

CHOSEN 901

Chapter 901

When Wendy heard the word “stranger”, she involuntarily gritted her teeth.

Chloe looked up at her, with a smile that wasn’t exactly a smile.

Wendy managed an awkward laugh, but it only made her feel even more uncomfortable.

Elizabeth snapped, “Even though it’s true, he’s my husband! I said I was going to pay, but then you said she paid. So, who exactly bought it?”

The salesperson hesitated, “Of course, you did...”

Elizabeth shot Chloe a fierce look and snorted coldly.

Chloe hurriedly said, “Mom, I didn’t think much about it...”

Elizabeth said, “Not thinking much doesn’t mean others won’t care. My husband is good-looking. I’ve spent a lot of time dealing with women who have ill intentions. Even now, when I’m old, it’s still the same. And there are still young and beautiful women who approach him. I’m really tired... Wendy, you see how hard my life is, right?”

After saying this, Elizabeth grabbed Wendy’s hand looking for comfort.

Wendy didn’t know what expression to make.

Elizabeth was clearly mocking her, and now she was seeking comfort from her? What was this all about?

Was Elizabeth’s life hard?

She couldn't adjust to life in the Harper family, and Royce took her away for many years.

She came back every few years, then left again whenever she felt uncomfortable.

She might be the most envied and free person in the world!

If this was called hardship, then how were others supposed to survive?

-Wendy said, "Elizabeth, Royce still cares about you after all these years... Chloe just said she didn't think much about it..."

Now she had to speak for Chloe. After all, she almost paid for Elizabeth just now.

Elizabeth sighed, "Ah, Wendy, you're right. I'm too sensitive..." After saying that, she turned to Chloe and her tone softened, "I'm sorry, Chloe. I'm being too sensitive. But from now on, let me handle this. I don't like other women buying clothes for my husband. It's not good for your reputation as well. Do you understand?"

Chloe clutched her purse tightly, struggling to stifle her laughter.

So much drama!

But on her face, she put on a look of enlightenment and spoke softly

"Mom, you're right. I won't do this kind of thing again."

Elizabeth nodded and sighed, then took out her phone and asked Chloe, "Tell me your WhatsApp account."

Chloe took out her phone, and they added each other on the spot.

Afterwards, Elizabeth said, “I will transfer the money for the clothes to you later.”

Elizabeth smiled satisfactorily, fiddled with her phone, and then put it away.

She turned to Wendy, who was standing by, and asked, “Wendy, these two sets of clothes are for your father, right?”

Wendy’s eyelids twitched as she forced a smile and nodded, “Uh—huh.”

She glanced at Chloe subconsciously and saw Chloe’s ambiguous smile

, feeling like grinding her teeth to dust.

“Alright, let’s go. We’ve bought clothes for the men. Now it’s time to shop for ourselves.”

When it came to buying gowns, Chloe had no intention of buying.

She guessed that if she bought gowns with Wendy, there would be trouble.

Wendy loved causing trouble, and she didn’t.

However, when they entered the gown store, Wendy still couldn’t help but stir up trouble.

In front of her were three gowns of the same brand and style in different colors.

In such a high—end store, they were called gowns, but in a slightly more common store, they would be considered tacky club dresses.

But the reason it appeared in such a high-end store was purely because it catered to the needs of the rich.

After all, many rich men had tacky mistresses, and these men wanted their mistresses to look as seductive and sexy as possible for parties.

Design-wise, it was a deep V-neck halter dress with two thin straps. The back was wide open, with only a thin strap across. There was a ribbon

around the waist, and the length of the skirt just covered the thighs. It was clearly a tight design.

Black, red, white, three colors.

Wendy smirked, her slender fingers fluttering over them and finally picked the red one. She took it off the rack, turned to Chloe and asked with a smile, "What do you think of this dress?"

Chloe glanced at the dress in her hand and her lips curled into a sarcastic smile.

'Ms. Alonso, your taste is indeed unique.'

Wendy shook her head slightly, "I think this dress would suit you perfectly. You have a great figure, why not give it a try?"

Chapter 902

Chloe made a slight move, looked at the dress in her hands again, her smile getting more sarcastic.

"Ms. Alonso, you're a real looker, with smooth skin like cream, and such a great figure. You'd definitely turn heads in this dress."

Wendy shook her head, not getting mad at Chloe's sarcasm, instead she replied calmly,

"I do like this dress, but... I'm part of the Alonso family. I don't mind, but a lot of people are watching. We have too many family rules. I'm going to take over the Alonso family, so of course, I can't break the rules. Most of the time, I envy your freedom. Not having so many restrictions and etiquette, like this dress, I like it, but I can't wear it. You're not the same..."

Chloe listened to her quietly, finding it even funnier.)

"Yeah, your life must be a real drag. I think you take the Alonso family too seriously..."

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Wendy gave a small laugh, playing with the dress in her hands, "Everyone's the same, all envious of me being born into a wealthy family, but actually I'm not free most of the time..."

"You're overthinking it, I'm not envious of you."

Chloe cut her off with a laugh, "Ms. Alonso, you're playing the 'tragic rich girl, aren't you? Of course, calling the Alonso family 'rich' is a stretch." Wendy paused, then laughed, "I know the Alonso family isn't really 'rich', but you get my point: It has its pros and cons."

Chloe nodded, "I get what you're saying. So like I said, you're taking the Alonso family too seriously. You think the Harper family isn't as good as yours."

Wendy's smile faded a little, her eyes narrowed slightly,

"When did I ever say that?"

"Aren't you looking down on me? But the person you're looking down on will be part of the Harper family. You, as the future head of the Alonsos, looking down on the future lady of the Harpers, isn't that because you think the Harper family isn't as good as yours?"

Wendy's eyes widened in anger, her gaze piercing Chloe, then she turned to look at Elizabeth not far away, and suddenly laughed,

"You misunderstood me. Who doesn't know about the Harper family. Of course, my family can't compare to the Harper family, but if I can't, then you definitely can't... As for the future lady of the Harper family... haha, you're thinking too far ahead..."

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Chloe nodded, "Yeah, I'm thinking too far ahead, but everyone in this circle knows that Damon's fiancée is me, I represent the Harper family."

Wendy didn't really intend for Chloe to wear this dress. She just hoped to give Chloe a wake-up call. If Chloe was willing to try it on or even wear it to the party, that would be even better.

If the future Mrs. Harper appeared in public in such a vulgar manner, it would damage the Harper family's reputation. Even if Damon still liked her, it would make it difficult for her to fit into the family.

However, Wendy also anticipated that Chloe wouldn't fall for it so easily, that she wouldn't be able to see these problems.

She now knew very well that Chloe was a woman not to be underestimated.

Unable to continue the conversation, Wendy could only take the dress back with a stern face.

At this time, Elizabeth came over.

She was surprised to see Wendy and Chloe standing together talking for a while.

"What are you talking about?"

Wendy gave a small smile, “Nothing...”

Chloe pointed to the dress in Wendy’s hand and said quietly,

“Mom, Ms. Alonso just recommended this dress to me, she said it suits me, what do you think?”

Wendy’s smile froze, unsure of what to do with the dress in her hands.

In the end, the dress was taken by Chloe and shown to Elizabeth.

Elizabeth looked at the dress, her smile instantly disappearing.

Wendy was a little nervous, “Elizabeth...”

“Wendy.” Elizabeth’s tone was very serious, “You said this dress suits her?”

“Elizabeth, I was just joking with her...”

“You make jokes with someone you just met?” Elizabeth looked sternly at Wendy, “I know you’re not one to joke around.”

“Do you know what would happen if Chloe wore this dress to the party? She is Damon’s fiancée. If she really wore this dress to the party, not only would people think she’s immodest and shameless, but it would also disgrace the Harper family. Most importantly, how would people view Damon? Would they think he’s married a vulgar woman?”

Wendy bit her lip, “Elizabeth, Chloe is a very sensible person, how could she choose this dress? I didn’t think about it at the time, I just wanted to

find a topic to joke about with her so that we could get along better in the future...”

Elizabeth looked at her deeply, her gaze cold and sharp, a

s if she wanted to see right through Wendy.

Chloe said coldly, "When it comes to reason, of course, I can't hold a candle to Ms. Alonso. But maybe, just maybe, Ms. Alonso didn't mean anything by it."

Wendy's heart started racing. She couldn't believe Chloe was actually sticking up for her.

Sure enough, after a moment's pause, Chloe continued,

"Ms. Alonso initially said she liked this dress. But given the vast empire of the Alonso family, all the strings that come with it, and the need to consider the reputation of the Alonso family, she naturally can't wear a dress that might cast a negative light..."

Wendy's lips twitched slightly as she looked up at Chloe's innocent smile.

She knew exactly what this woman was up to!

After hearing this, Elizabeth's face turned even colder, "So you can consider the reputation of the Alonso family but not the Harper family? Wendy, is that how lowly you think of us?"

Wendy shook her head vigorously, "No, no, Elizabeth. I just knew that Chloe didn't really want it, so I thought I'd make a joke..."

However, Chloe simply turned to the sales assistant next to her and said, "I'll take the dress."

Chapter 903

Wendy paused, then looked up at her.

Chloe chuckled, "Didn't you just say this dress suits me perfectly? You've really sold me on it. I'm wondering how stunning I would look in it. If anyone asks, I'll recommend you. You really have a unique eye for fashion."

Wendy's face changed color repeatedly. If looks could kill, Chloe would probably be dead by now.

"You're quite the joker."

Chloe arched an eyebrow, "I'm not joking. Why would I waste your good intentions?"

Elizabeth frowned at Chloe, then glanced at the dress she was holding.

"Elizabeth... I was just joking... Chloe... Are you mad at me?"

Chloe stared at her, showing no mercy, nodded and said, "Yes, I am a bit upset."

Elizabeth almost burst out laughing at the side.

Wendy turned pale, "Chloe, I've said it so many times, I was just joking with you. Are you being overly sensitive by getting mad over a joke?"

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Chloe looked at her, "You think no matter what joke you make, I should just laugh it off? Well... you're really annoying. I hope you never have

children."

Wendy's face turned dark instantly, "You..."

"What? Ms. Alonso, I was just joking. Why are you angry? I didn't expect you to be so sensitive."

Wendy bit her lip, "Chloe... are you going too far..."

Chloe scoffed, "You're the one who said I was sensitive for not taking a joke! If you can dish it, why can't you take it when I do the same? Ms. Alonso, what do I have to do to please you?"

Wendy was about to explode with anger!

She glanced at Elizabeth, tears welling up in her eyes, but she forced herself to stay calm.

"...Anyway, maybe I was a bit thoughtless with my words, but the way you're treating me..."

"Sorry, you might not know me well enough. I'm a very sensitive person. I treat people the way they treat me. If someone is nice to me, I'll be nicer to them. If someone is slightly rude to me, I'll give them a taste of their own medicine. And... I won't treat anyone differently because of their status."

Wendy bit her lip, not knowing what to say.

She glanced at Elizabeth, her eyes welling up with tears, trying to hold back her feelings.

Elizabeth happened to meet Wendy's gaze, seeing her tearful eyes. She as an elder, and had to speak up.

She pursed her lips, then said, "Chloe, let it go."

Chloe smiled faintly and nodded, her smile neither submissive nor overbearing, but rather calm and composed.

“Alright, I’ll listen to you.”

Elizabeth gave a slight smile, looked down at the dress in Chloe’s hand, took it over to examine it, then nodded.

“The dress looks quite nice. There’s no harm in buying it.”

Chloe smiled, but didn’t say anything.

However, Elizabeth suddenly said,

“I’ll pay for this dress. Consider it a welcome gift for you.”

Chloe lifted her eyes slightly to look at Elizabeth.

A welcome gift?

-But since Elizabeth had said so, she could only accept, “Thank

Wendy really didn’t expect Elizabeth to buy Chloe the dress.

you, Mom.”

What surprised her even more was that this was the dress she had just said Chloe would never buy.

She was really puzzled. What role was Elizabeth playing in all of this?

She allowed Chloe to call her mom and did not object to any of Chloe’s suggestions.

What was going on?

Didn't she mind at all?

How could Chloe be worthy of Damon?

However, just as she was puzzled, Elizabeth took her hand again and accompanied her to pick out a dress.

"Come on, Wendy, pick out a dress too. I'll buy it."

With that, all of Wendy's doubts were scattered.

In the end, Wendy tried on a black lace short dress. The skirt was short in the front and long in the back, with lace flowers designed around the neckline, spreading out under her collarbone, and a thin belt around her waist, highlighting her slender waistline.

Simple, yet elegant.

Elizabeth nodded in satisfaction, "This one's really good."

Wendy stood in front of the full-length mirror, carefully checking her dress.

"You have a great figure, and your skin is well maintained. The black dress accentuates your complexion."

The saleswoman at the side began to compliment her with their professional knowledge.

Wendy, who was being praised, also had a satisfied and proud look on her face.

In the end, she decided to buy this dress. When it came time to pay, it was Elizabeth who paid.

The dress Elizabeth bought for her was much more expensive than the one she bought for Chloe.

Wendy couldn't help but feel a little smug.

Elizabeth didn't seem to mind, thinking it was only natural, and didn't find anything wrong with it.

This treatment difference made Wendy very satisfied.

Especially seeing Elizabeth's carefree look, her previous illusion that Elizabeth and Chloe were in cahoots completely disappeared.

Noticing Wendy's smug look, Chloe silently followed behind, a cold sneer tugging at the corner of her mouth.

Wendy was actually quite smart.

At least at the previous welcoming party, her use of the Felix and Elsa incident was enough to make people take note.

That matter was seamless.

Even in the end, at most Felix would take the blame, Elsa would be reprimanded, but no one would blame Wendy.

Unless she and Damon somehow upset Wendy, leading to Wendy deliberately making her uncomfortable today.

Chloe shook her head.

As the group shopped on the lower floor, Chloe headed straight for the watch counter.

Those childhood sweethearts, growing up together!

She was really not pleased with that.

The feelings between childhood sweethearts were the most difficult to understand and the most sensitive.

Even though she trusted Damon, she couldn't stand the constant provocations from Wendy.

Seeing Chloe head towards the watch section, Wendy and Elizabeth followed suit.

Chloe stood in front of a brand counter, and the sales associate greeted with a smile, "Welcome to Vacheron Constantin."

Chloe hesitated for a moment, but before she could speak, Wendy jumped in, "Perfect, my watch is Vacheron Constantin too. Since we're here, why don't you give my watch band a clean?"

"Sure thing," the sales associate replied with a smile.

Wendy took off her watch and handed it to the associate, then turned her head to look at Chloe.

"Looks like you know Damon pretty well. This is his go-to brand."

Chloe's gaze swept over the watch Wendy had just handed over, "Seems like you're a fan of the brand too?"

Wendy scoffed, “Top-notch international brand, I absolutely love it.”

“Is that so?” Chloe replied with a smile.

Chapter 904

She whispered but turned and headed toward the Piaget counter not far away.

“Pity, I don’t really like it.”

Wendy paused, then let out a soft, cold chuckle.

“Welcome to Piaget, how can I assist you?”

Chloe nodded, “Couple’s watches.”

Wendy’s smirk hadn’t fully formed when it suddenly froze on her face at Chloe’s words.

The Piaget salesperson laughed, “Couple’s watches are right this way, please follow me to the counter.”

Chloe followed, immediately spotting a platinum couple’s watch she liked. The men’s watch was simple and elegant, the women’s embedded with diamonds, delicate and beautiful.

“I’ll take this one.”

Her decision was swift and decisive, without a hint of hesitation.

“Alright, please wait a moment.”

Chloe moved quickly, inadvertently speeding up the salesperson as well.

She took the watch to be packaged.

Soon, she walked out with the beautifully packaged watch.

Chloe paid, picked up her purchase with satisfaction, and headed towards Elizabeth.

“Alright, Mom, let’s go.”

Elizabeth glanced at Wendy, who was still waiting to clean up the watch.

“Elizabeth, you might have to wait for me...” Wendy said awkwardly.

As Wendy was about to speak, Elizabeth’s phone rang.

She took out her phone and walked to the side while answering.

“Hello... shopping... forgot... It’s no big deal, right?”

As Elizabeth moved further away, Chloe, not wanting to hang around with Wendy any longer, also turned and headed to a rest area.

Elizabeth was still on the phone for a while. Seeing her finally hang up, but then make another call.

She put away her phone after a short while and walked over to the couch where Chloe was sitting, her back to Wendy, saying something to Chloe. She was blocking Chloe, so no one could see what Chloe was doing or what her expression was.

By the time Wendy finally got her watch, she hurried over.

“Elizabeth, sorry to keep you waiting. Let’s go.”

She glanced at Chloe and the bag with the Piaget logo in her hand.

“Wendy, Chloe and I have something to do, and we probably won’t be home tonight. I’ve called a driver for you; you can go ahead.”

Wendy’s mouth twitched, “...Elizabeth, is there a problem? Do you need my help?”

Elizabeth glanced at Chloe, sighed, and looked a bit troubled.

“I can’t really say. It’s something you can’t help with, you go ahead...”

Seeing Elizabeth’s expression, Wendy smelled something fishy.

“...Elizabeth, what’s going on?”

Elizabeth shook her head reluctantly, “Chloe refuses to go home, I’m taking her to a hotel for the night...”

Wendy’s heart skipped a beat, “Wasn’t everything fine just now? What happened so suddenly... Chloe... Is there a misunderstanding with Damon?” “Honestly, I don’t know... They’ve been on bad terms for a while... Now all these gifts can’t even be delivered... I’ve been trying to get her to go home, to talk it out with him, but she’s so stubborn...”

Wendy quickly grabbed Elizabeth’s hand, “Elizabeth, if she doesn’t want to go home, then don’t force her. Maybe she just needs some time to herself... I can help arrange a hotel for you.”

She paused, “Actually, the venue for your welcome party tomorrow is nearby. Why don’t we just stay there tonight?”

Elizabeth looked at her and nodded.

“Thanks for the help.”

Wendy smiled, “No problem.”

In the end, Wendy took Chloe and Elizabeth straight to the venue she mentioned.

Since there would inevitably be people staying over in case they drank too much at tomorrow’s party, Wendy had booked rooms in advance.

Chloe was silent and cold throughout, while Wendy enthusiastically booked two luxury suites and personally escorted Chloe and Elizabeth to their

rooms.

Their rooms were next door to each other.

Elizabeth went straight into Chloe’s room, and put the card for the room Wendy prepared away.

As soon as Chloe entered the room, she put her things on the cabinet, looked around the room, and finally went to the large floor-to-ceiling window to overlook the city’s evening view.

Wendy stood next to her, looking at her straight back, and said indifferently,

“You can stay here. There’s a full range of entertainment services downstairs. If you’re feeling down, you can go and have some fun.”

Chloe remained unmoved, her back to her, her lips curled in a faint, cold smile.

Wendy didn't expect her to respond and finally turned to Elizabeth, "Elizabeth, are you really not going back? Presley, Damon, and Nathan must be worried about you. Maybe I should stay here with you..."

"If they were worried about me, they wouldn't have caused me all this trouble. You should go home, I've taken up your entire day. Your mother will complain again that I've stolen her daughter!"

Wendy smiled, "She's just talking. You know she's happy that you care for me..."

Despite what she said, Wendy finally left.

The moment she closed the door, the smile on Elizabeth's face collapsed.

She sat down on the couch, took off her shawl and threw it aside.

Chloe sat opposite her, smiling at her, "Don't you like Wendy?"

Elizabeth propped her elbow on the armrest of the sofa, turning to face her,

"That was Damon's first pick for a future wife. I've thought of her that way since they were kids, all the way until Damon's 18th birthday, when I fully realized he had no interest in girls, and you know what?! I started to like her even more! After all, she had been the only girl around Damon from the time they were little..."

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Shifting her position, Elizabeth sighed, "Ah! Being your husband's mom is really tough! Other kids started cuddling with little girls in middle school! He, on the other hand, seemed to enjoy scaring the bejesus out of a dozen female classmates every day! When I first found out he was going to be a boy while he was still in my belly, I started worrying that he wouldn't be able to find a wife. Do you have any idea how I've been fretting over this for the past twenty-something years?"

Chapter 905

“Could it be because I was always nagging when I was pregnant with him that he developed this rebellious attitude? Always trying to contradict

me since he was born?”

Elizabeth mumbled to herself, causing Chloe to chuckle.

Did she start encouraging him to get a girlfriend while he was still in the womb?

“What about Nathan? Did you also teach him in the womb to find an outstanding girlfriend for you?”

Elizabeth waved her hand, “When I was pregnant with him, I was hoping he would be a girl. But he turned out to be another rebel, who ended up growing into a son! I was so pissed... So my only hope for him was to give me a beautiful and cute granddaughter!”

Chloe’s lips twitched. This woman was thinking way ahead, skipping the daughter-in-law and going straight for the granddaughter.

However, this wish might have actually had a chance of coming true now...

Seeing Elizabeth’s beaming face, Chloe couldn’t help but feel a bit envious.

She was envious of Elizabeth’s current happiness, for herself, and also for her mother.

Why did her mother, who was so wonderful and outstanding, have to marry into the Summers family...

Lost in her thoughts, she didn't hear all of what Elizabeth was saying, but when she heard the words "coming of age ceremony", she came back to her senses.

"Nathan was the one who insisted on getting a car for his coming-of-age ceremony. In the end, it was Damon who gifted it to him. Speaking of Damon's coming-of-age ceremony, Presley prepared more than a dozen women for him to choose from, which pissed him off so much that he almost overturned the Harper family... By the way, what about yours..."

Elizabeth abruptly stopped speaking, quickly covering her mouth.

Oh no!

She remembered that Damon had told her not to mention Chloe's past, especially her coming-of-age ceremony. How could she just blurt it out.

As expected, Chloe's gentle expression changed, and Elizabeth felt even more alarmed.

"Don't worry about it, Mom... My coming-of-age ceremony gift was all of the business assets under my mother's name, enough to ensure that I would never have to worry about food or drink for the rest of my life."

Elizabeth looked at Chloe, who was forcing a smile on her face, and it broke her heart.

"Your mother was a very powerful woman."

Chloe nodded, "Yeah, she was, but she didn't have a good eye for men."

Elizabeth nodded, "I'm glad you didn't inherit her taste in men. You chose Damon, which is the best choice you could have made!"

Chloe gave a bitter smile, "Maybe, I did inherit it. I used to have a fiancé If it wasn't for Damon... I guess we would have missed each other..."

“That must be fate.” Elizabeth didn’t show any signs of discomfort at the fact that Chloe had a former fiancé, which surprised Chloe.

“Do you really have no objections to me?”

Elizabeth raised an eyebrow, “If I pick on you every day and find all kinds of things to dislike about you, it’d be exhausting for me. Why would I want to make things hard for myself?”

This blunt honesty was both amusing and touching.

“After all, you are the one my son chose. If I can’t trust you, can’t I trust my own son? Since he made the choice with such determination, you must be the best.”

Chloe felt a surge of emotion in her heart.

She may have seemed cold and distant, but her heart was easily touched.

Elizabeth looked at Chloe, who was trying to contain her emotions, but the look of sympathy on her face was unmistakable.

She suddenly stood up from the sofa, walked over to Chloe, and gently pulled her into her arms.

Chloe’s body stiffened instantly.

Elizabeth gently stroked her hair and said softly, “You don’t need to always be on guard, and you don’t need to be so strong all the time. It’s okay to have weaknesses. Damon can give you more than just love; he can give you us. We love him, he loves you, so we will love you too.”

Chloe bit her lip, feeling a warmth well up in her eyes.

“Thank you... Mom.”

Her voice choked up as she buried her head in Elizabeth’s tender embrace.

She suddenly felt a sense of belonging that she had never before experienced.

Her rigid body gradually relaxed, and her slender shoulders trembled slightly.

Damon couldn’t wait for Elizabeth and Chloe to come back, his face growing grimmer by the minute.

The calls he made to Chloe went unanswered.

Finally, he called his mother.

Elizabeth saw the incoming call, raised an eyebrow, patted Chloe, whose eyes were red from crying, and then took the phone into the bathroom.

As soon as she picked up, Damon asked in a cold voice, “Where is she?”

As if she had kidnapped Chloe.

“We’re at a hotel.”

Damon’s face darkened even more, and he quickly stood up from the sofa.

“Which hotel?”

“The one where the banquet is being held tomorrow.”

Damon was already at the door, grabbing his car keys and heading out.

“You running away from home on your own is one thing! But you took her with you?”

His voice was harsh. Was this his mother?

She ran away from home with his wife?

“What are you talking about? You’re the one who drove her away, and now you’re blaming me?”

Damon was so angry that he hung up the phone.

Elizabeth shrugged, put away her phone, went into the bathroom, took out all the towels and bathrobes, put them in a corner, and then went back to the living room.

Seeing Chloe sitting there with her eyes red from crying, her felt sympathy towards her again.

She walked over, ruffled Chloe’s hair, and said softly,

“I’ve had someone prepare the bath for you. You should go soak for a bit and relax. I’ll get dinner ready.”

She said, lightly brushing over Chloe’s tear-streaked face.

“I can make dinner...” Chloe croaked.

“No need. You go take a bath. Tonight...just rest.”

Elizabeth quickly pushed Chloe into the bathroom, eager to help her undress and get her into the bathtub.

Chloe was a bit overwhelmed by this enthusiasm and quickly said, "I can do it myself."

Elizabeth didn't insist. Seeing that Chloe was indeed starting to undress, she left satisfied.

Not long after, Chloe heard Elizabeth making dinner plans over the phone outside.

Then, silence..

At that moment, Elizabeth was on the couch, texting her husband on her phone.

["Honey, would you prefer a boy or a girl?"]

["Whether you have a boy or a girl, I'll be happy."]

["I'm talking about our son's child."]

["Which of our sons has the ability to do that?"]

["You're so annoying! Be serious."]

["I think either is fine."]

["That means twins!"]

["...Is that something you can decide?"]

["Come on, darling, let's pray together."]

Tokay.”]

[“You’re awesome.”]

[“Is there a reward?”]

[“A kiss.”]

[“That’s not enough.”]

[“Then, you come back.”]

[“Okay!”]

They were chatting happily when suddenly, an awkward voice came from the bathroom-

‘Mom... there’s no towel or bathrobe in the bathroom, can you...”

Elizabeth stood up immediately

said, “I got it, just a second.”

Then she picked up the new “welcome gift” she had prepared and headed towards the bathroom.

Chapter 906

Chloe had been spinning around stark naked in the bathroom for quite a while, unable to believe that such a high-end club would have such an oversight. Elizabeth knocked on the door, “Chloe...”

Chloe cracked open the bathroom door a little, and Elizabeth handed her the clothes she was holding.

“Put this on first, don’t catch a cold.

Chloe took the clothes, her face flushing slightly. This dress...

Although it was a dress, it was extremely short with only a thin strap at the back. The entire dress could be held in both hands.

This dress... it was too....

Even the pajamas she usually wore at home weren’t this revealing.

Not to mention that this was a dress someone else had prepared to wear at a banquet.

But for now, this was the only thing she had to wear.

It was better than going out naked.

There were two small towels in the bathroom; she dried herself off and—took a while to figure out how to put on the dress.

The first time, she had put the strap on the front instead of the back, but she eventually got it right.

Looking at herself in the full-length mirror in the bathroom, Chloe immediately blushed.

What were these’ designers thinking?

How could they design something like this?

“Are you ready, Chloe?”

Elizabeth urged from outside. Chloe sighed, constantly pulling at the hem of the dress that she couldn't pull down, and slowly opened the Bathroom door.

-Elizabeth, who was waiting boredly, was standing in front of the sink mirror, tidying her hair a little. Hearing the noise, she turned her head and her eyes

nearly popped out of their sockets.

Oh my God!

This... this was too... too...

Too sexy, too attractive!

Elizabeth swallowed hard, thinking sarcastically that if she were a man, she wouldn't be able to resist!

All she could say was that her son had good taste.

The woman he chose was excellent.

“Can... can you not stare at me like that...”

Chloe spoke in a small voice.

Elizabeth's greedy gaze was truly a bit embarrassing.

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“Cough, cough...”

Elizabeth came to her senses and coughed awkwardly.

Holding her freshly tidied hair, she pointed at Chloe, looked her up and down, and then began to laugh.

“Actually... Wendy was right, this dress really suits your figure...”

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“Really?”

Chloe forced a smile, not knowing what to say, and kept tugging at the short hem of her dress.

“You... go dry your hair!” Elizabeth said and left the bathroom.

After drying her hair by the sink, Chloe went to the living room. Elizabeth was tidying up the sofa and had placed all the clothes they had bought that day by the door against the wall.

She had even moved a couch pillow to the bay window in the corner of the living room.

Chloe watched her bustling about, puzzled, and asked,

“Mom, what are you doing?”

Elizabeth turned around and gave her a suggestive smile, “I’m tidying up.”

Chloe still didn't get it.

She couldn't understand what Elizabeth's actions meant.

At this point, Elizabeth picked up her phone and snapped several pictures of Chloe!

Chloe was surprised. Just then, the doorbell rang unexpectedly. Elizabeth took a few more pictures and quickly said,

"It must be the dinner delivery. I'll go open the door, you stay here."

Chloe didn't refuse. Dressed as she was, she really didn't want to see anyone else.

Elizabeth walked to the side of the couch, put on a shawl, took her phone, and walked to the door.

Chloe moved to the floor-to-ceiling window, swept all her hair to the left shoulder, and tidied up her hair roots while gazing down at the nighttime view outside the glass. As she observed Elizabeth's fleeing figure, she couldn't help but smile and shake her head as she did this.

Elizabeth reached the door, and even through the door, she could feel the pressure from outside.

The doorbell rang impatiently again. Elizabeth took a deep breath and slowly opened the door...

Outside the door, a tall, handsome man in a suit stood. His face held no trace of a smile.

His gloomy eyes shone with a sharp glint, and his brows were filled with a cold aura.

Without a doubt, it was Damon.

Elizabeth was slightly frightened when she met his deep gaze, even though he was her son.

“Where is she?”

Elizabeth gritted her teeth and lowered her voice to reply,

“Have you forgotten about your mother since you got a wife?”

Damon frowned.

“Alright, alright, I’m your mother, I won’t hold it against you! Do you think I’m gonna eat her?”

Damon looked down at her, “...Don’t scare her!”

“You underestimate her, do you think she’s easily scared??

Elizabeth glanced at him and walked out, “I can’t be bothered with you two!”

She said angrily and walked to the room next door and swiped her card to enter.

Damon pursed his lips and walked in.

Just past the doorway, he saw the figure standing in front of the floor-to-ceiling window. Damon’s breath hitched.

A white silhouette was in front of his eyes. Her delicate shoulder blades seemed to be fluttering as she flicked her hair under the bright light. Her smooth and moist skin gave an illusion of transparency as thin as cicada wings.

Her slender legs appeared particularly long below the skirt that could barely cover her buttocks.

Her waist was slender, the curve of her waist connected to her perky buttocks, extending to her straight legs. Just this silhouette was enough to make one lose their mind.

Damon's throat bobbed a few times, his gaze fixed on Chloe, and an indecipherable emotion gradually clouded his deep eyes.

The intense and strong gaze he cast at Chloe from behind was so heated, Chloe turned around sensitively and defensively. What she saw was Damon's deep and mysterious gaze.

His strong possessiveness and domineering gaze accelerated her heartbeat, her body involuntarily took a step back.

Facing him was Chloe, her slender shoulders adorned with thin straps, and the deep V-neck accentuated her full breasts.

Just right...

Plump, slender, tall.

Not overly voluptuous nor thin and flat.

Perfectly beautiful everywhere.

Although he was very familiar with her body, she could still amaze him every time and make him unable to resist.

He looked at her, a demure yet icy expressions now flushed with a touch of shyness. Her eyes were filled with surprise and disbelief.

Damon slowly paced towards Chloe, a romantic vibe filling the large, bright living room.

It seemed like Chloe had caught onto something. Her bright eyes darted side to side, her long, straight legs clenched together even tighter.

Her hands were joined together at the hem of her dress, her fingers fumbling with the fabric. The way she looked like she was about to lift her skirt but didn't, it was bloody teasing, making you want to just stride over and lift it up all the way....

The domineering, icy aura of the man closed in, Chloe bit her lip and was about to dodge to the side...

Chapter 907

Out of nowhere, her wrist was grabbed hard, and then the tall man hoisted her hand high with a flip, pressing her against the full-length window beside them.

The window was temperature controlled, and Chloe's bare back felt no chill against it. But the man's presence was causing her some trouble.

Her hand was pressed against the glass above her head, making her upper body lean forward. The bit of cloth that barely covered her chest was revealing a bit more due to the pull,

Damon's warm and firm chest pressed against her, his body heat seeping through his clothes and turning her cheeks red.

Especially his gaze, the strong desire and dominance in them made Chloe feel both shy and anxious.

"Why is it you?" she asked.

"Who did you think it was?" Damon replied nonchalantly. His low voice carried a hint of smoky sexiness, sending tingles down Chloe's spine.

"But it was Mom who..." Chloe's thoughts were a mess, but she remembered it was Elizabeth who had answered the door. Irritated, she bit her lip and glared at him. "Let me go."

A glint appeared in Damon's eyes and a corner of his mouth curled up in a smirk.

"Nope," he said.

His hand braced on the glass behind Chloe, his expensive suit fitting him perfectly, making him look tall and straight.

His back bent over her, his handsome face close to hers, his cool fragrance enveloping her. Their breaths intermingled.

He slowly released the hand that was on top of her head. Chloe tried to push him away, but his body pressed against hers tightly, not giving her any room

to exert force..

His hand slipped around her waist, along her back, his cool fingertips gliding down her spine, the feather-like touch making Chloe shiver, her scalp tingling.

"Damon!" she called.

"Mmm, I'm here," he responded.

His fingers moved from her back, sliding over her collarbone down to her soft tits.

His deep eyes were filled with admiration and lust.

"Did you buy this dress yourself?" Damon asked, his breath becoming hotter.

His large hand slid over her waist, up to her perky butt.

“No...”

Chloe’s hand clung to the hem of her dress in front of her, but her voice was trembling due to the man’s suggestive teasing.

Suddenly, her earlobe was taken into his mouth. Chloe instantly hunched her shoulders, her beautiful collarbones creating a lovely shape.

“Absolutely stunning.”

Damon’s voice was low and husky, his eyes deep and mesmerizing.

He gently rubbed the woman in his arms, her fragrance intoxicating, a light rose scent mixed with the fresh smell of her recent bath. Her skin was soft and delicate, irresistible.

“This is my dress for tomorrow’s party,” Chloe murmured.

Damon suddenly froze, his brow furrowed as he stared at her, his eyes filled with anger,

“What did you say?” he demanded.

Chloe lowered her head, turning it away.

He forcefully grabbed her chin, saying, “If you go out in this, Chloe, I swear you’ll regret it!”

His voice was cold and angry.

Chloe’s heart pounded, but she couldn’t muster any anger.

“I won’t wear it out!” Chloe pushed him away, but Damon’s expression softened slightly before he tightened his grip on her again..

“Don’t touch me!” she struggled, his indifference reminding her of his cold words this morning.

Damon chuckled and released her.

Chloe broke free, but the next moment, she was pressed back against the window by Damon.

The background was the neon-lit night outside, the room brightly lit.

Her silhouette against the window was pure white, her beautiful curves fully displayed to Damon.

His breath became heavier, he left a hot kiss on her back.

Chloe gripped the edge of the window, her body beginning to tremble.

“You...” she managed to breathe out.

Damon’s hand reached around her, lifting her chin, his hot kisses falling on her shoulder and ear.

“Do you know how attractive you are right now? You want me to stop touching you?” he said, his breath ragged, and his hands kneading her body. Chloe bit her lip, trying to stand up straight to avoid him, but he pressed her back into his chest.

Looking at their reflections in the window, her face turned a deep red.

She started to struggle, not wanting to see this embarrassing scene.

Her movements were only teasing Damon further, the light in his eyes becoming more intense and fierce.

Chloe turned around, gasping for breath, her dress had slipped off her shoulders, revealing her nipples.

The design of the dress was suggestive, easily stirring up desires, let alone now with the almost revealing display.

“I can’t take this anymore!” Damon suddenly said, his body pressed against hers, his kisses covering her body.

Chloe’s thoughts froze for a moment, and when she came back to her senses, his hand was undoing the belt around her waist, as if he wanted to absorb her completely into his body.

His hot, domineering tongue forcefully parted her lips, delving deep, taking over everything.

“Mhm...” she wanted to say something, but there wasn’t a chance.

Her legs felt weak, and she had to hold onto his neck for support.

Her actions seemed like submission like she was willingly letting him have his way.

Damon sensed her weakness and suddenly bent down, picking her up and heading straight for the tatami in the corner of the room.

He laid her down, tossed his suit aside, and started to untie his tie with one hand while watching the woman in the sexy mini dress, whose face was flushed and confused.

Chapter 908

Chloe squinted her eyes and watched as Damon undressed, her heart pounding uncontrollably, hitting like a drum.

They'd been together for a while, so every move of his, and the unique aura he radiated, always easily stirred her heart.

She bit her lip, propped herself up with one hand, while the other pulled up the slipping strap, determined to stick to her decision for the day. However, the next moment, she was pulled back, leaning against the glass behind her. Her tidied hair was now a bit messy, strands falling on her fair skin and red clothes, creating a striking visual contrast.

"Damon..."

"Mhm."

Damon casually unbuttoned a few shirt buttons, then leaned over, pulling Chloe into his arms, lifting her slender legs...

She was beautiful, sexy, and full of ascetic allure in this dress that made his blood boil.

He didn't take off the dress.

"Ah...mmm..."

She tilted her head slightly, biting her lower lip, trying to stifle her moans, with a mix of endurance and pleasure expression on her face.

Her slightly disheveled miniskirt teased the man's senses. He tenderly stroked her messy hair, then leaned in and kissed her passionately.

Chloe opened her eyes to look at him, but was gently kissed by him, his voice low and sexy She eyed him warily, seemingly realizing something. As she started to indulge in pleasure and lust, Damon just smiled at her, not waiting for any response...

Kissed on the windowsill by him, her limbs weak, she was finally carried to the couch. She was out of strength, only a soft moan left, as enticing as a cat. Afterwards, he carried her into the bathroom, and after a bath, laid her on the bed, Chloe's body as soft as boneless.

Held in his arms, Chloe struggled to open her eyes, her voice a bit hoarse

"Don't you like kids?"

Damon's brows twitched, he bent down to kiss the top of her head

"Mmm. Don't like them."

Chloe slowly opened her eyes and tilted her head back to look at him, her brow furrowing a few times though her face still wore a contented expression

"Why?"

Burying his head in the nape of her neck, Damon replied.

"Babe, once we have a kid, you'll be pregnant for ten months How am I supposed to last those ten months, huh?"

Chloe's eyes flickered. Her heart had been tense all along, and she didn't know what to feel at this point

"...Just for that reason? But I've heard after three months, with some care, it's still possible"

Chloe blushed, her voice turning smaller Topics like this gave her the feeling that she was actively courting for three months later

“Better wait.” Damon was adamant. “Our life as a couple has just begun We don’t need them to interfere

Chloe probably...got it.

Upon entering, Elizabeth leaned against the wall, trying to hear any sounds from the room next door. However, the hotel had excellent soundproofing, and she couldn’t hear anything. The dinner she had ordered earlier had been delivered and she guessed that her son was likely doing his best to give her a grandchild. Her appetite improved considerably.

Damon missed dinner, and instead arranged for a late night snack. After a light meal, he carried Chloe to the bed and gave her a few instructions

“Don’t pick up my mom’s bad habits in the future. Running away from home is a big no no, got it?”

“She was just looking out for me.”

“She was screwing me over.”

Chloe bit her lip, “Screwing you over? She literally delivered me to your mouth. You seemed to be having quite a feast!”

Damon was silent for a few seconds, “Let’s give her a pass this time.”

Chloe was speechless, what else could she do but forgive? Sighing, she snuggled into Damon’s arms.

“Let’s sleep. Tomorrow...” Chloe paused, batting her lashes, her long eyelashes brushing against Damon’s chest.

“What?” He looked down at her.

Closing her eyes, Chloe said quietly, “Nothing.”

The next morning, when Wendy arrived at the Harper family’s place, she heard the housekeepers discussing Chloe and Elizabeth not coming home the previous night.

When she entered the Harper family’s living room, Presley was sitting on the sofa with a gloomy face, and there was someone standing next to him

It was Katie. It was her first time attending a banquet and she hadn’t slept well the night before, so she got up early to see Chloe

Seeing Wendy enter, Katie dropped her gaze, bruising her lip.

Wendy looked at Presley, smiling, “Grandpa Presley, why the long face so early in the morning?”

Presley said, “You went out with Elizabeth yesterday, you should know why they didn’t come home yesterday?”

Wendy paused, approaching Presley, looking somewhat awkward.

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“Well... The thing is that Elizabeth suddenly mentioned Chloe was upset. She probably had some issues with Damon, and didn’t feel like seeing Damon for the time being, so she decided to live outside...Elizabeth didn’t feel comfortable leaving her alone, so she went with her.”

“But don’t worry, Grandpa Presley. arranged for their stay, there’s absolutely no problem.”

She said, giving Presley a firm assurance. But clearly, that wasn't what Presley was concerned about.

"Humph, just a few days and she's already picking a fight with Damon? She doesn't want to see Damon? Good, she might as well never see him for the rest of her life!"

Presley was fuming, he was quite fond of Damon and always dissatisfied with Chloe. Now that she was the one causing trouble, he was naturally even more upset.

His favorite grandson being disliked by someone else, how could he possibly be okay with that?!

Wendy smiled, "Grandpa Presley, don't be angry. Maybe Damon really did something that upset Chloe? Couples need time to adjust to each other, if they're compatible they continue, if not they break up, Damon would surely make the right decision."

Katie stood to the side, frowning at Wendy, her mind racing. But when she heard Wendy say that, she quickly said,

"Yeah, Grandpa Presley, I reckon this might just be a lovers' spat. Plus, Elizabeth is Damon's biological mom. Seeing that she chose to side with Chloe last night, this might really be Damon's fault..."

Katie unusually launched into this spiel. Presley listened, mused over it for a bit, then nodded, "Makes sense!"

Wendy's expression flickered. She glanced at Katie, her brows knitting together. Katie quickly ducked her head.

Presley on the side seemed not keen on mulling over this any longer. He looked up at Wendy.

"Wendy, what's up? You're here pretty early, something going on?"

Wendy pulled her gaze back, bringing out the thermal box she was holding.

Chapter 909

“I made a pot of seafood soup this morning. It tastes pretty good. I brought some for you guys to try.”

Presley started laughing, “Since when did you become such a wife material?”

Wendy blushed, “Grandpa Presley, stop messing around... I’ll go get the bowls! By the way, where are Damon and Nathan? Do they want to join us?”

Just as she finished speaking, Nathan walked in with a gloomy look on his face. Wendy immediately went to greet him, ‘Nathan, I brought soup. Do you want some?’

Nathan gave her a cold glance, “Doesn’t the Harper family have a cook? Why do we have to wait for you to make soup?”

The living room suddenly fell silent. Nobody expected the usually easygoing Nathan to lose his temper like this.

Wendy was taken aback and her face turned pale. She was at a loss for words, feeling completely embarrassed, and didn’t know what to say.

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Presley, watching Nathan’s sour face, said coldly: “Throwing a tantrum first thing in the morning? Wendy is just being kind. If you want to drink, then drink; if not, just decline politely. What’s with the attitude?!”

Nathan frowned deeply, his cold anger making everyone uncomfortable. He glanced around the living room, sat on the couch, and looked very annoyed.

Presley gave Wendy an out, and she didn’t miss it. She awkwardly smiled and said,

“It’s okay, Grandpa Presley. Nathan seems to be in a bad mood... Let him be, I won’t mind.”

Nathan suddenly sneered, and raised his eyes, “Are all the women so indecisive like you? Willing to accept whatever anyone says.”

Wendy frowned, her mood getting a little annoyed after being berated by Nathan in the morning.

“How can I make you happy then?” she retorted.

Nathan closed his lips tightly, frowning deeply. He remembered the message from Yulia last night, telling him she decided to follow his advice and get company shares.

His advice to her was to seduce Ronald Shaw! So she said she’d think about it, and now she’d really decided to listen to him and seduce Ronald?

How could the executive of the subsidiary of a listed company be so indecisive?

“Wendy, don’t mind him! This brat needs a lesson, I’ll let Damon teach him when he comes back!”

Presley couldn’t stand seeing his grandson throwing a tantrum early in the morning, so he spoke up.

Wendy smiled, remembering how Nathan used to bully her when she was a kid because she was the only girl, and Damon often stood up for her.

She always cherished those memories; thinking back, she was always protected by Damon.

Nathan, with a mocking smile, said, “Yeah, always crying at the first sign of trouble. If Damon doesn’t find you annoying, I think even if you cried down the Great Wall, he wouldn’t lift a finger.”

Wendy's expression shifted a bit, and she whispered, "I'll go get the bowls."

"I'm not drinking it, lest Damon comes back and hits me, forcing me to throw it all up."

Nathan's words successfully made Wendy stop in her tracks.

"Do you mean, Damon's not at home?"

Nathan laughed, his eyes full of mockery.

"He didn't come back after going out last night. Your carefully prepared seafood soup, what a waste."

Wendy's face turned pale, "Where did he go?"

Nathan glanced at her, "Isn't that obvious? His wife ran away from home, of course he went to find her!"

Wendy smiled faintly, heading to the kitchen. ".....is that so?"

In the end, only Presley drank the soup. Wendy looked at the soup she had prepared in the morning, gritted her teeth, and closed the thermos.

"Since there's so much left, I'll take it for Elizabeth to try."

Presley took a sip of the soup, and immediately said, "Good idea, Katie needs to meet someone too, you can take her with you!"

Wendy glanced at Katie standing silently and happily agreed.

After breakfast, Damon went to the bedroom, and sat next to her, watching her peaceful sleeping face, his eyes involuntarily sparkling with a smile. He remembered her taking a nap in his bedroom, wearing his bathrobe. Her, at that time, was still fresh in his mind. Who would have known, at that time, he already had the urge to kiss her?

He reached out to touch her hair, then his lips curled up, he leaned down and gently kissed her, tracing her delicate lips with his warm tongue, sucking on her lips, full of tenderness.

Her eyelashes fluttered slightly as she slept, the familiar scent lingering around her nose, the gentle kisses making her feel especially comfortable instead of wary and nervous.

She gently responded to his kiss, and Damon took the opportunity to enter her mouth, gently coiling her tongue, slowly intertwining.

After their kiss ended, he leaned his forehead on hers, kissing the tip of her nose.

“You’ve improved a lot.”

“Hmm?” Chloe curled up in the blanket, her voice lazy.

“You’ve improved a lot since the first time you wore my bathrobe and slept on my bed.”

Chloe seemed to remember that time, how embarrassing it was. Her face turned slightly red, “What improvement.”

Damon smiled, “I can’t forget every expression you had back then, and how guarded and alert you were when you saw me. Now, you’re too lazy to even open your eyes, right?”

Damon gently took Chloe’s hand from the blanket, looped it around his neck, then picked her up.

The blanket slid down, exposing her soft fair skin to the air, with traces of love from last night. Watching this, Damon couldn’t help but slightly raise the corners of his mouth in satisfaction.

Chloe felt his gaze, looked down at her body, the spots reminding her of how passionately they were wrapped around each other last night, even his strong posture in bed.

Her face suddenly turned red, and she covered the spots on her chest with her hand.

She looked at him with a grumble, but because of her shyness, it was more like pouting.

Damon chuckled, putting a nearby shirt on her.

“I don’t want to wear this anymore!”

That was the dress from last night! She was nearly tortured to death by him because of it last night.

From now on, this dress will be mothballed forever!

“Put it on so I can have a look.”

Chloe felt a chill up her spine, “Damon...”.

“Hmm?”

“Do you think you’ll end up only liking those women who dress provocatively and seductively in nightclubs?”

After successfully dressing her, Damon squinted his eyes looking at her a bit dangerously.

Chapter 910

“Do you think I’m some kind of lecher?”

“Don’t all lechers love seeing women in sexy, flashy clothes? You were without a girlfriend before. Now tasting the sweetness of love, you can’t forget it once you’ve experienced it, right? Don’t tell me you’re gonna start having feelings for other women too?”

Damon’s gazes were meaningful, his mouth curving into a slight smile. The somewhat cold smile sent chills down Chloe’s spine.

Suddenly, he leaned in, his hands placed on both sides of her body, giving her a small peck on the lips. Then, he looked at her with his deep, dangerous gazes, “Do you know that I love you?”

Chloe looked at him warily. Why was he saying this all of a sudden? “What... are you trying to say?”

Damon’s smile deepened, his thin lips gently planting kisses on her face.

A low, husky voice echoed in the room, “I love you so much. Since you’re calling me a lecher, wouldn’t it make your words meaningless if I don’t act like one? Whatever you ask for, as long as I can do it, I will.”

Chloe was kissed relentlessly by the man, her thoughts gradually becoming a blur. The atmosphere, somehow, heated up under his gentle kisses. Feeling dizzy from his persistent kisses, she finally pushed Damon away with the last bit of her sanity.

“I was wrong. I misspoke. You’re not a lecher, not at all.”

Damon looked at her intently, with a hint of dissatisfaction in his dark eyes.

Seeing his reaction, Chloe wanted to back away, but her body leaned forward instead, planting a sweet kiss on the corner of his lips.

“The term ‘lecher’ is for ugly people. You’re so handsome, of course you’re not a lecher.”

Damon's gazes were deep, "Then what am I?"

Chloe shivered slightly, her bright eyes staring at him.

Damon felt a stir in his heart, leaning forward to kiss her again. Chloe turned her head, resting her hand on his shoulder, "You're handsome! You exude manly charm all the time!"

Damon's eyes twinkled with amusement, "Charm? So, are you attracted to me?"

Chloe nodded, "Of course!" Seeing him ready to pounce, Chloe quickly said, "I'm hungry."

Damon paused, looking intensely into her eyes, as if he wanted to let her go, but there was some reluctance. In the end, he leaned down and kissed her fiercely.

It was not until she was gasping for air, slapping his shoulder and starting to struggle that he let her go.

Looking at her blushing cheeks, her lips swollen and moist from the kiss, he finally got up satisfied.

"Go freshen up, breakfast is ready outside."

Chloe nodded. Only after Damon left did she lift the covers and head into the bathroom. Looking at the marks on her body in the mirror, Chloe tried to cover them up but to no avail. Shaking her head helplessly, she just took her toiletries and started freshening up.

The breakfast table was set on the balcony. Not long after the breakfast-serving staff left, the doorbell rang again.

Damon frowned slightly.

As Wendy opened the door and saw the tall, handsome man, she was taken aback.

Damon was still wearing yesterday's clothes, wrinkled and unbuttoned at the collar. He usually looked elegant, but now he seemed a bit disheveled, yet extremely attractive. Suddenly, Wendy remembered the shirt Chloe bought for him yesterday and wondered curiously how he would look in it.

Even though Wendy had mentally prepared herself, she was still startled by his appearance.

After a moment, she managed a weak smile and softly greeted him, "Good morning, Damon."

Damon's expression was cold. He glanced at Katie behind Wendy.

Katie immediately lowered her head, "Hello Damon... I... I'm here to see Chloe..."

"Mm."

Damon responded indifferently, then turned his gaze to Wendy.

He didn't say anything, but his presence was oppressive. Wendy bit her lip, took a deep breath, and then smiled, "I know Elizabeth and Chloe are here, I made seafood soup and wanted them to try it..."

In fact, she had made the soup specifically for him, hoping he would appreciate her effort. She had started preparing from last night and got up early in the morning to cook for three hours.

But when she arrived full of expectation at the Harper family's, he was not there...

When Damon said he was here for Chloe, she still held a glimmer of hope, hoping he was there because of a sudden work trip

However, the reality disappointed her.

Damon looked at the thermal box in her hands, thinking of the woman who had just said she was hungry.

Maybe she would like this soup.

He let Wendy and Katie in.

Wendy placed the thermal box on the coffee table, then put the pillows on the floor back on the couch.

She looked at Damon and smiled, "Hasn't Chloe woken up yet? I made this soup early in the morning, around five. It tastes pretty good, do you want to try some, Damon?"

Damon walked over, buttoned his collar, sat on the sofa, and looked at the steaming thermal box.

Wendy poured some soup into a cup, put a spoon in it, and placed it in front of Damon.

"Want to try?"

Damon didn't move, he was busy fixing his sleeves.

"Thank you for tonight's banquet."

Damon spoke indifferently, his voice calm but distant.

Wendy bit her lip tightly, seeing that he had no intention of moving towards the soup, hearing his cold words, she felt bitter inside. "It's not a big deal, Damon, you don't have to be so formal..."

Damon's expression remained unchanged. He was a man of few words and didn't say much to Wendy's comment.

The living room fell silent for a moment, and the atmosphere started to become awkward. Invisibly, there was a clear hint of wanting to see the guests off.

Wendy bit her lip, feeling awkward, but she didn't want to give up this chance to be with Damon just like that.

“By the way, Damon, how are things going with you and Chloe...?”