

## **CHOSEN 721**

### Chapter 721

Tyler's face stiffened a bit, then he just shook his head helplessly.

Cicely's frown and smile sometimes seemed so delicate, a kind of delicacy that could make one's heart flutter in an instant. But in an instant, she would change complete her aloofness and nobility made it seem like the person you saw a moment ago was just an illusion. No idea where her noble demeanor and delicate appearance came from, but if she really had such a temperament, she wouldn't have ended up here working as a hostess.

In a private room on the second floor, Damon and Chloe were the last to arrive.

Once inside, they realized there were a few familiar faces among the people in the room

They had seen some of them at a party they attended before, but there were also a few unfamiliar faces. Although they didn't know each other privately, they had all met in public. These were the big shots from the elite families of P City.

The only little girl in the room, judging by the way she chatted in the group, seemed to be that student named Ella.

Her glossy black hair was neatly tied into a ponytail at the back. Her face was delicate and tender, and her big eyes revealed an innocence and a sense of mischievous

wildness.

The other men were tall and handsome, each with a unique temperament, exuding an elegant and noble aura.

Seeing them arrive, a few of the more reserved men simply greeted them casually, while a few of the more unruly ones showed various degrees of surprise at Chloe and Damon, and proceeded to size her up.

Chloe, unaccustomed to such situations, was a bit flustered. Luckily, Damon was there, and with one icy look, he managed to shoo the men away from Chloe.

After Chloe and Damon settled into their seats, her gaze drifted towards Seth, who was sitting in the corner of the couch facing the door.

Seth was sitting there quietly, his lean and straight legs elegantly crossed, his black suit jacket left open, revealing a high-end black shirt underneath.

A thin cigarette was sandwiched between his elegant fingers, the smoke swirling around his handsome and serene face. His eyes were as deep as the night, exuding a gloomy and indifferent aura. His expressionless face left people guessing what he was thinking.

Chloe bit her lip slightly, confused about her growing concern. She never thought she would care about anyone besides Rose. She never wanted to be an emotional mess, and her concern for Cicely made her feel a bit uncomfortable.

Snapping back to reality, she let out a soft sigh, turning her head to look at Damon, only to find that he now had a cigarette in his hand.

Chloe was a bit surprised, she didn't think Damon was a chain smoker. He would drink, but she had never seen him drunk. Although she had never seen him smoke, and never even saw a pack of cigarettes in his house, she was surprised to see that he smoked.

Damon noticed her surprised expression, his gaze sweeping over the cigarette in his fingers, then moving closer to her, his deep voice resonating clearly in her ear.

"Do you mind?"

Chloe's gaze swept around the room, and everyone had a cigarette in their hand.

Chloe's eyes swept around the box, left, right, front, back, nearly everyone had a cigarette in their hand.

She got it, of course. Booze and smokes were pretty common in some social settings. This wasn't exactly a formal occasion, but today was Kane's birthday, and Chloe

knew Damon wouldn't want to let him down.

She shook her head, "Cut down on the smokes."

Damon chuckled softly. Under the dim lights, he saw Chloe with a halo ringing her ears. Being so close, he leaned in and planted a kiss.

Chloe stiffened, resting her hand on Damon's shoulder. She quickly glanced around, seeing everyone else busy with their own business, not paying attention to them. She was relieved, turned back to Damon, and lightly smacked him on the shoulder.

Damon chuckled again, his laughter carried an irresistible hint of carefree innocence.

They had only just arrived, and were chatting for a few minutes when the sound system was set up, and the door was opened again.

"Ladies and gents, the Louis XIII from the France has just arrived, sorry to keep y'all waiting..."

A voice rang out with a hint of a smile, and then, a figure in turquoise appeared in the box.

Chloe clamped her mouth shut, her temples pulsating involuntarily.

The box fell silent with the woman's entrance. Everyone stared at the turquoise figure standing before the table, their expressions varied. Then, they turned their eyes to Seth standing by the door.

Seth's eyes slowly lifted, looking at the woman standing opposite him.

Cicely stood against the light, her face completely hidden in the shadows. But the contours of her face were clearly etched in Seth's eyes.

He noticed her face was different from his memory. She still wore that carefree smile, that fake smile. A common expression of hers.

But he remembered that when she faced him, her carelessness was real. She would ask him to carry her when she didn't want to walk, ask him to cook food when she was hungry, and cling to him in bed, wanting to be late together.

Her face, her eyes, they were never fake when faced with him.

Seth's heart gave a sudden leap, hoping that it was all real. He let his eyes rest on the woman's blurred face for a while, trying to find something, but in the end, he lowered

his head.

All of this happened in a matter of seconds. To others, Seth's gaze only lingered on Cicely's face for a moment, as if he was looking at someone else. His eyes were indifferent, like those of a stranger's.

Cicely's face in the shadows showed no emotion. She almost immediately turned around and smiled at Damon.

"Mr. Harper, I have prepared two bottles of Louis XIII for you, would you like me to open them?"

'Please do.'

"Alright."

Joy filled Cicely's voice. Her eyes swept over the tabletop, finally landing next to Seth. Under everyone's gaze, she bent down to pick up the corkscrew on the table.

With two pops, both bottles were opened.

Chapter 723

With a "pop, pop", both bottles of wine were cracked open.

Eventually, she poured everyone in the room a glass, and one for herself too. Picking it up, she beamed at Kane, "Happy birthday, Kane."

Kane was a bit slow to react. Cicely smiled, then downed her drink.

Afterwards, she didn't put down her glass. Instead, she paused for a moment, then continued speaking to Kane, "Kane, do you need me to stay with you?"

As soon as she said this, the room fell silent again. In the darkness, Seth's eyes suddenly narrowed.

Kane, shocked, also came back to his senses. He shot a glance at Seth in the dark corner, seeing that he hadn't moved a muscle. He couldn't guess what he was thinking.

But at this point, Cicely sidestepped the coffee table and sat down next to Kane, pouring herself another glass of wine while saying, "Kane, on your birthday, you should have someone to be with you. Would you prefer it to be me, or should I find someone else for you?"

Kane's eyelid twitched, "Cicely..."

"Kane, there's no Cicely here, only Diamond."

"Diamond?" Kane was puzzled.

"My...working name." Cicely explained.

The temperature in the room suddenly dropped. A chill spread from a corner, nearly freezing the surrounding air.

"You're here..." Kane asked cautiously.

"I sell alcohol here, Kane, don't get the wrong idea. Two bottles might not be enough, should we get some more?"

Kane was now in a bind. Cicely was an old acquaintance, but the one next to him...

Cicely grabbed Kane's arm and continued, "Shall we open ten more bottles?"

Her soft voice sounded in his ear, the tremor in her words was clear, even a faint breath brushed against his face.

Kane's heart raced. That voice was sincere and unpretentious, very appealing. Kane was not a simple man. Since his school days, he had had many women. He also had a few real girlfriends. When it came to women, he never thought to restrain himself.

Cicely was beautiful, with a unique personality. Her nobility and libertine nature, along with her proud aura, attracted men's attention. Back in school, she was one of the women he wanted to pursue. Now she was suddenly so close to him, but he didn't feel happy at all, instead, he got goosebumps all over.

Was this woman trying to kill him? If this continued, he would soon feel extreme pressure from those two gazes.

His gaze once again glanced at a corner, and found that Seth's long and deep eyes had been revealed. At this moment, his eyes were filled with a cold chill, indifferently watching him.

Kane felt his scalp tingle, suddenly leaning his body against the couch, distancing himself from Cicely.

“Do whatever you want.”

## Chapter 724

Cicely flashed a smirk, hit the service bell, and asked the waiter to bring up ten bottles of Louis XIII.

She had been sitting by Kane’s side, downing two drinks, and her face was already starting to flush. She never used to drink, and a single glass would get her hammered. Even though she was fine now, her alcohol tolerance was, at best, enough to just handle two drinks

After drinking, her face would easily turn red, and she would suffer from a headache because of the alcohol.

Some say that people who easily flush when drinking don’t get drunk easily. She wasn’t sure if that was true. Every time after drinking, she felt as if she had reached her limit. She would always have a terrible headache, but her thoughts seemed to become clearer and clearer.

While Kane was messing around with others, she just leaned back on the couch, turning her head to chat with Chloe.

No matter the topic, she could always keep the conversation going. Even though most of the time, she was the one asking questions, and Chloe would just respond indifferently.

Kane, having had a bit too much to drink, returned to the couch and sat down. Cicely once again took her place beside him. She handed over her drink to Kane.

Kane understood Cicely’s intentions. She was just trying to make some bucks. “Cicely, are you trying to get me wasted?”

Kane turned his head to look at her, this ruthless woman.

She had corrected him multiple times that she was now called Diamond, but Kane couldn't get used to it, and Cicely just went with it.

"If someone got drunk to death in this bar, I'd get dragged into it too. Do you really think I'd be that reckless?"

Hypocrite! Kane grimaced. What wouldn't Cicely dare to do? But he didn't dwell on this.

He raised the glass to his lips and took a sip, then turned to ask her, "Are you really that strapped for cash?"

Cicely took a sip from her drink, gave a small smirk, and leaned back on the couch. Her slightly drunk eyes were reddish, but it added a touch of allure.

'Yeah, who would do this if they weren't desperate for money?'

Her nonchalance made everyone in the room believe even more that the woman in front of them was Diamond from No. 8 Mansion, not Cicely.

The old Cicely would act out in front of anyone, saying whatever she wanted. But the only person she couldn't do that in front of was Seth.

Kane started to feel puzzled again. He realized he had never truly understood Cicely.

'Cicely, do you even remember who we are?' This question quieted the room once again.

Did she still remember who they were? It was a question about the past.

Even Chloe turned to look at Kane, her brows furrowed slightly. The man in the corner also slowly lifted his eyes, staring at her face through the dimly lit room.



Cicely blinked her eyes, her slightly drunken gaze gliding across Kane's face.

The atmosphere in the room got a little weird. Cicely suddenly chuckled, her voice soft but with a touch of absurdity.

'Of course, you're customers.'

The room went silent again. Now, to her, they were neither friends nor classmates, much less former lovers, but customers. No one knew what they were expecting, but this answer was the worst. Feeling her cheeks getting hotter, Cicely put down her drink, slowly stood up and said, "Sorry, Mr. Ziems, I think I need to hit the ladies' room."

## Chapter 725

Kane didn't answer, instead he turned his head to look at a man in the corner. At this point, Cicely also looked up at the corner that was filled with a powerful and intense vibe from the beginning.

The LCD screen in front of the booth was quietly playing a video, and the man in the corner was still hidden in the darkness. Suddenly, the man's phone rang. He pulled it out, and the light from the phone screen on the big screen instantly illuminated his handsome face.

Cicely's eyes shimmered slightly, but the corner of her mouth curled up into an even more sarcastic smile.

Seth looked at the phone screen unconcernedly, his delicate thin lips wearing a faint smile. The light flickering on the phone screen made the expression on his face even more vivid. He looked languid, but his face was handsome and refined.

A moment later, he swiped to answer the call. Cicely also turned around, controlling her pace as she walked towards the door.

Seth lifted his eyes, his gaze seemingly unintentionally landing on Cicely's retreating figure. "Danielle."

Cicely bypassed the coffee table, her body wavering slightly, before continuing to walk towards the door.

“Yeah, I’ll pass the message, I know, you have to be careful shooting...” His voice was deep and languid, with a hint of tenderness.

Danielle, who had just finished shooting for the day and returned to the hotel, was somewhat surprised by Seth’s warmth today, feeling a little flattered. She was filled with joy and couldn’t help but want to chat with this man a little longer.

The door of the booth was pulled open, then automatically closed, making a “bang” noise.

“Today I was hung on a wire while filming, I almost had dinner on the wire, my clothes...”

\*You should rest early.”

Danielle’s words were interrupted by Seth, his voice seemed to carry a little chill.

\*...you too.” Danielle didn’t know what had happened, but she knew Seth didn’t like people meddling too much in his affairs. Although she had questions, she didn’t ask. She just found his behavior today a bit

strange.

The light in the bathroom was much brighter than in the booth. The luxurious decor and spacious space were even bigger than a regular person’s room.

Cicely forced herself to throw up the alcohol in her stomach, overdoing it a bit, but after throwing up, she felt much better.

She walked over to the sink, rinsed her mouth, and then looked at her flushed face in the mirror. She was heavily made up, expressionless. Looking at it for a while, she felt a bit sad.

\*Seth, look at my face, I'm really drunk. Can you help me get home?"

"Seth, my face is so hot. You're so cold. Come help me cool it down..."

"My head is spinning Seth, I'm drunk now, you can take advantage of me..."

Ha...

Pathetic.

Cicely was about to wash her face when she suddenly realized she didn't bring her makeup. In this place, makeup was her weapon, as well as her shield. She knew the special taste of the men here for women. They always wanted to try some light food or different flavors after enjoying a rich meal. If she didn't dress up a bit garish, she would become the most dangerous person here.

Some said she had a charm that easily attracted men. She didn't believe it, if she really attracted men, why didn't any man truly love her. It wasn't until she nearly got hurt that she believed it.

## Chapter 726

She sighed, the mirror reflecting that she hadn't put on heavy makeup today. She hesitated, should she wash her face or go get some makeup?

The silence in the bathroom made her uneasy. Making decisions was never her forte. After a while, she decided to go get some makeup. The burning sensation on her face and the confusion in her head made her desperately need some cold water to wake up.

But, just as she stepped out of the bathroom, she saw a tall and slim figure on the wall in the corridor between the men's and women's bathrooms. Under the bright light, she could see the figure, the face,

clearer than ever. Even leaning against the wall, his back was still straight, one hand in his suit trouser pocket, the other elegantly holding a cigarette. His head was slightly lowered, taking a puff, the smoke adding to his unique charm.

He looked like a respectable wolf in sheep's clothing. A well-dressed scoundrel. He looked at her, his deep eyes seemingly impenetrable despite the bright lights.

Cicely pulled a corner of her mouth, stepped back, and went back into the bathroom. She turned on the tap, looking at the bathroom door through the mirror. Seeing the man hadn't followed her in, she laughed sarcastically.

Cicely, what were you thinking?

She turned off the tap and plunged her face into the sink filled with water, staying motionless. The icy water instantly cleared her hazy mind. So clear that she started to doubt whether the face she just saw was a hallucination.

Oh, it probably was. Her alcohol tolerance was low, so hallucinating when drunk was normal. She relaxed a bit, her mind completely calm.

Ten seconds, twenty seconds, thirty seconds, forty seconds... a minute...

Suddenly, someone yanked her back by her collar, causing water to splash in front of the mirror. She was pulled back forcefully, her back hitting the wall hard, causing pain in her back and chest.

"Are you trying to kill yourself?" A cold voice rang out overhead, a familiar yet strange scent of smoke in the air

Cicely's heart skipped a beat. She tried to look up at the man, but water droplets from her hair got into her eyes, causing a sharp pain. She quickly shut her eyes.

The sound of paper being ripped rang out twice, followed by two pieces of paper being thrown on her face.

Cicely wiped her face and slowly opened her eyes. The man's tall figure came into view, his handsome face filled with the cold indifference she was so familiar with.

So it wasn't a hallucination.

"Of course I don't want to die. # did, I would have died hundreds of times already. Living is always better than dying."

Cicely laughed as she said this, tossing the paper in her hand into the trash can. Her carefree smile and tone filled the man with an inexplicable disgust. Ever since he found out she was out of jail, their back and forth had finally led to a face-to-face confrontation today.

'Anything you want to say?" Seth stared at her, his eyes filled with cold cruelty.

Cicely had imagined facing him countless times and had mentally prepared herself. But the coldness in his eyes still easily wounded her.

She turned her face away, blinked, and suppressed the emotions welling up in her eyes.

"Hmm? You want to buy some booze?"

Seth's eyes narrowed slightly. After a moment, they were filled with cold indifference and loneliness again. His handsome face was full of smiles, but it was a merciless mockery.

Chapter 727

The handsome guy with a mocking smile on his face gave off a ruthless sarcasm.

"Are you really that hard up for cash?"

Cicely didn't respond, and just leans against the wall, keeping her distance from him

"Yes, I really am short of money

Cicely calmly answered his question, remembering that she seemed to have already answered it once today. With that, she turned around and left the restroom

"I can give you money, you can quit your job here"

Seth's cold voice echoed behind her, giving her no chance to refute

Cicely paused for a moment, silently scoffing "What you want to keep me as your mistress? Sir?"

"Sir?" Seth's eyebrows furrowed, repeating the word that disgusted him.

Cicely raised her eyebrows, turning to face him, her brown eyes filled with sarcasm, "Well?"

Seth's gaze instantly darkened. Indeed, they had no relationship to speak of since three years ago.

Cicely, her calm gaze quietly taking in the man before her. He was handsome, cold, and not good at expressing his feelings. She, Cicely, had always been proud, but for once in her life, she clung to a man without any regard. But she hadn't expected the price she had to pay, the painful predicament, was like hell on earth.

She gave a sarcastic smile, the coldness in her eyes rivaling Seth's

As the party was winding down, most of the people in the private room were drunk as skunks, but Cicely grabbed ten bottles of Louis XIII, unhesitatingly popped them open, and put them all on the coffee table

Ella looked at Cicely's actions in surprise. "They're all already plastered..."

Cicely winked at her, "It's not often we come across these easy-to-scam rich folks. They won't mind. It's our little secret..."

Ella nodded slightly. She was right, they were all a bunch of rich folks, so rich they could fritter money away. Plus, this sister seemed to know these people well, a few tens of thousands was a drop in the bucket for

them

Cicely smiled, turning to glance at Chloe, and gave a slight nod.

Damon had drank a bit too much today, but he only had a slight headache. He wasn't like those people lying on the couch. He was still sitting there, looking neat and tidy, without any sign of disarray or embarrassment. Upon receiving a call from Nate, Damon got up from the couch. He was still tall and upright, steady as a rock.

"Let's go "

He took Chloe's hand and headed for the door.

"What about them..."

"Don't worry about them."

Chloe glanced at Ella, who waved at her with a smile, 'No worries, the driver will come up to take me and Noah home later.'

Noah was leaning next to Ella, his eyes half-closed, his brow slightly furrowed, looking a bit tipsy.

Before Damon and Chloe left the room, Noah's driver came in. Only then did Chloe feel at ease and followed Damon out.

Chloe's drinking capacity was actually quite good after all these years of practice, and with Damon present, no one would let her drink too much.

Damon, who had been drinking, felt a bit dizzy, so he sat down on the couch when he got back. Chloe went into the kitchen and came out ten minutes later with a cup of soup to help sober up.

On the living room couch, Damon was closing his eyes lightly, as if he were asleep. Chloe sat next to him and gently woke him up. His eyes slowly opened, his captivating gaze like a bottomless lake, without any apples. Although he was obviously a bit tipsy, he remained calm and composed, and the intelligence in his eyes did not diminish at all.

Chapter 728

"Drink it, take a shower and go to bed."

Damon sidled up to her. His tipsy expression was a mix of laziness and devil-may-care charm. His gaze was as deep as an abyss, a magnetic pull that was impossible to resist.

"Feed me."

His deep and slightly raspy voice made Chloe's cheeks flush. She brought the bowl to Damon's lips. He stared at her and smirked, taking a sip.

"A bit bitter."

This guy...

\*Suck it up."

"Suck it up?" Damon scowled, "I don't want to."



Chloe remained silent, noticing his slightly drunken state.

Not long after, Damon spoke again, "Alright will stomach it. Go get yourself some warm milk."

"Want some milk too?"

Damon took the bowl from her, drank a couple of sips, and then his hand slid under her clothes. His touch, warm from holding the bowl, gently glided from her waist to her side.

"Hey, Damon..." Chloe tried to stop him, but Damon's hand was already resting on her stomach.

\*Go get some warm milk. It'll help with your stomach, okay?"

Chloe's heart softened, her eyes getting teary. She held Damon's hand, lost for words with the overwhelming feelings.

She just wanted to treat this man better, doubling the kindness he had shown. But she was scared, scared of not being able to reciprocate his love.

'Damon, don't be too good to me.

"Huh?" Damon buried his face in her neck, inhaling her scent.

"I don't want to be the only one receiving tender love and care." If she gave less than she received, she would feel uneasy.

"Why? You're my fiancée...

"We're not married yet." Chloe smiled, her eyes moist.

“We will be soon. The engagement ceremony is being prepared, all that will be left is for you to show up...”

Chloe was astonished, the engagement was already being prepared? “When? Why don’t I even know the date?”

“Hmm... didn’t want to give you a chance to back out.”

Chloe shook her head, “I won’t regret it, never in my

life.

Damon chuckled softly, his voice resonating in her ear.

Meanwhile on the Internet, Philip’s arrogant behavior was still a hot topic. Even though he had apologized, what was done was done. The facts were laid bare, and people’s anger and disdain were far from subsiding.

Endorsement deals were cancelled left and right, and his scripts and reality show gigs were pulled. His Twitter followers dropped drastically. Philip seemed to be stuck in a rut, and the more he struggled, the worse it got. So he completely disappeared from all social media platforms, hoping time would let this blow over.

Keira was actually innocent this time. She had inadvertently become a target. She had been quietly waiting at home for the awards ceremony, but because of Philip, she, as a former coworker, was dragged into the mess and unjustly accused. Adding to her previous controversies, people started digging up her past issues, and compiled them into a public post.

Chapter 729

There was a whole lot of folks chiming in under the post.

Keira was about to blow a fuse.

“Alright, chill out! This ain’t your fault. Once you bag that award, all these rumors will eventually fizzle out Tonight, you’re officially joining the Olson clan and you’ll soon be Lance’s wife Everything’s looking up, so why sweat the small stuff?”

Carolina’s words helped to put out the fire in Keira’s heart. She was right – stewing at home was just making her miserable She felt a bit more relaxed, and a smile gradually started to creep onto her face.

“Gran’s got a point.”

Seeing Keira, so poised and understanding, Carolina felt a real sense of pride.

“Tonight, our family will be welcoming you to the Olson clan. Friends and relatives from their side will probably be there too. so you need to keep your head in the game. First impressions are key”

Thinking about the family feast tonight, Keira couldn’t help but feel a tad nervous.

All the Olsons would be there, and after that, she would be moving in with them, becoming the future lady of the house. How could the most important person be missing from such a big event?

“Gran, is Chloe gonna be there tonight?” Keira asked cautiously, eyeing Carolina’s reaction with anticipation.

The mere mention of Chloe made Carolina’s face darken.

“Why can’t you just forget about her? Do you really think she’ll show up? If she does, she might just stir up trouble.”

“But Gran, Chloe’s family. We’re blood. You can’t just cut her off, She’s got talent. If she were to help me with Pulse Entertainment in the future, it’d be a load off my shoulders.”

“Her? Help out? You might as well burn Pulse Entertainment to the ground!”

“Gran...”

“Alright, alright! I’ll have the butler give her a call, but I wouldn’t hold my breath.”

“I’ll give her a call later.”

Carolina was getting impatient. “Do whatever.”

At that moment, Chloe, who was helping Rose pick out a veil, got a call. Seeing the unfamiliar number, she didn’t think much of it and answered.

“Hello, who’s this?” Chloe casually asked while flipping through a bridal magazine.

“Chloe...”

A familiar voice came through the phone, making Chloe pause and her face turn cold.

“What do you want?”

“Tonight, the Summers family is sending Keira into the Olson family. I was wondering, are you coming home tonight?”

Chloe’s eyebrows arched in frosty amusement as she leaned back on the couch, her voice icy. “What do you think?”

“Chloe, I hope you’ll come.” Lance said bluntly.

Chloe laughed at Lance's proposal. She realized that even though life had been calm recently, it was also a bit boring. She sank into the couch comfortably, and asked with patience, "What do you want me to do? You're not inviting me on Keira's behalf, are you? Let me guess, she'd love for me to show up, playing the part of the loser."

"No, Chloe, you've got it all wrong. I didn't discuss this with Keira. It's just that I think..."

## Chapter 730

"No, Chloe, you've got it all wrong. I didn't discuss this with Keira, I just think..."

Lance trailed off, and Chloe didn't fill in the silence. In the past, she would always find herself making excuses for him, but now, who was he to her?

Slowly, Lance realized that Chloe wasn't going to cover for him like she used to. He paused, then confessed, "I asked you here for your own good..."

Chloe scoffed, "Oh? For my good?"

Her sarcasm made Lance fall silent on the other end of the line, his deep voice filled with helplessness.

"Chloe, you need to see yourself as part of the Summers family. You know I never wanted to hurt you. In the future, the Summers and the Olsons will practically be one family. If you keep the relationship you have now with the Summers during this international competition, and when your grandma gets cornered, I'm afraid she'll, she'll try to make things difficult for you."

Although Lance was treading carefully, she still heard it.

Before she could respond, Lance continued, "You're part of the Summers, Chloe. You're smart, so don't make mistakes intentionally. If grandma really wants to make you suffer, what do you expect me to do?"

Chloe laughed, "Isn't Keira going to be in charge of the company by then? Why do you keep bringing up Carolina? What can you do for me? Are you stuck between choosing Keira or me? You're overthinking. What have you ever done for me, other than making my difficulties worse whenever I'm in trouble?"

Lance's heart tightened, his voice filled with guilt and helplessness. "Chloe, I..."

"Do you really think that, even if I get along with the Summers now, anything would change? Everything you've said today is based on the assumption that the Summers are kind and I'm unreasonable. Lance, you've seen how humbly I treated the Summers. Can't you understand that whether I'm unreasonable or not, the Summers just won't accept me?"

Lance's heart jolted. Yes, he had seen Chloe's humility, and the way she had once treaded carefully around the Summers. Why was her relationship with the Summers so tense now?

Then, his thoughts faded. Chloe couldn't accept Keira, which was a fact.

Chloe's cold laughter rang through the silence. She knew exactly what Lance was thinking. He believed the grievances and hurt Keira claimed to have suffered were all true. She was the one who couldn't tolerate Keira, which is why the Summers couldn't accept her.

"Let's leave it at that. We can talk about the future another time. Don't worry about me, just keep supporting your fiancée...no, your wife."

Lance knew the answer. He took a deep breath on the other end of the line, then said, "I still hope you'll give it some thought."

Chloe hung up without a word.

Before long, Keira's calls started coming in again.