

CHOSEN 961

Chapter 961

“We’ve figured out the identity of the woman who tried to mess with Chloe. She’s the illegitimate daughter of the owners of Horizon Wealth Management. Wanna meet her?”

Damon’s voice was ice-cold. “No need.”

He stood up, “Horizon Wealth Management might be too big for its britches. Let’s teach them a lesson.”

Nathan shrugged nonchalantly, watching Damon’s retreating figure, and asked, “Don’t you want to know her motives?”

“No need.”

This simple sentence put a stop to all the chatter for the night.

Nathan watched Damon’s figure disappear down the hallway before frowning, standing up from the couch, and walking out the door

Damon returned to his room, freshened up, and stood under the warm air in the bathroom for a long time until his body was toasted warm. Then he carefully lifted the quilt and lay down next to Chloe.

Chloe felt the quilt being lifted in her sleep. She didn’t feel any chill, but a warmth. The familiar scent that came to her nose made her instinctively lean towards Damon in her sleep, and the closer she got, the warmer she felt

Damon gently wrapped his arms around her body, leaving a kiss on her forehead. Although Damon was by her side, Chloe’s mind was still replaying the moment her mother jumped into the sea. It happened too fast for her to stop, she couldn’t touch her body, and she could only hear the “splash” when she hit the water.

This scene replayed in her mind over and over, until it became her in the scene. She was pulled into the sea by Keira. She struggled desperately, tried to call for help, then felt something pulling her down. The sea water rushed into her ears, nose, and throat, the feeling of suffocation.

Cold bone-chillingly cold.

In the middle of the night, Chloe's brows furrowed. Her face pale, covered in sweat, her breathing rapid, as if someone was choking her, she even felt suffocated for a while.

Chloe, Chloe, wake up...

Chloe's body trembled, she panicked, and as consciousness gradually returned, her breathing suddenly became easier and she stopped gasping for air. She opened her eyes and saw Damon's handsome face. He relaxed when he saw her eyes. Chloe's breathing gradually calmed down, and looking at Damon's grim face, she grabbed his hand.

"I'm fine...just had a nightmare." Her voice was a bit hoarse. Obviously, the nightmare scared her

Damon looked deeply at her, "What do you consider as a problem? Chloe, you should rely on me, instead of worrying about being a burden to me

all the time."

Chloe suddenly paused; her heart felt like it was pierced. Damon leaned down and gently kissed her lips

"Let me feel that you need me, okay?"

Chloe's eyelids trembled slightly, "You might not fully understand how much of a salvation you are to me. How could I possibly not need you?" She snuggled tightly in his arms, "I just had a dream. I dreamt

that I couldn't breathe in the water, it was cold and tiring, I'm glad you were there, otherwise I might have really suffocated from a dream.

Damon gently stroked her shoulder. He felt her expectations of him were high, which put a lot of pressure on him. He sighed helplessly. Maybe just left it that way. She was just too amazing

If she didn't need him, then he would always follow her

She spent the whole night in Damon's arms. Despite sleeping well, her body was too tired, she didn't recover the next day, but got a fever from catching a cold and was confined to bed. Feeling weak all over, Chloe didn't even think about going anywhere.

From the morning, the Harper family started to visit one after another

Damon didn't tell Chloe that his family was having a dinner party tonight. Her physical condition didn't allow her to participate. Furthermore, the family members were not very harmonious, and his grandfather was going to invite Wendy tonight, which made him even less willing to let Chloe attend the dinner.

His grandfather hoped that Chloe could put the past behind her, but he couldn't. Deep in his heart, he was not over this situation yet.

He remembered when he first met Chloe, she was at her most vulnerable. In the hospital, she was betrayed by Lance and Keira, ostracized by her family, survived a near-death experience, and was barely alive.

And now, she has been tormented so much in just a few days after coming to Hong Kong, and he needed to give her an explanation.

Chloe ate breakfast under Damon's watch, took her medicine, and then fell into a deep sleep

In the living room, it was bustling Robin and Percy needed to deal with their respective company affairs, and their families arrived one after another Elizabeth was in the living room dealing with the relatives' conversations.

A few people were holding embroidery tools, chatting while embroidering. This was all because of Elizabeth's enthusiastic recommendation,

forcing them to agree to embroidering

Seeing that it had been a morning, and Chloe had not appeared, Freya looked around the living room and couldn't help but ask Elizabeth,

"Didn't you say Damon's fiancée is here? I've been feeling unwell and haven't been out these few days. I haven't seen her, why hasn't she come out yet?"

Elizabeth calmly replied, "Chloe is sick, so she can't come out."

"Oh, I hope she's alright..."

"There shouldn't be any severe problems."

"That's good."

Freya smiled a bit disappointedly

Although she didn't attend the banquet yesterday, she roughly knew what happened. Last night's banquet made the Alonso family so embarrassed, and today she said she was sick, she didn't know if it was retribution.

Another relative, like her husband, had a smile on her face and looked kind and friendly. When she heard that Chloe was sick, she put down her work, showing a worried expression, "What kind of

sickness, is she okay? Since we're here, we should go and see her."

"Yes

Elizabeth let out a sigh, shaking her head, "She's probably resting. And... Damon explicitly stated she doesn't want to see any guests." "What're you talking about, do you consider us as guests?"

Elizabeth smiled. "This morning, Presley and I tried to visit Damon's villa, but we were turned away at the gate. If you guys aren't satisfied, I can take you there.

No way, they wouldn't want to go! Wasn't that just asking for humiliation?

Her son was sometimes even more difficult to handle than Presley. His every move, every word could instill a sense of dread. He clearly didn't want to see anyone. If they still went, wasn't that just asking for trouble?

Meanwhile, at Damon's villa, Chloe just woke up and was feigning sickness to ask Damon for something.

Damon firmly shook his head, "What do you need it for?"

"I like it!"

"All you need is to like me!"

Chloe, cup of hot water in hand, leaned back onto the bed head. "You won't even give me a gift and yet you want me to only like you?"

Damon rubbed his temples: "Choose something else then."

"I don't need anything else. What I need the most is a gun."

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Damon sighed, "Chloe, it ain't something you can just toy around with."

"I just want to have it. You think I'd use it to kill?"

"That's a killing tool." Damon's voice was calm, but it gave off a terrifying vibe.

Chloe nonchalantly nodded. "Just in case."

"What?" Damon furrowed his brows.

Holding her cup of water, Chloe took a sip, turned to Damon, and said with a light chuckle,

"Give me a gun as a backup, if you betray me, I'll use it to kill you. If you get another woman, I'd kill her too, how 'bout that?"

Damon chuckled, "Are you trying to provoke me?"

*Kinda.

Damon took the warm cup from her hand, poured her another glass of water, put it aside, and casually took her hand into his. "Don't you trust me?"

"Do you trust yourself? If you did, you wouldn't hesitate to give me the gun,

Damon took Chloe's hand, lightly biting her fingers.

"You sure have a way with words."

A smile appeared on Chloe's face. "So, will you give it to me?"

Damon kissed her fingers, then put her hand into his, gently squeezing it.

Till give it to you when we get back.”

Chloe raised an eyebrow, “P City? You’re not trying to bamboozle me, are you?”

Could P City be compared to Hong Kong?

“Bamboozle you? Hmm... now that you mention it, I need to consider if you can handle it.”

“Huh?”

Chloe was slightly puzzled, but she quickly understood what he meant. She silently pursed her lips.

In the afternoon, more and more people came to the house. Young people were either playful or working, and it was almost time for dinner.

The house was bustling, but Presley was old and couldn’t handle the hustle and bustle, so he went back to his room.

Chloe and Damon chatted for a bit, had some soup, and then fell asleep.

A servant came to report, “Sir, Presley asks for you in the study.”

Damon frowned slightly, glanced at Chloe, who was sleeping soundly on the bed, and ordered in a quiet voice,

“Keep a good eye on her.”

“Yes, sir. Don’t you worry.”

Damon didn’t say anything more. He got up and left.

He entered Presley’s study through the back door, Nathan was also sitting on the couch inside, holding a tablet, swiping, apparently playing a game.

Presley was sitting behind the desk, leaning on his cane, waiting. Seeing him come in, Presley just pursed his lips lightly.

“Did you remember what I had Nathan tell you yesterday?”

He sat on the couch, upright, his lips tight, his face stern.

The answer was clear as day.

Nathan stopped what he was doing but didn’t take his hand off the tablet screen. He steadily looked at Damon across from him, observing his expression and movements.

“Damon

His cold reaction made the old man yell out in anger

It’s not possible. This matter won’t end that simply.”

“Wendy was exposed in public last night, your fiancée didn’t leave her any dignity. In front of so many people, at least you should’ve spared her feelings. Enough’s enough.”

Damon’s face was chilling, “Why should I leave her any dignity? If Chloe didn’t have a chance to prove her innocence, then she would have been the one losing her dignity, including me, and the Harper family. Did Wendy ever think about other people’s dignity?”

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The old man was so angry his chest heaved. Isn't it all because she likes you!"

So, this matter is between me and her, and nobody else should butt in!" Damon said sternly. Clearly, there was no room for negotiation.

"She's just a girl, who likes you! I told her long ago, that the Harper family isn't easy to get into, even if you do get in, it won't be as easy as you think! Since you chose to be with her, such things, even many more things in the future, are what she needs to learn to bear. Are you going to avenge her in everything!?"

"Of course. I'm the one she likes, but Chloe is the one who got hurt, all because of me. Do you want me to forget about this matter easily? Absolutely not."

The old man stared at him, panting for a while, his eyes a little red, and after a long while, he gradually calmed down, took a deep breath, and said, "Your mother has a big temper. She's tough. She can't tolerate any trivial things, and if anyone makes her unhappy, she won't hesitate, even if it's the most important person! She doesn't like the Alonso family, can't you see that?!"

"Just because I didn't agree with her and your father's marriage at first, she took your father away from me several times in front of me, she's always elegant and noble, but it's all fake!

"She pretends in front of me, and she pretends in this circle!

For what? In her heart, the dignity of the Harper family isn't even important. What she really cares about is your father's dignity!

“She’s given so much. Doesn’t your father know? Doesn’t he know how many times she took him away from me? Your father loves her to the point of infatuation. He doesn’t not cherish her. He just can’t deny your mother’s sacrifices and her love for him!

“Why didn’t Chloe let you solve her problem last night? Have you ever thought she’s protecting your dignity? She likes you, you shouldn’t deny what she’s willing to do for you! This way she’ll feel important, she’ll feel she has the right to stand by your side!”

Damon’s face looked a bit vacant, he knew very well, that the words his grandfather said, almost described Chloe. These words, each time they were said, were like a seed, thrown into his heart and quickly taking root

Seeing Damon’s expression change slightly, the old man continued, “Wendy is at fault in this matter, you have the right to criticize her, but don’t overdo it. Previously, I had an idea was to let you or Nathan marry Wendy, who would have a strong alliance with the Alonso family.”

Nathan immediately tensed up, his face looking defensive.

Really, did his brother drag him here just to get a scolding! He sure as hell didn’t want to be forcibly tied to Wendy out of the blue.

“Grandpa, let me make this clear, forced relationships are a recipe for disaster. Wendy has no feelings for me, and of course, I can’t possibly have any for her either if we’re forced together, it’s bound to be a hot mess.”

Presley shot him a glance and continued.

Right now, all I ask is that you guys don’t make a scene. I might not have many years left, you should know what they’re up to. If you push Wendy to her breaking point and let people find her weakness, what do you think will happen to the Harper family then? You’d better remember my words...

With that, Presley paused deliberately. His deep set eyes swept over the faces of the two brothers, his tone unusually grave.

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Presley paused his words, his deep eyes scanning over the faces of the two brothers, his tone unusually solemn.

“Do you remember why the Alonso family chose their current hostess? She’s the niece of Queen Julia’s goddaughter from country Y. The Harper family may be fearless, but when an unstoppable force meets an immovable object, both sides get hurt. If we cross the royal family of country Y You do know the shipping rights in the waters of their country were obtained by us a few years ago. Have you thought about the consequences if the royals interfere?”

Damon frowned and after a moment of silence, squinted his eyes and said,

“So, are we supposed to dance to the Alonso family’s tune now?”

“I’m not asking you to be a puppet of the Alonso family. But don’t be too aggressive. Let this matter go. Even if you don’t have feelings for Wendy, you should treat her like a sister since you grew up together”

“That’s impossible,” Damon replied quietly. He had already stood up from the sofa, his tall figure instantly revealed, his handsome face expressionless and cold.

“If there’s no affection for her, then there’s no sibling love either. I absolutely won’t tolerate a woman who might harm Chloe around me.” “You. Did you not hear a word I just said?! Can’t you even pretend?!”

“No.”

His answer almost made Presley explode, “So what’s your plan for Wendy?”

“I’ll handle her as I see fit. Considering what you just said, I won’t kill her at least.”

“You... You even considered offing her. You’re such a jerk! All this for one woman, you’re really... foolish!”

Damon simply smirked, “Hmm.”

Hmm? Hmm!

Presley was so furious that he gripped his cane tightly, not knowing if he would strike in the next moment.

However, Damon had already left, and the cane hadn’t moved.

Nathan could hardly suppress his laughter. His own brother, admitting to such things without fear of Presley revoking his inheritance. When Damon descended the stairs, the people on the first floor were like spectators at a play, the ladies in a group, the young ladies in another, the children yet to grow up in another, and a few gentlemen in another

As Damon descended the stairs, the noise on the first floor suddenly ceased. A crying child also stopped crying after a hiccup, looking at Damon on the stairs with teary eyes. But Damon seemed to ignore all of this as he descended the stairs with a stern face.

Once he stood still in the living room, his grey casual suit and white shirt, untied at the neck, revealed an exquisite collarbone. His handsome features, aloof demeanor, and natural nobility left everyone slightly stunned

Although they were all family, they had few opportunities to see Damon. As a child, it was different, but once he grew up, he began to take various training and education programs, then studied abroad, gradually took over the company, and was busy with work everywhere. Some people were seeing Damon for the first time. He was undoubtedly an excellent person, making others feel inferior

Damon stood there, scanning everyone who was staring at him, his eyebrows slightly furrowed.

“What’s going on?”

His voice was cold and steady, but it carried an undeniable power.

The people in the living room came to their senses, but they didn't know what to say

Elizabeth glanced upstairs and then at Damon, "Did you come straight down from upstairs?"

Damon frowned. "I went upstairs from the side door."

Elizabeth didn't insist, asking again, "How's Chloe?"

"She's got a cold and is still sleeping. So she won't be coming down for dinner tonight." Damon calmly replied, then paused, and continued, "She said she was afraid of getting everyone sick."

Elizabeth sighed, "She's worrying too much. Health is most important."

"Yeah, there will be plenty of opportunities in the future."

Freya laughed lightly on the side, feeling somewhat smug

No matter how outstanding he was, he had married a woman with no family background. Once Presley passed away and the power struggle began, he would face great obstacles. Although she was from the Alonso family, Wendy's outcome was now clear, and she wouldn't benefit from the Alonso family

Fortunately, she had an obedient and promising son. He had not been back from abroad for long, but he was already dating a young lady from a prominent family, which was much more prestigious than that international perfumer

Did Presley really plan to wait for Chloe to succeed before passing away?

Just then, two people walked in through the door, and the servant at the door greeted them. "Mr. Ivan

Ivan, who had lived abroad for several years, walked in with a woman

"You're here." Freya's expression was cold, obviously trying to assert her authority as an elder in the Harper family.

Ariana pursed her lips but still smiled, and Ivan led her to greet the elders. But when she saw Damon standing aside, her eyes suddenly lit up

However, Damon just turned around coldly and went to arrange meals for Chice in the kitchen. Ariana was a bit disappointed, but she poked Ivan gently and asked without hesitation, "Ivan, who is he?"

Freya's face changed. This woman was having other thoughts about another man, she really didn't care.

Ivan was not a fool either, Hearing Ariana's question, his face also sank

"That's my brother, Damon."

"Wow, he's the future helmsman of the Harper family" Ariana's eyes were sparkling, full of admiration. She then realized her behavior strange, so she leaned against Ivan's chest, her voice soft and charming

Ivan, you're such a looker. Must be those top-notch Harper family genes. Lucky me, having you, a total stud, for a future husband." And there was that hunky brother...

As long as she married into the Harper family, she wouldn't lack opportunities to mingle with them, right?

bit

Her delicacy and allure were enough to make anyone's heart pound. Ivan's throat involuntarily bobbed, but surrounded by so many people, he couldn't lash out, so he just gave a slight smile and stayed silent.

Damon gave some instructions in the dining room, and by the time he came out, Wendy was already in the living room.

Everyone in the room was chatting and laughing with Wendy, as if they were oblivious to everything.

Elizabeth was standing nearby, a faint smile on her face, just going through the motions.

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Elizabeth was sitting there with a relaxed smile on her face, looking as chit as a cucumber.

She used to be quite a chatterbox, often driving her husband, Royce, up the wall. But whenever she got lost in her embroidery, she'd go as quiet as a mouse, which sometimes led to some misunderstandings for Royce.

Seeing Elizabeth's indifferent attitude towards her, Wendy hesitated for quite a while.

As a woman, who hadn't been young and foolish? Especially that regretful feeling when you missed out on something back in the day, it was downright agonizing

What was a little dirty play for the sake of your own happiness? If the knife wasn't in your own flesh, you wouldn't feel the pain. Plus, you'd still have the nerve to feel sorry for others.

After some hesitation, Wendy finally took out a file from her bag and placed it in front of Elizabeth, then said somewhat fearfully,

"This is something I've been planning for quite some time. I wanted to give it to you last night, but.

“Oh? What have you been scheming?”

Freya chimed in from the side.

“It’s an embroidery workshop.”

Elizabeth hand paused mid-air.

Seeing this, Wendy quickly explained, “A few years ago, I started doing charity work in impoverished areas. There are many children there who often lack parental companionship. So, I set up embroidery

workshops in each impoverished area to help local mothers find jobs. They learn embroidery, teach embroidery, and I turn the finished products into clothes. I plan to turn this into a brand, and use the money earned for charity...”

“Oh, wow! That’s a fantastic idea! You’re really smart and kind-hearted. Not everyone would think of something like this!”

Elizabeth was touched by Wendy’s plan. She picked up the file and saw that there were already over a dozen impoverished areas being supported. She was shocked.

This plan not only did charity work but also spread the art of embroidery. Indeed, it was a great idea.

Elizabeth nodded, her smile becoming even more genuine. Embroidery was a shared wish between her and her parents, and it would have become a regret for her after she had gone.

Turning it into a brand. What a brilliant idea!

Wendy finally breathed a sigh of relief. She looked up, hoping to see that man she had just noticed, but only saw his retreating figure.

She immediately got flustered and chased after him.

Damon carried a basket full of fruit from the kitchen and left through the back door.

He planned to enjoy the fruit with Chloe after she woke up. Just thinking about that cute woman who was still sleeping made his heart raced. He quickened his pace unconsciously

“Damon!”

The shout from behind made Damon’s brows furrow.

Wendy hurried up to catch him and stood in front of him, blocking his way. Her long hair fluttered in the air,

Damon looked at Wendy with a stern face. He hadn’t gone to look for her yet, but she took the initiative to find him.

The look on Damon’s face sent a chill down Wendy’s spine. Her gaze swept over the hand that was holding the fruit basket. Such strong hands. why were they holding such mundane things?

A bamboo basket and fruits....

“Damon, are these for Ms. Summers?” She couldn’t help but ask

Of course, she was just asking for trouble.

“None of your business” Damon said and turned to leave.

Wendy once again blocked his way.

“Damon...” She lifted her face, filled with a mixture of pain and grievance.

Damon stepped back, one hand in his pocket and the other holding the fruit basket, looking indifferent. He looked at her without saying a word. Despite holding a fruit basket that didn't match his status and demeanor, he still exuded a powerful pull.

Wendy's heart was trembling as she looked at Damon's handsome face. He was cold, ruthless, and kept everyone at arm's length. Yet, the more he was like this, the more people had the crazy urge to get close to him. She involuntarily approached Damon but stopped at a reasonable distance.

“About last night. Damon, I'm really sorry.” Wendy's face was full of remorse. She bit her lip, exuding fragility and sadness.

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But Damon showed no emotion. The one you should apologize to is not me.

“I know... That's why I'm going to apologize to her right now.”

His villa, she hadn't even been there yet.

“No need.” He rejected her mercilessly, “She doesn't want to see you, doesn't need your apology, and certainly won't forgive you. Don't show up in front of her.”

Wendy went pale, feeling cold to the bone.

Damon turned away, but Wendy caught the corner of Damon's shirt.

“The reason I did what I did last night is because.”

“Wendy, I really want to see Chloe right now, I'm not in the mood to deal with you.”

The hand gripping Damon's shirt abruptly let go, as if it had got burned. Damon glanced at the wrinkled corner of his shirt, frowned, and walked away.

Damon and Chloe had only been separated for a short while, and he actually said he missed her?

Wendy sneered.

What was so good about Chloe? Why did everyone like her? Why did Damon change like this?

What could she do?

Wendy closed her eyes in pain.

As Wendy walked towards the villa looking lost, Ivan and Ariana just happened to come out.

Ivan's hand had moved from Ariana's hand to under her armpit, covering her plump tits.

Seeing Wendy approaching, Ariana hurriedly pushed Ivan's hand away. Ivan inhaled sharply, about to get closer again, but then saw Wendy watching them.

Wendy was wearing a beige lace long dress, with curly brown hair. Her figure was slender, curves graceful, and her beautiful face was captivating. It had been a few years, and Wendy had lost her boyish charm from childhood, becoming more beautiful instead. Ivan's eyes were filled with aggression.

Wendy squinted at him. "Ivan, long time no see."

Damon came back to the room to find Chloe still asleep. It was already dusk, and she had been sleeping for a long time.

She had totally flipped her days and nights around. Damon really couldn't tell if she would be able to sleep at night. But if she didn't sleep, did he really have to stay up all night chatting with her?

This was straight up torture.

He reached out to fix her hair, planning to wake her, but seeing her peaceful sleeping face, he held back.

Not long after, Chloe woke up. As soon as she opened her eyes, she saw Damon looking at her, his eyes still sleepy, and a lazy smile on his lips.

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Damon was looking at Chloe, his eyes still sleepy, with a lazy smile in his eyes.

"Are you feeling better now?"

He asked before leaning in, his forehead touching Chloe's

Chloe blinked, a gentle smile on her face.

I didn't have a fever."

"Actually, you did have a bit of a fever at first." Damon calmly pressed his head against hers, feeling her breathing no longer heavy as before. Then he got up, stealing a kiss on her lips.

Chloe pushed him away, covering her mouth, her voice still nasally. "You might catch my cold."

"I wouldn't mind that." Damon said, trying to kiss her again, but Chloe dodged.

"I said don't kiss me."

Seeing Chloe's reaction, Damon laughed.

Chloe rarely got sick, and even when she did, she would just pop a few pills and continue with her own business. She didn't think a cold was a big deal, and she had never experienced being overly cared for. She never even complained about her discomfort. Because no one would listen, no one would care, complaining would just make her feel more alone. But since being with Damon, he would pay special attention to even the smallest injuries

His pampering made her feel really bad when she was sick. The vulnerability and coyness she showed in front of him, even she herself hadn't noticed.

When she noticed that Damon didn't keep pestering Chloe laid flat, watching him pour a glass of water and put it on the bedside table. "You're sick, so you shouldn't go to the dinner party tonight. Rest well here? Damon's voice was especially gentle.

"But most people might want to see me tonight?"

"Don't bother with them. From now on, don't meet people you don't want to meet. Your health and mood are important."

Chloe's eyes softened, her heart filled with sweetness, 'Are you teaching me to be willful? What if I really become as willful as a princess?' "Then I'll spoil you like a princess," Damon replied without any hesitation

Chloe didn't expect Damon to say something like that. For a moment, she didn't know how to respond, her face filled with satisfaction and shyness.

"If I really become like that, you might find it troublesome and dump me.

Damon chuckled. "I'll like you no matter what you become. Who says princesses are always troublesome?"

He paused, his eyes growing more steadfast, "One Seth in this world is enough.""

Chloe frowned. 'Seth?'

Damon stared at her. "You're mentioning another man in front of me?"

Chloe pursed her lips, "You were the one who brought him up first!"

"He's a man, and so am I."

Chloe knew he was being domineering again. She laughed and said. "There can be something more between men" Damon squinted his eyes, 'Seems like I haven't proven my sexual orientation to you well enough, my princess.'

Chloe closed her mouth, leaning back, trying to distance herself from this man who now seemed very dangerous.

She deliberately changed the subject. "I'm not an unreasonable princess."

"Mm. You're the only princess who isn't unreasonable."

Damon always went along with her. Even though Chloe was very familiar with him, she still couldn't resist his charm. She sat up on the bed. turning to look at the darkening sky outside, sighing.

"I really slept too much today. What should I do tonight?"

Damon glanced at her. "Tonight's activities well talk about them tonight."

Chloe sighed, "Are we going to pull an all-nighter?"

“We’ve pulled all-nighters before.”

Chloe looked at Damon, her face suddenly turning red. Pulling all-nighters was common for work, but pulling an all-nighter with Damon, that was a whole different story.

This man, really.

She pursed her lips, “I don’t want to stay up late.”

Damon suddenly got up and sat on the edge of her bed. A playful smile flashed in his eyes.

“So, rest first?”

“The doctor said...I need rest.”

Damon pulled her into his arms and kissed her lips. “What should I do then, it’s all because of you.”

Chloe pushed him away, covering her mouth and glaring at him, “We both need rest!”

Damon buried his head in her neck, kissing her. His deep voice came from her neck.

“We already rested last night.”

Chloe understood what he meant

His next sentence probably meant that he had been very restrained. His hand slipped into her clothes, touching her skin, bringing a rush of excitement that made her breath stop involuntarily

I’m still sick...”

"I know." He bit her neck lightly, almost resentfully, his voice somewhat hoarse, "Otherwise, you wouldn't have the energy to say another word." His voice was pitiful.

But he really had no restraint. This time he had to let it go, but next time she should definitely make it up to him.....

After Damon's series of teasing, Chloe was starting to feel turned on, her body weakly collapsed on the bed.

"Stop...

After all, she was unwell and didn't have much energy. She couldn't hold on any longer and had to hold onto Damon's neck to ask him to stop

"I really don't have any energy left...

Her soft, pleading voice was impossible to ignore.

Damon looked at her flushed face from his teasing what was initially a lazy feeling now brought a different kind of attraction that stired his heart. Her unknowing beauty always managed to slowly wear down Damon's self-control.

She was indeed like that.

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He withdrew his hand from inside her clothes.

Chloe breathed a sigh of relief, sat up, and straightened her clothes. Her bra had been undone by Damon, Chloe fumbled with it behind her back for a while, but still couldn't fasten it.

“Let me help you”

Damon pulled Chloe into his arms, helping her buckle up her bra before letting go of her clothes. Chloe hooked the hair that was hanging in front of her behind her ears.

At this moment, a servant knocked on the room door.

“Mr. Harper, Mrs. Harper’s dinner has arrived.”

“Come in.”

Damon responded, reaching out to adjust the blanket for Chloe.

The servant set the meal, then respectfully said to Damon as he was about to leave, “Mr. Harper, dinner in the main hall will begin soon.” ‘Got it.”

The meal was very light, just the way Chloe liked it.

Damon sat by the bed, quietly accompanying her while eating, cutting fruits for her and putting them on the plate. By the time Chloe finished eating, the fruit plate was piled high

“I can’t eat anymore.”

Save it Damon glanced at the time and stood up. T’m going to check on the main hall, What do you want to do?”

Chloe practically threw off the blanket the moment Damon stood up.

“I haven’t breathed fresh air all day. I want to go out for a walk.”

Damon made a stern face. "Don't be ridiculous. You've just gotten a bit better. What if you get worse?"

Chloe looked disappointed. "It's really stuffy to stay in the room all day."

She turned her head to look out the window Damon stared at her for a long time, sighed, and gave in again

"You can't go anywhere else, just walk around in the yard."

"Okay"

Before Damon left, he found a warm coat for Chloe. "Dress warmly when you go out. If you get sick again. I might as well have you hospitalized." He spoke seriously, his handsome face looking very stern. But Chloe just smiled. "I got it. I won't run around!"

Chloe stood by the window, watching Damon's figure leave. This cold and elegant man took care of her in unexpected ways.

Her eyes shifted, and under the dim light in the courtyard, she saw a pool in the corner.

A heated pool.

She called a servant over to clean the pool and turn on the power. The servant responded and went off to work.

Half an hour later, Chloe, holding the fruit plate Damon had prepared, walked to the pool and dipped her feet into the warm water. Even though it was autumn, there were still many flowers blooming in the courtyard, and the scent of flowers would waft over from time to time.

There were a lot of people in the front hall. At first, everyone was noisy, but the moment Damon appeared, the room quieted down.

Not long after Damon arrived, the servants began to prepare the meal. At the long dining table in the dining room, more than twenty people sat down next to each other, making the scene look very impressive.

Compared to the previous noise and relaxation, the atmosphere became much heavier. In big families, everything was always carefully planned. At first, everyone ate quietly, not talking. But later, people started to relax, and it was okay to chat a bit.

“Dad, how long do you think we’ll stay in P City this time?” Freya asked Presley with a smile.

“I’m not sure, probably till kick the bucket.”

“Oh

The atmosphere became a bit awkward.

Villa wiped her mouth with a napkin and said softly to Presley, “Dad, my husband and I have discussed and we want to go back with you tomorrow. We haven’t visited Alyssa for a long time, and we should go see her.”

Presley snorted, “You finally remembered to visit her!”

Villa didn’t feel awkward, nodding, “I didn’t do well, I’m sorry”

Presley glanced at her and didn’t say anything. Whether it was genuine or not, at least she remembered

Seeing this, Freya also quickly said, “Yes, let Ivan and Ariana go back together this time, so Alyssa can see the kids.”

Ariana kept shifting her gaze. She looked at Damon for a while, then at Nathan. Both men were attractive, which made her feel conflicted and satisfied. Although she was infatuated with them, she didn’t lose her mind.

When Freya mentioned her, she quickly retracted her gaze, looked at the old man at the main seat, and smiled obediently, "I'm looking forward to seeing Alyssa

"You can go back, but don't talk to her about irrelevant things."

"I understand." Ariana nodded.

Seeing Ariana's gracious manner, Freya was satisfied, and smiled at Damon, who was leisurely eating, "It's a pity that so many people came today, but we didn't see the future Mrs. Harper, Damon, she's at home, right? Is she feeling better? She should meet everyone, even just to chat. Today, everyone is here. And letting her get to know everyone in advance, it's not a bad thing."

Damon swallowed his food, then looked at Freya with a flat gaze.

"She's not feeling well."

He spoke as if reaffirming a fact that had been stated long ago, leaving no room for doubt, making people feel a chill

Freya immediately shut up, "Oh it seems she's mally sick, then she needs to rest well."

Just a cold, who hadn't had a cold? It was like she had a serious illness!

She sneered in her heart, feeling very upset, Tve also been sick these days, afraid of infecting everyone. But today, with everyone having dinner, it would have been really impolite had I not shown up..."

Damon looked serious.

Nathan, leaning on his chair, said, "Freya, you really are sick, you should take more medicine when you go back. By the way, do we have cold medicine at home? If not, I can have someone deliver some to you."

Chapter 967

“True that. Looks like Freya really is under the weather. She’ll need to pop a few more pills when she gets home. Speaking of which, do we still have a BrainWave Stimulator at home? If not, I can have a truckload delivered to you.”

BrainWave Stimulator?

Most people in the room couldn’t help but crack up at Nathan’s bitter remark, Freya’s face soured instantly, and she finally lost her cool.

Seeing Nathan mock his mother without any regard, Ivan’s face turned just as sour.

“Nathan, you’re crossing the line. She’s your elder.”

“Did I say anything wrong? She’s sick I just suggested she take more medicine. Is that wrong? Sure, respecting elders is important, but we should also consider if their actions deserve respect. I’d love to respect her....” If she’s worth it.

“Nathan!”

Presley abruptly rebuked Nathan, cutting off his unfinished sentence.

Nathan shrugged and fell silent. After all, he thought he’d said all that needed to be said, and there was no point in going on. Nathan pointed at a dish in front of Freya, telling the servant nearby. “Pass that dish over to me.”

The table was big, and there were many people. Each dish was prepared according to individual tastes. The dish in front of Freya was one she fancied.

The servant glanced at Freya, knowing that as an elder, she wouldn't squabble over a dish with a junior, and proceeded to swap the dish. However, the issue was more than just a dish,

Freya looked troubled, her chest heaving. Ivan, on the other hand, was gritting his teeth in anger.

At this point, Wendy dabbed her mouth and said, "Me Summers was indeed unwell yesterday, and I am partially to blame for that.

As she spoke, she bit her lip, looking rather distressed

Freya pulled at Ivan's arm, hinting at him to keep his emotions in check.

After all, the future of the Alonso family hinged on Wendy's decisions, and they had to give her some respect. Continuing would potentially implicate Wendy.

Ivan certainly understood this, With Presley and other elders present, he couldn't lose his temper. He could only pick up his wine glass and drown his anger.

After downing a few glasses of wine, Ivan abruptly stood up, pulling Anana with him.

"Ariana needs to use the restroom, I'll take her"

Even though the excuse was flimsy, everyone knew Ivan was fuming because of Nathan. He had managed to keep his cool in public, showing his restraint

Ivan led Ariana to the restroom, but Ariana had no intention of using it

"Why are you so pissed? It's pretty obvious that Freya started this. It's only normal for others to react"

Ivan's face darkened instantly. "What did you just say?"

Ariana was a bit on edge. She was convinced that the Harper family's genes were dominant, and her initial impression of Ivan was that he was handsome, apart from his last name.

Now his icy demeanor made him even more intimidating.

Ariana felt a strange urge to get closer to him, so she placed her hand on his shoulder and snuggled into his embrace.

"I'm just being honest. But I do think Nathan went too far. He totally disregarded people's dignity."

Thinking of Nathan's handsome face, she didn't want Ivan to pick a fight with him.

"All in all, this isn't Freya's fault, nor is it Nathan's. Ms. Alonso did say that Ms. Summers falling sick was her responsibility. So, if Ms. Summers hadn't gotten sick, none of this would have happened right? She really is a delicate flower, not even showing up for today's affair. She really does put on a show."

Ivan had been brooding since this afternoon, and after downing a few drinks, he was immediately aroused by Ariana's closeness. His anger transformed into desire, and Ariana's words echoed in his mind.

Ariana's breaths grew heavier, and she looked seductively at Ivan.

"You're so smart, yet so naughty when it comes to this..."

Ivan gave a sly smile as he closed in on Ariana

"It's the naughty part..."

The fact that Ivan and Ariana hit it off so quickly was largely due to their shared viewpoints

The two didn't bother hiding their affection, their passionate kissing echoing in the restroom. Ariana's suppressed gasps sounded even more enticing.

However, when Ivan slipped his hand under Ariana's skirt, something felt off. He pulled his hand out to find it covered in blood.

"Oh my..." Ariana let out a surprised gasp, giving him an apologetic smile, "I'm sorry"

Ivan washed off the blood with a grim expression

"Honey, could you get me a sanitary pad?"

Ivan left the restroom with a scowl, and asked a servant to fetch a sanitary pad for Ariana. When he heard the laughter from the dining room, he left through the side door with a frown.

Just thinking about how his mother was ruthlessly humiliated by Nathan made his blood boil. Regardless of Freya's provocative words, how could Nathan just disrespect someone like that?

Ariana's words echoed in his mind, "All in all, if Ms. Summers hadn't gotten sick, none of this would have happened right? She really is a delicate flower, not even showing up for today's affair. She really does put on airs.

Ivan pulled out a cigarette from his pocket, lit it up and started walking aimlessly,

The weather was perfect that evening, with a gentle breeze. The pathway was lined with neatly trimmed plants, giving off an artistic vibe. There were quite a few flowers blooming in the autumn, filling the air with their fragrance.

Crossing a stone arch bridge, he came upon a corridor, Ivan walked to the end of the corridor and saw a gateway partially hidden by green leaves. He couldn't help but chuckle.

He really wanted to see, just how beautiful and precious the woman that Damon doted on and protected was, to make a man like Damon, who seemed to want nothing, be so head over heels for her.

He let go of his hand that was resting on the corridor pillar and walked towards the archway

Chapter 968

Ivan was stumbling towards the archway. He had one too many drinks earlier, and now his stomach was burning from the alcohol. It felt as if the alcohol was spreading throughout his body, blurring his vision.

Walking through the archway, he saw trees of different heights neatly lining the path. Damon's villa in the court was grand and brightly lit. Not far off, white mist was rising and eventually disappearing into the night sky.

Curiously, he headed in that direction, hearing the faint sound of water. Through the fog, he saw a figure sitting by the pool.

The girl was wearing a black coat, but it was easy to see that she only had a nightgown underneath. Her collarbone was stunningly beautiful. She had curly hair scattered across her shoulders, hiding her face. Her pajama pants were rolled up to her knees, revealing her slender, straight legs dipped in the water. Every so often, the light would hit them just right, making it hard to look away.

There was a water circulation system above the pool, the sound of water flowing and falling into the pool drowned out all other sounds.

Looking at her beautiful legs, Ivan suddenly felt the alcohol he consumed burning inside him, all the way up to his brain. The desire that Ariana had stirred up in him earlier was suddenly rekindled. He swallowed, heading towards the pool.

At that moment, Chloe picked up a piece of fruit from the plate next to her. She casually brushed her hair back, revealing her delicate neck. Before he could get a good look at her face, Chloe turned with the fruit in her hand and took a bite

Her face instantly appeared before him.

Her soft face was without any makeup, yet incredibly beautiful. The beauty was indescribable. She was different from any woman he had ever met. Her charm was even more apparent in her relaxed state, exuding a fatal beauty

Ivan felt an indescribable pain burning through his body, igniting every cell in him.

The sound of water distracted Chloe, making her less aware of her surroundings. By the time she noticed someone approaching, Ivan was already standing next to her.

“Who are you?”

Her face was cold and alert.

Ivan was filled with unease. How did she go from being so gentle and charming to being so cold? But didn't that just fuel his desire to conquer her even more?

He wanted to see her gentle expression again.

He couldn't help but step closer, making Chloe's face even colder

“Stop!”

Ivan instinctively halted

“This isn't a place you can just walk into, who are you?”

Ivan's throat bobbed, “...”

He stumbled over his words, which only made Chloe more impatient

Seeing the close proximity between them, Chloe withdrew her feet that were about to stand up and called out loudly, "Is anyone there?"

She didn't recognize the man in front of her, but since it was the Harper family's banquet today, she wasn't sure whether she should offend him or not. It was better to call the servants to identify him.

Her call made Ivan panic, but seeing her vibrant face, his panic was mixed with a bit of infatuation.

"Help...uh

As Chloe was about to call out again, Ivan lunged forward and covered her mouth. Chloe's half-rising body was pushed onto the marble platform by the pool. The scent of the strange man filled her nostrils, making her panic

Chloe instinctively struggled. Her mind was trying to figure out the best way to escape. However, as she lifted her leg to kick him in his most vulnerable spot, a hard reality hit her. Her illness had not completely healed, and she didn't have the strength to defend herself. Her struggles were easily suppressed by Ivan

"Don't shout..."

Ivan was panting, his eyes slightly red as they roamed over her face.

He tried to soothe her as he examined her, "Don't be afraid...I won't hurt you..

His gaze swept over her neck, across her chest, down her slender waist, and back to her face

"Don't be afraid...I won't hurt you. You are really beautiful.

Chloe's eyes widened, filling with unprecedented despair. The smell of alcohol on Ivan made her feel nauseous

She became quieter, and her wide eyes softened slightly. Seeing

peemed to stop resisting, Ivan involuntarily lessened the force he was

using to keep her down.

Chloe seized the opportunity, suddenly pushing him away and rolling off the marble platform of the pool. She tried to steady herself but ended up falling hard onto the ground.

She got up, "Help.

Her hair was suddenly grabbed, and a hand forcefully pressed her shoulder down, keeping her on the ground. Her feet dug into the ground. already scraped raw by the cement floor after a few tries

Ivan, who had completely lost his sanity, suddenly leaned down. Her eyes widened again, "No!"

Ivan's lips landed on her disheveled hair. He inhaled her scent, lifted his head, held her chin, and straightened Chloe's head.

"You behave... make it feel good...

Chloe clenched her teeth and with all her strength, slapped Ivan across the face.

Chapter 969

Chloe gritted her teeth and slapped Ivan across the face with all her strength. Ivan's face swung to one side

As Chloe tried to get up, Ivan swiftly pinned her down again.

The fruit Damon had cut for her was knocked over and scattered on the floor.

“Stay away...!” Chloe was terrified to her core. This stranger made her skin crawl; his breath made her nauseous.

“Stay away. If you touch me one more time... I’ll kill you!”

Chloe’s voice trembled as she spoke. Her clothes and hair were a mess, but she was still so beautiful.

Ivan had lost all sense of reason, too overwhelmed to think about anything else. He had only one thought right now, to possess this woman who he found irresistible.

Desire consumed him. He gazed at Chloe’s delicate and beautiful collarbone, wanting to see more, and began to rip her clothes off

With a tearing sound, he ripped her nightgown, exposing her shoulder.

Chloe’s mind went into a frenzy at the sound. Ivan watched Chloe struggle more and more fiercely, which only excited him further, If... if this man raped her tonight, she would rather die, she would rather die!

Ivan’s eyes were filled with lust and depravity, aching with desire.

“You’re so beautiful. I knew it the moment I saw you’ll make you feel good... trust me..

As he spoke, he reached out to touch her shoulder, trying to kiss her smooth, round skin.

In her panic, Chloe saw the glint of a small knife next to the scattered fruit. Without hesitation, she grabbed the knife and plunged it into his stomach with all her might.

The knife went in deep, fueled by her fear and anger.

The sound of the blade piercing flesh echoed in Chloe's ears. Almost immediately, Ivan's blood splashed onto her face and body. He stiffened, looking down in disbelief at the knife in his stomach and Chloe's blood-soaked hand.

"You..."

"What's going on? Ahhh!!!" A server who heard the commotion ran in only to be met with a bloody scene. He screamed in horror, his face turning pale.

Ivan clutched his stomach and slumped to the side.

Chloe's eyes went blank; she backed away, looking deathly pale. She curled up, seemingly unable to recover from her fear, her teeth chattering. She stared at Ivan's motionless body. His dark red blood soaked the floor, gradually spreading...

Her mind went blank, and all she could do was hold herself tightly.

The servants who rushed in were stunned. Aside from screaming, they stood in place, not knowing what to do. Presumably their minds were blank too.

It seemed like forever before Chloe finally spoke, her voice barely audible over the sound of running water. "Give me the phone."

The sudden request startled the servant, who quickly pulled out his phone from his apron pocket and handed it to Chloe, his hands trembling.

Chloe reached for the phone, her blood-stained hand shaking. She wiped her hand on her clothes, then dialed the number for the main house on the servant's phone.

The dial tone seemed to drag on for centuries.

"Hello?" A strange woman's voice answered.

Chloe blinked, gazing at the motionless man on the floor. She tried to control her emotions, but her whole body seemed to be shaking.

"Hello?" The woman spoke again since there was no reply.

Chloe swallowed hard, her lips trembling for a while before she managed to speak, "I need to speak to Damon,"

Only a few people knew the number for the Harper family's main house and could address: Damon by his first name. The servant thought for a moment, then said, "Alright, please hold."

The servant walked off with the phone towards the dining room, where he approached Damon and said, "Mc. Harper, Mrs. Harper is on the phone for you."

Freya, still seething from an argument with Nathan, seized the opportunity to mock, "See how close our future Mrs. Harper and Damon are? They just parted ways and she's already missing him. This is just a family dinner I wonder what will happen when business talks run late, or even overnight."

Damon frowned, giving Freya a cold stare that sent shivers down her spine. Freya then turned to Anand, "Where's Ivan? Why isn't he back yet?"

Ariana shook her head, "I don't know, I haven't seen him since I came out of the bathroom"

Damon took the phone from the servant, stood up, and left the dining room, speaking softly, "Chloe?"

Freya's voice came from the phone, and Chloe's face remained rigid. But when she heard Damon's far
welled up with tears. she tried to suppress her fear

*Damon..... I killed someone..."

Damon froze mid-motion, his gaze suddenly sharp and icy

"Is he dead?"

His voi

was as cold as iron.

The entire dining room fell silent. Everyone turned to look at Damon, the only sound was the s

Chloe looked at the motionless man in front

Hing

probably dead

Damon took the phone from the servant, stood up, and left the dining room, speaking softly. "Chloe?"

Freya's voice came from the phone, and Chloe's face remained rigid. But when she heard Damon's
familiar, gentle voice, her eyes lit up, her eyes welled up with tears as she tried to suppress her fear.

"Damon... I killed someone..

Damon froze mid-motion, his gaze suddenly sharp and icy

"Is he dead?"

His voice was as cold as ice.

The entire dining room fell silent. Everyone turned to look at Damon, the only sound was the sound of breathing.

Chloe looked at the motionless man in front of her and the large pool of blood on the floor, "...probably dead."

Chapter 970

Damon fell silent for a moment, "Where are you now??"

"...In your yard."

Almost at the same time, Damon rose from his seat and left the hall, "Don't catch a cold, wait for me!"

Okay"

Sensing her voice trembling, Damon clenched his jaw, "Chloe, don't be scared, okay? You're gonna be fine." Chloe's hand, tightly gripping the phone, remained pale. She could only force herself to stay calm, "..Okay."

"I'm coming. Don't be scared. Wait for me."

Damon repeated, then hung up the call. His face was stern as he strode away.

At this point, Nathan quickly got up from his chair and chased after him. Seeing this, everyone else also put down their chopsticks and followed them with serious expressions.

Damon arrived at the separate courtyard as fast as he could.

Ivan lay on one side, motionless, his life hanging by a thread.

He frowned, his eyes cold. When he saw Chloe, her clothes torn and covered in blood, Damon's pupils shrank and his tall body slightly swayed. He walked over and pulled Chloe into his arms.

"Dead? What, did she step on a bug or something... Ah!! Ivan!!!"

Freya originally thought Chloe was overreacting and wanted to tease her, but when she saw the man's face on the ground, her sarcastic comment turned into a scream!

She rushed over, and seeing the knife stuck in Ivan's stomach, she lost it.

"Who did this?!"

Percy, following behind, saw his son Ivan unconscious on the ground and yelled in disbelief, "Who did this?!"

He glared at the servants, who were terrified.

It was Mrs. Harper...

Elizabeth, supporting Presley, arrived last. Seeing Ivan, they were both shocked, especially when they heard the servants accusing Chloe.

Mr. Ivan was about to force himself on Mrs. Harper..."

When the servants arrived, they saw Ivan falling off Chloe.

Seeing Chloe's disheveled clothes and terrified look, anyone could guess what had happened. This incident could not be misunderstood. If the servants didn't explain things clearly now, there might have been more serious consequences when the truth came out!

Everyone understood upon hearing this.

Ivan's behavior abroad was well known. At first, his family tried to persuade him to live a good life, but when Freya found that persuasion was useless, she warned him to be careful when having fun, to avoid catching any diseases.

Percy was speechless with anger. Having fun was one thing, but Ivan was also a good student! As a man, he also had experiences like that. When young and full of energy, it was normal to be obsessed and indulge in desires. But they never expected Ivan to have no self-control, even daring to lay his hands on Damon's woman?!

"Beast!"

Presley, leaning on his crutches, scolded loudly.

Percy had to close his eyes in shame.

Chloe, leaning on Damon, stared at Ivan, her voice trembling, "He seems to be dead."

"Let him be" Damon's eyes swept coldly over the man on the ground, his gaze filled with ruthless coldness, making people shiver. Freya's crying suddenly stopped, her eyes red as she stared at Damon, "Damon! Ivan is your brother"

"So what?" Damon's voice was calm, "He deserved it."

“Ah! Freya suddenly screamed. “Damon, you’re a monster!!

Damon squinted, his mouth turning up. “You’re right”

Percy, on the other hand, was too flustered to care about the argument. He ordered the servants in a panic, Call an ambulance “Who has the nerve to call?

The servants were busy finding their phones and agreeing, but they were frightened by Damon’s cold words and stopped.

Everyone looked at him in disbelief as he held Chloe He merged with the night, like a ghost, his eyes filled with deep malice and gloom

Eizabeth was also stunned by Damon’s decision, “Damon, have you lost your mind?!”

“You should be grateful that I’m just letting him wait for death.” Instead of tearing him apart.

Damon finished speaking and turned away with Chloe.

“Damon, Damon, you can’t do this.” Freya was terrified. Once Damon had spoken, even if someone called an ambulance, no one at the hospital would dare save her son. She knew well the terror of Damon’s authority.

If he decided to let someone die, no one could stop it. This was the Harper family. Without authority, how could it have stood for a hundred years? But now in peaceful times, the Harper family had gotten used to easy days, forgetting what kind of presence they really had.

Damon ignored them, ready to leave with Chloe in his arms, but Chloe grabbed his shirt. Damon lowered his head and gently rubbed her forehead.

“I’m fine, I’m here……” His tone was completely different from before, filled with gentleness and care.

Chloe shook her head, her lips pale, her voice barely audible.

“Get someone to save him.”

Damon stared at her. After a while, he nodded, “Okay.”

Damon had really lost his mind!

A woman controlled the life and death of his relatives.

Just one word from her. No questions asked, whatever she said, went. If this wasn't madness, what was?

Damon plopped Chloe down on the couch, her eyes wide as saucers as she stared at Damon squatting in front of her. Her temples were pounding like a drum, her head felt like it was about to split open.

Damon grimaced at the sight of Chloe's torn feet, flesh ripped open and mixed with sand, blood pooling on the floor and splattering everywhere.

His heart twisted, “Get a doctor.”

The servant beside him was still in a daze, not budging.

“I'm telling you to fetch a damn doctor!!”

The usually cool-headed Damon suddenly erupted, scaring the living daylights out of the servant who plopped down on the floor.

His icy demeanor was enough to send chills down one's spine even on a normal day. And now, in this state of fury, he was like a beast ready to pounce, charging out all of a sudden.

Pure terror!

*...I got it!"

The servant, tears streaming down his face, scrambled to his feet, and bolted.