

CHOSEN 1871

Chapter 1871

"I never imagined my great-grandchild would be so grown up already." Presley's voice trembled as he stared at

Anya, his eyes quivering ever so slightly.

Yulia's face bore a gentle smile as she observed Anya behaving so well in front of Presley, her heart swelled with

pride.

"Great-grandpa, why did you scold Great-grandma just now? Did you two have a fight?"

Presley shook his head, "No."

He was getting tired of crouching, so he slowly stood up, still holding onto Anya's hand as he moved to sit on a

nearby chair. "I got a bit loud because I was worried about your Aunt Chloe... Aunt Chloe's babies. Did it scare you,

Anya?"

Anya pouted her lips, hesitated for a moment, then nodded, "Just now, Great-grandpa and Great-grandma both

seemed really scary. Please don't do that anymore, okay? Aunt Chloe is inside having babies and it's really hard for

her. Your arguing could disturb her.”d2

Presley nodded, “Yeah, Anya’s right. I won’t do it again.”

Anya nodded in return and patted Presley’s arm, a gesture of reassurance that she appreciated his willingness to

amend his ways.

Yulia couldn’t help but laugh at Anya’s precocious words and actions.

Presley also struggled to suppress a chuckle, ruffling Anya’s hair before looking up at Nathan with a swift return to

his usual stern demeanor.

Nathan rolled his eyes. How much of a failure was he at life? Not a single elder seemed to give him a break.

Could Presley’s switch in expression be any more obvious?

“What’s going on? Have you been keeping secrets from us all along?”

Nathan quickly scooted over on the couch, “Why would I keep anything from you? I was the last to know, if

anything. Huh? So, that means you haven’t figured it out from the start either?”

Presley frowned, “Figured out what?”

Nathan slapped his thigh and looked up at Alyssa and Elizabeth.

“See! Not just me who didn’t catch on, right? I finally know who I take after.”

Alyssa and Elizabeth gave him a disdainful glance. “You’re proud of that, are you?”

Nathan twitched his mouth into a forced smile, “At least I’m not like someone else. It proves I’m a bona fide

descendant of the Harper family.”

Elizabeth was so irritated she almost went over to slap him twice. If he wasn’t a bona fide Harper, then what did

that make her?

Presley, with a straight face, demanded, “What the hell is going on?! What are you talking about?”

Alyssa glanced at him, “We’re talking about the Harper family genes. Thankfully, after two generations, there’s only

one case like Nathan that resembles you. It’s quite a relief.”

Nathan blinked. He didn’t feel this was much of a compliment, nor did he see it as something to celebrate.

Presley frowned, giving Nathan a look of disdain.

Damn it! Nathan was so frustrated.

The sight of Presley had just set Alyssa off. She couldn't forgive what had happened in the past, and now that Chloe

was in labor, he had the nerve to show up.

He had previously refused to accept Chloe into the Harper family, causing all sorts of chaos, and now he wanted to

see the great-grandchildren.

Just thinking about it made her blood boil. How could she muster any good temper or attitude for him?

But Chloe was suffering inside, and she didn't have the energy to argue with him here and now.

Thankfully, Yulia's presence eased the atmosphere, so she no longer paid him any mind.

Her silence gave Presley a sigh of relief as he held Anya and quietly waited for the delivery room door to open.

The wait felt interminably long. When the first cry of a baby filled the air, everyone outside the door quickly

gathered.

"The baby's here!"

Yulia checked her watch.

When the cries of the second child were heard, there was an interval of two minutes. It was yet to be seen if they

were a big brother and little sister, or a big sister and little brother.

Inside the delivery room.

Damon held Chloe's hand tightly, his handsome face covered in sweat. He had seen the state of Rose right after

she gave birth in a video. Her face, even through the screen, was hard to bear to look at.

But Chloe now looked far worse. Pale as a sheet, her hair completely soaked with sweat, the floor beneath the

birthing bed drenched.

Clearly, she was utterly spent, yet she still didn't close her eyes to rest. Her blurry gaze stayed fixed on the doctors,

hoping to see her babies as soon as possible.

Damon tightened his grip on her hand a little. Despite enduring twice the pain as Rose, she remained so resolute,

which both amazed and pained him.

Feeling the pressure from Damon's hand, Chloe managed a weak smile.

"Damon. The babies are here..."

Damon whispered a soft "Yeah" and bent down to kiss her forehead.

"They're here. Rest now, sweetheart."

Chloe's gaze dropped again toward the bustling figures of the doctors.

Damon pressed his lips together, "Bring the babies over."

The doctor wrapped up the first baby and brought him over, announcing with a smile, "This is the big brother, a

healthy seven pounds."

Chloe's fingertips twitched, and the doctor bent down to let her see the baby wrapped in the blanket.

"Hello." Chloe's voice was weak and hoarse.

Another doctor followed, holding up the second baby, not yet swaddled, for her to see. "This is the little sister, six

pounds and a bit."

"Both babies are beautiful."

A more seasoned doctor nearby added with a smile, "These two are the most beautiful babies I've seen in all my

years of practice."

Chloe smiled happily.

Damon gestured for the nurses to take the babies away, and with the knowledge that her babies were safe and

sound, Chloe finally closed her eyes.

The delivery room door swung open, and two doctors emerged, one holding each baby, their faces beaming. Alyssa

and Elizabeth rushed to the forefront.

“Congratulations, Alyssa! You’ve been blessed with a great-grandson and a great-granddaughter. Both are

absolutely gorgeous and healthy.”

“Just wonderful!” Alyssa beamed from ear to ear, her excitement bubbling over as she moved to embrace the new

additions to the family.

But the moment was cut short as the doctor stepped in to prevent her. After a brief explanation, he made it clear

that newborns were extremely vulnerable, with weak immune systems that could easily be compromised by germs.

To hold the baby, it was best to first sanitize thoroughly.

Alyssa and Elizabeth, both having been through the experience themselves, hadn’t given it much thought before,

but his words now made perfect sense. Acknowledging the risks to the babies' health, they both nodded and

stepped aside, watching helplessly as the doctors took their precious little ones away.

Nathan craned his neck to catch a glimpse of his nephews, but their faces remained out of sight.

"How's the mother doing, Doc?" Grandma asked another doctor anxiously.

"All is well. She just needs to rest and recover postpartum."

They both sighed in relief. "That's good to hear."

Before long, the doctor pushed Chloe out after giving her follow-up care.

They went up to see how things were going, but Chloe was so tired she couldn't keep her eyes open.

"Make way."

Damon's voice was cold and detached, clearing the hallway with just two words.

Watching Chloe being wheeled away, Elizabeth clutched Alyssa's hand. "He's just become a father to twins, but he

seems so down. Shouldn't he be overjoyed?"

Alyssa nodded. "It's nothing new. Royce was much the same."

Elizabeth frowned. "Why? I just gave him children, he should be thrilled."

“He loves his wife, and the babies were a surprise. Seeing his beloved go through such an ordeal for them, of

course, he’s upset. Damon and Nathan haven’t had it easy growing up either.”

With understanding, Elizabeth turned to her own husband and leaned in shyly. “You love me that much?”

Royce glanced at her. “So, after all these years, you thought I didn’t love you?”

Caught off guard, Elizabeth felt as if she’d dug her own grave. “Slip of the tongue.”

“Hmm.”

Elizabeth shivered at his icy chuckle.

“I’m off to see my great-grandchildren. You two keep flirting.”

Elizabeth quickly took the opening. “Alyssa, wait up! I want to see my grandbabies too.”

Chapter 1872

Presley stared at Alyssa, his face turning a shade of stormy blue with anger.

“I never intended to steal them. They are my great-grandkids by right now.”

“You could abandon your grandson, and now you have the gall to claim your great-grandkids?”

Presley took a deep breath, “Fine, I won’t let Chloe know I was here, okay!? Happy now!?”

“Better off staying away.”

Yasmine and Queen Julia changed clothes and came over.d2

Presley glanced at them, his expression turning stiff as he looked away.

Yasmine gave them a brief, indifferent look. “How many children have you raised? Other than stirring up trouble,

you just prove that you’re nothing but an unwanted extra. If you want to come, I won’t stop you, but don’t expect

anyone to cater to your ego.”

Alyssa spoke up firmly, “Don’t worry, I won’t agree to him coming around every day.”

Yasmine’s lips curled into a faint smile. “We can’t stop him from seeing his great-grandkids. As for my daughter,

she’s not about to get upset over him.”

Alyssa fell silent.

Yasmine took Queen Julia’s hand and they entered the sterile room.

Queen Julia chuckled softly, “After living together for so many years, who can truly cut ties completely?”

Yasmine hummed softly, “It’s a bit much, even for Alyssa to put on such a long act.”

Queen Julia mused, “Mm-hmm, but I think there’s some real emotion in there too.”

“How else could she make us believe her?”

Queen Julia shrugged noncommittally.

Yasmine shook her head. She wouldn't agree to him coming every day? That was such an obvious bluff.

The two little angels were still sound asleep. Lying in their incubators, they looked so serene and beautiful it melted

your heart.

Two fresh new lives.

Both were quietly marveling at life's miracle.

“They are absolutely gorgeous,” Queen Julia said with affection.

Yasmine peered at them through the glass, her usually composed face softening with warmth. “Yes, they are

beautiful.”

“The Harpers have really taken good care of Chloe. Look at the babies' skin, so tender.”

Yasmine turned to Queen Julia, her eyes reflecting a touch of curiosity.

Queen Julia chuckled softly, “Decades ago, newborns were wrinkly and small, mostly due to poor nutrition during

pregnancy.”

Yasmine nodded in understanding.

“What about you? When you had Chloe, what was she like?”

Yasmine was silent for a moment, “Just like them.”

Queen Julia was surprised, “I thought the Summers family was always harsh to you.”

Yasmine shook her head, her gaze fixed on the glass, her smile fleeting.

“Not really. Compared to...,” she paused, “Compared to what I lost before, the fact that the Summers family let me

give birth to Chloe safely is enough to make me grateful.”

So, even though the Summers family did many terrible things, she didn’t harbor a deep-seated hatred for them.

Having Chloe was enough to offset a lot.

Queen Julia hugged her gently, “I may not know everything that happened, but I do know you suffered a lot. But it’s

all in the past now, my dear. You have a wonderful daughter, and now two adorable grandchildren. Your life is

perfect. And a perfect life isn’t just happiness and joy.”

Yasmine smiled softly, "I know, but now, I can't really let go. And I certainly can not forgive for what happened."

"Then don't forgive him for the rest of your life. Make him spend the rest of his days making it up to you."

Yasmine shook her head, "It's not the same..."

"That means you still have feelings for him. You can't bear to see him so low and cautious around you, yet you

don't find enough reason to fully forgive him. Deep down, you want to forgive him. His pain hurts you, and yet you

can't give him the one thing he wants most – happiness."

Yasmine closed her eyes and took a deep breath, "It seems right. Sometimes I even wish he'd fall for someone

else." It would be easier for her to let go than this current situation.

Queen Julia shook her head, knowing her daughter was confused. But feelings were something she couldn't decide

for Yasmine. She needed to do things following her heart.

Yasmine sighed and looked back into the incubator. But then she saw that one of the babies had already opened his

eyes, yet he still lay there quietly, his gaze as if looking at her.

Those eyes, emotionless, were a spitting image of Damon.

She paused, then checked the tag outside the box to confirm it was the brother. She stepped forward, her eyes

fixed on him.

Queen Julia also noticed and exclaimed in surprise, "Oh my goodness. He's awake."

So quiet even though he was awake, it was surprising. And those eyes, almost a carbon copy of Damon. Genetics

were indeed powerful.

Yasmine bent down and carefully picked him up from the incubator.

Being too small, his eyes closed again, the tiny bundle in the blanket gently wiggled his head, his tiny hands still

clenching, his arms not even reaching beyond the blanket.

So tiny it was pitiful.

But just now, he had indeed opened his eyes. Although now he seemed to be playing coy.

Queen Julia glanced at the sleeping great-granddaughter and then at the great-grandson in Yasmine's arms, clearly

tempted.

Yasmine could tell and gently handed the baby over to her. Queen Julia was extra careful, taking him into her arms,

and the baby still didn't cry.

"I've said it many times, but I'll say it again, he's just beautiful. Have they named him yet?"

Yasmine shook her head, "I'm not sure, we can ask Chloe later."

"There should be a nickname for now, right?"

"Hold on!"

Alyssa's voice suddenly came from the doorway. "We really need to talk about the baby names." Queen Julia said

with a glance at Yasmine and a helpless chuckle.

The baby boy, caught in the act of opening his eyes, had been passed around for cuddles by everyone present.

It wasn't long before the little girl started crying with a delicate wail. The big brother, nestled in great-grandma's

arms, opened his eyes again upon hearing the crying, his tiny head swiveling as if searching for something. Yasmine

bent down to pick her up, gently soothing her with a low voice.

As the sister's cries came closer, the brother, who couldn't see her, furrowed his brow and began to cry as well. For

newborns, any emotion could only be expressed through tears.

The commotion had everyone in a bit of a frenzy.

Finally, Queen Julia and Alyssa each took one of the babies. They were veterans after all, and it only took a few

minutes for the sister's cries to cease. Soon after, the brother's wails also came to a stop.

Everyone let out a long sigh of relief.

"This house is going to be quite lively from now on."

Alyssa nodded eagerly, her happiness evident. "Oh yes, the more the merrier. Look at our Chloe, bringing two

beautiful great-grandchildren into the world in one go. I must have done something good in a past life, haha."

Presley pursed his lips at her words, his expression turning slightly awkward. Now, looking at his great-

grandchildren, he suddenly felt that the obsessions of the past seemed trivial.

As a man with one foot in the grave, he had done all he could to preserve the Harper family legacy and successfully

handed it down to his descendants. Whatever happened after that, good or bad, he'd be none the wiser once his

eyes closed for the last time.

Why worry about what might happen decades or even centuries from now? All he wanted now was to focus all his

energy on his great-grandchildren, making sure they grew up healthy and happy.

Elizabeth came in with a scowl, her mood shifting when she saw the grandchildren in everyone's arms. Her eyes

immediately misted over. She approached, her voice trembling, "Can I have a cuddle?"

Chapter 1873

Damon raised an eyebrow at her, those puppy-dog eyes almost too pitiful to bear. And he felt a twinge of

annoyance stirring within him.

Sure, she'd begged him before, but it wasn't a common occurrence. And now, here she was, acting like this for the

kids, stitches fresh and all, but still laying it on thick.

Not cool.

"Damon,.."

Here we go again.

Damon couldn't take it, not really. Lips pursed, he glanced at the nurse standing by. The nurse, with a knowing

smile, nodded and slipped out of the room.d2

Chloe's face lit up with anticipation. She grabbed Damon's hand, barely able to contain herself, "Do the babies look

like you, or is there a little of me in them?"

Damon sat back down, silent for a heartbeat, before saying, "The doc says they're beautiful, so they've gotta take

after you."

Chloe blinked, peering intently at him for a long moment.

Damon turned to grab a cup of water from the insulated jug on the nightstand.

"You don't think they all look like me, do you? Damon, you didn't..."

"Water?" Damon cut her off, taking a sip from the cup.

Chloe paused, shook her head slightly, but then his hand cupped her chin, and his lips were upon hers.

Water flowed gently from his mouth into hers. She startled, but resigned to swallow the water bit by bit. After the

last drop, Damon lingered, savouring a deep kiss, reluctant to part.

Chloe's cheeks, still a bit pale, flushed with the warmth of his affection.

As the kiss ended, Damon rested his forehead against hers, whispering, "Thank you."

Chloe's lips curled into a slight smile, "Nothing beats the joy of having them."

Damon nipped at her lips, a clear sign of his pouty jealousy. Chloe winced softly, her internal alarms ringing faintly.

"You're mine." His voice was low and possessive, laced with a hint of threat and vulnerability.

Chloe felt a swell of sweetness. She could sense his every subtle shift in emotion, and she nodded gently. "I know."

Damon, caught off guard by her response, allowed a smile to touch his eyebrows. But then Chloe added, "The

babies are yours, and so am I. So I should love you all together, right?"

The smile that had just begun to form on Damon's face quickly vanished.

Just then, there was a stir outside the door. Chloe spun around, eyes darting to the entrance, as she pushed Damon

aside.

Elizabeth and Yasmine, each cradling a newborn, walked in, their faces aglow with joy.

Yasmine's smile was broader than any Chloe could remember.

Noticing Chloe's struggle to get up, Yasmine's brows furrowed, and she shot a stern glance that rooted Chloe to the

bed.

After a moment, Yasmine looked back at the baby in her arms, her lips curving into a smile as she approached the

bedside.

Elizabeth gently rocked the baby in her arms and then laid him next to Chloe. "Here's your son. See, doesn't he look

just like Damon?"

Finally, Chloe saw her long-awaited babies right there in her arms, her eyes brimming with tears of joy. She

recognized the resemblance instantly, remembering the photos Elizabeth had shown of Damon and Nathan as kids.

"Yes! He does." Her voice quivered with emotion.

Elizabeth, moved by the moment, felt her nose tingle, "He has your nose."

Yasmine placed her baby next to the first.

"And here's your daughter. Look at those eyes, she's got your shape."

Chloe nodded, gazing adoringly at the two tiny faces before her, her eyes darting back and forth.

"Welcome to mommy's world, my little babies."

Her son suddenly opened his eyes, and as if by instinct, turned his head towards Chloe. His tiny hands flailed,

reaching out from the swaddling and resting against Chloe's chest. Though his touch was light, it was unmistakable.

She found it hard to believe that this mischievous little guy was the smaller of the two. The impression was that

both babies were quite strong.

No matter, the sensation of that little hand was more profound than any strength it could muster.

She gently cradled the tiny fist, afraid even a single finger could cause harm. After a tender kiss, she noticed his

eyes stayed fixed on her, a perfect mirror of Damon's.

How wonderful...

The baby girl beside him began to fuss, her little hands and feet stirring restlessly.

Chloe quickly comforted her, and the baby soon settled down.

Every tiny gesture from these new lives was a revelation, a moment of wonder and delight. The profound bond

shared by Chloe and her infants was undeniable, serving as a ceaseless source of awe and happiness.

Yasmine watched them, a soft smile gracing her lips, before she finally looked over at Damon. "Aren't you going to

look at your babies, Daddy Damon?"

Chloe turned to him, as did Elizabeth, with a mix of accusation and disbelief, "I know you're worried about Chloe,

but you haven't even glanced at your own son and daughter since they were born. Isn't that a bit much?"

Chloe had guessed right. He hadn't seen the babies yet. Otherwise, he wouldn't have made that remark about

them being beautiful and therefore resembling her.

How little he knew himself, to think that the kids couldn't possibly look like him because they were too pretty.

Damon's gaze drifted over Chloe's form, skimming past the bundled-up blankets in which twin infants were cozily

wrapped. As for the infants' faces, he hadn't really saw that.

Yasmine's lips quirked into a smirk as she scooped up her grandson and, sidestepping the foot of the bed, handed

him over to Damon.

"Here you go, hold your son tight."

Damon's arms twitched, but he did not lift them. The usually unflappable Damon looked a touch frazzled, and

everyone in the room took note.

"Come on, he's gazing right at you."

Yasmine was inwardly surprised. Newborns usually couldn't focus on anything for a few days, yet this little guy

seemed to see something indeed.

Damon finally raised his hands, momentarily unsure of how to hold the baby properly. Hesitant at first, he took the

baby from Yasmine, cradling him less like a father and more like a man afraid to break something precious.

Yasmine stood before him, her smile deepening. Even the most capable men had their Achilles' heel.

"You've got a lot of new tricks to learn from here on out," she offered, trying to cushion the blow.

Damon glanced down at the infant in his arms. Those dark little eyes were "staring" at him, devoid of any

discernible emotion.

He had previously boasted that his kid was cuter than Morrison's, but this baby, well, there was really not a whole

lot of difference between this little guy and Morrison's ugly baby.

A crease finally formed between his brows as he spoke up, "Are we sure this is the right one?"

The room fell silent for a beat before erupting into laughter.

Elizabeth, oscillating between laughter and tears, chided, "What are you talking about, you little brat?! He's the

spitting image of you as a baby."

Damon shot her a look, "This is what you call handsome?"

The most beautiful baby to grace this hospital in years? He seriously doubted the flattery of the doctors.

Elizabeth, exasperated, retorted, "What do you know? He's just been born. Give it a few days, he'll perk up.

Everyone says he looks just like you did, and you're still complaining? Who are you really complaining about?!"

Damon deadpanned, "I am complaining about this one."

The bundle in his arms stirred, and Damon instinctively held him closer as the baby seemed on the verge of crying.

Suddenly, the infant's flailing tiny fist connected with Damon's chin. It wasn't a hard blow, but it was loaded with

meaning.

Damon straightened up, his expression cooling.

Perhaps sensing danger or deeming his “revenge” insufficient, the baby burst into tears. Damon, flustered and

unsure, felt a warm sensation spread in the palm of his hand holding the blankets.

Chapter 1874

Royce still hadn’t lived down the time he delayed his wife from getting her hands on their grandchildren. To this day,

she gave him nothing but icy stares. He pondered ways to sweet-talk her, but she was practically orbiting their

grandkids around the clock, barely sparing him a glance.

Boyd had it even rougher.

Ever since that Stanley fellow had shown up, Yasmine had been giving Boyd the cold shoulder. On the rare

occasions she did speak to him, it was enough to give him jitters for half the day. It was always strictly necessary

chit-chat, ending with her walking away without a spare word.

Ever since she’d moved from B Country to here, her attention was almost entirely fixed on her daughter and

grandson. As for Boyd, well, he might as well have been Mr. Invisible. Drawing closer, all he could see was

Yasmine's noticeably chilled demeanor. Still, he couldn't bear the thought of her slipping from his sight, so he

endured.

"Ma'am, you're finally back."

The servants in the villa looked happily at Chloe in Damon's arms; having long since seen the two of them being

intimate, they didn't have much of a surprise.d2

Damon had planned to head straight upstairs, but Chloe, tapping him on the shoulder, insisted they detour to the

living room.

The servants didn't meddle, just craned their necks to peek outside. When they saw Yasmine and Elizabeth enter,

each holding a tightly swaddled bundle, they excitedly clasped their hands, eager to catch a glimpse of the two little

lords of the house.

"If the parents are anything to go by, these kids will be both beautiful and bright," the servants murmured.

Elizabeth, now the proud grandmother of two stunning boys, couldn't resist showing off in front of the crowd.

“Come take a look at my grandchildren. The doctors say they’re the most beautiful babies they’ve ever delivered.”

The servants, already bursting with curiosity, crowded around the swaddles to take a closer look.

The babies, just born, were changing daily. Their once reddish skin had softened to a tender baby complexion, and

their features were becoming more defined, impossibly cute.

Even with their eyes closed, there was no denying they had inherited their father’s looks. Their tiny noses and

mouths were outrageously adorable.

“The boy’s eyes look just like Damon’s.” Elizabeth boasted, proud of her good-looking family lineage.

The servants were genuinely thrilled. “So, he will be as handsome as his father?”

Elizabeth lifted her chin proudly. “Even more so, don’t forget, he also has a gorgeous mother.”

Heads nodded in agreement. “Right, right, that’s going to be tough for the ladies later on. They’ll all be falling for

this baby.”

“I’m already smitten. Ma’am, what do you think? Maybe I could get dibs.”

“Get out of here, dreaming big, are we? Careful, or I’ll tell your boyfriend you’re eyeing younger pastures.”

Laughter rippled through the group.

Elizabeth was always easygoing, and after so long at the estate, she'd become one of the gang. A joke here and

there was nothing out of the ordinary.

However, when it came to Yasmine, the servants didn't dare approach so freely, put off by her formidable

presence. They watched eagerly as she moved, carrying the bundle in her arms.

Once she was close, she asked indifferently, "Is the nursery ready?"

Heads bobbed eagerly in response. "Yes, yes, all set upstairs. I'll go up and crack the windows a bit."

Damon set Chloe down on the sofa, and she immediately tried to get up to see the babies.

"Stay put."

Chloe turned and called out, "Mom."

Both Yasmine and Elizabeth understood instantly and brought the babies over to her.

"Guess who this is?"

Chloe smiled. "It's Little Moon."

The baby in her arms seemed thrilled, kicking and waving her tiny arms, making adorably incoherent sounds.

Chloe was over the moon, planting a gentle kiss on her little forehead. "Little Moon, you like mommy, don't you?"

"errr..."

"I like you too."

"Although they're twins, many people still can't tell them apart. You've got a knack, Chloe." Elizabeth said cheerfully.

Chloe just smiled, always playing along with these little games. Handing her sister over to Damon, she reached for

her brother. "Come, meet our boy, Little Sun."

Just like with his sister, Chloe kissed him on the forehead. Little Sun gazed quietly at Chloe, limbs flailing softly.

Eventually, he balled his tiny fist at Chloe's chest, gripping and releasing the fabric of her shirt.

"This little guy. Just better not take after his dad too much, or I'll have to worry about finding him a wife." Elizabeth's

voice was laced with concern.

Despite her eldest son eventually finding a gem like Chloe, there was no guarantee her grandson would be as lucky

in love.

It seemed to be her lot in life to worry.

Chloe glanced at Damon, who had been the subject of many a maternal lecture these past few days. The poor man

had his hands full.

She said reassuringly, "There's a destined love out there waiting for him."

She was a firm believer that everyone had their meant-to-be moment.

Elizabeth shook her head. "It's not about fate. It's about whether someone appreciates it and doesn't destroy it with

their own hands." She looked at Yasmine, "Isn't that right, dear?"

Yasmine forced a smile. "Fate may return, but it's not always given that we'll seize it. We should nurture the little

guy's emotional intelligence from the start."

Elizabeth started to fret again, "I just hope he doesn't become too clever for his own good and turn into a

womanizer."

Silence fell. It was indeed a mother's lot to worry.

Yasmine's comment made Boyd purse his lips tighter, his expression somber.

Chloe sensed the undercurrent in Yasmine's words and glanced briefly at Boyd before returning her attention to

comforting her son.

—

Yasmine eventually settled down in Greenfield Village.

Every day, taking care of the twins felt like teaming up with Elizabeth for an Olympic sport.

When Rose's baby's celebration banquet rolled around, Chloe and Damon flew into Rivertown just to join in.

The guest list was surprisingly extensive, which raised a few eyebrows.

In a quiet moment, Chloe caught up with Rose and her son, Colt.

The two best friends, seeing each other after what felt like ages, could hardly contain their excitement. Both had

always been vigilant about their figures, so within just over three months postpartum, they had snapped back

impressively.

Despite keeping in touch frequently, they had a sea of questions about each other's delivery and postnatal

experiences and the myriad of dos and don'ts.

Both nodded in satisfaction after exchanging notes.

"You know the saying, 'Vanity thrives on approval'? Well, it's spot on. Right after giving birth, the sight of all that

extra flab made me think Morrison would be repulsed," Rose confided. "But during the confinement, he kept

making me eat and drink, and only after was I able to go on a diet frenzy. I wouldn't even let him touch me during

that time."

Chloe smirked, "So you made him wait, huh?"

Rose's cheeks flushed, "What else could I do? With all that belly flab, even if I wanted to, I just couldn't feel it, you

know? All I could think about was his disgust. What about you? Don't tell me you couldn't wait to jump back into the

saddle?"

Chloe's face turned a shade pinker, "I had stitches down there after the birth. It wasn't possible."

"And now? When did you guys...you know?"

Chloe's ears reddened, "We haven't yet. Same reasons as you, basically."

After a moment, Rose said, "Suddenly, I feel a bit sorry for Morrison."

Chloe looked at her for a while before tentatively suggesting, "You guys found other ways to cope, right?"

Rose opened her mouth, her face blooming with blushes. "Well. Morrison said that it's not the same."

Chapter 1875

With a crack, the glass in Damon's grip shattered into shards. Morrison quickly shifted to the side, clutching his child

protectively. The way he shielded his child's eyes was the very picture of paternal instinct.

Chloe and Rose snapped to attention, glancing over just in time to see Damon toss the remains of the glass onto

the floor, his icy gaze fixed on Morrison, an intimidating aura emanating from him.

It was clear to anyone watching that if no one intervened, a full-blown war was about to erupt.

The two women hastened over, each slipping an arm through their husband's. "What's going on?"

Handing the child over to Rose with a nonchalant expression, Morrison said, "Just told him a hard truth, and the

man can't handle reality. He's not exactly resilient."

As Damon's face grew even darker, Rose pulled Morrison back a little, worry lacing her words, "What exactly did

you say to him?"d2

"I told him that his daughter might one day call me 'Dad', and that set him off."

Rose was puzzled. "But Little Moon's going to be part of our family one day, right? What you said isn't wrong. Are

you sure that's all you told him?"

Morrison nodded candidly, "Of course, what else would I talk to him about?"

Chloe believed Morrison without a doubt. Damon had been against this from the start. In the three months since

the babies were born, she could tell, Damon favored Little Moon immensely.

He wouldn't agree to her marrying someone even before she was born. Now, this issue had become one of his

untouchable red lines.

Morrison's words, and Damon's reaction, were no surprise to her.

Clutching Damon tightly, Chloe tried to reason with him, "Damon, he's just joking. You never know who our

daughter will like in the future. Why are you getting so worked up over this?"

Damon's expression remained stormy. "No one is worthy of my daughter's affection."

Chloe was at her wit's end.

"How sad for Little Moon then? Who doesn't want to experience a sweet romance? You won't let her date or even

let someone marry her? Aren't you afraid she'll be labeled an old maid if you do that? This isn't up to you. It's up to

Little Moon." Rose couldn't help but chime in, frustrated with trying to get through to this man.

Damon's face grew colder at the mention of his daughter being unwanted or referred to as an old maid. He'd like

to see who would dare say that.

Chloe was in full agreement with Rose. How could her daughter possibly become an old maid? She, of course,

wished for her daughter to find her own true happiness. Just like she had.

"Rose is right. These things aren't for us to decide. We have to respect Little Moon's wishes, and that's still decades

away. There's no point in discussing this now."

She tried to console him, knowing that any further provocation might truly spark a confrontation right there.

If it had been about anything else, she might have let it slide, but not when it came to Little Moon, Damon's most

cherished little girl. She couldn't begin to imagine what extremes Damon might go to for his precious child.

Morrison, he had already gone off to tend to his baby. Damon pursed his lips, deprived of an outlet for his

frustration. Nothing was more infuriating than having the person who deserved a punch standing right in front of

you, and not having a legitimate reason to throw it.

Thanks to Chloe's efforts to de-escalate the situation, the conflict simmered down. And so, the celebration of little

Colt Witt's celebration party passed without further incident.

Afterward, Rose turned to Chloe, and took a deep breath, "You're the only one who can handle him, Chloe. It really

scared the life out of me. If it weren't for you, I'd be worried he'd have started a brawl right there in the middle of

the party."

Chloe offered a sheepish smile, acknowledging the truth in Rose's words.

—

By the end of that day, Damon took Chloe back home.

Though the grandparents were taking good care of the twins, at night, Chloe needed to be there for them.

Nighttime feedings, changing diapers, and soothing cries required her personal touch. She couldn't expect the

elders to handle everything.

Besides, she missed her kids dreadfully. Just half a day apart, and she was already feeling the separation keenly.

With Colt's celebration banquet behind them, it meant that the celebrations for Little Sun and Little Moon were fast

approaching.

These days, Elizabeth and Yasmine had shifted their focus to the upcoming celebrations, leaving Chloe and Damon

to tend to the children most of the time.

The babies were well-behaved. Little Sun was quiet, his eyes often fixed on the ceiling or tracking some fascinating

object before another would catch his attention. Occasionally, when he caught sight of Chloe, he'd follow her

movements intensely.

Sometimes, as Chloe busied herself with laundry or tidying up, darting in and out of the bathroom, she'd glance

back at them. The little guy would kick his limbs happily and coo with delight at the sight of her. Little Moon was no

different, prompting Chloe to pause her chores, smother them with kisses, and then get back to work.

Compared to her brother, Little Moon was more expressive. Whether she was hungry, thirsty, or just inexplicably

upset, she'd cry out loudly. If Chloe took too long to soothe her, Little Sun would join in with the tears.

That was one of the reasons Damon paid extra attention to Little Moon. To keep both babies calm and content, the

key was ensuring Little Moon stopped crying. Her brother would naturally quiet down if she did.

Sometimes Damon would hold Little Moon close, eyeing Little Sun scrutinizingly. Then, once Little Moon settled, he'd

place her beside Little Sun in the crib, side by side.

Little Sun was almost always a bundle of joy, tilting his head to look at his baby sister, flapping his hands excitedly.

Sometimes he would manage to grasp her clothes, and other times he would miraculously catch one of his sister's

tiny fingers. Then he'd happily kick his little legs with delight.

Each time Damon witnessed this, he couldn't help but let a smile spread across his lips. "That's my boy," he

thought. "Looks like my daughter's got herself a protector for the future."

After several such observations, Damon was confident in his son's affection for his daughter.

—

From the first week Chloe was discharged from the hospital, Nathan immediately begged Damon to come to the

office for help.

With Damon's help, Nathan could finally take a break and spend time with his wife and daughter.

Damon, although a bit annoyed at first, had let him off the hook. After all, he hadn't been around much for Anya

from the get-go.

Besides, he knew what it was like. It was normal to want to be by his wife's side during this time.

Most of the meetings and workloads he had already scheduled for the morning. So, by the afternoon, he was free

to leave the office two hours early, barring any emergencies.

That afternoon, Yasmine and Elizabeth had discussed plans for the babies' celebration party before heading

upstairs to play with the little ones in the nursery.

Although both babies were well-behaved, holding them all day was no small feat.

Before Elizabeth left, she noticed Chloe unconsciously rubbing her shoulders and advised, "The babies are fine with

us. Why don't you take this time to soak in the tub? I'll call a masseuse to come over and give you a good

rubdown."

"I can just take a bath, no need for a masseuse."

Elizabeth didn't respond.

Chloe went to the bathroom to run a bath, and while waiting, she changed the bedding.

The weather was turning cooler and the days shorter. By the time Damon came home early from work, dusk had

already settled in.

After her bath, Chloe, drying her hair, reached for the body lotion. Unwrapping her robe, she began to apply it to

her skin.

Damon walked in just in time to catch Chloe in the act, her long, lean leg draped over the bed as she bent over to

moisturize.

At the sound of the door, she straightened up quickly, her face flushed with embarrassment. "You should knock."

she stammered, fumbling to cover herself with the robe.

The door closed behind him as Damon slowly walked in.

Chloe managed to wrap herself up, but her slender, exposed figure was etched into Damon's memory.

Speaking of her figure, she seemed to have recovered quite well. Even though her body was already impressive

before, with its alluring curves, it seemed, after giving birth to two children, to have acquired a certain ineffable

charm.

Now clothed, she still sensed Damon's mood was off. Hastily tying her robe, she muttered, "I'll go check on the

babies."

Damon didn't stop her. Instead, he sat on the bed, enveloped in a cloud of silent resentment.

Chloe hesitated but turned around. Damon removed his suit jacket and tossed it onto the couch before sitting down

with his back to her, continuing his silent protest.

Chloe approached him cautiously, "Is everything alright?"

Damon turned his head away, not meeting her gaze.

Chloe watched him for a moment, then left the room. Hearing the door close, Damon's expression darkened

further.

Chloe, still in her robe, checked on the nursery. The babies were happily playing with their grandmothers.

"Don't wander around after a bath. What if you catch a cold? The babies still need to have breast milk at night,"

Elizabeth chided gently.

Chloe shook her head and approached the babies. "I'm not cold."

Elizabeth nudged her, "Go rest in your room. I've called the masseuse, and they'll be here soon."

"It's fine. I have some other stuff to take care of. Maybe another time."

"Something important?"

"Yeah."

Elizabeth looked like she wanted to say more, but Yasmine interjected softly, "Then, you go ahead. The massage

can wait.”

Chloe smiled, and seeing Elizabeth’s understanding nod, she played with Little Sun and Little Moon a while longer

before leaving.

Taking a deep breath, she returned to her room to find that the suddenly moody man was gone. Puzzled for a

moment, she headed straight for the study.

Chapter 1876

In the dimly lit study, the air was thick with tension.

Chloe, fresh from a soak in the tub, was once again drenched in sweat. Caught by a man starved for months, she

knew the outcome would be memorizing.

Whenever she hesitated to compromise, she worried that Damon would strain her physically. The pain of childbirth

had scarred her heart, and the stitches that followed haunted her with every pull and twinge, making it an indelible

memory.

She was, in truth, frightened of that pain. Thus, it had become a no-go zone, both physically and psychologically.

But she couldn’t let her fear stop him forever.

It had indeed been too long.

At first, she was too shy to let him touch her because of her insecurity about her body, but as time dragged on, she

worried that he would only grow more fierce. And so, she had steeled herself for this encounter.^{d2}

Thankfully, the anticipated pain never came.

Damon was relentless. Cradled in his arms, utterly spent, Chloe's voice was a mere whisper, fragmented almost

beyond coherence, "Enough... it's... time for... dinner."

Damon, seemingly deaf to her plea, scooped her up and carried her back to the desk, where he pressed the

intercom button.

The phone was quickly answered.

"Hello."

"Dinner is postponed by thirty minutes."

"Alright."

The maid hesitated before complying, then swiftly relayed the message to the kitchen.

Chloe cursed inwardly, regretting letting his desire build for so long. "The babies will probably start fussing soon."

"There are plenty of people to tend to them."

"But..."

"No excuses, you're mine right now."

He'd stressed this point many times, and she never took him seriously. Today was a lesson in action.

Resigned to her fate, Chloe clung to Damon's shoulders, pressing her body against his, murmuring softly, "Be

gentle."

His grip tightened at her words.

Noticing the sudden change in his expression, she instantly regretted her plea. "Don't go too hard please."

"I'll try." His response was terse, his passion unleashed.

Chloe bit her lip. This was going to be intense.

—

The celebration banquet was a hive of activity.

Employee after employee called, each eager to attend the twins' celebration.

Chloe was initially hesitant, fearing too many guests would lead to chaos, but once Damon said he'd handle the

arrangements, she gave her consent.

Elizabeth, ever the worrier, wanted the twins' celebration to be grand and had spent days overseeing the plans.

Naturally, the children's care fell mostly on Yasmine and Chloe.

...

At three in the afternoon, Yasmine entered Chloe's bedroom with two bottles of formula to feed the little ones.

The weather had cooled, but the sunlight was warm. Chloe placed the babies by the window, basking them in the

gentle rays.

Yasmine's demeanor had softened over the months of caring for the twins, no longer the icy figure she once was.

"Presley will probably want to get involved in the celebration. What are your thoughts?" Yasmine asked suddenly.

Chloe remained unfazed. "He's their great-grandfather. If he insists on coming, I can't stop him."

Yasmine wiped a dribble of milk from her grand-daughter's mouth. "He probably won't cause any trouble. I've

thought it through for him, and he really doesn't have much to gain."

Little Sun found a comfortable position, hugging his bottle contentedly.

Chloe, supporting with one hand, gazed out the window before turning back with a small smile.

"I can't think of anything either."

Ever since her hospital stay, she'd heard about Presley's frequent visits to see the children. But until her discharge,

Alyssa had barred him from so much as holding them. He could only look on from a distance, getting close now and

then, only to be chased away by Alyssa.

The great-grandfather's reputation was terrible in Chloe's mind, but on this issue, Yasmine seemed to have

inadvertently spoken on his behalf.

"Shouldn't you at least make a gesture?" Yasmine teased.

"An invitation?" Chloe replied noncommittally.

Chloe continued, "With his personality, he wouldn't accept such courtesy. In his eyes, attending his great-

grandchildren's celebration banquet is his right, and an invitation would be an insult."

Yasmine smirked, "Right, then don't insult him. On the day, Alyssa will probably know how to 'insult' him better than

you."

Chloe had wondered why her mother had brought up such a redundant topic, so that was the reason. But what did

it have to do with her, the villain?

She wouldn't invite, yet he would come of his own accord, so why bother with such a thankless task?

"That's between them, then."

Yasmine fell silent.

Chloe tested letting go of the bottle, only to find her Little Sun still too small to hold it, and so she continued to

support it.

Leaning back in her chair, her gaze returned to the window.

"Once the celebration banquet is over, are you planning to leave?"

Yasmine's smile faded as she faced Chloe, her expression growing displeased. "What, you're tired of me staying at

your place?"

“Is it not long enough?”

Yasmine glared at her.

“You have your own property, and if that’s not enough, I’ll get you another place.”

Yasmine’s frown deepened. “Fine, kick me out if I’m in the way.”

“Don’t provoke me.”

“I want to be close to my grandchildren.”

Chloe curled her lips into a gentle smile, “You’ve been baby-watching for a hundred days. How many sets of a

hundred days does life give you? You sure you don’t want to tend to your own life? Using your grandkids as a shield

to hide away—Isn’t that a bit embarrassing?”

Yasmine’s face darkened instantly, “I never thought I’d live to see the day when I’d be scorned by my own

daughter, let alone lectured.”

“My mother, as I remember her, was an independent, strong, and charismatic woman. Decisive and clear-cut in her

actions, she never dawdled or dallied.”

She paused, looking at her with a smile, “But the woman standing before me now is evading issues, far from solving

them. Is this really the mother I remember?”

The twins finished their bottles almost simultaneously. Chloe gently wiped their mouths with a burp cloth and stood

up, cradling the empty bottles and walking over to the window to look outside.

“If you linger any longer, I might start believing that that person could outright buy a patch of my land to settle

down here for good.”

Yasmine pursed her lips, staying silent this time.

After taking the empty bottles and wiping the babies’ mouths, she mused, “Do you think I should really sell him a

piece of land?”

Yasmine stood up and joined her by the window, gazing out.

Almost daily, they’d see the same figure on the arched bridge beside the manor, a fixture in the landscape.

Yasmine snatched the baby bottles from Chloe’s hand, “Live your own life and stop meddling with others. If you

think I'm an eyesore in your house, I'll just leave."

Chloe nodded, "Of course, you're always welcome to see the babies. If it's convenient, I'll bring them over to see

you too."

Yasmine held her breath, casting a cold glance at her daughter before taking the bottles and leaving the room.

Chloe turned back to the center of the twin cribs, looking down at the two happy babies gazing up at her, her face

unable to hide her joy.

"Babies, will you miss Grandma if she leaves?"

"Ah-ee."

"Doo-ah."

The little ones obligingly cooed in response.

Chloe laughed heartily, "I know, Grandma's been so good to you, you'll miss her, won't you?"

"Mm-hmm."

"Mm-hmm."

She stroked their soft cheeks and whispered, "But Grandma has her own life to live, right? To make her happy, we

need to let her find her way back to her love, don't we?"

The babies didn't understand Chloe's words, but they kept their eyes fixed on her face, giggling and kicking their

little limbs, their voices like tiny bells, irresistibly adorable.

Chapter 1877

Just as he was about to scoop up the little troublemaker and take him outside, the door of the room swung open

and Elizabeth walked in.

"The guests have all arrived. Why don't you bring the babies out for a bit?"

Rose took Colt over, and Chloe, cradling her son, prepared to join Damon in making their entrance.

As they reached the doorway, Elizabeth caught Chloe's arm, hesitating as if torn whether to speak.

Chloe looked puzzled. "What's up?"

Elizabeth glanced at Damon, then pulled Chloe aside and whispered:

"The thing is that Presley is here too. I think, in this situation, if he wants to hold the babies..."

Chloe nodded. "I understand."

Elizabeth's face showed a hint of apology. "I'm sorry, Chloe, I just can't bear it. It's pitiful to see him like that."

"It's all water under the bridge. No matter what, he's their great-grandfather. I'm doing fine now. As long as the

babies are healthy, I don't have room in my heart for those unhappy memories. Don't worry. A little respect for him

in public is also respect for myself."

Relieved, Elizabeth nodded. "I am so sorry you have to bear this."

Chloe smiled reassuringly. "I get it a little. He wasn't exactly kind to you either, or you wouldn't have eloped with his

son all those years ago. And yet, you still have a soft spot for him, don't you?"

Elizabeth gave a wry smile. "What can I say? No matter how mean he can be, I just can't bring myself to retaliate.

As much as I hate him at times, I pity him too. I've come to terms with it over the years. It is what it is."

Chloe chuckled. "Well, I'm the same. No matter how much he disapproves of me, I'm determined to outlive him. I'll

just indulge him for now."

The words were slightly inappropriate, but they were honest.

Elizabeth also didn't think there was anything to worry about. She gently squeezed Chloe's arm as a reassuring

gesture. "Give Damon a heads-up, so he doesn't stir the pot."

—

When Damon and Chloe emerged into the banquet hall, the bubbling conversations came to an abrupt halt. All eyes

were drawn to them as they approached.

Most guests were eager to catch a glimpse of the twins, but with layers of security, no one could get too close. Not

only had Damon prepared, but Stanley had also mustered additional hands, ensuring that not even a fly could

breach the hotel's perimeter.

The moment they appeared, Alyssa joyfully took Little Moon from Damon's arms into hers.

Chloe glanced at Presley standing at the back and walked towards him, with baby in arms. They faced each other,

expressions neutral, and it was impossible to discern what each was thinking.

Finally, almost simultaneously, their gazes fell on the Little Sun in her arms.

"This is Elio, we've chosen his name. If you're not happy with it, you can pick another," Chloe offered, extending her

son towards Presley.

The gesture caught Presley off guard, his gaze fixated on her in disbelief. It wasn't until he was sure she was serious

about letting him hold the baby that he nervously opened his arms and carefully cradled the baby.

It was the first time in a hundred days that he'd held the baby, the first time he'd seen his face up close. Indeed, a

Harper through and through, he's the spitting image of Damon. Especially the boy's eyes were calmly observing

him. He could tell this baby would grow up wise, composed, and measured.

"I like the name Elio. Good, very good. No need for another name. And the little girl? What's her name?"

Chloe managed a smile. "Luna."

Presley's smile broadened in satisfaction. "Elio, Luna. Excellent, both excellent."

Chloe simply nodded. After all, these were her treasures. How could she give them just any names? Moreover,

these names were given by Damon.

Presley, holding the baby, slowly advanced to stand beside the old lady.

Alyssa glanced at him coldly. "If I were Chloe, I wouldn't give you the chance to get anywhere near the babies."

Presley ignored her comment.

"Thank you all for attending the celebration banquet of my great-grandchildren, Elio and Luna. With your blessings,

the Harper family rejoices in this joyous occasion..."

Though he didn't name names, it was clear to everyone that this was a concession, an acknowledgment, and even

an olive branch to Chloe.

Chloe, standing beside Damon, wore a soft smile, subtle and unobtrusive, unaffected by Presley's words.

Later, a few close acquaintances requested to see the babies, and Chloe didn't refuse.

The celebration began in the morning, with lunch served at noon, and didn't end until the evening. However, the

babies only made a brief appearance at the banquet before being whisked away. The noise and air quality weren't

ideal for the babies, and they were quickly safeguarded. Damon had arranged for a car to take them home early.

The celebration banquet concluded without incident.

As they returned home early, the household staff busily fussed over the two little ones, eagerly playing with them

for a while.

The news was dominated by the Harper family's celebration. The appearance of the babies wasn't publicized, but

Presley's words were the talk of the town.

Because of Chloe, he had caused quite a stir in the past. He cut ties with his grandson, used the company to force

an alliance marriage with the Alonso family, and even used the Global Economic Summit as a platform to exert

pressure and ridicule. He had done everything, both right and wrong.

After all the commotion, he got to hold his great-grandchildren in his arms. Wasn't it all for nothing?

People sneered and gossiped, but that was that. However, the incident taught many old people a lesson.

They should interfere less in the lives of the young. Each had their own path to follow. Their ideas and beliefs were

not always correct. Their way of life certainly wasn't a one-size-fits-all solution.

Forcing the younger generation to walk a path they deemed correct often backfired.

The old people didn't want defiance, but they overlooked that the young ones didn't wish for their lives to be

controlled by others either.

Some still talked about it, some tried to see it from Presley's perspective, some from an outsider's, and some

couldn't help but offer an overall judgment.

As time wore on, people grew tired, the ty faded, and the matter naturally sank into oblivion.

—

Due to the babies, Chloe's biological clock had also readjusted itself along with them.

At half-past seven each morning, the babies woke like clockwork. She'd get up at seven to prepare warm water,

heat the baby bottles, and mix the formula.

After a quick wash, she filled the bottles with hot water and, out of habit, wandered over to the window.

The weather had turned chilly. Outside the manor, the rows of ginkgo trees had turned a sea of yellow; leaves

twirled down even without a breeze. Overnight, the ground had become carpeted with their leaves.

And at the foot of the closest ginkgo to the manor's entrance, a solitary figure stood reliably at this hour.

The man donned a black trench coat, hands in pockets, gazing towards the manor gates. Every day, relentlessly so.

Since leaving the hospital over two months ago, not a day had passed without this routine.

What exactly had happened back then? Two such brilliant people, to have ended up here.

Yasmine had never found it in her to forgive, or perhaps, she had never found a reason to after all these years.

And that man, after years of pursuit, had taken her away on her coronation day for all the nation, even the world,

to see, and even now, he stood humbly by her mother's side.

Yet even so, Yasmine chose not to forgive him.

Chloe was curious. Perhaps if she knew the truth, her rage would exceed her mother's by leaps and bounds, so

much so that she might never let that man near her mother again.

But such interference might backfire.

That wasn't her business, and besides, it wasn't that her mother didn't want to forgive him. It was just that there

was no reason to forgive him. Her interference was not a form of support for her mother.

Yasmine didn't need convincing to leave him. She needed a reason to forgive. So the less Chloe knew about

Mother's past, the better.

All she needed to know was that this man was the one her mother really wanted.

Turning around, she poured the water from the bottles into the sink and adeptly prepared two bottles of formula.

Just as the temperature was right, the two little rascals stirred awake.

Those two, with their surprisingly strong sense of timing.

Damon emerged, freshly washed, to help feed one of them. They worked together seamlessly.

After the feeding and some playtime with the babies, Damon finally got dressed.

Damon's favoritism was as clear as day. If he had a moment, he'd first cradle his little girl, looking at her with the

same tender gaze he reserved for Chloe.

As for his son... Well, blood of his blood, he didn't gaze at him quite like he did at Nathan after all.

Spoiling his little girl wasn't without its rewards. She adored him. Every time he returned from work, Little Moon's

bell-like laughter and excited flailing of tiny arms and legs satisfied some unspoken pride within Damon.

Little Moon seemed to particularly enjoy watching Damon dress. Each morning after feeding, as Damon changed,

she would watch him, kicking and wriggling, but her eyes never strayed from him, not until he was fully dressed,

with Chloe helping him with his tie, watch, and cufflinks.

Wearing a neatly tailored suit, Damon looked energetic, and his aura expanded and radiated with confidence. It left

the little one giggling delightedly.

Once or twice could be coincidence, but it happened too often for it to be just that. The little one truly loved

watching Damon in his suits.

Now she was there again, happily kicking her little legs and chuckling as Chloe adjusted his tie. Looking at her

joyous daughter, Chloe couldn't help but say, "Maybe we should avoid her when getting dressed from now on. She

seems to really like your look."

Damon raised an eyebrow, wrapped his arms around Chloe's waist, and pulled her close, smiling down at her.

Chloe's hands pressed against his chest as she looked up, "What are you doing?"

"How do I look? Handsome or not?"

Chloe's ears tinged with red, "Isn't it obvious?"

Just as he was about to scoop up the little troublemaker and take him outside, the door of the room swung open

and Elizabeth walked in.

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Presley's smile broadened in satisfaction. "Elio, Luna. Excellent, both excellent."

Chloe simply nodded. After all, these were her treasures. How could she give them just any names? Moreover,

these names were given by Damon.

Presley, holding the baby, slowly advanced to stand beside the old lady.

Alyssa glanced at him coldly. "If I were Chloe, I wouldn't give you the chance to get anywhere near the babies."

Presley ignored her comment.

"Thank you all for attending the celebration banquet of my great-grandchildren, Elio and Luna. With your blessings,

the Harper family rejoices in this joyous occasion..."

Though he didn't name names, it was clear to everyone that this was a concession, an acknowledgment, and even

an olive branch to Chloe.

Chloe, standing beside Damon, wore a soft smile, subtle and unobtrusive, unaffected by Presley's words.

Later, a few close acquaintances requested to see the babies, and Chloe didn't refuse.

The celebration began in the morning, with lunch served at noon, and didn't end until the evening. However, the

babies only made a brief appearance at the banquet before being whisked away. The noise and air quality weren't

ideal for the babies, and they were quickly safeguarded. Damon had arranged for a car to take them home early.

The celebration banquet concluded without incident.

As they returned home early, the household staff busily fussed over the two little ones, eagerly playing with them

for a while.

The news was dominated by the Harper family's celebration. The appearance of the babies wasn't publicized, but

Presley's words were the talk of the town.

Because of Chloe, he had caused quite a stir in the past. He cut ties with his grandson, used the company to force

an alliance marriage with the Alonso family, and even used the Global Economic Summit as a platform to exert

pressure and ridicule. He had done everything, both right and wrong.

After all the commotion, he got to hold his great-grandchildren in his arms. Wasn't it all for nothing?

People sneered and gossiped, but that was that. However, the incident taught many old people a lesson.

They should interfere less in the lives of the young. Each had their own path to follow. Their ideas and beliefs were

not always correct. Their way of life certainly wasn't a one-size-fits-all solution.

Forcing the younger generation to walk a path they deemed correct often backfired.

The old people didn't want defiance, but they overlooked that the young ones didn't wish for their lives to be

controlled by others either.

Some still talked about it, some tried to see it from Presley's perspective, some from an outsider's, and some

couldn't help but offer an overall judgment.

As time wore on, people grew tired, the ty faded, and the matter naturally sank into oblivion.

—

Due to the babies, Chloe's biological clock had also readjusted itself along with them.

At half-past seven each morning, the babies woke like clockwork. She'd get up at seven to prepare warm water,

heat the baby bottles, and mix the formula.

After a quick wash, she filled the bottles with hot water and, out of habit, wandered over to the window.

The weather had turned chilly. Outside the manor, the rows of ginkgo trees had turned a sea of yellow; leaves

twirled down even without a breeze. Overnight, the ground had become carpeted with their leaves.

And at the foot of the closest ginkgo to the manor's entrance, a solitary figure stood reliably at this hour.

The man donned a black trench coat, hands in pockets, gazing towards the manor gates. Every day, relentlessly so.

Since leaving the hospital over two months ago, not a day had passed without this routine.

What exactly had happened back then? Two such brilliant people, to have ended up here.

Yasmine had never found it in her to forgive, or perhaps, she had never found a reason to after all these years.

And that man, after years of pursuit, had taken her away on her coronation day for all the nation, even the world,

to see, and even now, he stood humbly by her mother's side.

Yet even so, Yasmine chose not to forgive him.

Chloe was curious. Perhaps if she knew the truth, her rage would exceed her mother's by leaps and bounds, so

much so that she might never let that man near her mother again.

But such interference might backfire.

That wasn't her business, and besides, it wasn't that her mother didn't want to forgive him. It was just that there

was no reason to forgive him. Her interference was not a form of support for her mother.

Yasmine didn't need convincing to leave him. She needed a reason to forgive. So the less Chloe knew about

Mother's past, the better.

All she needed to know was that this man was the one her mother really wanted.

Turning around, she poured the water from the bottles into the sink and adeptly prepared two bottles of formula.

Just as the temperature was right, the two little rascals stirred awake.

Those two, with their surprisingly strong sense of timing.

Damon emerged, freshly washed, to help feed one of them. They worked together seamlessly.

After the feeding and some playtime with the babies, Damon finally got dressed.

Damon's favoritism was as clear as day. If he had a moment, he'd first cradle his little girl, looking at her with the

same tender gaze he reserved for Chloe.

As for his son... Well, blood of his blood, he didn't gaze at him quite like he did at Nathan after all.

Spoiling his little girl wasn't without its rewards. She adored him. Every time he returned from work, Little Moon's

bell-like laughter and excited flailing of tiny arms and legs satisfied some unspoken pride within Damon.

Little Moon seemed to particularly enjoy watching Damon dress. Each morning after feeding, as Damon changed,

she would watch him, kicking and wriggling, but her eyes never strayed from him, not until he was fully dressed,

with Chloe helping him with his tie, watch, and cufflinks.

Wearing a neatly tailored suit, Damon looked energetic, and his aura expanded and radiated with confidence. It left

the little one giggling delightedly.

Once or twice could be coincidence, but it happened too often for it to be just that. The little one truly loved

watching Damon in his suits.

Now she was there again, happily kicking her little legs and chuckling as Chloe adjusted his tie. Looking at her

joyous daughter, Chloe couldn't help but say, "Maybe we should avoid her when getting dressed from now on. She

seems to really like your look."

Damon raised an eyebrow, wrapped his arms around Chloe's waist, and pulled her close, smiling down at her.

Chloe's hands pressed against his chest as she looked up, "What are you doing?"

"How do I look? Handsome or not?"

Chloe's ears tinged with red, "Isn't it obvious?"

Chapter 1878

After a deep kiss, Chloe's cheeks inevitably blushed a conspicuous shade of crimson.

Damon glanced at the little babies and pursed his lips, far from pleased. Clearly, they were like two little

gooseberries.

“Join me for lunch.”

It was only away from these little gooseberries that they could have their real alone time.

Chloe instinctively turned towards the bed, where their adorable babies lay, her expression filled with reluctance.

She hadn't spent that much time with the babies, after all.

Damon's firm hand on her waist tightened slightly.^{d2}

“They've taken up so much of the time that belongs to me. The only reason they've gotten away with it is for your

sake, because they're your precious ones.”

Chloe blinked. “They're your precious ones too.”

Damon's lips formed a straight line, his demeanor clearly showing a touch of annoyance. “If you keep favoring

them over me, they might just lose that privilege.”

Chloe couldn't help but chuckle, reaching up to touch his forehead. “Come on, wake up. They're your son and

daughter, your flesh and blood. You should be happy I love them so much.”

Damon took her hand from his forehead and bit gently on her knuckle. “I used to let them have their way, but not

anymore. If you don't start reflecting and take action, they'll never get another minute of your time from me."

Chloe laughed in spite of herself. "What do you want for lunch? I'll make it and bring it over."

That finally got a smile out of Damon. "I want anything you make."

Chloe smiled back, straightened his clothes, and stepped out of his embrace. "You really should get going."

Damon glanced outside the window. Then nonchalantly turned back, "He can be an eyesore sometimes."

Chloe raised an eyebrow and looked out the window, "Maybe he really did something wrong."

Damon checked his watch, his voice cool and detached, "Is that so?"

Chloe sighed softly, found a jacket for Damon, and helped him into it. "Let them sort it out."

"Mm."

He walked over to the bed, kissed each of the tiny, soft cheeks, and then headed downstairs.

Nate was already waiting by the door. He quickly opened the car door when he saw Damon emerge.

The car rolled away from the house, and Chloe stood by the window, watching the vehicle until it was out of sight.

The gate opened, but instead of leaving slowly as usual, Damon's car stopped under that ginkgo tree, right beside

that man.

Chloe saw Boyd's gaze shift to the car.

The window rolled down, and Damon's handsome profile reflected in Boyd's light brown eyes. His cold personality

made his eyes seem like they were naturally imbued with a chill. His smile was cold and unassuming.

Since Damon forcibly took Yasmine away right under his nose last time, Boyd seemed to have been holding a

grudge. Even now, standing on Damon's soil, he couldn't hide his hostility.

Damon smirked and glanced at his watch. "I hear you made a mistake once."

He cut straight to the point, hitting Boyd's sore spot.

Boyd's brow furrowed, but Damon watched him with a half-smile.

"You couldn't receive forgiveness even after seven or eight years. The mistake must have been quite outrageous."

His smile and words were laced with mockery, irritating Boyd. "What are you trying to say?"

Damon's gaze was drawn to a falling maple leaf, "Not giving up?"

Boyd's hands in his pockets clenched suddenly.

Watching the leaf hit the ground, Damon spoke again, "Better to atone with death than live without forgiveness?"

Nate, sitting in the driver's seat, was slightly taken aback. When had Damon started meddling in others' affairs?

Even if it involved his wife's mother, feelings between two people couldn't be interfered with, no matter how close

they were. Hadn't his wife always been clear on that?

And Damon was never the type to meddle. What was going on today?

Damon's words provoked a glare from Boyd. "It is none of your business."

Nate scratched his head uncomfortably. He sneaked a glance at Damon's expression – there was nothing unusual.

"Out of my generosity, I'll let you linger until death. But it seems to me, rather than wasting away here, you might

as well end it now and spare yourself some agony. I understand though, fear of death is human nature."

Damon finished calmly, lifting his eyes to Boyd once more with a mocking smile.

The window closed, and the car departed. Chloe watched Damon's car disappear completely before turning her

gaze to Boyd. He stood unchanged, motionless, lost in thought. After a while, he suddenly reached for a cigarette,

lit it, and stood facing the mansion's gate, silent and still.

It's too far to make out his expression.

Curious, Chloe wondered what Damon had said to him. It was rare to see Boyd smoke. Was he upset?

Though puzzled, she couldn't come up with an answer. She turned back to the bed, and seeing her babies' joyful

laughter, she couldn't resist showering them with kisses.

Elizabeth knocked and entered. She went straight to the adorable little ones. Delighted by their lively cuteness, she

buried her face in their small chests, causing them to giggle. Then she stood up, her face turning to Chloe with a

hint of grievance.

"What's wrong?"

Elizabeth took a deep breath, looking ready to cry, "Chloe, did you say something to your mother?"

Chloe was confused: "Hm?"

"She's packing up. And she says you're kicking her out."

Chloe paused, then laughed helplessly.

“Is it true, Chloe?”

Chloe nodded. “Yeah. I did mention it to her.”

Elizabeth looked disapprovingly at her. “How can you just kick her out? She’s finally back, with two adorable

grandkids, and she helps me look after them every day.”

Chloe ran a hand through her hair, a look of concern etched on her face. “So, where is she?”

Elizabeth sniffed slightly, “In her room, no doubt crying her eyes out.”

“I’ll go check on her then. Can you watch the kids for a bit?”

Elizabeth nodded vigorously, “Sure, you go check on her.”

—

Yasmine’s door was slightly ajar. Chloe hesitated, her hand poised to knock, but she decided against it and gently

pushed the door open instead.

In the corner sat a suitcase, and on the neatly made bed lay a purse. The room was spartan in its simplicity. After

two months, the only personal items on the nightstand were a cellphone and a few books.

The woman who had been hurt by Chloe's unceremonious dismissal stood by the window, wrapped in a woolen

tartan shawl, clutching it tightly to herself, unmoving.

Chloe let out a soft smile as she softly closed the door behind her and approached.

Yasmine turned around, her face betraying a numb discomfort. She drew the shawl closer and her expression

chilled. "What? Can't stand the sight of me?"

Chloe feigned ignorance, "What are you looking at?"

Yasmine's brow twitched and she pressed her lips together, "Can't I enjoy the view one last time before I go?"

Chloe walked over to the window, her gaze settling on the figure lingering at the manor's entrance. Her lips curled

into a smile. "The view is indeed lovely," she admitted, unable to suppress a chuckle.

The excuse her mother had come up with was so childishly simple.

Turning back to Yasmine, whose expression had turned frosty and silent, Chloe probed, "So, you're saying I'm

kicking you out?"

With a scoff, Yasmine retorted, "What's the use of having children when they don't even want you to stay around?"

Chloe nodded thoughtfully, "I take back what I said. I'm not trying to kick you out. Damon mentioned that guy looks

rather bothersome, and I agree. But he is an elder, after all, and I can't very well be rude. The kids have grown

accustomed to you, so why don't you go down and set things straight with him? Tell him not to hang around here

anymore, ruining our mood."

Yasmine's frown deepened.

"I really hope you can stay and continue to help with the kids. And you brought that man here after all, so it's only

fair you deal with him, right? You're not scared to face him, are you?"

"Chloe, this is childish," Yasmine could tell Chloe was pushing her to confront Boyd. "Do you really think these

shallow tricks can provoke me?"

"What do you think, if I were to go down and talk to him, would he obediently leave?"

Silence fell between them, and Yasmine's face grew even more troubled. She knew that man was too proud to be

swayed by a few words from anyone else.

After a deep breath and a long look out the window, she conceded that the constant visits were indeed irritating.

“I’ll go and talk to him.”

Chloe shrugged, “That would be a big help.”

Chapter 1879

Yasmine struggled with a stern expression. After hearing Boyd’s words, she suddenly looked up at him with anger.

“Don’t tell me you’re planning to whisk me away against my will – again!”

Boyd paused, a wry smile breaking through. “Why do I need to be reminded today of what I’ve always known, by

that kid, no less?”

At this point, Yasmine knew exactly what he meant. After the initial tension, she became eerily calm. Staring at him

coldly, one hand clenching her shawl, she said, “Speaking of unwillingness, Boyd, expecting me to act as if the past

never happened and to be with you just like that – I can’t.”

“Then stay by my side and take your time getting revenge.”

Yasmine smirked, “Stay by your side for revenge? Will my child come back? Will the scar on my body vanish?”

With those words, a shiver ran through her. "I don't want to keep bringing up the past, Boyd. If I could, I'd choose to

forget it all my life. But your presence keeps reminding me – I can't get past it. Aren't you in love with Serana? How

can you pester me like this? How is that fair to her?"d2

Pain was evident on Boyd's face.

Yasmine knew that dredging up the past only hurt them both, but the fact remained – he was unwilling to let go, he

wanted a life with her, and how was he supposed to face all of that?

"It's me who's wronged her. It's you I love."

"Ha."

Her scornful laughter was all that answered his heartfelt declaration.

"Yeah, I know. So, the best revenge is to deny you what you want. Serana is gone. You loved her, but now you've

lost her completely. And now you love me again? Thanks for giving me this perfect chance for revenge."

Yasmine could feel the blood in her arms stop flowing. With a twisted smile, she delighted in the turmoil she saw in

Boyd's emotions.

Because she had successfully inflicted pain.

He deserved to suffer. Why should he live so freely?

"Have you said enough?" It took a while for Boyd to utter those words, his voice flat and cold.

Yasmine was silent.

Boyd slowly lifted his gaze to her, then a smirk formed on his lips. Suddenly, he pulled her into an embrace, his grip

on her waist nearly dragging her into the car parked nearby.

"What are you doing, Boyd!"

Yasmine struggled furiously, her shawl slipping from her shoulders, leaving her disheveled, but Boyd seemed

oblivious, ignoring her protests as he shut the car door and ordered the driver to leave.

Throughout the drive, Yasmine's strength was no match for his firm hold, rendering her unable to move.

"Boyd..."

"Yasmine, you can try to hurt me all you want. But no matter what you say, the outcome will always be what I want.

Your words don't count, and nobody else has the right to interfere – not that they could if they tried."

Yasmine had dealt with all sorts – thugs, schemers, you name it. But against someone as shameless as Boyd, she

found herself out of options.

He only used force. He never listened to anyone else, always did as he pleased, never giving anyone a chance to

choose.

“What can you do other than forcefully taking people away?”

“If I spoke nicely to you, would you obediently listen?”

Yasmine pressed her lips together.

“You won’t stay by my side willingly, and you think you’re always right. If I want you, this is the only way.”

Yasmine closed her eyes, taking several deep breaths. “Boyd, you say you love me, right? You want me to seek

revenge? To let me have my way with you?”

Her tone cooled as she desperately tried to reason with him one last time.

The talk of revenge was unfiltered, flat, and cold, leaving no room for reconciliation between them.

As she calmed down, Boyd straightened her shawl. He seemed accustomed to her words, and when he spoke, his

voice carried no trace of emotion. "If there's a better way to take revenge, naturally, I'd choose the best."

"What's the point of keeping me with you by force?"

"I want you, just you, by my side. I'm a jerk, Yasmine, so stop trying to reason with me. You've always known that."

Finally, Yasmine snapped, her voice low and furious, "I don't understand!"

She shrugged off his hand from her shawl. "I can't figure it out, so I don't want to play this game anymore, okay?"

A faint smile played on Boyd's lips, his tone unhurried, "You really don't understand, which is why you keep trying to

convince me to let you go, or to leave me."

Yasmine pursed her lips and turned her head to gaze out the other window, finally falling silent.

Boyd didn't speak again. Having her by his side was enough for now. And if he said anything more, he knew it

wouldn't elicit any response from her. Her patience with him had been exhausted for the day.

He knew she hated him, but he still wanted her close, unwilling to give up.

Initially, he thought that at least he could see her. Later he found that wearing down her patience would make her

stay quietly by his side.

Even if she would rise again tomorrow, he would simply wear her down once more. Then she'd remain within his

sight.

He might even quietly get closer to her, as the situation allowed.

She liked to read quietly, and he could sit by her side and join her. She enjoyed experimenting with recipes, and

he'd get a taste of whatever she cooked. She had a passion for flower arranging and the art of tea, and he would

make a special spot to grow her favorite flowers, and seek out the world's finest tea leaves and teaware. On the

days her mood was good, he might even share a cup with her.

These were his unexpected joys.

The car didn't head out of town but stopped in front of a villa near the city center.

Yasmine had no fight left, just a cold gaze as she took in the villa before her. Boyd tried to lead her inside, but she

dodged away.

He didn't seem perturbed by her resistance, and despite her reluctance, he took her hand in his and led her toward

the interior of the property.

"This is the best place I could find close to Greenfield Village. If you ever want to see your daughter or those two

little grandkids, it'll be easy to come and go."

A flicker of emotion passed through Yasmine's eyes. Instead of taking her straight inside the house, Boyd guided

her around to the back of the villa. There, several greenhouses stood.

"The chill is setting in, and I was worried about some of the flowers getting frostbite. Over there is the veggie patch,

and that greenhouse is full of strawberries. You can pick them fresh in a bit."

Yasmine, her face an indifferent mask, allowed herself to be pulled into one of the greenhouses. Instantly, a wave

of floral scent enveloped them.

Potted plants in full bloom dotted the space. Two-thirds of the greenhouse was freshly turned soil, divided into plots

with various seedlings taking root.

“Once spring comes, we can transplant these seedlings outside. If you’d like to design the garden yourself, I can

help,” Boyd offered.

“What are you getting at?” Yasmine suddenly asked with a cold voice, “You’re giving up the presidential residence?”

Chapter 1880

The Angel’s Haven Orphanage wasn’t exactly a beacon for philanthropy. Nestled in an unassuming corner of town,

it was too small to catch the eye of tycoons or celebrities looking for a charity to boost their image. Without the lure

of media buzz, the orphanage didn’t attract those seeking to showcase their generosity for a PR boost. Everyone

knew that big gestures during a crisis got more attention than the quiet struggle of making ends meet.

Still, Angel’s Haven Orphanage stayed afloat through the years, thanks to the silent support of a few true philanthropists who didn’t need their names in lights.

Yasmine was too young to understand these complexities at six or seven. But as she grew older, the weight of the

orphanage’s struggles became more apparent. The quality of meals improved with every benefactor’s visit, and the

director’s smile returned briefly, teaching Yasmine that their survival hinged on the kindness of strangers.

To the kids, these visitors were akin to Santa Claus, distributing cookies, toys, or books in the classroom, leaving

them beaming with joy. All except for one boy, who, despite his tender age, always seemed to cloak himself in

solitude, warding off any approach with an invisible barrier.

Yasmine, for her part, often sat alone by the flowerbeds, with a book in her hands, observing her peers with a

careful, almost investigative gaze. She hoped to find a friend among them, yet over time, she realized they were

too transparent, their motives too simple, their attempts at friendship too clumsy.

Occasionally, so-called philanthropists would arrive with their entourage of journalists, making a show of handing

over an oversized check and spouting rehearsed lines, only to wear a look of distaste once the cameras were off. It

dawned on Yasmine that in a world that only accepted the good, everyone had to play the part.^{d2}

Her detachment grew as she watched from the sidelines, until one day she noticed the aloof boy with his nose

always in a book, just like her. Their eyes met, and it was clear that if she wanted to understand him, she'd have to

try a different tactic.

Boyd had reached the same conclusion. Both had seen through the charades at Angel's Haven Orphanage and

were bored with the superficiality. They started a silent game of getting to know each other, building impenetrable

walls they thought unassailable.

Yet, somehow, they became what others saw as "good friends," a concept neither fully understood nor accepted.

But their lives seemed richer for it, and even the director seemed relieved, seeing in their unique bond a semblance

of normalcy.

For two years, this was their life. Then Serena arrived. With her short-cropped hair and a white dress that barely

hinted at her gender, she was a mystery. Yasmine learned that Serena was seven and had lost her parents in a car

accident. Thrown from the vehicle just before it exploded, Serena was deaf in one ear and her scalp had been

spared from worse burns thanks to a sprinkler in the field where she landed.

Serena kept to herself, just like Yasmine had, repelling any attempts at friendship.

Yasmine always felt a sense of familiarity with this girl Serana, as if she was seeing her past self.

On the surface, she seemed to be more fortunate than Serana. Her body was healthy and there were no issues.

Yasmine had noticed that during crucial conversations, despite Serana's obvious fear and shyness, she would strive

to listen attentively, afraid to miss even a single word. Yasmine found it hard to watch.

Serana was self-conscious due to her left ear being deaf. Aside from these, Yasmine could also see the longing and

desire in Serana's eyes. It might be the longing for her parents, or the desire to have some friends, after all, she

was just a child.