

CHOSEN 291

Chapter 291

Out of nowhere, her heart had a flutter, looking at the kid's adorable face, she couldn't help but feel soft inside. The kid didn't talk, Instead, he was waving his arms, making baby noises at Chlon, "Hug"

Chloe was almost swayed by the child's voice, immediately opening her arms and carefully picked up the child.

She was a bit clumsy and deliberate in her movements.

The little baby hugged her neck, planting a kiss on her face.

Chloe tightened her arms around the child slightly

The young mom on the side was full of apologies, "Sorry, Anya usually doesn't do this"

Chloe chuckled, playing with the child in her arms, "Does Anya like me?"

The baby nodded.

Chloe's smile deepened, feeling warmer inside.

On the side, Damon silently watched Chloe's gentle smile, his eyes gradually turning thoughtful

"Daddy."

A baby's voice echoed in the empty elevator, Damon raised his eyebrows, but saw the baby in Chloe's arms lying on her shoulder, looking at him with big eyes.

His eyebrows furrowed slightly, and the baby called him Daddy again.

The elevator was silent.

Chloe turned around, looking at him in surprise.

The young mother quickly took the child.

“Anya, don’t randomly call people Daddy!”

The baby still pointed at Damon, blinked and said, “Handsome, daddy...”

Chloe seemed to understand something and found it a bit amusing.

“Anya thinks he is handsome, so she calls him daddy?”

The baby shook his head, “Daddy...”

The young mother finally looked at Damon’s face and changed her expression slightly after a glance, quickly pressing the child’s head into her bosom.

“Anya, don’t call out names randomly. He’s a nice mister.”

“Mister...”

“Yes, mister...”

Chloe was completely confused about the mother and son’s conversation, just about to ask, and the elevator suddenly stopped. The young mother walked out of the elevator with the

child.

Before leaving, she thanked Chloe.

Chloe nodded, indicating understanding.

Watching the mother and son leave, Chloe turned her head and looked at Damon.

“See, even babies like you.”

Damon looked down at her, his expression meaningful, “At least I only attract the opposite sex, but you attract both.”

“When did I attract girls?”

“Heh.” Damon snorted coldly, causing trouble without knowing it, really annoying.

Chloe frowned, “It’s you. Everyone likes you, no matter the age or gender.”

“What?”

“Don’t you know? People online have already written you and Nate as the main characters of a gay novel, didn’t you know?”

“What’s a gay novel?”

Chloe covered her mouth and laughed, “A gay novel is a romance novel between boys, and there are some explicit contents...”

Damon's handsome face instantly turned dark.

A gay novel about him and Nate?

"Who wrote it?"

Chloe shrugged, "How would I know?"

The elevator reached the sixteenth floor, Damon held Chloe's hand but didn't let go.

"What's wrong?"

He pulled her into his arms and planted a kiss on her forehead.

"How do you feel about going out today?"

Chloe nodded, "It's okay."

Damon tugged at his lips, "I don't plan to take you out anymore."

"Huh? Why? Did I do something wrong today?"

Damon successfully returned to her what she had said to him today-

You attract too much attention.

Chapter 292

Keira didn't have dinner. Viviana Reeves led her to the living room, where she sat on the couch sipping milk.

The couch was occupied by Carolina and Nick, along with Viviana

Once the events of the day were posted online, they knew about it almost immediately and spent a lot of money to keep the news off the air

They all know about Keira being forced to kneel by Chloe at the mall today.

Keira sat quietly on the couch, holding her wineglass, head down, but the tears just kept coming

"Granny, Dad, Mom, I'm sorry for causing another mess today," she said

Keira's grip tightened on her wineglass, her frail shoulders trembling, clearly heartbroken.

"Don't put all the blame on yourself. We know the drill" Carolina said, her face grim. If Chloe could sabotage the anniversary party, what was stopping her from doing worse?

Keira wiped her tears, choking back, "My relationship with Lance has always been a source of guilt regarding my sister, but I really don't know what to do... My sister. She's gone too far.

She broke off, more tears welling up in her eyes.

"She's been abroad for a few years and seems to have gone wild Ever since breaking up with Lance, how many things have happened in just a few days?! If she can't keep herself in check, we should ship her off abroad again! If she keeps running wild, the Summers family will be done for! Such a pain in the ass!"

Carolina had been having nightmares these past few days, all about Chloe's cold indifference and anger at the anniversary party. The one thing she couldn't forget was her words- "One day, I make you regret! I'll make you regret it till your last breath!"

This sentence, like a nightmare, would wake her up in the middle of the night, breaking out in a cold sweat.

She took a deep breath and said, "Nick, you handle this. We can't afford to lose so much money. Oh, and, Keira's birthday is coming up, keep that in mind..."

Although Carolina's words were vague, everyone got the message.

Nick was silent for a while before saying, "I got it."

Hearing this, a smile appeared on Keira's face.

She thought to herself: Chloe, what was the use of you being so smug?

Everything you cared about was in my hands, even your last possession. I was afraid you were about to lose them all...

At around nine in the morning the next day, two people arrived at Alyssa Harper's place.

Alyssa had been waiting in the yard. Seeing Damon bringing Chloe hand in hand, her face was instantly filled with smiles.

Damon greeted, "Granny."

Chloe echoed, "Granny."

"Chloe!"

Alyssa held her hand tightly and responded heartily.

Chloe gave an awkward smile, and Damon, who was completely ignored, just pressed his lips.

Alyssa looked at Chloe's belly with joy, as if hoping to see her great-grandkid directly.

The butler, Hannah, felt helpless: "Madam...*

Chapter 293

Hannah sighed helplessly and spoke for Alyssa, "Let's head inside, boss, Ms. Summers."

"Alright."

Chloe said, already moving forward to push Alyssa's wheelchair inside the house.

After everyone chatted for a bit, the kitchen staff were preparing lunch. Chloe volunteered to help, and Alyssa didn't stop her.

Then, seizing the moment, she pulled Damon aside and asked softly. "So, kiddo, am I gonna have a great-grandkid by the end of the year?"

The end of the year?

Didn't that mean she should be pregnant by now?

Damon, elegantly sipping his tea, replied indifferently, "No."

His indifferent attitude made the old lady gasp.

"Are you guys using contraception?"

Damon remained unfazed, "No."

The old lady squeezed her teacup, "Is Chloe's health not good?"

"No."

"Then is it because you..."

Damon shot her a cold look.

The old lady pursed her lips;

seeing her grandson's gentle and restrained demeanor, he didn't seem like a libertine.

So, the old lady carefully asked:

"Don't tell me you two haven't..."

"This kind of thing can't be rushed. We're not even married..."

"Then propose already?!"

Damon paused while drinking water, slowly looking up, his voice deep and a bit confused, "Propose?"

Alyssa rolled her eyes, thinking: Stubborn mule!

"You've been wooing her, and don't tell me you haven't even given her a present?"

Damon frowned, "I don't think I have."

If not for fear of hurting her hand, Alyssa would have thrown her cup at Damon,

This clueless guy.

“Have you ever asked her out?”

Damon paused for a moment, shook his head, “No.”

“You...”

The old lady was about to pass out from anger, pointing at Damon, she exclaimed: “If I were Chloe, I’d have dumped you ages ago! Let alone talk about marriage.” Damon’s face grew colder, but the things the old lady mentioned seemed to be the most normal things between lovers.

He hadn’t even done the most basic things.

“What woman doesn’t like romance? You’re such a headache!” The old lady tried to control her temper, slamming the teacup onto the table.

Damon stared at the spilled tea, leaning back on the sofa, his expression gradually growing serious.

Alyssa sighed helplessly. She originally wanted to help, but now she didn’t even know where to start.

“Gosh, when am I going to have a great-grandchild?”

Chloe came out of the kitchen just in time to hear Alyssa’s lament.

“Where’s Nathan?! What’s that boy been doing all this time without getting married and having kids?”

Chloe glanced sympathetically at Damon; it seemed his grandma was really looking forward to a great-grandchild. Escorted out of the kitchen by Hannah, Chloe could only carry her fruit platter back to the living room.

Alyssa held Chloe's hand, looking at her with concern, "Chloe, you're working too hard."

Chloe shook her head, looking up at Damon. He was watching her too, his eyes seemingly pondering something.

His attention seemed completely on her. She even doubted if he heard what his grandma said just now.

At that moment, Hannah came over with the phone, smiling, "Ma'am, it's Nathan on the line."

"Ah, look at this little rascal, he still remembers he has a grandma!"

Hannah just smiled faintly, then handed the phone to the old lady.

"Hey kiddo, you got something to tell me?"

Chapter 294

There was a low chuckle from the other end of the phone, "Yes, and it's very important."

The old lady rolled her eyes, "You little scoundrel! What is it?"

"Of course it's because I miss you!"

Even though the old lady was playing hard to get, her face was already filled with a delighted smile.

"You really know how to sweet-talk, don't you, you little rascal. When are you coming to see me?!"

Nathan Harper's laughter rang out again, "Easy, grandma! Once I'm done with my stuff here, I'll come to see you. I'll bring a big surprise for you."

Upon hearing this, the old lady's eyes sparkled, "What surprise? Does this mean I'm going to be a great-grandmother?"

The other end of the phone fell silent for a moment, "... No, not that."

Hearing this, the old lady's face darkened instantly. Sensing something was wrong, Nathan quickly said:

"Grandma, let my brother have kids first... it wouldn't be fair if I had one first, would it?!"

"What kind of logic is that? So he doesn't have any kids, and you can't have one first?! You two brothers, giving me a headache..."

"Grandma... I'll come to see you in a few days, don't worry. I'll talk some sense into my brother, make him give you a bunch of great-grandchildren... I've got stuff to do, really busy, gotta go, bye grandma..."

"A bunch of great-grandkids... What could you possibly be busy with, you little rascal?!"

Nathan spoke too quickly, and before the old lady could respond, the call ended.

Alyssa angrily tossed the phone to Hannah, grumbling, "Might as well not call at all! He just knows how to get on my nerves!" Hannah caught the phone, smiling helplessly. "Mrs. Harper, you bring this up every time he calls, so he's probably scared..." "Scared? Then he should hurry up and give me a great-grandchild!" Alyssa grumbled a bit, but didn't seem as angry as before.

Chloe, sitting aside, felt a bit anxious.

She knew how much the old lady wanted a great-grandchild from the first day she met her.

So, in the old lady's eyes, were she and Damon really taking too long?

Damon got an unexpected call and stepped outside to answer it.

The old lady glanced at Chloe, sighed, and asked her:

"Chloe, what do you think of Damon?"

Chloe straightened her back a little, "He's great, grandma."

The old lady nodded, "I can tell, he really likes you. He's not one to let people interfere with his business, but there are some things that he can't decide on his own..."

You know, the Harper family is such a big clan, there's so much going on inside. As the eldest son of the Harper family, he's always been seen as the future heir, and he's never let us down, becoming the responsible and reserved man he is now. I've seen his experiences growing up, but the real feelings, only he can understand..."

Chapter 295

The old lady paused for a beat, her face full of tender love gradually replaced by an intense heaviness.

"I don't want my grandson to be a guy who just works for the family. He should have the right to experience all the feelings in the world. That's something we should all have from birth, right? Even if it's pain, that's his right too, right?"

Chloe tilted her head slightly, eyeing the man on the terrace who was engrossed in a phone call. Emotions welled up in her heart.

Everyone only saw his shining exterior but never knew what he had been through.

Sometimes, even she thought he was invincible.

He always maintained that perfect demeanor, that calm and composed look, enough to show that he was a man with frightening self-control.

“Chloe, no one’s perfect. He can run the family business like a well-oiled machine, but that doesn’t mean he’s the same when it comes to his feelings... You should try to understand him

more.”

Chloe bit her lip lightly, “Actually, he’s been very understanding towards me...”

If it weren’t for his assertiveness and dominance, their relationship wouldn’t be where it was now.

In their relationship, she was the passive one.

Alyssa sighed, her words full of wisdom, “Chloe, you should learn to seize the opportunities.”

Chloe’s heart skipped a beat.

At this moment, Damon had hung up the phone and came in. He bent down to sit next to her.

His familiar scent hit her, his powerful aura making Chloe’s heart race.

She lowered her head involuntarily, trying to hide her blushing face.

“What’s wrong?” Damon looked down at her, his deep voice full of his unique charm, he put his hand on her forehead, “Are you feeling unwell?”

Chloe looked up at him nervously, then quickly shook her head, “No, I’m fine.”

There was a slight blush on her beautiful face, and her eyes were shining with anticipation, showing a woman's gentleness.

Damon's hand paused on her face, then he calmly withdrew it, picked up the sliced fruit next to him, and handed it to Chloe.

Chloe took the fruit and put it in her mouth.

It was pineapple soaked in brine, the astringency removed, sweet and juicy.

Damon sat coolly next to her, his long legs crossed, and after handing her the fruit, he propped up his head lightly, watching her slowly finish the fruit. He asked casually, "Is it good?" Chloe unconsciously licked her lips, then nodded, "It's really good. Do you want to try some?"

Damon shook his head, his voice soft and low, "You eat."

Hannah sighed and reminded, "Ms. Summers, he doesn't really like sweets."

Chloe paused, turning to look at Damon.

Damon was staring at her shiny, moist lips. His eyes were bright and he wore a slight smile on his face.

"It's not exactly like that. I'm just picky."

Hannah glanced at Damon a bit puzzled. Hasn't he always disliked sweets?

Where did this picky eater thing come from?

Chapter 296

After dinner, Chloe was about to help clear the table when a servant rushed over, telling her that her phone had been ringing non-stop. He was worried that it might run out of juice, so he came over to remind her.

In fact, since last night, Lance had been blowing up her phone with calls and texts. Chloe had been ignoring him, but she hadn't expected him to be so persistent.

But when she checked the caller ID, it wasn't Lance.

It was Nick...

Her so-called biological father.

How odd.

Chloe narrowed her eyes and took her phone to the patio of the living room to answer the call.

"What's up?" Her voice was flat, devoid of warmth.

"You...bastard, is this how you speak to your father?" Nick's angry voice came through the receiver.

"Father? Hah, you're just Keira's father."

"Shameless! You're utterly ungrateful! No matter what, Keira is your sister. You keep hurting her over and over again. This time you even made her kneel and apologize to you in public? Do you know she's a public figure now? Haven't you caused her enough trouble these days?"

Chloe gripped her phone tightly, one hand on her forehead, laughing bitterly.

"You reap what you sow. Now that she's in trouble, she's still the one to pity. Don't you guys get sick of seeing her miserable face every day?"

That's all your fault..."

Chloe's gaze turned cold, losing her patience, "Enough, get to the point or I'm hanging up."

"You dare! Come home right now, I have something to tell you."

Nick, afraid that Chloe would hang up, rattled off his words like a machine gun.

Chloe raised an eyebrow, pausing for two seconds, "Fine, I'll be back later."

With that, she hung up. Whatever Nick said after that, she didn't hear.

She put away her phone, her eyes filled with indifference.

Back in the living room, Damon was standing there watching her.

"What's up? Something wrong?"

Chloe shook her head, paused for a second, then said, "The Summers family called and want me to come home right now."

Damon frowned slightly, "You agreed?"

"Mhmm." Chloe walked over to the couch, put her phone in her bag, took a sip of water from the coffee table, then looked at Damon and asked softly, "Has grandma taken her nap?"

"Mhmm."

Putting down her cup, Chloe walked over to Damon, looking up at him.

“I’m kinda beat too, find me a room to crash.”

Damon’s eyes flashed with surprise, “You’re not leaving?”

Chloe pursed her lips, “They’re definitely up to no good calling me, let them wait.

Damon smiled, reaching out to take her hand.

Chloe quickly looked around. The servants were quietly cleaning up, paying no attention to them.

“What are you doing?”

“Taking you to a room to rest.”

“Oh.”

Chloe followed his lead, assuming it would be no problem if the guest room was upstairs.

4

But as they got closer and closer to the room, and the route became more and more familiar, Chloe’s steps became heavier and heavier. Standing at the door, watching Damon open it, she suddenly felt the urge to bolt.

And then, she did just that, almost instinctively turning to leave.

But she was scooped up by the man and carried into the room.

“Damon!” Chloe cried out in surprise, instinctively wrapping her arms around his shoulders.

Damon put her on the bed, his hands on either side of her, enveloping her in his chest.

“Sleep here, okay?”

Chapter 297

Chloe’s cheeks turned red, one hand propped up on the bed behind her while the other rested on Damon’s shoulder, but she didn’t have time to pull back.

“But...” Chloe looked troubled.

“What’s wrong?” His handsome face was close, and even though his expression seemed harmless, it had an irresistible allure

Chloe’s face turned even redder, whispering. Your room... It’s just too awkward for me...”

She vaguely remembered the first time her grandma brought her here to rest. She used his bathroom, wore his bathrobe, and ended up pinned under him on the bed because of a small accident...

“Why do you feel that way?” he asked.

Chloe closed her mouth tightly, not answering.

It was best to leave such embarrassing matters unspoken.

“And what if I sleep here?”

Damon raised an eyebrow, but before he could say anything, they heard a click.

Both of them turned to look at the door, paused for a moment, then turned back to each other.

Seconds later, Damon smirked, "Guess we can't leave now."

Chloe took a deep breath. How could she forget about grandma?

"But I wasn't planning on leaving."

Damon lowered his head, grabbing her ankle.

Chloe instinctively pulled her foot back.

She wasn't afraid of his touch; she knew what he was up to.

This man, kneeling on one knee to remove her shoes, was a bit too much for her.

He tightened his grip on her ankle, halting her retreat, gently put her shoes aside, stood up, got her into the covers, and then lay down beside her under her gaze.

Chloe was tense, but Damon held her head, his long arm crossing her neck, allowing her to rest on his arm, pulling her into his embrace.

His familiar scent immediately surrounded her. Chloe lightly rested her hands on Damon's chest. His chest was firm and warm, and she could feel his heartbeat.

Damon seemed to kiss the top of her head, then his deep voice echoed, "Sleep."

Chloe blinked, looking at her hands, seemingly surprised that she could feel his voice.

When he spoke, the resonance of his voice and chest vibrated against her palms.

“Mmm...” she responded softly, her hair brushing his arm as she nodded.

Her heart was pounding like a drum.

Chloe closed her eyes, but her heartbeat kept her awake.

The room was too quiet, she felt like Damon could clearly hear her heartbeat.

Her body was still tense.

“Can’t sleep?” His deep voice from above her head made Chloe tense up more.

After a moment, she quietly lifted her head from his chest, her gaze sweeping over his proud jawline and into his deep eyes.

“I’m a bit nervous...”

Damon frowned at her, parting his lips, and his low, seductive voice followed.

“Do you feel that, being deliberately left here by grandma, lying on a bed, held in my arms, something is bound to happen sooner or later, and not doing anything now, but not knowing when to do it, makes you scared?”

Chloe rolled her eyes, seemed to think for a moment, then nodded, “Seems about right.”

Damon paused, looked at her, and then started chuckling quietly.

“Well, then let’s do something first.”

Chapter 298

Let's get started then," Damon said, flipping Chloe onto her back.

Chloe's vision blurred for a moment, then refocused on Damon's penetrating gaze. His pupils were filled with her reflection. Her eyes trembled slightly, her heartbeat went haywire and her chest heaved with each uneven breath.

Damon reached out, gently caressing her delicate chin, his cool fingers lightly touching her soft lips. In a husky, sensual voice, he asked, "Do you think we should do something?"

A hint of confusion flickered in her eyes. Chloe tried to compose herself, looking at him up close. Her mind flashed back to her grandmother's words from earlier today. The words became an innate understanding, an instinct of what to do. How to treat him, how to seize the opportunity, all these fragmented words quickly flashed in her mind, leaving only her gut feeling and an undeniable yearning.

The brief silence felt like an eternity. After what felt like ages, she finally looked into his deep eyes and said softly, 'Let's... do something.'

Her voice was barely audible, but they were so close. Her response seemed to catch Damon off guard. His hand stilled, his gaze locked on her eyes. After a moment, he tightened his grip on her chin slightly.

His eyes narrowed slightly. "Are you sure?"

Chloe hesitated, her face burning. "Or... maybe we shouldn't..."

"No second thoughts," he cut her off, claiming her lips with his. It was a kiss that brooked no argument.

No turning back now.

His kiss was fierce, his agile tongue invading her mouth from the start, claiming every nook and cranny, not leaving her any room. Chloe noticed his kiss was more practiced than before. He was leading her, guiding her to respond to him.

Their breathing grew ragged, Chloe going from passive acceptance to attempting to respond. Before she knew it, her hands were gripping his shoulders, her slender fingers clutching his fancy shirt. Her heartbeat was frantic and chaotic as she succumbed to the passionate kiss.

As the deep kiss turned into a series of light pecks, his breath was all over her lips. He gently licked her lips, then bit them lightly. His kiss trailed down to her neck. Her neck was like a piece of precious jade, glossy and incredibly enticing.

His warm lips touched her skin, sending a tingly sensation through Chloe that made her scalp prickle. Her hands involuntarily tightened around Damon's neck.

"Mmm..."

A suppressed moan escaped her lips, causing both their bodies to stiffen. Damon looked up at her, his eyes filled with an indescribable mix of deep desire and surprise. Chloe's face was so red, it looked like it was about to bleed. She couldn't even believe that the short, soft moan had come from her.

Chapter 299

She wanted to escape, but he held her tightly in his arms, even under him, with no way to hide.

Her gaze shifted left and right a bit, and finally, she accepted the situation.

"It's... itchy there..."

Damon's eyes flashed, his handsome face still held desire, slowly revealing a smile.

Though the smile was faint, it brought along a visual impact that words couldn't describe.

Showing off his unique charm, effortlessly bewitching her.

“Where’s itchy?”

His chuckling question made Chloe pause for a few seconds. She wasn’t clueless after all. The implication of the question made Chloe feel awkward again.

“I mean my neck!” Chloe’s voice unconsciously rose, obviously afraid he’d get the wrong idea.

Damon chuckled softly, “Why are you so worked up? Of course, I know you mean your neck is itchy.”

Chloe bit her lip tightly.

He was so annoying.

Damon chuckled, once again leaning in, lips touching her neck.

Chloe gripped the back of his shirt, her body slightly tense.

“Is it here that’s itchy...or here?”

With every spot Damon kissed, he would ask in a low voice. Chloe bit her lip, restraining herself from making a sound, but her body relaxed and tensed involuntarily with his kisses.

“Seems like everywhere is itchy.” His deep, pleased voice echoed, a slightly prickling sensation coming from her neck.

Feeling Chloe shudder slightly, Damon chuckled, lightly licking the kissed spot.

He straightened up, watching a faint red mark gradually appear on her fair, delicate skin, a wicked smile seeping into his eyes.

His gaze fell back onto her flushed cheeks, kissing her slightly swollen lips again, lingeringly.

Chloe's eyes were misty at the moment, but she could still see the restraint in his eyes.

She knew he didn't plan to continue.

Chloe kissed the corner of his lips, clinging tightly to his neck, moved.

Damon held her tightly, lying down sideways.

Chloe obediently laid in his arms, quietly taking in his scent and warmth..

"Sleep." He kissed her forehead.

"Mm." She responded softly, burying her face in his chest.

Gone were her earlier unease and tension, now she could lie in the same bed as Damon, peacefully nestle in his arms, and easily fall asleep...

Watching her quickly fall asleep, the smile on Damon's face didn't fade.

Her letting down her guard, no longer resisting his approaches and affection, was already a huge step forward.

He thought, he should thank grandma.

It seemed he needed to bring Chloe back here more often.

Hannah helped Alyssa into the room, feeling both helpless and somewhat happy.

Her mistress sometimes really left her at a loss.

She dared to do it this things that only children would do.

“Madam, you’re too obvious. They are so smart, they’ll know it was your idea with one thought. Aren’t you afraid they’ll come to complain?”

“No matter what, they’ll end up together sooner or later. One doesn’t understand emotions, and the other is conservative. They’re progressing too slowly; of course I can’t just sit back and watch!”

Chapter 300

“Their relationship is moving at a snail’s pace, and I, for the love of God, can’t just sit by and watch!”

That excuse is flimsier than a house of cards.

“Alright, Madam, it’s time for your nap.”

“Hmm. How long do you think we should keep the doors closed? An hour? Or is that too short? Maybe two?”

Sighing in exasperation, Hannah replied, “Madam...

“Never mind, let’s re-open in three hours.”

If those two could last for three whole hours, she might need to warn the kitchen to whip up some energy-boosting dishes for dinner.

Two hours later, Chloe woke up in Damon's arms.

She didn't open her eyes immediately, instead, she took in the familiar scent that filled her nostrils.

Her heart skipped a beat before gradually returning to its normal rhythm.

Slowly, she opened her eyes to see Damon's pristine shirt, slightly creased.

This wasn't the first time she had woken up in his arms, but compared to that night in the car at Greenfield Village, she felt much more at ease now.

Or rather, she felt an unprecedented sense of peace.

"What's on your mind?"

Damon had been awake long before Chloe opened her eyes.

Upon hearing his question, Chloe lifted her head from his chest, "I Just woke up, and feels nice now."

Damon gazed at her with a hint of fatigue on his handsome face and a playful twinkle in his eyes.

Without uttering a word, he leaned in to kiss her. Chloe hesitated for a moment before responding to his kiss.

"Are you awake?"

Damon asked softly, his voice deep and alluring.

"Mhm." Chloe sat up from his arms, looked out the window, and asked, "Are we having dinner here?"

“Yes, unless you want to leave first.”

Chloe shook her head, “I promised to have dinner with Grandma.”

After the old lady fell asleep, housekeeper Hannah quietly opened the door.

Otherwise, if something did happen between Chloe and Damon, and the door was locked, things could get messy.

By the time Damon and Chloe came downstairs, Hannah was already in the living room with Alyssa.

The old lady beamed with joy when she saw the two of them together.

After all, they had come a long way since Chloe’s first visit.

“Chloe, did you sleep well?”

Chloe’s cheeks turned a light shade of pink, “I had a good sleep, Grandma.”

Hearing this, Alyssa chuckled even more, nodding her head, “That’s good... excellent...”

The implication couldn’t have been clearer.

Chloe’s beautiful face flushed, “Grandma, we didn’t...”

As the two stood close together, Alyssa’s eyes landed on Chloe’s neck, where a noticeable red mark stood out against her fair skin.

Alyssa's eyes lit up. Seeing Chloe's obviously embarrassed expression, she laughed, "Ah, I see."

The 'see' was drawn out for effect.

Chloe took a deep breath and fell silent.

Only then did Alyssa shift her gaze to her grandson. She gave him a thumbs-up behind the wheelchair armrest.

"Keep it up, young man!"

She didn't specify who she was talking to, but Damon couldn't help but frown slightly.