, congrats to you too, man. You've got another nephew on the way. And, my two big nephews are about to

become a big brother and sister."

Chloe facepalmed, that guy, can't he just chill out for once? What was there to be so excited about this, anyway?

Can't he just be happy about having a child?! Wasn't having another child awesome enough?

Seriously, who else would turn such a happy occasion into a reason for everyone to want to punch him?

He was truly a character, turning a celebration into something that made people want to hit him.

Everyone's thoughts were pretty much aligned with Chloe's. Just as they were basking in the joy of welcoming

another child, Nathan had to ruin the moment, making them all want to give him a good smack.

Yulia, unable to take it anymore, tugged at his shirt, "Nathan, please. Don't be like this."

Nathan, in his unique bubble of joy, barely registered Yulia's plea. Elizabeth, on the other hand, couldn't stand it and

punched him on the back. The punch landed with a solid "thud".

Nathan turned around, coughing, only to find Elizabeth glaring at him, "Is there anyone in the world more annoying

than you? You actually have the talent to suppress people's happiness and make them want to punch you instead."

She punctuated her words with two more punches on his shoulder. "Yulia... being pregnant... isn't something... for

you to brag about... and compete over!"

With every pause, Elizabeth's fist landed on Nathan, emphasizing her frustration.

Nathan winced in pain, dodging and weaving in a comical fashion.

Yulia couldn't help but feel amused. At such a moment, he still had the mood to think of other things.

Little Anya, who had been watching with wide eyes, looked up at Royce.

"Handsome grandpa. Does Yulipop being pregnant mean she's got a baby too?"

Royce softly stroked Anya's rosy cheek, his voice gentle, "Yes, Anya, you're going to have a little brother or sister

soon."

Anya's eyes sparkled with happiness. She clasped her little hands together, "Wow, Yulipop has a baby. I'm going to

be a sister."

Anya was so adorably excited that Royce couldn't help but smile and nod in agreement, "Yes, congratulations,

Anya."

Anya clapped her hands joyfully, but soon her little brow furrowed in thought.

"So, I'm going to have lots of brothers and sisters, huh? From Aunt's twins and now Yulipop."

She paused, then suddenly turned to Yulia, "How many babies does Yulipop have?"

Her question brought a halt to the conversation, as all the adults turned to look at Jane.

Damon was no exception. If it turned out to be twins or even triplets, would that fool Nathan not be over the moon?

Jane sighed, rubbing her forehead, "We should probably get a proper check-up at the hospital for that."

There was a hint of disappointment, but Alyssa nodded in agreement, "Right. No matter what, a thorough check-up

at the hospital is necessary. Yulia, are you feeling any better? Anything you crave, just let us know."

Yulia took a sip of water, shaking her head slightly, "I don't really have an appetite right now."

Elizabeth quickly added, “The kitchen’s stocked up and ready anytime. Whenever you’re hungry, just have Nathan

whip something up for you. Same goes for you, Chloe, make sure you’re all set.”

Chloe smiled, “Will do.”

Elizabeth rubbed her hands together in anticipation, “Oh, I’m going to be busy, busy, busy—hahaha! My daughters-

in-law getting pregnant one after the other, I’ll be swamped with grandbabies.”

She had been longing for decades for her sons to bring home daughters-in-law and give her chubby grandchildren

to dote on. Her wish was finally coming true, one after the other.

Alyssa was beaming with joy. “Me, too. My great-grandsons. I now have four generations under one roof. I feel so

lucky.”

The living room was filled with happiness and laughter, except for Damon, who sat with a cold expression, clearly

out of place.

Chloe, too, was delighted by the news but noticed Damon’s mood and nudged him with her elbow, “I want some

green grapes.”

Damon instinctively stood up, picked a grape, and brought it to Chloe’s lips. She accepted it with her mouth.

Damon’s expression remained stern, but the fruit kept coming, one after another.

—

The next morning, Elizabeth whisked Yulia and Nathan off to the hospital.

As they stepped outside, a car was already waiting for them. Nate stood by the car door, greeting them as they

approached.

Nathan, hands in his pockets, glanced at the car blocking the entrance and raised an eyebrow, “This early? Where’s

my brother off to?”

Nate chuckled, “Mr. Damon asked me to take you guys to the hospital.”

Nathan snorted, “No need for the fuss, I’ve got my own ride, and my driving skills are pretty decent...”

Nate interjected, “He is very concerned about his nephew’s health. He insisted that I accompany you throughout

the visit, and he’s already made arrangements with the hospital in advance.”

Nathan rolled his eyes. Was it just to find out how many babies Yulia was carrying at the very first moment possible?

Why went through all this trouble for such meticulous arrangements?

Nathan held his tongue, and they all got into Nate's car.

They reached the hospital without any issues, and true to his word, Nate was with them every step of the way. If it

weren't for the fact of privacy, he probably would have followed them into the ultrasound room.

When the check-ups were done and they emerged, Nate was right there waiting. "Well? How many? Twins?

Triplets?"

Nathan clenched his teeth. Could his brother's motives be any more obvious?

Elizabeth's laughter was light and carefree as she said, "Just one, one is good. It won't be as tough as Chloe's

situation."

Nate didn't hear a word she said after that. Once he got the answer he wanted, he stepped aside and made a

phone call.

Nathan was annoyed. What was the big deal of having twins? His little princess was already a head taller than those

two in the womb. They were destined to call his daughter 'big sister'.

Nate wrapped up his call quickly.

Nathan snorted and drew Yulia close. "One's perfect. Mom's right, less trouble that way."

Yulia gave a half-smile. She hadn't thought that far ahead.

—

Once the results were confirmed, Damon's brooding expression lifted like mist in the morning sun.

Chloe felt heavy, barely finding rest in her sleep and woke up early.

Damon stood by the window on a call, his voice low, but Chloe could make out the gist of it.

He actually arranged all that just to get the result.

Seeing Chloe awake, Damon's lips quirked up. "You're up."

Chloe shifted, and Damon helped her sit up in bed.

Propped against the headboard, she asked, "Is it confirmed?"

Damon pressed his lips together. "The Harper legacy is something to keep an eye on."

Chloe's lips twitched at his grandiose reasoning.

“Stay in bed, I’ll go make breakfast.”

“Mhm.”

Once Damon left, Chloe scanned the latest news on her phone. Checking the time, she finally called Rose.

When Rose found out about Yulia’s pregnancy, she was over the moon. “Is pregnancy contagious or something?

They keep coming one after the other.”

Chloe chuckled, “Nathan’s ecstatic. He’s been strutting like a peacock in front of his brother. Oh, and last night he

confirmed Anya is his daughter.”

Rose paused before bursting into laughter. “That guy sure isn’t quick on the uptake, is he? To only realize under his

own nose?”

“Last night he came over, suspecting Anya was Damon’s, then claimed she was a love child of his father.”

Chloe relayed every detail of last night’s drama to Rose, unable to suppress her laughter.

Rose’s laughter was incessant. “Could he be any more hilarious?”

Chloe took a deep breath, her smile fading, “Maybe he’s just scared. Maybe he is afraid to hope too much.”

Rose nodded, "True. Suddenly having a daughter out of the blue. Oh gosh, Chloe, I'm getting nervous. My due date

is in two days. I'm both excited and scared."

Chloe's expression tightened. "Morrison will be there for you, right?"

Rose nodded, "He said he'd be with me in the delivery room, but it's not him giving birth!!"

Already in the hospital, she grew more sensitive as the due date approached.

Her spontaneous exclamation made Morrison freeze as he entered the room. Approaching her, he said, "If I could,

I'd take your place in a heartbeat."

Rose gave him a wistful look. "Easy for you to say when it's impossible. Men and their sweet nothings. mmm."

Morrison leaned in, his kiss brazen and unashamed.

Chloe hung up the call in a hurry, caught off guard. They kissed passionately, their embrace clear and unfiltered,

stirring her pulse.

Chapter 1867

The fax machine beside Chloe suddenly rang, its shrill beeping breaking the silence of the room.

Chloe's eyes flickered with curiosity as she stood up and approached the machine.

With her hand resting on it, her gaze fixed on the paper that lay quietly there, she hesitated for a moment, but

eventually picked it up.

The paper listed advice for expectant mothers, common worries intermingled with old wives' tales. Chloe skimmed

through them, each point resonating with a mix of truth and superstition: "b2

1. Avoid Fear: Many women harbor a fear of childbirth, which can affect their eating and sleeping habits, and even

hinder their body's natural stress responses, delaying the onset of labor.

2. Avoid Impatience: Some expectant mothers grow anxious for labor to begin, especially as their due date

approaches. They fail to understand that there's a window of time around the due date when labor can naturally

begin.

3. Avoid Carelessness: Some women take their pregnancy too lightly, finding themselves ill-prepared when labor

starts, leading to panic and mistakes.

4. Avoid Exhaustion: Both physical and mental fatigue should be avoided during pregnancy. It's important to reduce

activity and ensure adequate rest.

5. Avoid Laziness: Some women, fearing miscarriage or premature birth, become overly sedentary. This can lead to

a more difficult delivery.

6. Avoid Worry: Negative emotions can impact the smooth progress of childbirth.

7. Avoid Loneliness: Expectant mothers often feel nervous before delivery and crave encouragement and support,

especially from their partners.

8. Avoid Hunger: Given the physical demands of childbirth, it's crucial for them to eat well before labor to maintain

their strength.

9. Avoid Travel: It's best to avoid long trips, especially by car or boat. Because various conditions are restricted

during the journey, experiencing difficult childbirth is a dangerous situation that may jeopardize the safety of both

mother and child.

10. Avoid Medication: Childbirth is a natural process, and usually, medication isn't needed. Misusing drugs or

resorting to induction without medical advice can have severe consequences.”

Chloe read through the list meticulously, a heartfelt smile spreading across her face as she bit her right index

finger. She knew this was how it would be. She was aware of the fears and concerns that could plague an expectant

mother, and she was doing her best to avoid them, but even with all her preparation, she couldn't be completely

indifferent.

Just this morning, when Rose had brought up the topic, Chloe had felt a surge of nerves herself. Her dependency on

Damon had become a habit. When she had mentioned her concerns to him in the morning, she had not expected

such a strong reaction. When he came out of the bathroom, his words were scarce.

Remembering the cigarette he'd had earlier, Chloe couldn't help but smirk. It seemed he was even more nervous

than she was. Placing the paper back on the machine, she had just turned to leave the study when Damon

appeared in the doorway.

“Lunch will be ready in a bit. Why don't you rest a little longer?” he suggested.

Chloe shook her head with a soft laugh, "I've been resting enough lately. I should get moving."

Damon's gaze swept over her legs, which were swollen and sore from the pregnancy. "Can your legs handle it?" he

asked, concern lacing his voice.

With a playful smile, Chloe stepped forward and slipped her arm through his, "Looks like you'll have to give me a

good leg massage later."

His lips curved into a gentle smile, "I'll help you downstairs."

"Okay."

As they made their way down the stairs, Damon suddenly asked, "Do you want to know more details about your

friend's delivery?"

Chloe paused, "What kind of details?"

"Some families opt for a birth photography service, documenting everything from before entering the delivery

room to the moment of birth," he explained.

Chloe looked at him with surprise, not expecting him to be aware of such services.

“Watch your step,” he reminded her gently. “If you’re interested, I can ask Danny to arrange it.”

Chloe raised an eyebrow, “Wouldn’t we need Rose’s consent for that?”

“You could mention it to her,” he said casually.

“Rose might agree, but the tricky part might be convincing Morrison.”

Damon glanced at her, “Do you really think Morrison’s opinion matters in this case?”

Chloe thought for a moment. Right now, the expectant mother’s wishes were paramount. If Rose insisted, Morrison

would have no choice but to comply.

Chloe chuckled softly, “You thought of this all by yourself?”

Damon pressed his lips together, “Do you want it or not?”

Chloe nodded, “I’ll talk to Rose about it.”

With a simple “Hmm,” Damon dropped the subject.

After lunch, Chloe brought up the idea to Rose. Considering the significance of the moment, Rose agreed almost

immediately without much thought.

Damon immediately made a call to Danny.

“This kind of thing is pretty common, but usually, it’s up to the Witt family to decide. Shouldn’t you be taking care of

your own wife instead of meddling in someone else’s business? Or maybe you’ve taken a fancy to her friend?”

Danny teased over the phone.

Damon’s face darkened instantly, “Do you want to keep your hospital running or not?”

Danny made a face, “Alright, alright! Just joking. No need to get all worked up.”

Without wasting more words on the doctor, Damon got straight to the point, “Start recording from the prep work,

but edit out anything after she enter the delivery room before you send it to me.”

Danny laughed, “You do realize the whole point of recording this is to capture the moment when women give birth,

right? You sure you want that part cut out?”

“You expect me to watch another woman give birth?” Damon retorted.

Danny fell silent. What the hell was wrong with Damon for shooting this video but editing out that crucial part?

“Okay, you’re the boss. We’ll do it your way.”

Hanging up the phone, Damon pocketed his phone and glanced up. His grandma and mother were strolling with

Chloe and Yulia, heading back. He stepped down the stairs and walked towards them.

—

With just two days until her due date, Rose had the photographer set up the camera in her room, just in case the

due date arrived earlier than expected.

Morrison, on the other hand, seemed even more stressed. He stayed with Rose every day, not daring to leave her

side. There were noticeable dark circles under his eyes. He abandoned work altogether and went so far as to block

all the company's phone numbers.

When his Mom showed up, he was there like a sentinel. When his Megan made her appearance, he was equally

vigilant. And let's not even get started on the doctor's visits.

All the talk about contractions and the elasticity of the cervix – terms that might have once made a man twitchy –

didn't faze Morrison anymore. He'd become an expert by necessity, practically feeling like he should be the one in

labor, if that were only possible. But alas, it was Rose who had to do the heavy lifting in the end.

Morrison munched on whatever Rose ate, although he never seemed to eat more. It was like he was in some sort of

sympathetic pregnancy.

Sometimes, when the hospital room quieted down, Rose would catch Morrison secretly browsing on his phone,

searching for information about pregnant women giving birth and various aspects of prenatal and postnatal care.

Compared to him, she seemed to be more at ease.

But once he set the phone aside, Morrison would fret over her, urging her to have a piece of fruit or a glass of

water, his restlessness betraying his unease. His anxious doting actually made Rose feel less scared.

He had just refilled her water glass when she sighed softly, crossed her legs, leaned back against the hospital bed

pillows, and said, "The baby wants to hear you sing."

Morrison looked up, peering at her belly. "When did he decide that?"

"Just now. Come on, you learned some songs, didn't you? Start with 'Mother's Love'."

Morrison flushed.

“Come on.” Rose clung to his arm. “If you don’t sing, both the baby and I will be heartbroken.”

Taking a deep breath, Morrison began his song. By the end of the song, Morrison’s brow was dotted with sweat.

Rose, ever so supportive, clapped enthusiastically.

Morrison felt like he had used up a lifetime’s worth of embarrassment.

“That was lovely. Okay, how about ‘Good daddy, bad daddy’ next?”

Morrison’s mouth twitched. Wasn’t she being a bit too obvious? A song about Mother’s Love, and for Daddy, it’s

‘Good daddy, bad daddy’?

So childish.

“Hurry up! We’re waiting!” Rose’s eyes shone, her hands clapping in anticipation.

Morrison ran a hand over his forehead and, despite himself, took another deep breath—

“I’ve got a daddy who’s tops, tops, tops, in the kitchen pots and pans go pop, pop, pop. When he does the laundry,

it’s snap, snap, snap. And when he’s happy, it’s laugh, laugh, laugh, but if you’re naughty, it’s a tap, tap, tap.”

Morrison's voice carried an unmistakable sense of embarrassment as he sang the song with peculiar tones and odd

itches. Rose started by stifling giggles, but soon she was laughing so hard, tears threatened to spill.

It was meant to lighten the mood, but she was nearly dying of laughter. What wonderfully attentive lyrics!

Morrison had a face full of embarrassment, struggling to finish the song. It took him a good while to ease up and

somewhat suppress the shame he felt.

Rose was still laughing uncontrollably, clearly enjoying herself.

So, Mother's Love was precious and selfless. Being a good daddy involved cooking, laundry, and perhaps even

spanking for bad behavior.

"Enjoying yourself?"

She nodded, grinning. "So, Daddy, do you want to be the good daddy or the bad daddy?"

Morrison gave her a perplexed look. "If you take over the spanking duties, I'd be more than happy to be the good

daddy."

Rose frowned and shook her head. "How could a mother spank her baby? That would make him sad. And you can't

do that either.”

Chapter 1868

Morrison watched intently, his initial surprise soon giving way to a furrowed brow. He couldn't shake the feeling that

the little guy was acting against him.

The more he thought about it, the more it seemed likely. Was this little rascal doing it on purpose?!

But then he dismissed the thought. This was just a baby that couldn't even open his eyes yet, whose brain might not

even be fully developed. There was no way that the baby was plotting against him now.

He turned his gaze back to Rose's belly. Everything would have to wait until the little one decided to make an

appearance. He didn't believe for a second that this kid, as stubborn as he might be, would stay in there forever.b2

The baby's little feet pushed against the belly a couple of times before finally calming down, retreating as if

deciding to behave.

Rose rubbed her fingers together, recalling how when she poked at the little one's feet, he had responded with a

wiggle. The pressure against her fingertips was unmistakable. Now more than ever, she couldn't wait for the baby

to be born. She wanted to hold him, and to kiss him.

As she looked at her now calm belly, feeling like the little baby inside had found a comfortable position to settle

down, she smiled, her face naturally expressing the tenderness and love unique to a mother.

Megan and Molly were thrilled too.

The little guy was healthy and lively!

—

On the due date, it was another day of anxious waiting, but Rose felt nothing out of the ordinary. She ate, drank,

and slept as usual.

Meanwhile, she had to soothe an increasingly restless Morrison. Unperturbed, Morrison was all wound up,

completely missing the fact that he was being comforted by an expectant mother.

On the first day after the due date passed, Rose still pulled Morrison to take a walk in the hospital park. At this point,

he genuinely admired Rose's strength of mind.

Compared to her, wasn't he just a bit lame?

The second morning after her due date, after lunch, Rose watched a haggard Morrison disappear into the

bathroom and sighed. Sitting cross-legged on the bed, she gently patted her belly.

“Kiddo, not to nag, but haven’t you had your fun? Look at your dad – you’re wearing him out. I’m warning you, he’s

my husband, and if you cause him any harm, I won’t forgive you. Do you know how much time and effort it took to

win him over? And now you’re putting me through this worry?

“Think about it, what’s so great about staying in there? The outside world is beautiful – tasty food, cool drinks, and

you’ll get to meet your loving parents. It’s a kaleidoscope of wonders. Isn’t that better than just eating and sleeping

in that tiny space? Isn’t it boring?

“Come on, son. No more mischief. It’s time to come out. Staying in too long isn’t good.”

As Rose employed a mix of soft and hard tactics, Chloe’s daily video call came through. Picking up the phone, Rose

smiled and shook the phone in front of her belly, “Look, your future mother-in-law is also eager to meet you.”

As she answered the call and began to pace the room, Chloe let out a sigh of relief, “Still no signs?”

“Nope. I’m just working on convincing this little one. He’s got it too easy and forgot about his big debut.”

Chloe chuckled, “And what arguments are you using?”

Rose exhaled, “I’m telling him not to get too cozy in his little world.”

With that, she moved the phone back and angled the camera at her belly. “Son, see who this is? Recognize your

future mother-in-law? Isn’t she lovely? Think about it, if she’s this pretty, how gorgeous must her daughter be? And

let me tell you, Little Moon is still in your mother-in-law’s belly. If you don’t come out soon, she might be born before

you. Then what? You might miss out on a childhood sweetheart or someone else might sweep her off her feet, and

you’ll be left crying.”

Chloe smiled helplessly, “That would be an arranged marriage, but in the end, it’s all about fate. Maybe Moon will

like someone else, and maybe he will too.”

“Chloe... Chloe...” Rose suddenly interrupted, and Chloe paused, seeing the camera shake violently.

“Rose?” Chloe’s brow furrowed with concern.

“Chloe. My water broke.”

Chloe’s mind went blank for a moment, “Where’s Morrison?”

“In the bathroom.”

“Morrison! Morrison!” Chloe shouted, and he emerged from the bathroom at the sound of her voice.

He found Rose clutching her belly and leaning against the couch, her face etched with pain and panic.

He rushed to her side to offer support. “Rose!”

Rose clung to him tightly, “Morrison, I think it’s starting.”

Her pants were damp, sticking to her legs. Just as Morrison was about to carry her to find a doctor, the door burst

open.

Danny, flanked by a team of doctors, rushed in. A gurney was waiting at the door. Danny’s face was stern as he

looked at Morrison. “Get her out. Now.”

Morrison snapped into action, lifting Rose onto the gurney. Rose was pale and in pain but held onto Morrison’s wrist

tightly.

“Morrison...”

"I'm here! Right here!" Morrison gripped her hand back, reassuring her.

Rose nodded, "If anything happens, save the baby, please."

Morrison's anxious expression darkened at her words.

"Did you hear me?"

"Stop talking nonsense!"

Megan and Molly, hearing the commotion, came out from next door in time to hear Rose's words. Megan scolded

her sharply. "There will be no such thing! Stop jinxing your self."

Rose bit her lip, "Sorry, Grandma. I was wrong."

"Let's move, now!" Megan waved her hand, urging them on as the medical team sprang into action.

Rose was a contorted figure of discomfort, her legs uncomfortably bent, her lip bitten fiercely without her control,

and a sheen of sweat breaking through the pallor of her face. Her expression was nothing less than agony.

"Get her to the delivery room!"

At Danny's command, Rose was swiftly wheeled away. Morrison followed closely behind.

Despite the pain, Rose fought to keep her eyes open, her gaze flitting to a woman beside her with a camcorder,

documenting every moment. Turning to Morrison, she uttered weakly,

“Morrison...”

“I’m here!”

“I don’t think I hung up on Chloe.”

Morrison was speechless for a long moment before finally saying, “She’ll hang up herself.”

Rose managed a faint “Hmm” in response. Her pain deepened, and she furrowed her brow even more. “Morrison, it

hurts so much.”

“Just hang in there, just a bit longer. Once this little rascal is out, I’ll make him pay.” Aside from these words,

Morrison was clueless about what else to say. Rose was in such distress, and he was genuinely at a loss.

His words drew a weak smile from Rose. She moved her lips as if to speak again but then fell silent as she was

pushed into the delivery room.

Megan and Molly were left waiting outside.

—

Meanwhile, Chloe stared at her phone, which had gone quiet amidst the chaos. The still screen left her in a daze.

She had called out to Morrison so loudly that she nearly sent the entire household running to her side. Damon was

the first to reach her. “What’s wrong?”

Chloe snapped back to reality and turned to him, “It’s Rose. She’s in labor.”

Damon paused in surprise.

Chloe blinked, allowing herself to completely detach from the slightly “scary” idea of Rose giving birth. “I was just on

the phone with her to check in, and before we knew it, her water broke. It sounded really painful.”

Alyssa and Elizabeth quickly reassured, “No woman gives birth in comfort, dear. Don’t worry too much. With today’s

medical care, everyone will be fine.”

Damon comforted her by patting her back but didn’t say anything.

Chloe looked down to end the call on her phone, took a deep breath, and nodded in agreement. “Hopefully,

everything will be alright.”

The anxious wait was punctuated by Rose's strained and pained cries from the delivery room. Megan and Molly

stood outside the door, a mixture of anxiety, anticipation, and concern written across their faces.

A tense atmosphere also pervaded Greenfield Village. Everyone's mood hinged on Chloe's as they awaited news of

her best friend's safe delivery.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, just as Megan's strength was starting to wane, there came Rose's long-

awaited, intermittent, high-pitched cries from the delivery room, followed by the sound of the baby's first cries.

"It's a boy! It's a boy!"

Megan and Molly rushed to the door.

Soon after, the door to the delivery room opened, and the doctor emerged with a smile, "Mother and son are both

healthy."

Megan breathed a sigh of relief, her body swaying with exhaustion, nearly collapsing.

Molly quickly steadied her, tears brimming in her eyes, "Are you okay?"

Megan steadied herself, shaking her head, "I'm fine, I'm fine. It's over now, and they're both safe. That's all that

matters."

The doctor added with a chuckle, "You know, the first delivery usually takes a bit longer, but it'll be easier next time.

Congratulations."

Megan smiled joyfully, "Thank you, doctor. I'll be sure to send over some sweet treats for your team."

The nurse, holding the cleaned and swaddled baby, followed behind. Megan and Molly immediately turned their

attention to the newborn.

"Mrs. Witt, your great-grandson, all seven pounds six ounces of him, has arrived."

Molly was eager to hold the baby, but Megan gently pushed her aside and carefully took him into her arms. Her

tiredness seemed to vanish as she cradled the baby, as if the previous exhaustion had been an illusion.

Chapter 1869

Everyone fell silent at his words. How many times had they endured such thoughtless remarks?

Ugly? How could he say something like that. The baby was the spitting image of his father, even if the stubborn

man refused to admit it.

Molly bit her lip, her eyes flashing with frustration as she glared at Morrison. "That's your son. And for the record,

you were even uglier when you were born."

It seemed that it was true, Grandchildren were more precious to the grandparents than their own children.b2

Morrison appeared unfazed by their collective outrage. He pursed his lips and looked back at the baby.

Where was the chubby, cherubic infant he'd been promised? Instead, there was this wrinkled, red-faced little

creature, features barely defined. How could this be his offspring?

He sighed. Well, ugly or not, the kid was his flesh and blood. There was no denying that.

As if sensing his father's disapproval, the baby in his swaddle stirred. His tiny fists clenched, his mouth puckered, as

if he were on the brink of tears.

Rose, sensing the impending meltdown, began to rock the infant gently. She leaned in and planted a soft kiss on his

forehead. "There, there, sweetie. Mommy loves you."

The baby cooed softly, nuzzled his head against her, and settled down.

Rose's smile was tender, her heart full. No one else could understand the rush of joy, love, and wonder she felt at

that moment.

As the "ugly little thing" calmed down at Rose's soothing words, Morrison couldn't help but feel surprised. Was the

baby really that sensitive? Or was it just Rose's touch?

He was still scrutinizing the baby when Rose nudged him with her elbow. "Hand me my phone, will you? Chloe's

dying to see the baby."

Morrison, though irked by Rose's interest in Chloe's opinion, reached over to the nightstand and passed her the

phone.

Rose dialed up a video call, and within seconds, Chloe's face appeared on the screen.

"Rose..."

Rose paused, teasing, "You weren't waiting by the phone for my call, were you?"

Seeing Rose safe and well enough to joke was a relief to Chloe. "How are you feeling?"

"I'm fine," Rose replied with a smile, angling the camera toward the baby. "Take a look at your future son-in-law."

The shaky camera finally focused on the infant, who seemed to be sleeping peacefully. Though his features were

not fully formed, there was an unmistakable resemblance to Morrison.

Damon leaned over Chloe's shoulder, catching a glimpse of the baby on the screen, and frowned.

Chloe glanced at him. "What's with the face?"

Damon's expression was unreadable as he straightened up. "He's not exactly a looker."

Chloe quickly turned her attention back to the screen. "Well, the baby does have quite a bit of Morrison in him."

"I heard that!" Rose's indignant voice rang out. "He has gone too far. Chloe, you have to avenge me. I'm upset."

Without hesitation, Chloe nodded. "Of course, I will avenge you."

After all, no mother wanted to hear her baby called ugly. Damon had crossed a line.

Morrison, on the other hand, was practically hopping mad. "Don't think your kids will be any prettier. And I'll get to

call them ugly soon."

Damon's brow furrowed. "No way they could be as ugly as your kid. Genetics don't lie. You can never catch up to

us.”

Morrison clenched his teeth, but Rose cut in. “Stop fighting. Morrison, you can’t call Chloe’s babies ugly. Damon and

Chloe, one handsome, the other beautiful, their children are bound to be attractive. So what if our son’s a little less

than perfect? As long as his future wife is gorgeous, I won’t worry about how my grandson looks.”

At that, Damon snatched the phone from Chloe, his face stormier than ever. “Who’s your future daughter-in-law?”

Rose blinked innocently. “Little Moon. I’ve already talked to Chloe about it. Her daughter is going to be my daughter-

in-law.”

Damon’s voice was icy. “That’s not happening. You’re dreaming.”

Rose’s demeanor chilled instantly, her tone sharp. “You don’t get a say in this. Chloe and I have already decided. It’s

not up for discussion.”

Chloe, startled by the exchange, reached for Damon’s hand. “Let’s not fight. Rose just had a baby, and she’s not in

control of her emotions.”

Damon took a deep breath, suppressing his anger, and tried to sound calm. "My daughter will remain unwed."

Rose flared up. "You— Ah!"

Her cry of outrage startled Chloe. "What's wrong?!"

The camera shook, then refocused on the baby in Rose's arms. "Chloe, look! My son's so upset by your husband's

words, and he's woken up."

Chloe leaned closer to Damon, and indeed, the baby who had been peacefully asleep was now wide-eyed, looking

around curiously before fixing his gaze on the camera.

Damon watched, a strange feeling stirring within him. As a newborn, the baby did fascinate him, but the idea of this

infant having designs on his daughter instantly soured his mood.

In Damon's eyes, no man would ever be good enough for his daughter.

The atmosphere was tense, a palpable sense of rejection filled the air as Damon glared down at the little tyke

before him.

The tot had been fixated on the smartphone camera for a good while, his lower lip trembling, a sure sign that a

tantrum was on the horizon.

Damon raised an eyebrow, his mischievous side eagerly anticipating the impending meltdown. But after what felt

like an eternity, the little guy started flapping his tiny arms and legs, staring at the camera and breaking into a wide,

joyful grin.

The sight was nothing short of charming and heartwarming.

Chloe covered her mouth in surprise, “Oh my God. The baby just smiled. Could it be that he smiled for Damon?”

Before Rose could utter a word, the camera feed was suddenly dominated by a “gigantic” head looming into the

frame.

Morrison leaned in closer, his face darkening as he witnessed his own son’s beaming smile. “Do you even know who

your real dad is?!”

Rose’s mouth dropped open in astonishment.

Was her son giving too much respect to Damon? Her boy’s very first smile wasn’t for her, nor Morrison, not even

for Megan and Molly, but for Damon, the very man who disapproved of the idea of his daughter marrying this little

guy.

What kind of nonsense was this?!

However, moments later, she couldn't help but chuckle. "Damon, look at that, my son knows how to charm you

from birth. So keep Little Moon reserved for him, will you? With the way he's acting, he's bound to treat Little Moon

right."

Damon snorted, "Don't get ahead of yourself. A clueless tot knows nothing. You think just because he smiles at me,

I'm gonna promise my daughter to him? What gave you the impression I'm so easygoing?"

Rose rolled her eyes in exasperation. "Fine. But when they're older and the deed is done, I'd like to see what you

can say then."

Damon's brows knitted tightly, "I won't give them any chance to be together."

Rose felt a wave of dizziness from her irritation. "Fine. If you don't agree for your daughter to be with my son, then

some day, some other bloke's gonna sweep your daughter off her feet."

Damon's eyelid twitched, nearly crushing Chloe's smartphone in his hand.

Chloe quickly reclaimed her phone, "After giving birth, you need to take good care of yourself. The baby will need

you to look after him. Rest well now. I'll come to see you again tomorrow."

Rose, realizing she may have gone too far, nodded vigorously, "Okay, I'll rest. And you take care, too."

"I will."

They exchanged goodbyes and hung up.

Chloe tossed the phone aside and nudged Damon, who looked visibly upset.

"Are you really mad? Actually, Rose does have a point."

Damon's icy stare shifted to Chloe, and she laughed nervously, "Every girl dreams of love, and I trust Rose will raise

a fine son. I'd be more at ease with him than some random guy."

Damon's voice was stern, "I can take care of her for her entire life."

Chloe arched an eyebrow, "She'll want to find love herself eventually. She's bound to meet her match one day, and

you won't be able to stop it, whether it's Rose's son or someone else."

Damon fell silent for a moment before conceding, "Fine, if he wants to be part of this family, he can try to win me

over as my son-in-law."

Chloe paused, seeing his implacable demeanor, and nodded reluctantly. "Alright then."

It was all just talk now, but no one knew how things would play out in the future.

Chapter 1870

At the sight of Yasmine, Chloe quickly sat up in bed, a piece of apple Damon had just given her still between her lips.

"Mom..."

Yasmine gave her daughter a cursory glance, her gaze swiftly moving to the swell of Chloe's belly.

Chloe pursed her lips and gently rested her hands on her abdomen.b2

Yasmine approached, shooting a glance at Damon standing beside the bed, "Her belly's quite big. Maybe ease up

on the snacks."

Damon's lips tightened as he stepped aside to make room for her.

Stanley followed, casting a disdainful look at Damon, "Seems like you only care about the babies. You couldn't care

less about our dear Chloe's well-being. Jerk!"

A vein throbbed on Damon's forehead as he glowered at Stanley, "Get out!"

Stanley snorted and took Yasmine's arm, "Take it easy, Yasmine."

Ignoring Stanley, Yasmine bent down beside the bed and gently touched Chloe's rounded belly, her usually cold

face softening. Then, looking up at Chloe, she said, "Don't worry, I've brought two top OB/GYNs from B country.

They'll get the scoop and coordinate with the hospital to assist during delivery."

Chloe glanced at Damon, "Damon's got it covered."

Yasmine paused, "Most women go through childbirth, and with today's medical advances, there's hardly any risk.

Just relax."

Chloe nodded. She'd heard it all before and knew it well. It seemed everyone was more nervous than she was.

"I get it. And Rose had her baby a few days ago—both are healthy, all went well."

Yasmine nodded, her eyes fixed on Chloe's belly, her palms sweating silently. She too had been through childbirth,

but the sight of Chloe's twin-carrying belly still made her worry. It looked as if Chloe could give birth at any minute.

Chloe was used to the sight and smiled lightly, "Well, there are two of them."

When Alyssa and Elizabeth entered the room and saw Yasmine, they were surprised.

“Yasmine!” Elizabeth’s eyes welled up as she rushed over and hugged her, “I thought I’d never see you again.”

Yasmine’s brow twitched, “You make it sound like I’m not in this world anymore.”

Elizabeth shook her head, “Weren’t you kidnapped by a gangster to be his bride?”

Yasmine was silent.

The word “gangster” raised Chloe’s eyebrows as she looked puzzledly at Damon. It seemed their fates were

intertwined. Neither could escape being a gangster’s bride.

Damon’s gaze met hers, the corners of his lips curling into a faint smile.

Elizabeth was genuinely teary-eyed. Yasmine didn’t follow her train of thought, but the sight of tears softened her.

“There’s no gangster’s bride here.”

“I saw it all at the coronation. You were whisked away by that man, right onto a plane. He’s the President of B

Country. We felt so powerless. Oh dear...”

Yasmine let out a chuckle, “Was it that you didn’t dare, or you didn’t want to bring me back?”

Elizabeth's crying stopped, and she let go of Yasmine, wiping her eyes, "I was just worried you'd get too fond of

being a gangster's bride. I mean, I would have taken care of Chloe."

Yasmine raised an eyebrow, "You mean you would've taken care of Chloe and had your eye on my grandchildren

too, right?"

Elizabeth's smile faltered, "That's not it."

Yasmine smirked, knowing that was at least one percent of the truth. The room fell silent for a moment until

Elizabeth, perhaps feeling awkward, said: "Dear, how's your leg?"

Yasmine pushed her away, stood up, and walked confidently in front of her. Dressed in a light green business suit

with cropped pants and a casual jacket, her sleeves rolled up to her elbows, she didn't look like someone who had

ever suffered a leg injury. Her presence was formidable, even more so than Chloe's.

Elizabeth clapped with delight, "It's healed."

"Yes, so I'm fully capable of looking after my grandchildren," Yasmine replied with a smile.

Elizabeth pouted, “Fine, we’ll do it together. But will Boyd let you? Are you not going back?”

“Why should I?”

Elizabeth leaned in, curiosity written all over her face, “He’s okay with this?”

“Does it matter what he thinks?”

Elizabeth moved closer, “What’s this? Have you grown a spine, or has his softened?”

Stanley, meanwhile, focused on Chloe, “How about it, Chloe? Fancy giving me a shot at raising one of them?”

Chloe looked at him, “Which one do you have in mind?”

“Which one are you willing to part with?”

Chloe hesitated, “I don’t want to part with either. Can’t you spare the kids?”

“Then I’ll take a girl. A girl’s got to be tough to avoid being bullied, right?”

Damon’s expression darkened, “What are you two talking about?”

Chloe turned to him, her expression apologetic. She hadn’t had the heart to tell him.

How could she explain that she caved under Stanley’s relentless persuasion and casually agreed to let him teach

her children some skills? She had never mentioned this to Damon.

As Chloe's due date approached, her mind was clouded with doubt. The thought of her babies enduring hardship

alongside Stanley was unbearable, and she found herself yearning to back out.

"This was a promise I made to Chloe. It's got nothing to do with you, so butt out," Stanley spat dismissively at

Damon, rolling his eyes in disgust.

Damon's brow furrowed as he shifted his gaze to Chloe. "What promise with him? Since when?"

Chloe felt a headache coming on. "There wasn't any," she admitted.

Stanley snickered. "Trying to back out on me, Chloe? No dice. If you don't agree, well, you might just wake up one

morning to find one less kiddo in the crib."

Chloe's breath hitched, panic rising as she clutched her belly and looked to Damon for help.

"Damon..."

He shot her a frigid glance, and she immediately averted her eyes. She shouldn't have made such a clandestine

deal with Stanley. She hadn't taken it seriously at the time. But now, out of nowhere, Stanley was holding her to it.

Couldn't he just forget about it?

Damon's frown deepened as he looked back at Stanley. "Did you even ask me?"

Stanley nonchalantly replied, giving him a sideways glance. "Would you have agreed?"

"Absolutely not."

"That settles it, then."

The tension was palpable as the rest of the room watched the drama unfold. Yasmine was the first to speak up.

"The babies aren't even born yet. Let's cross this bridge when we come to it."

Stanley shrugged. "Sure. I'll just keep it in mind."

Chloe exhaled in relief.

—

Two days later, the Queen of Y Country arrived in Chloe's room, accompanied by two doctors.

Chloe was stunned by the honor. The room was crowded with people: Grandma, Mother-in-law, Mom, Dad, Damon,

Stanley, Nathan, Yulia, Anya, Queen Julia, Lea, and the Queen's accompanying physicians.

Chloe was bewildered. It was like national treasures were being born – such a spectacle.

And to think of all the other doctors who hadn't shown up yet: those called by Damon, brought by Stanley, and now

those brought by Julia, Chloe couldn't help but picture the scene of her delivery, surrounded by a dozen doctors

watching her give birth. She touched her forehead, trying to banish the thought.

News that Queen Yulia herself had come to P City to visit her granddaughter spread like wildfire across the internet.

Chloe's childbirth became the center of everyone's attention.

—

The night before her due date, Chloe felt a heaviness in her belly.

Jane calmly directed Chloe to the delivery room, with Damon following closely behind.

At Chloe's insistence, the international array of top-notch obstetricians didn't all crowd into the delivery room.

Instead, they gathered in an adjacent observation room, ready to step in at a moment's notice.

The others all anxiously waited outside the delivery room.

Then, some one approached unsteadily yet swiftly from the end of the hallway, drawing cold glances from

everyone present.

Alyssa's brows knitted tightly. "What are you doing here?"

Mixed emotions crossed the faces of those who turned to look at that man.

Elizabeth instinctively glanced at Yasmine, who simply gave that man a brief look before turning away. No one knew

how Yasmine felt.

The person who showed up at this time was no other than Presley.

Despite the many who harbored resentment toward him, they all chose to keep their distance. The only person who

could speak frankly to him here was Alyssa.

"We don't want you here. Please leave," she said firmly.

Presley glanced at her. "I'm not in the mood for petty squabbles right now. That's my great-grandchildren in there

too."

Grandma's face darkened. "My granddaughter-in-law is in that room. If you're looking for your great-grandchildren,

look elsewhere. Maybe check the cracks in the sidewalk or under a rock to see if one might crawl out."

“You...” Presley was seething yet had prepared himself not to react. He just wanted to see his great-grandchildren,

the future of the Harper family.

“Angry? Want to flex your patriarchal muscles? Let me tell you, Presley, no one here cares for your antics. Even if

the child bears the surname ‘Harper’, it’s Damon’s ‘Harper’, not yours.”

“Even if they bear Damon’s surname, it’s still Harper,” Presley couldn’t hold back, raising his voice at Grandma in

the hallway.

Alyssa, however, didn’t have much of a reaction, just sneered and slowly said, “As long as Damon doesn’t mind, I

can make both kids take Chloe’s last name.”

Presley was taken aback. “Alyssia, how long are you going to keep messing with me? What’s the use of showing off

your verbal prowess against me whenever we meet?”

Alyssa merely scoffed. “As long as you stay out of my sight, I won’t go out of my way to cause you trouble. I have

no interest in entangling with someone whose morals are so skewed.”

Presley took a deep breath, “From now on, I won’t say a word. Is that okay, Alyssa? No matter how much you rage,

Chloe’s children are my Harper heirs—no matter what surnames they take. If you want to feel satisfied, be my

guest.”

With that, he sat down stubbornly on a bench outside the delivery room.