

## CHOSEN 231

### Chapter 231

“Alright. Ekinda thought her sexual orientation was change and that she took you away”

Nate, who was driving in front, thought to himself,

Bit, please allow me to sincerely say that your image is about to collapse

“Demon, you really need to stop. I’ve said it many times, Rose is my good friend Can’t what she said today prove anything? Besides, I’m not gay!

“I know. But I won’t allow anything bad to happen between us. When she showed you that kind of movie, and Hound out, I couldn’t just stand by and do nothing, okay?

“You’re really overthinking it and being too overbearing

Damon reached out to grab Chloe’s hand, pulling her into his arms, his fingers caressing her chin His fingertips were warm, his voice low and metto, and between his words, there was a faint smell of alcohol, which was very tempting

“Overbearing?” He pecked her lips lightly, “You’ve known her for over ten years, known tance for over ten years, and even known your half sister for so many years. But you’ve been with me for less than a month. Can you give me a break?”

Chloe looked at him in surprise

Was he really so lacking in confidence?

“Don’t look at me like that. It’s kinda embarrassing”

He was always used to having the upper hand and arranging everything within his control

But it seemed that there was an exception – her

Chloe smiled slightly, “Hearing you say that, it seems like I’ve been too frivolous to develop such a relationship with you in just a month?”

Damon’s eyes flashed, and he tightened his grip on her chin, ‘Not really.”

Although he said that, his big palm gradually moved to her back, along her neck, and trailed down her delicate spine.

Chloe’s body stiffened slightly, and she pushed him away with the hand on his shoulder.

Damon’s hand stopped at her waist, and he nuzzled her neck with his nose.

“Rather, your restraint is really testing my patience.”

Chloe didn’t say anything for a while, listening to the man’s low and hoarse voice, her heart racing, unable to respond.

Her skin was imprinted with warmth, followed by lingering kisses on her skin, and the palm on her waist burned her like a branding iron.

Chloe’s scalp tingled.

He had been drinking, and not just a little.

The car was too quiet, so his breath sounded very clear.

Chloe couldn't help but be aware of Nate in the front seat.

It was really inappropriate for them to do this with someone else present

, and Nate had now become her reason to deny Damon.

However, in the blink of an eye, Nate had put up the partition between the front and rear seats.

The hand that was on her waist suddenly began caressing the edge of her shirt.

There were several moments when she thought his hand would reach under her shirt.

But it never happened.

In the end, Damon let her go. Sensing her tense body, he smiled slightly, his deep eyes shimmering with a charming light.

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In the end, Damon let go of Chloe. Noticing that she was tense, he gave a slight smile, his deep eyes filled with tenderness.

"Nervous?"

Chloe didn't speak, but he could see the stiffness in her eyes.

He leaned in to kiss her chin, "Don't worry, I'm serious about pursuing you. I won't take advantage of you before you agree to be with me. But don't make me wait too long, okay?"

Chloe breathed a little easier

Damon let her go, grabbed the bag next to them, and handed it to Chloe.

“Take out the two lipstick your friend gave you,”

Chloe was puzzled, “Why?”

Though she asked, she still took out the lipsticks.

Damon took the two lipsticks from her.

“Don’t use them.”

“Why?”

Chloe immediately tried to take them back. Although she wasn’t good at dressing up, lipstick was a must-have.

Besides, those two colors were her favorites.

Damon quickly pulled his hand back, “If you like them, I’ll buy them for you.”

“But we can’t waste these!”

“We’re not short of these two.”

“You...”

“Now you’re mine. Everything about you is—including your lips. So, it’s up to me to decide.”

As he said this, he touched her forehead and changed his sitting position.

Chloe felt a little helpless and somewhat angry.

Damon was still so domineering. Although he had changed a bit in her presence, some things were still deeply ingrained.

“Damon, do I have to cut ties with Rose to prove my seriousness about our relationship?”

Damon gently stroked her hair, leaning on the car window, his mouth slightly hooked and his eyes revealing a lazy charm. “You don’t have to choose between us two. It’s not fair to me.”

Chloe’s heart tightened.

She quietly looked at Damon’s handsome face, his eyes full of confidence.

She had to admit, he was really smart. There were some things she hadn’t even thought of choosing, yet he already knew her answer.

If she had to choose between Damon and Rose, she would choose Rose without hesitation.

“...I’m sorry.”

Damon chuckled softly, his voice as gentle as morning mist.

“It’s okay. Let her be arrogant in your heart for a few more days...”

He gently caressed her cheek, his hand slowly moving behind her ear, tightly grabbing her neck and pulling her toward him.

Their foreheads touched lightly, the scent of alcohol mixed with his unique, refreshing smell, creating a one-of-a-kind aroma.

“After all, you’re mine.”

Chloe’s eyelashes trembled ever so slightly.

When Rose returned home, the first thing she did was turn on her computer. S

ure enough, there was an unread email in her inbox.

She clicked on it without hesitation. After buffering for a couple of seconds, the video began to play.

Before the video started, she got up and poured herself a glass of water.

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Rose got a bit tipsy tonight.

Well, that’s because Damon brought some really good boozs

On her way back, she could feel it – this alcohol had quite a kickr

As she walked to her computer sipping water, she heard a woman’s suppressed voice mixed with a man’s panting from a video. Rose frowned in confusion. The computer screen was reflective, so she had to lean over and sit down to see it property

But as soon as her eyes met the screen, she spat out the mouthful of water she was drinking.

There they were a man and a woman, doing something unspeakable

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Her water sprayed on the computer screen, blurring her view

Her computer tower

here were so many important files on it?

Rose quickly wiped her laptop with tissues. After making sure it still worked, she breathed a sigh of relief. Wiping her mouth, the video suddenly featured the woman screaming

She accidentally saw the “ugly thing” of the unattractive man in the video

She felt so disgusted that she couldn't even swallow her water

Why did the woman moan so much for such an ugly thing!

She grabbed more tissues and wiped her lips vigorously

She slammed her cup down on the table with a “thud

Anger was burning inside her!

She quickly typed a message to Chloe on her phone,

[“Damon, is he a pervert?!”]

After sending it, she tossed her phone aside

Chloe, who was already in the elevator of Emerald Valley Estates, looked at her phone, puzzled

What could make Rose so angry?

She glanced at Damon standing beside her, "Did you do something to upset Rose? How come she's still so angry even after going home?"

Damon's eyes swept over Chloe's phone, and he smiled, "You can ask her what she thinks."

What she thinks?

Hearing this familiar phrase, Chloe, as smart as she is, almost instantly realized what had happened.

"You didn't..."

"What?"

Seeing Damon's calm expression, Chloe hesitated.

Did she misunderstand?

Chloe thought about it and replied to Rose,

["Probably not "]

Rose, ["Goodbye."]

Chloe looked at Damon doubtfully again.



He... couldn't be that kind of person, right?

Soon, the elevator door opened, and Damon escorted Chloe to her doorstep but he had no intention of going in.

Chloe was taken aback and blurted, "Don't you want to come in for a bit?"

Damon held her hand tightly,

"I really want to, but I can't. I drank tonight, so don't let me get close to you easily. I don't think I have enough resistance."

Chloe's face flushed.

"Can you handle yourself?"

"Mhm. Go inside."

"Then you should go back, wash up, and rest as soon as possible"

"Alright."

As Chloe closed the door and sighed in relief, she couldn't forget what Rose had said earlier that night.

it was precious to her.

Looking at the electronic invitation from T University a few days ago on her phone, Chloe frowned.

In fact, without an invitation, as long as you're a T University student and want to attend, the school won't refuse.

Only those who have done well in society after leaving school will receive special treatment

Sending invitations is the schools way of showing sincerity, hoping they would attend, bring honor and show off their achievements.

But why would she, a student expelled from school, receive an invitation?

She couldn't help but suspect that this invitation was a trap set for her.

Chloe sneered, threw her phone aside, and went into the bathroom.

Chapter 234

Hospital.

Keira lay in bed, waiting for the ice cube in her mouth to melt before she spoke,

"Did you get everything done?"

Her agent, Cassie, nodded and whispered, "Don't worry, It's just an extra invitation, no big deal."

Keira smiled with satisfaction, her face full of malice and resentment,

"I'll make sure she suffers twice as much humiliation as I've been through these days!"

At this moment, the door to the ward was knocked.

Keira's gloomy expression gradually faded, and her usually radiant face appeared pale without makeup.

Amelia came to visit with a few friends.

Seeing Keira's pale and weak appearance, they felt even more pity.

"It's all Chloe's fault for making Keira like this!" Amelia said angrily.

"How could she be so mean? Bullying Keira is one thing, but causing a scene at the Summers family's anniversary party was just outrageous!"

"She was hanging out with several guys and still clinging to Lance, so disgusting..."

Hearing them all talking about Chloe, Keira felt a surge of pleasure.

"Okay, let's not talk about this..."

Amelia became even angrier when she heard Keira's words, "Keira, how many times have I told you being too kind will only get you hurt! Why are you always like this, always unconditionally defending her?"

Keira shook her head, "I just don't want to mention her for now. Can we talk about something happy when we're together?"

Amelia paused, then suddenly clapped her hands, her eyes lighting up, "That's right, the school celebration is next Friday!"

Mentioning this, everyone in the room got excited.

"Our T University is a prestigious school in the country, having cultivated many talents over the years. Business, politics, entertainment, all have our T University people!\*

"Yeah, not to mention the entertainment industry. Keira is now the hottest female star!"

“Right, as far as I know, the movie star Winston is also a T University student, right? He went abroad halfway through and recently returned to the country! Will he also go to the celebration...”

“Winston? Keira knows him. They even chatted together when she went abroad last time!”

“Ah, really? Then, Keira, you talk to Winston and ask him to go to the school celebration too...”

“There’s nothing difficult about that. Since Keira and Winston are friends, it should be no problem!”

Keira’s face changed slightly, but everyone in the room was looking at her expectantly, so she could only nod reluctantly, “I’ll find a chance to talk to him.”

The following day at 7:30.

Winston’s apartment.

Assistant Emily came early to report.

At this moment, Emily and Winston’s assistant Manuel sat side by side on the sofa, staring intently at the clock in the center of the coffee table. As the time approached 8 o’clock, the two became increasingly nervous.

“Emily, do you dare to wake Winston up?”

Emily shook her head quickly and said decisively,

“No, I don’t dare!”

She was also one of Winston's super fans. She was initially looking forward to getting close to her idol today, but forgot about this important matter!

Winston's famous morning moodiness!

It was a well-known secret.

Want to know how bad Winston's morning mood is?

Just look at how popular he is.

Manuel glanced at the clock on the coffee table. One minute left until 8 o'clock.

He took a deep breath and said solemnly, "Alright, I got it. I'll go wake him up."

He stood up and walked toward Winston's bedroom.

However, halfway there, he stopped and turned to smile at Emily.

"Emily, could you help me add some water to the vase in the living room first?"

She'd do anything as long as she didn't have to wake Winston up!

Especially something as simple as this.

"Okay, I'll do it right away!"

So Manuel watched the clock on the coffee table past 8 o'clock as Emily ran into the living room with a glass of water and casually poured it into the vase. Manuel silently walked to the door, crouching down and covering his ears.

Five seconds later-

“Ha ahh ahh, ha ahh ahh, ha ahh ahh...”

Emily froze on the spot, her face pale gradually.

Listening to this super loud sound, she felt like her eardrums were trembling!

“Oh

my God! What’s going on? Manuel...”

Her panicked eyes scanned the room, only to find Manuel crouched in the corner by the door, clutching his head.

Manuel raised his head and smiled awkwardly at her.

At this moment, the door to the bedroom was suddenly flung open, and Winston’s handsome face appeared gloomy. In Emily’s eyes, it seemed like he was surrounded by a layer of cold, dark mist, ready to swallow them up.

The two looked at Winston in horror, and the three became entangled in a brief standoff.

“Ha ahh ahh, ha ahh ahh, ha ahh ahh...!”

This eerie atmosphere, coupled with this unique background music, created quite the scene....

Winston’s facial muscles twitched.

Oh, my...

Emily was on the verge of tears.

However, just then, the door was opened once again.

Chloe opened the door, and a wave of intense sound slammed into her.

Manuel saw Chloe and instantly felt like she was draped in a layer of golden light.

Chloe quickly closed the door, afraid of disturbing the neighbors upstairs and downstairs.

Manuel approached Chloe, feeling extremely depressed, wanting to cry but couldn't, "Chloe, it's not the sound of a siren today."

Chloe nodded calmly, "Yeah, it's random."

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Chloe strolled into the room without a care in the world, completely ignoring the bad vibes coming from Winston.

Instead, she looked at him with a teasing smile, "So, did you not recover from that vaccine I gave you yesterday?"

Winston's face grew even darker.

"Did you do this?"

Chloe raised her eyebrows at him, confirming it.

“You witch!”

Chloe casually swiped her phone a few times, and the boiling, magical background music in the room suddenly stopped.

Winston’s mouth twitched involuntarily!

Damn, it’s even controlled by her phone!

“You have ten minutes to get ready.”

With a loud “bang.” the door was forcefully closed.

At this moment, Manuel, looking disheveled, walked towards Chloe.

Chloe glanced at the Emily who was still angry, and pursed her lips.

“Chloe...”

“Don’t play the victim with me. You deserve it for messing with innocent girls.”

Manuel’s mouth dropped open in surprise, “But wasn’t this your idea?”

“But you could have chosen not to do it, right? In the end, it’s still because of you...”

Manuel quickly raised his hands in surrender, “It’s my fault, I chickened out, and I should take responsibility.”

Chloe nodded, walked into the living room, and looked at the flowers that had been carefully cared for over the past two days.



Not bad at all.

Ten minutes later, Winston opened the door right on time, a

lready dressed and ready to go.

Manuel and Emily were both so surprised their jaws almost hit the floor.

Their admiration for Chloe was overflowing all the way to the broadcasting room.

“Chloe, do you have some dirt on Winston? Why do you look so innocent and harmless?”

Winston sneered to the side.

Innocent and harmless? Ha!

Six years ago, she was indeed like that.

Even a hundred or a thousand times weaker than these descriptions!

Now?

Aside from her emotional intelligence not improving, she didn’t get the title of “witch” for nothing!

Chloe just hooked her lips, “Nope. It would be a headache for me if he had any dirt.”

Winston’s high-profile return to the country and his first appearance was well received.

The star effect was extraordinary, and Spotlight Beauty's market research found that the sales in just one day were equal to one-third of the previous month's sales.

One-third that was an impressive number.

In contrast, at the Olson Group...

After she resigned and left, Keira stepped in with her equally massive fan base, but sales didn't improved a lot. Plus, the sales could only go in one direction with her current negative news. But since Keira fainted and was hospitalized yesterday, several well-known entertainment bloggers started a new trend, and Keira's image gradually recovered.

Basically, they were claiming that, Keira had recently encountered a series of difficulties, causing her mental state to suffer greatly, and that unable to bear the pressure, she finally fainted

on the street.

Lance put down his company's burden and rushed to the hospital as soon as possible. He stayed by Keira's bedside all night, showing great concern.

The following was said,

"In mutual support, love is so simple and pure."

"True love is invincible."

"Lance and Keira show true love in adversity."

Chloe sneered. True love indeed shines in adversity!

Chapter 236

Chloe snorted sarcastically, “Well, how touching!”

Winston clearly sensed a subtle change in Chloe’s mood. Looking up at her, her face was still calm and indifferent, but the sneer on her lips clearly proved that his feeling was right. Glancing at the tablet in Chloe’s hand, Winston’s face darkened.

Are they still worried about those two at a time like this?

Chloe, you’re beyond help!

At this moment, the car stopped. Chloe calmly put away the tablet, picked up a black hat from the side, and threw it to Winston before getting out of the car herself. Manuel and Emily also got out of the car, followed by Winston.

The three of them then surrounded Winston and headed towards the TV station building.

Chloe suggested keeping Winston’s whereabouts a secret, as his popularity would inevitably cause unnecessary chaos wherever he went.

However, fans always find a way to track their idols, especially in places like TV stations where fans often lurk.

There weren’t many fans who knew about Winston’s schedule, but there were already a lot of people gathered there.

Chloe had seen from the car that most of the people outside were fans of other celebrities.

As soon as Winston got out of the car, fans started screaming.

“Winston, Winston!”

“Ahhhhhh!”

Winston wore the hat, but his face was still gloomy.

In the end, people are always complex and contradictory beings.

Take celebrities for example, their success is undoubtedly due to the support of their fans.

They want more fans while also resenting and despising the irrational fanaticism of their fans.

Winston was no exception.

Especially since he was naturally cold-hearted.

But that’s exactly what the fans loved about him.

A single fan’s scream immediately attracted many others.

After all, Winston was an internationally renowned actor, so it was bound to attract the attention of other fans.

The situation became a bit crowded for a moment, and the TV station’s security personnel had to step in and maintain order. Finally squeezing through the entrance of the TV station, the group let out a sigh of relief..

Manuel and Emily’s arms were somehow filled with a bunch of gifts.

The two ran to the front desk to ask for storage. Winston stood there, impatiently patting his not-so-wrinkled clothes.

Chloe glanced at the time, and it was already past nine o'clock.

"Well, if it isn't my old classmate!"

A somewhat hearty male voice sounded next to her.

Chloe didn't pay much attention, as the term 'old classmate' seemed to have little to do with her.

'Chloe?'

Only when her name was called did Chloe look up at the person.

Her bright eyes narrowed slightly.

A group of people walked towards them.

The face at the front was not entirely unfamiliar to her.

Philip Reed.

A domestic actor who's somewhere between A-list and B-list.

The Reed family owned their own entertainment company. Philip had a great appearance and image. At the beginning, the company didn't have many outstanding artists, so he took matters into his own hands. Now he has taken over the family business.

His accomplishments were quite impressive.

He and Chloe did indeed go to the same high school and then to college together. They were indeed old classmates, but there wasn't much interaction between the two.

Oh, maybe the only connection was that, back in school, Philip was once a passionate pursuer of Keira.

Chapter 237

Philip had major crush on Kelra since they were in school.

Last year, they co-starred in an urban mystery romance drama, which caught the wave of popular mystery dramas. The two of them gained fame together.

Not long ago, they were hyped up as a couple on-screen, and they still have a lot of fans now.

The two seemed to have an unspoken understanding when it came to promoting themselves as a couple. When they occasionally appeared together in public, it always attracted

attention.

Chloe glanced at the woman standing behind Philip.

At this point, Philip and his group had stopped in front of her.

Chloe was dressed in a white suit today, looking elegant and cool. Her long hair was neatly pulled back, giving off a strong aura of indifference.

Philip looked her up and down and said, "I knew it was you."

Chloe didn't miss the disdain and disgust in his eyes.

"Ah, it's Mr. Reed," Chloe replied indifferently.

Philip didn't like her cold attitude but didn't show it. Instead, he asked with a smile, "What are you doing here?"

"Working," Chloe answered casually.

"You're really something! If you ever need any help, just let me know. After all, we're classmates. I'll try my best to help you out, don't be too hard on yourself."

Chloe gave him a brief glance.

She knew he must have seen those photos online.

Regardless of the photos, Chloe knew that she wasn't considered a good person in the eyes of others.

"I have some things to attend to. See you at the school anniversary."

Philip said and glanced at Winston, who was wearing a low-brimmed hat that covered most of his face, with a hint of contempt in his eyes. He walked past Chloe, and the woman beside him hurriedly followed.

Chloe's gaze fell back on the woman, watching her hurry away before slowly looking away. She blinked and raised her delicate eyebrows, the look in her eyes giving Winston goosebumps.

"What are you thinking?"

Winston couldn't help but ask.

Chloe was a woman who sometimes made him feel that her survival so far was a miracle.

But he also knew that her scheming mind was sometimes too deep for people to fathom.

Like now, he could tell she was definitely thinking about something!

But he just didn't know what she was thinking about!

Her gaze was calculating yet not.

It was like watching a mystery movie, where everyone else was enjoying the process of deduction, while she, like the mastermind, was already enjoying the thrill of success. Chloe smiled slightly and pointed at Philip's retreating figure, "I find him quite interesting."

Winston was so annoyed by Chloe that he didn't want to talk.

Her taste in men made him want to gouge her eyes out.

What a waste!

What's the use of these eyes?!

Chapter 238

Winston went to get his makeup done, while Chloe went to discuss the details of the show with the host. Since it was an interview program, they had to modify and replace some sensitive questions.

Chloe's face is quite recognizable now, after all, she's been an internet celebrity lately.

But she's gotten a little too famous for her own good!

More and more people can't accept her being Winston's agent.

In such a large studio, so far, there are only the TV station staff.



“How could the perfect mega movie star Winston agree to let such an insensitive woman be his agent?”

“I hope Winston won’t be fooled by her.”

“Don’t worry, Winston won’t take her seriously. She won’t last long!”

After almost finishing talking with the director, Manuel came to Chloe with a gloomy face.

Chloe checked the time and saw it was almost time.

“Is the makeup done?”

Manuel shook his head, “Chloe, Winston refuses to get his makeup done. He’s mad and scared the makeup artist to tears.”

Chloe frowned, “Let’s go take a look.”

The director of the show also heard and hurriedly followed Chloe.

In the makeup room.

The atmosphere was heavy, Winston sat sullenly in the corner, and the makeup artist was crying by the door, her eyes swollen.

Seeing the director, the makeup artist cried even harder.

A crowd had gathered outside the door, and Chloe just closed the door.

There are three main elements to guard against in the entertainment industry: photos, videos, and recordings.

As long as you don't get caught by any of these three, everything can be solved.

Winston's behavior today, if caught by someone with ulterior motives, would certainly be labeled as being a bully.

On the way from the studio to the makeup room, Manuel had secretly told her everything.

The makeup artist and her two assistants ganged up on Chloe in front of Winston, influenced by the online rumors.

Winston had been holding back his temper when he heard this, but the makeup artist touched his taboo at this time.

The makeup was a bit heavy, and in the end, they wanted to give him eyeliner.

In Winston's eyes, eyeliner is something women like.

Chloe walked up to Winston, hooked his chin with her hand, looked left and right, and touched his face. His skin was so good that her fingers just slid off.

Chloe's teasing ways made everyone in the makeup room hold their breath, even the makeup artist stopped crying.

Winston's ears turned slightly red.

"What are you doing?"

Chloe let go of her hand, "Winston, you have to wear the eyeliner."

Winston's eyebrows immediately furrowed.

"It's an interview program, the camera is very close. The show itself is a bit boring, the audience's attention is on your face. You got up early this morning, your eyes are a bit puffy, and you look a little tired. So you need to wear it. Just draw a thin line. Do you want people to point at your face on TV and pick on you?"

Winston didn't say anything, implying that he reluctantly accepted.

Everyone breathed a sigh of relief and looked at Chloe with admiration.

They thought today's show might be affected, and the director was ready to ask someone else for help. But they didn't expect that Chloe's few words would solve all the problems.

At this moment, Chloe's phone rang.

Chloe motioned for the makeup artist to come over and do Winston's makeup, while she walked to the door and answered the phone.

"Where are you?"

Damon's deep and icy voice came through the phone.

Chapter 239

Chloe opened the dressing room door, "I'm at the TV station."

"Working?"

Yeah, I've got a recording this morning."

Damon was silent for a moment on the other end, "What about this afternoon?"

"I'm going shopping with Rose in the afternoon."

"So you're saying, on this rare weekend, you're leaving me all alone?"

Damon sounded a bit pissed, which gave Chloe a headache

Is he mad again?

"I'll be back early in the afternoon, okay? I'll cook dinner for you"

Damon listened to the woman's cautious voice, and the corners of his mouth curled up slightly

"Alright, I'll give you this chance to make it up to me."

"I'll have Nate send you a card later. I completely forgot about it?"

It's often the case that the richer people are, the less they want.

Because limited editions, designer brands, luxury cars, and mansions are all within their reach, and there's no value in pursuing them.

All it takes is a snap of their fingers and a word, and they can have it.

Damon has never really cared about money.

And Chloe has always been independent and not ostentatious. She buys what she lacks and never feels strapped for cash. She's not really into money either.

So these two people who don't care about money come together, and money is never a topic between them,

But now, it's become an issue.

Damon really wanted Chloe to rely on him.

Chloe hesitated.

Money...

"I want to say no, I have my own money."

"Okay."

Chloe was quite surprised that Damon was so easygoing today.

"Okay then, I've got to go. On this rare weekend, you can take a break, or maybe you can have a drink with your friends,"

After hanging up the phone, Chloe sighed, wondering how to make it up to this man tonight.

But just as she put her phone away, two people came face to face in the hallway outside the dressing room.

Danielle was wearing a body-hugging ruffled dress that accentuated her fair skin. Her long hair was tied up, and she wore a simple pair of pearl cluster earrings. Her outfit was simple yet flawless.

Her arm was linked with the handsome and elegant Seth Diaz, who remained silent, giving off a deep and indifferent vibe.

Danielle's face was filled with a graceful smile, and it was easy to see the satisfaction and happiness in her expression.

Chloe forced a smile, but Seth's gaze happened to fall on her face, catching her action.

His indifferent face subtly became darker and more obscure.

Danielle did not expect Seth to stop, especially in front of Chloe.

She looked at Chloe warily, "What's wrong, Seth?"

Seth smiled, his eyes and voice filled with lightness and pleasure, "I just saw a schoolmate, so I thought I'd say hello."

Schoolmate again.

Why does it feel like the recent school anniversary event has exposed all these "classmates" who had been hidden in the shadows?

Chloe smiled.

Chapter 240

"You working?" Seth made small talk.

"Yeah. Is Mr. Diaz here to drop off your girlfriend for work?" Chloe's tone had a subtle hint of something that's hard to detect, and the words "Mr. Diaz" abruptly create a distance between

them.

“Yes.”

Chloe nodded, “Then I won’t bother you.”

With that, she pushed open the door to the dressing room and walked in.

Seth watched the closed door, the smile on his face gradually fading away, a haze rising in the depths of his eyes, completely cold.

“Seth, let’s go.”

Chloe’s indifferent attitude was obvious. Danielle could naturally see it, and her guard was relaxed.

Seth nodded and took Danielle to her private dressing room.

Chloe entered the dressing room, where Winston’s makeup was already done, and the director was scolding the makeup artist with a straight face. Chloe walked over to Winston, leaned against the makeup table, facing Winston, and carefully examined his face.

“Not bad.”

The director was scolding the makeup artist with a straight face, and impatience flashed in Chloe’s eyes.

“Director, just now, Mr. Diaz came with Danielle.”

“Mr. Diaz came?”

The director's scolding voice paused, and he turned around, looking somewhat surprised.

Chloe nodded, and the director hurriedly opened the door and rushed out.

Seth had always been low-key, and the company's facade was not worth mentioning in the eyes of outsiders.

But the deeper you go into the entertainment industry, the more you'll find out who really holds the power in it.

He was handsome, shrewd, moody, passionate, and... fickle.

A junior schoolmate?

Seth probably hated nothing more than running into a junior schoolmate.

Especially one like Chloe, who was in the same grade, same major, and same class as that woman.

Chloe didn't have many real old classmates. Since Keira transferred to T High and disrupted her past circle of friends, her college life had been a mess. Aside from Rose, not many people wanted to be friends with her, and in that situation, she couldn't possibly take the initiative to approach others.

But there was just one special person.

Always appearing by her side, full of smiles, not caring about anything.

That woman, who got along well with everyone but wasn't really friends with anyone, did things as she pleases, carefree, arrogant, and self-centered.

Cicely.



Seth hated that woman named Cicely.

He hated anyone even remotely connected to her.

Chloe and Cicely were not close and not friends, so she didn't understand what happened back then. Shortly after her father's death, Cicely was sent to prison. Chloe stood offstage, watching Winston on stage recording the show seriously.

"Ms. Summers."

Suddenly, a familiar voice sounded beside her. Chloe turned around and saw Nate unexpectedly.

"Nate, you..."

Chloe's words were cut off, and she seemed to have guessed something.

As expected, Nate handed her the card in his hand.

What's the use of refusing, anyway?