

CHOSEN 971

Chapter 971

The maid scrambled away in a panic, tears streaming down her face.

Even Nate, who rushed in upon hearing the commotion, was rooted to the spot, stunned by Mr. Harper's roar.

Having worked for Mr. Harper for many years, Nate knew that even when a long-anticipated business deal was clinched or a thorny issue resolved, Mr. Harper's demeanor would at most soften a bit. Even when a long-term project failed, what you got was a colder expression on his handsome face, as he calmly and steadily identified, addressed, and solved the issue.

Nate also knew that Ms. Chloe's presence greatly influenced Mr. Harper's mood swings. But now, it seemed he had underestimated the situation. In Mr. Harper's mind, Ms. Chloe had now become a terrifying entity.

When this just happened, Nate was on pins and needles. He worried that Mr. Harper, torn between irresistible kinship and Ms. Chloe, would be trapped in a dilemma.

But now, a chill rose in Nate's heart. Ivan's prospects looked grim. The upheaval in the Harper family.... might have just kicked off earlier than expected.

Chloe's eyelashes quivered in fear at Damon's roar.

Noticing Chloe's fear, Damon's face softened instantly with remorse. He reached out to stroke her hair, his voice dropping to a husky murmur, "I'm sorry..."

Chloe stared at him; her hand half raised to touch his stem yet gentle gaze before it changed course to grab his sleeve.

"I didn't let him....."

Seeing the bruises on her body, Damon clenched his lips. Noticing Seeing his reaction and silence, Chloe's eyes narrowed and she hesitated whether to tighten her grip or let go of his sleeve.

"Don't you trust me?"

"I do. I never doubted you."

His voice was cool and his hand drifted from her hair to her temple, touching her skin. Chloe's eyes glazed over and she subtly moved her cheek away from Damon's palm.

She watched Damon's face intently, only relaxing when she was sure there was no suspicion in his expression.

"Um, I didn't...otherwise... you wouldn't see me again."

Losing the right to be by his side, she wouldn't choose to survive.

Damon's eyes narrowed slightly.

A maid thoughtfully called for a female doctor.

Upon seeing Chloe's disheveled state, the doctor was taken aback. She treated Chloe's foot injuries, her anxious expression finally easing a bit.

"The most severe injuries are the flesh wounds on both feet. Other wounds on the body seem to be caused by struggle and collision. You're also running a slight fever right now. You need to rest well"

The doctor left some topical medication before departing

Damon bent down to lift Chloe.

At that moment, Nate's phone rang. It was Freya from the hospital. The ambulance had arrived at the hospital, and the doctors were waiting, but no one dared to operate on Ivan.

Nate leaned against the door of the emergency room, hands in his pockets, eyeing the unconscious Ivan. His casual expression belied a gloomy and cunning smile.

Even though the ambulance was here, whether the patient could be saved was another story.

The hallway outside the emergency room was off-limits to bystanders. Apart from the families of other patients waiting in the waiting area, few people came here. The long hallway seemed endless, and the strange situation here drew the attention of the other patients' families. Even though there was a patient in the ambulance, the hospital's most authoritative doctors were lined up waiting, but they showed no intention of saving the patient.

How brutal. It was like being lost in the desert, a dying traveler who could see life-saving water but couldn't drink it

Presley couldn't come to the hospital due to his health condition, and he couldn't get through on the phone.

Of course, Presley couldn't be allowed to meddle in this matter. All calls were redirected elsewhere

Having worked alongside Damon for many years, Nate was naturally adept at handling such matters

Damon's speculation earlier wasn't entirely baseless. Ivan was Presley's grandson, sharing a bloodline with Damon and Nathan Presley's stance between Chloe and Ivan goes without saying

But what Damon intended to do, he would ignore all obstacles including Presley

As for the consequences Damon was not one to dodge his responsibilities

Damon took the phone that Nate handed him. Although he had no intention of answering, he picked up after Chloe rejecting his embrace.

“What is it?” His voice was cold

“Damon, I beg you, let the hospital operate on Ivan, please. Damon, he’s your cousin... You can’t let him die like this..

“Ivan trespassed into my house and crossed the line. As the head of the household, he broke the rules and challenged my authority. As a man, he almost touched my woman, provoking my dignity. Tell me, why should I save him?” Damon’s voice was so cold it sent chills down your spine.

“But Damon, he’s your cousin... At least for that reason, you can’t let him die...” This was Freya’s desperate plea.

“Don’t use that as a reason to persuade me. It only makes me want to deal with him more.”

Freya was stunned, her face filled with horror, “Damon, Damon...”

She fell to her knees, only able to repeat Damon’s name over and over again, but Damon had already hung up. Percy trashed the dean’s office, but it didn’t change the dean’s attitude. When he learned that Freya had been rejected by Damon again, his face turned purple with rage.

“Percy... go find Presley, he definitely wouldn’t stand by and do nothing! Damon is a madman. He’s crazy...”

Chapter 972

Seeing Percy’s face, Freya knew he didn’t have any solutions either, so she had to bring up Presley. Percy couldn’t care less about Presley’s poor health at this point, and he just had to leave in a hurry after agreeing.

“Asking Presley...”

Nathan’s deep, cold voice came from behind.

Percy turned around to see Nathan leaning against the door of the emergency room. Seeing his indifferent look, Percy was filled with anger.

Nathan looked up, his face expressionless. “You might as well beg Ms. Chloe directly. After all, most women are soft-hearted. If Presley gets hurt by your actions, you guys can give it a try if you’re not afraid of the consequences.”

But was Chloe like most women?

Nathan raised an eyebrow, a hint of interest flashing across his handsome face.

Damon’s villa

“Damon, I need to freshen up. Chloe seemed to have regained her calm, rejecting Damon’s offer to apply medicine to her wounds. Damon put down the medicine and bent down to pick her up. Chloe was silent as Damon held her, letting him carry her upstairs.

He first placed her on the bed, then brought a chair into the bathroom and placed her on it.

“Just wipe yourself down. You have a wound on your foot, it can’t get wet.

He rolled up his sleeves, ready to clean her himself.

“I can do it myself.” She still refused his help.

Damon saw a deep bite mark on her lips. Probably... during the process of him carrying her upstairs

"Be careful with the wound." He handed her a warm towel and stood aside.

Chloe nodded quietly, "Could you find me a set of clothes? I need to change into them later."

Damon frowned, "Pajamas?"

"No, something I can wear outside."

Percy burst into the living room of Damon's villa, the bright light stinging his eyes

Chloe was sitting on the couch in the living room, holding a glass of water. She was neatly dressed, her hair was neatly combed, a stark contrast to her previous disheveled state. She was calm as if she had just woken up from a dream. She was not as weak as he had expected, nor was she unconscious from the shock as he had imagined.

She sat quietly with the glass in her hand, not like she was resting, but more like... waiting.

When Percy appeared in front of Chloe, her expression didn't change at all. Clearly, she was waiting for him.

Damon was sitting next to Chloe, accompanying her the whole time. Seeing Percy come in, he sneered.

"It seems Ivan's intrusion into my yard is a tribute to you."

Percy clenched his lips.

Damon turned his head to look at Chloe, "What are you waiting for?"

"I don't know." Chloe took a sip of water and shook her head..

Did she really not know?

Percy stood there. His fists clenched so tightly that they trembled. After a while, his voice softened a bit

"Ms. Summers, I'm here to ask you to save my son."

Chice finally smiled at his words, her voice cold and clear. "I'm the victim, I'm the one who wants him dead the most."

So I'm here to beg you. He's part of the Harper family, Presley's own grandson, Damon's cousin..."

Chloe's face didn't change. "You're threatening me, not begging me."

I'm begging you

"But all I hear from you is the threshold of the Harper family. Is this how you beg someone? To beg you have to pay a price?

Percy's face muscles trembled violently. "What do you want?" After saying this, he glanced at Damon, sensing a bad premonition in his heart

Chloe thought for a moment" Shares

Damon's eyes immediately became sharp at her words.

Percy's eyes widened in disbelief. "Ms. Summers! Your request makes me suspect that you deliberately seduced my son! To steal my shares!"

Percy had never cared how much the Harper family's shares were worth! But if the shares in his hands were stolen, even if Presley died later, he wouldn't be able to get the position of the family head!

Chloe ignored Percy's speculation, just continued to say, "So you came to beg me empty-handed? To save a man who almost raped me. How kind do you think I am?"

"You..."

"It seems your son's life really isn't as important as those shares in your eyes. If that's the case, you don't have much to worry about it. With those shares to keep you company, your future years might be quite satisfying."

The veins on Percy's forehead bulged. "Ivan was framed by you!"

Chloe frowned. "I've never met him, let alone knew he was your son. Or are you saying that he dared to enter my yard because you agreed?" Percy's eyes flickered, his anger subsiding slightly. However, Chloe simply looked away.

"If you give me the shares, I agree to save him. If not... well, never mind. Damon, I'm tired."

Damon stood up and picked Chloe up from the couch. Chloe's feet were wrapped in thick gauze, it looked like her injuries were serious.

Damon carried Chloe up the stairs to the second floor, while Percy stood in place, his anger unabated, trembling for a while, then closed his eyes and growled, "How much money do you want?"

"Damon, how much do you think will make you satisfied?" Chloe smiled slightly, looking up at Damon who was holding her

She wanted to make Percy no longer a threat to Damon in the future. She didn't intend to push Percy's family into a corner, just wanted him to behave in the future, not to affect Damon's position, at least, to

reduce a powerful competitor.

Percy's face grew uglier and uglier, Chloe even saw the veins on his forehead begin to show.

Chapter 973

"I just don't want to get the short end of the stick. Plus, I'm the most innocent victim here."

Chloe wasn't one to play petty games. Even if she wanted to, she wouldn't use her body as a bargaining chip.

Damon closed his eyes. He tried to suppress the rising tide of emotions within him, but he felt utterly powerless.

"No saving him," he managed to squeeze out.

He'd given her too much leeway. So much so that he was always on the backfoot, unable to get a word in edgewise!

Chloe said, "Ivan must survive."

"He should die." Damon declared firmly.

Chloe looked at him, not arguing further, "Yeah, but letting him die like this would be letting him off too easy."

That got Damon to look down at Chloe again.

"We're going to the hospital to save him," Chloe said, a faint smile appearing on her pale face.

Damon pursed his lips, then picked her up and turned around. Suddenly, Percy's body relaxed, and he almost collapsed onto the ground. Hospital.

Seeing Damon carrying Chloe, Nathan raised an eyebrow, looking as if he had expected it all along.

After all, Ivan was part of the Harper family. Even if she didn't consider Presley's feelings, Chloe wouldn't put Damon in a difficult position, bearing the brunt of resentment and hatred

Wendy, who had been silent, showed a slight change of expression. Freya had been crying so much she was almost out of tears. Seeing the two of them, she collapsed at Damon's feet.

"Chloe, please save my son, he's still so young, he can't just die..."

Chloe said to Damon, "I need to go down."

"You're injured," Damon frowned, his voice betraying his helplessness

"I can use a wheelchair."

Damon pursed his lips, glanced at the doctor across from him.

Soon, the doctor wheeled the chair over and Damon put Chloe in it

Chloe didn't speak, the hallway silent. There was a standoff for two minutes, which felt like an eternity.

The doctor who had been observing Ivan said urgently, "The patient's body temperature is dropping, and we need to operate immediately!" Unable to hold back, Freya wailed, "Chloe, I beg you, please..."

At this moment, Nate walked over with some documents, handing them to Percy amidst the chaos. It was a stock transfer agreement. Freya didn't know what it was, she just kept pleading to save her son,

The cries were getting on Percy's nerves. Without thinking, he signed the documents.

Wendy looked at the document, her eyebrows furrowed.

Without saying anything, Nathan stepped aside from the emergency room door. Doctors busied themselves, pushing the gurney into the emergency room.

Freya sat on the ground; seeing the door to the emergency room open, she burst into tears of joy.

That's when Chloe's calm voice rang out.

"Wait."

Everyone was taken aback and turned to look at her. She said expressionlessly, "I want to go into the emergency room too."

Freya looked at her warily. "... What are you going to do?"

Percy also asked angrily, "What are you up to?"

This woman was too dangerous! After all his years of planning, everything was ruined by Chloe!

Chloe smirked cruelly. She looked at Ivan on the gurney and pointed at him, saying calmly, "The knife in him was for me to cut fruit, I should be the one to take it out"

Everyone gasped, staring at her in disbelief.

Even Nathan couldn't help but cough violently, his breath becoming ragged

“Chloe! Don’t go too far!” Percy feared that Chloe would collude with the doctors to kill his son

She wanted to personally remove the knife? She must have been out of her mind

“Do you not understand that human life is precious? Can you just remove a knife like that?” Percy was hopping mad.

Removing the knife could cause secondary damage. If anything went wrong, someone who could have been saved could die!

“True. If I had removed the knife when it happened, you would have had to accept it too, wouldn’t you? I just didn’t do it then and want to do it now”

“Chloe...” Percy wished he could strangle her.

“I have my selfish reasons. After all, your son almost raped me. I agreed to save him, but I’m not happy about it. Since I can’t take his life, seeing him suffer is the next best thing

Those words were so blunt, so harsh, it was almost cruel!

...How can a woman be so vicious?”

People would be afraid of the sight of blood. Even trainee doctors could feel sick for days after seeing such a horrific scene. Chloe actually wanted to watch someone being sliced open

Mr. Harper sure had...unique taste.

Chloe just looked unperturbed, “If we delay any longer, your son might not need saving.”

Damon looked at Chloe. He had wrapped a scarf around her neck before leaving to prevent her condition from worsening. Her naturally curly hair was wrapped around the scarf, covering half of her chin. The hallway light shone on her, giving her a hazy halo.

She was so beautiful; it was almost surreal.

“I’ll go with you.”

His cold voice rang out. Chloe didn’t turn around. She could recognize Damon’s voice anywhere.

“No need, I can go by myself.” If he went, Percy would give him a hard time.

Damon nodded obediently, “Get scrubs for Mrs. Harper

The doctor was surprised but did as he was told. Damon helped her into the scrubs. The doctor and Chloe entered the operating room.

The people in the hallway lost the joy of agreeing to save Ivan. Everyone looked even more distressed, seeming more desperate than before.

Chapter 974

Having the top doc in the hospital on board was really reassuring. But now, Chloe’s involvement was like a punch to the gut.

Who knew what this woman, who probably wouldn’t mind seeing Ivan dead, was up to?

In the operating room, Chloe sat in her wheelchair, her face as cold as ice.

“I’m Damon’s fiancée, you guys know that, right?”

The doctors just looked at her, their faces hidden behind masks and caps, their eyes full of caution. They had a feeling that this woman's sudden request to enter the ER wasn't as simple as it seemed.

"You're not going to ask us to remove an organ from him, are you? That's illegal..."

Chloe gave a small smile. I know. But that's a good suggestion. Or maybe, we could.

Her gaze drifted towards Ivan's lower abdomen.

The doctors tensed up. This woman... But as a woman who was almost raped, it was understandable that she had such thoughts.

Chloe suddenly laughed. I'm just kidding. After all, he's Percy's son, how could I cut off their family line?"

The doctors let out a sigh of relief.

Chloe looked at Ivan coldly. "I won't let his body lack anything."

The doctors felt something was off but couldn't put their finger on it.

Chloe just rubbed her wrist and asked, "Time to pull the knife?"

"You... You're really going to do it yourself?"

"Yes Let me."

Chloe maneuvered her wheelchair next to the operating table and picked up the scalpel. The doctors were on pins and needles, their eyes glued to her hand holding the scalpel.

Just as they were about to take a deep breath, Chloe suddenly pulls out the scalpel with a “pfft” sound. Blood spurted out, splashing on the doctors nearby.

The authoritative doctors were flabbergasted as they watched Chloe’s actions. They could tell this woman didn’t want Ivan dead. Her hand was very steady when the knife went in, but when it left the tissues, she deliberately moved the knife aside, making the surface wound at least a centimeter wider.

Even the man on the operating table, unconscious, couldn’t help but shiver,

The doctors, speechless, couldn’t help but take another look at Chloe

The blood kept flowing, but it was controlled perfectly, not hitting any vital spots. She was a pro.

Chloe held the knife, watching the blood flow out, expressionless.

The surgery lasted for almost two hours. When the ER doors swung open, Freya and Percy rush forward.

Freya anxiously asked, “Doctor, how’s my son?”

The lead doctor removed his mask, looking a bit uncomfortable with the sudden crowd. “He... is not in grave danger.”

Then, Ivan was wheeled out, his face pale: Freya and Percy breathed a sigh of relief.

“The patient needs rest, please make way.”

After Ivan was taken away, Chloe came out in her wheelchair,

Damon walked up to her, checked her over to make sure she was unharmed, then breathed a sigh of relief

Chloe held up the clean fruit knife and smiled at Damon, "Thanks to your knife."

Without it, she might have been hurt by Ivan

Damon lifted her up. "Let's go home, you need rest."

"I have a wheelchair. I'm not tired.

Without another word, Damon took her towards the hospital exit. Just then, Wendy called out to them, "Damon, Chloe"

Chloe's eyes turned cold.

Wendy blocked their way looking at Chloe in Damon's arms.

"Chloe, I admit I went overboard last night. I have obsessions, that have built up over my twenty-some years and become habits. I can't change overnight. So I was wrong last night, I'm sorry"

"Ms. Alonso, your cousin just got out of danger, and you're here talking to me about this nonsense, do you think it's appropriate?" Chloe sneered

"Nonsense?" Wendy clenched her fists

"Are you trying

Wendy stayed le

Chloe continued. That i

you for what?

Wendy stayed silent.

Chloe continued. hurt your cousin and you're here saying things that wont make me forgive

"...I just did what had to."

Chloe couldn't even be bothered to look at her, "You did what you had to now please get

Wendy bit her lip looking at Damon unhappily

what's the p

| go home and win"

Damon

He looked at her with no expression, cold making people feel chilly Tve you the deed yours and he you "

apologs

Wendy turned pale, thinking about the things he said shout setting out wh

because

"Damon lost patience, not gring Wendy any more chatices.

Wendy (tuned saph

ked at Chine. Chicle lengt

Chine felt she had no obligation to forge Wendy especially when har spoon was because the something wrong

Chapter 975

Chloe's body needed rest, and given her health status, her planned trip back to P City was once again postponed.

Presley woke up early, made sure that Ivan was safe after the rescue, and then finally breathed a sigh of relief. He personally came to Damon's

room to visit Chloe.

Damon kissed Chloe's forehead and whispered, "You guys chat, I'll go make you a cup of hot milk."

"Okay," Chloe smiled faintly, but she looked very weak.

After everything that happened yesterday, plus watching Ivan nervously undergo nearly two hours of surgery in the hospital, even though she had slept all night, her mental state had gotten even worse.

Presley sat on the opposite sofa, his tone steady. "You were hurt last night."

Chloe, wrapped in a shawl looked tired. She looked down and said, "The past is the past.

Once she had been hurt, she wouldn't dwell on it unnecessarily.

Presley gave her a look, his eyes filled with mixed emotions.

“Damon cares about you a lot, even more than I expected.”

Chloe smiled slightly, “Please rest assured, I will never let him get into trouble because of me. I don’t care about the Harper family’s affairs, but since he does, I will care with him. So, I will never let him make sacrifices or bear things for me.”

Presley was shocked and relieved for her regard for Damon, but he was more concerned about, “So you chose to be wronged yourself to avoid getting him into trouble? But the person he seems to care about the most is you, even more than anything else. Your choice to be hurt might not be what he hoped for.”

Chloe shook her head, “Why should I let myself be hurt? If I am hurt, he will be sad and blame himself. I love him so much, how can I let him be sad?”

“You saved Ivan last night,” Presley stated the fact. “According to your personal thoughts, you probably hope that his punishment is death. But for Damon, you chose to compromise and let yourself be wronged.”

Chloe smiled, looking at Presley. “I’m a law-abiding person. From a legal point of view, should Ivan die?”

Presley was taken aback, “His crimes are not enough to deserve death”

Chloe shrugged, “So he shouldn’t die. I live in a modern society, and fighting with the law will only make myself suffer. But sometimes we might be a little dissatisfied with the legal judgment, but that’s just my personal sentiment. For example, if I have someone beat him up, I’ll feel better and won’t feel wronged.”

Presley looked at her and shook his head, “Beating people is also illegal!”

Chloe laughed softly. “I have Damon. He will help me solve it.”

Presley looked at her deeply, grinned and then, he laughed heartily. Indeed, if Damon could take on a life for her, then small things like fights would definitely be no problem. It was obvious that Chloe had saved Damon a lot of trouble.

This girl slowly, made him see her in a new light.

Damon stood outside the door, listening to Presley's laughter, his mouth slightly pursed. He really didn't know if he should feel happy and proud. Was her dependence on him only on these matters?

Damon took a deep breath, feeling a bit powerless.

"Cough..."

Chloe coughed lightly; her voice seemed a bit awkward.

"You...don't be too happy, I'm not that understanding..."

"Hahaha...huh? What do you mean? Presley gradually stopped laughing, asked her puzzledly.

"Nothing"

Chloe turned her gaze to the side.

"You"

Just as Presley was about to ask again, the door was pushed open, Damon walked in with the milk, and sat down by the bed

"It's hot, drink it now.

Chloe took the milk from his hand.

Seeing this, Presley didn't say anything more, stood up and left

After drinking the milk, Damon took the cup and put it on the bedside table Staring at some milk on Chloe's lips. he leaned over

Chloe was startled, instinctively reaching out to push the man was close to her away.

"Don't..

Her voice trembled, the helplessness and fear from last night resonating in her mind, not only buzzing, but also in a mess.

But Damon held her hand that was resisting him.

"Chloe, who am I?"

His low voice echoed between them, the temperature, the breath, the sound, all so familiar. She trembled her eyelashes, panting slightly, her resistance gradually weakening

"Who am I, huh?"

Damon seemed to be soothing her, with the most familiar and gentle voice trying to calm her unease. He gently kissed her lips, with his voice, continuous. Finally feeling her tense body gradually relax, Damon indulged in a passionate kiss with her.

The long kiss ended, Damon leaned against her forehead, held her cheek in his hand, and said, "I will never let you go through this kind of thing again."

After saying that, he gave her another passionate kiss.

Chloe gently hugged Damon's shoulders, almost tentatively, actively responding to Damon. When she felt that the resistance in her heart was not as strong as before, or even no longer existed, she fully understood that this was Damon's breath and temperature, and she was so moved that she wanted to cry.

Damon noticed and let her go.

"Why are you crying?"

His eyes were a little puzzled

Chloe bit her lip, her arms tightly around Damon's neck

"I was scared... I was really worried... worried that I would never be able to respond to you again..."

Her voice was filled with rare softness. Last night, might have been the most fearful and helpless moment of her life.

The kind of violation, had it happened, she would have rather chosen death.

She was her own, and also Damon's.

Chapter 976

Damon hugged Chloe tight, as if he was trying to etch her into his heart.

"I'm sorry, Chloe."

Chloe shook her head, whispering in his neck, "Damon, can we go back to P City?"

Without hesitation, Damon agreed, "Sure, let's go."

According to yesterday's plans, they were supposed to leave today. Everything was ready, and nothing was holding them back.

The hospital sent word around noon. Ivan woke up. Presley finally let out a sigh of relief. He planned to visit the hospital and then head back to P City with them.

Chloe put down her utensils, looking at Damon, "I want to go to the hospital too."

"Why?"

Chloe took a sip of water, her face expressionless, her tone flat, "To visit him."

Since Ivan couldn't be around with too many people, Chloe was pushed into the ward by Damon only after Presley left.

When she entered, Ivan had his eyes closed, looking frail. Chloe sat in a wheelchair, hands on the armrests, coldly staring at the pale man lying on the hospital bed.

Ivan knew someone had entered the ward, but he was too weak to do anything but wait for the other person to speak. Time passed, and he heard nothing.

He slowly opened his eyes, looking at the ceiling for a few seconds, then slowly turned his head.

Chloe raised an eyebrow, reached out, and smiled as she tucked the blanket for Ivan.

"Woke up already?" she asked, pretending he had just awoken.

Ivan was watching her the whole time. There was a smile on her beautiful face, but her eyes held no warmth.

He blinked. He was sure this was the woman by the pool last night. He had a few drinks last night, his consciousness a bit muddled, but he hadn't forgotten everything.

Clearly, his consciousness was weak, and he couldn't control his impulses or suppress his desires.

"Who... are you?" his voice was raspy, not pleasant to the ear.

Chloe scoffed, "Mr. Ivan, are you evading responsibility, or did the alcohol completely numb you that you have no memory?"

"L..."

Just when Ivan was about to speak, Chloe raised her hand, picked up a fruit knife from the cabinet next to her, with a playful smile on her face.

"Maybe I should help you recall?"

Ivan's already pale face turned even paler.

"No... no need..."

Chloe twirled the fruit knife in her hand, then placed the blade flat on the palm of her other hand.

"I'm just joking. I went through so much trouble to save you, what's the point of hurting you again? Your parents might come after me for your life. But it's understandable that you don't recognize me. We haven't met before. We only saw each other yesterday, and you almost lost your life."

She laughed, the coldness in her eyes growing. "Let me introduce myself. I'm Chloe, Damon's fiancée, the future lady of the Harper family."

Chloe's smile seemed to grow, "Nice to meet you, Mr. Ivan."

Suddenly, Ivan's mind went blank, his eyes hollow.

"You are..."

"Who do you think the woman in Damon's yard would be?"

Ivan felt a deep panic inside, like a bottomless pit, almost swallowing him whole. He... almost... violated Damon's woman last night...

Ivan's heart pounded like a drum, "I didn't know you were..."

"You didn't even know whose yard you were in?"

Ivan realized he made a huge mistake! Damon's yard was strictly off-limits to outsiders. This was an unwritten rule in the Harper family. Even when no one was guarding his yard, no one dared to step in.

"Am I... really still alive?" or was he already dead?

"Heh." Chloe scoffed, "Of course, you're still alive."

Ivan closed his eyes.

Chloe saw his despair, sneered, "Do you think it would be better if you were dead?"

Ivan's lips quivered slightly. Chloe's voice sounded like a demon's voice to him!

“That’s why I let you live, but you will be always on edge, worried that Damon might one day decide to kill you.”

“I’m his cousin...”

Chloe smirked, “You can ask Percy, that who convinced your cousin to save your life.”

“Since your life was spared, you should cherish it. After all, your father did everything he could for you, even gave up his shares. If you don’t value your life, it’s disrespectful to him. Your life seems quite valuable.”

After Chloe finished speaking, she smiled again and helped him straighten the blanket that he had struggled to get rid of.

“Value your life.”

With that, Chloe left the ward.

Waiting outside were Freya and Percy, their faces full of anger and high alert, but Chloe ignored them completely.

Freya rushed into the ward immediately,

“Are you okay?” Seeing her son unharmed, she sighed in relief.

Ivan was stunned for a while, then suddenly became extremely agitated.

“I want to go abroad. I don’t want to ever come back!”

“What... what happened?” Freya was startled by Ivan’s outburst.

He couldn’t stay in the country any longer, he had to leave the Harper family and never come back. Only then could he live a carefree life!

If he stayed within Damon’s sight, he might be killed by Damon one day!

Chapter 977

Chloe heard Ivan’s panicked voice from outside the door. She raised an eyebrow and a knowing smirk spread across her face.

“What did you say to him?!”

Seeing Ivan in such a state, Percy was about to lose his shit! Never coming back? Was he giving up on the Harper family’s fortune?!

“I just told him to live a good life.” Chloe replied with a light smile.

Percy wasn’t buying it. His gaze towards Chloe was filled with fury.

“I’ve given you everything you need. Nothing I do from now on can threaten Damon’s position! Now you’re driving my son away, too?”

Ivan was Percy’s son, and no matter what, he would always have a spot in the Harper family. Even if he lost all those shares, so what? As long as Ivan got into the Harper family business, the possibilities were endless. That was what Percy was thinking when he suddenly shivered and stared at Chloe in her wheelchair.

She had a mysterious smile on her face, as if she had seen through all his thoughts.

Percy stared at her in disbelief, his legs gave way and he took a step back. He raised his hand, pointing at her tremblingly.

“You...you...”

This woman was terrifying! Her plans were so detailed. She drove his son away and killed all his possibilities. This woman, her intelligence was horrifying.

Chloe raised her eyebrow, “You’re overthinking it. I really just told Ivan to live a good life. I don’t know much about you guys, and it’s my first time meeting Ivan, why would I force him to leave?”

She was reminding Percy that she really didn’t have the ability to force Ivan to do anything.

Percy frowned, thinking that her words made sense.

“Besides, even if Ivan doesn’t leave, do you think he can do anything with Damon around?”

When she said this, her tone unintentionally revealed her disdain for Ivan and her extreme trust in Damon’s abilities.

Indeed, if Damon was on guard against Ivan, he would surely face obstacles at every turn. But after all, Ivan was Percy’s son. Being looked down upon like this, he felt uncomfortable.

“You’re preventing all possibilities!”

“But it’s not absolute.” Chloe calmly said, “It’s better if Ivan leaves, but it’s fine if he doesn’t, and I didn’t force him.”

So, this had nothing to do with her.

Percy stared at Chloe, full of extreme anger.

Chloe looked at Damon, who was not far away, hanging up the phone and turning towards them. Her voice was clear and gentle, "Uncle Percy, take care of yourself too. We're going back to P City now."

Percy was stunned and turned to look at Damon, who was already by his side.

"...You're leaving so soon?"

Such a big thing just happened, and they were already preparing to leave?

"Yep." Damon replied without a hint of emotion.

Although he knew Damon was a tough one to deal with, Percy was still the elder of the family, and he also knew that Damon wouldn't easily harm them.

"Ivan just got out of danger, are you guys in such a hurry?"

Damon walked over to Chloe and looked at Percy, "You're right, maybe I should go in and check on Ivan now."

"...Don't come in! Damon, I'm fine...you guys just go..." Ivan's voice trembled from the ward.

Hearing Ivan's fear of Damon, Percy's expression changed.

The one who saved Ivan's life was never Damon. On the contrary, Damon almost decided to off Ivan. If they met, he was kind of worried that Damon might change his mind and actually kill Ivan.

F = 5 D

Suppressing his emotions, Percy tried to hide his stiff expression and said, "Since that's the case, be careful on your way."

Damon bent down and lifted Chloe from the wheelchair, walking towards the exit. Percy watched them as they passed by. As Damon held Chloe, she gave Percy a strange smile. Suddenly, Percy felt a tingling sensation on his scalp. He furrowed his brows and looked at her again, but Damon had already taken her away.

Entering the hospital room, Ivan had already calmed down. Percy felt a pang of pain in his heart and asked him softly, "What did that woman say to you just now?"

Ivan shook his head, "Nothing."

After saying that, he closed his eyes. Freya looked at Percy with confusion and asked, "I just heard that they are going back to the P City? Now? Did Ivan suffer for nothing? Isn't there any explanation for this matter?"

"What explanation do you want?! He dares to trespass into Damon's territory, and even dare to sleep with his woman? With his audacity, how much of my wealth can withstand his downfall?!" Percy said angrily.

Suppressing his emotions, Percy looked at his son in the bed, unable to even scold him.

Freya also felt upset about this situation, but she just didn't want her precious son to suffer for nothing.

"... But they're leaving in such a hurry? With such convenient transportation these days, what's the harm in staying a few more days?"

Upon mentioning this, Percy also felt puzzled.

Yes, since they chose to save Ivan, staying a few more days wouldn't be much trouble. This departure was indeed rushed. Perhaps...Chloe was under too much pressure?

From what he knew, ever since Chloe was taken out of the public eye by Damon, things around her had never calmed down. However, a guess was just a guess.

Around 10 o'clock at night, Ivan suddenly had a high fever that wouldn't subside and his breathing became rapid. He kept moaning in pain.

Percy and Freya were thrown into chaos and urgently called for a doctor.

Usually, doctors took turns on duty. Because of Ivan's severe condition, the emergency medical team was the same one who performed his surgery earlier.

They immediately conducted an emergency check and then sent him to the emergency room.

Chapter 978

Just having gotten out of danger, Ivan was once again laid out on the operating table.

The surgeon picked up his medical scissors and swiftly cut open the same wound on Ivan's belly that was just stitched up.

Less than 24 hours, Ivan's belly was sliced open once again. Out came a piece of blue thin plastic from Ivan's belly.

What was this? It seemed to be the same material as their surgical gowns.

Turned out, Chloe had cut off a piece of her protective suit with the blood-stained fruit knife, balled it up, and threw it into Ivan's belly.

Under their watchful eyes, she just smiled and said, "Carry on, you guys didn't see anything, did you?"

As they were stitching up the wound and cutting off the surgical threads, they were still in shock, staring blankly at the spot, exchanging glances.

“He can’t die either. You guys will have to figure out a way in the upcoming days,” Chloe said.

That was why they didn’t leave that night, waiting for Ivan’s condition to worsen.

Sure enough... The foreign object was removed and the wound was stitched up again. The process didn’t take long as they knew exactly what they were dealing with.

Freya and Percy rushed over again. Upon learning that their son was okay, they breathed a sigh of relief.

After two nerve-racking ups and downs, Freya and Percy seemed to have aged several years, with their faces filled with weariness.

Ivan, having undergone two surgeries at the same spot, was on the brink of death but still hanging in there.

After a brief conversation with the doctor in the corridor, Percy’s face turned extremely gloomy.

“What caused my son’s second surgery?”

The doctor was visibly distressed but still told the truth, “There was a foreign object left in the abdominal cavity, causing a

bacterial infection.”

“What foreign object?”

“Um... a piece of plastic film.”

The doctor came up with an excuse to leave, leaving Percy standing there, his facial muscles twitching uncontrollably.

“Chloe!!”

A roar of anger echoed through the whole hospital, shocking everyone. He was so furious he wanted to settle scores with Chloe right away.

Only then did he remember that she had returned to P City in the afternoon.

Only now did he fully realize the strange smile Chloe had given him before she left, and...

Why they left in such a hurry.

In P City, an old Harper family’s mansion.

Just as Damon had finished bathing Chloe and laid her on the bed, his phone rang. He plugged the hair dryer into the socket beside the bed before answering the call.

Chloe grabbed her wet hair, trying to listen to Damon’s phone conversation, but Damon only said “Understood” and hung up. Then, he tossed his phone aside and sat down in front of Chloe. He put a towel on his lap, and Chloe obediently laid down. He first turned on the warm fan and let it blow for a while, then switched to the lowest wind speed. His warm hands gently moved through her hair, comforting and soothing.

“Was that call from Hong Kong?” Chloe looked up at the man drying her hair.

Her beautiful eyes reflected the room’s lights, and within them, his figure was mirrored, along with an indescribable sense of

anticipation.

Damon didn’t intend to mention it, but it seemed she expected it, so he was now contemplating how to respond to her expectation.

How could he let her down?

“Ivan just got out of surgery. He’s had two surgeries in the same place within 24 hours. They took out a piece of surgical gown’s plastic film from his belly.”

Chloe raised an eyebrow, the corners of her mouth curling up slightly.

“Really? He’s really unlucky then.”

Damon smiled gently at her. It seemed that Ivan should be made to suffer more while still alive.

Chloe’s condition had improved, but Damon took care of her foot injury as if she was paralyzed from the waist down for a week. Holding her while eating, going to the bathroom, and even... during walks.

After lunch, Damon carried Chloe for a “walk”. Chloe pinched Damon’s arm with both hands, then pressed on his chest.

Damon looked down at her, his voice somewhat low. “What are you doing?”

Chloe withdrew her hand and looked up at him. “I’m not just your weightlifting tool, am I?”

Damon looked at her smiling face, silent for two seconds, then a look of understanding crossed his face.

“How is it? Feel hard yet?”

Chloe didn’t catch the alternative meaning and shook her head, “I can’t tell. But it should be hard, right?”

He had been carrying her these past few days. This human-shaped weightlifting tool should be beneficial to his health.

Damon stopped and looked at her. Chloe was confused, "What's wrong?"

"Um, it's hard." He slightly moved his lips.

Chloe raised her eyebrows, "You should thank me, I'm largely responsible for this."

Damon looked towards a pavilion not far away and walked towards it.

"Um, I should thank you."

He carried Chloe to the pavilion and sat down, but he never put Chloe down. Instead, he made Chloe spread her legs and sit facing him on his lap.

Chloe was quite embarrassed by the situation. She put her hands on his shoulders, just when she was about to say something, she was kissed by Damon.

"You... um..."

Caught off guard, her hands on his shoulders tensed up involuntarily, causing their kiss to be interrupted abruptly. But before she could catch her breath, she felt a hand firmly grip the back of her head, and she was kissed again.

Chloe was breathless from his passionate kiss, curious about why he would suddenly kiss her so fervently.

After a long, deep kiss, Chloe felt weak. She looked at him, her eyes hazy, cheeks flushed, lips slightly swollen from the kiss, exuding a beautiful glow.

“Why did you suddenly...”

Before she could finish her sentence, her hand was gripped by him, moved from his shoulder, and guided downwards. When her hand came into contact with something warm and intense, her head seemed to fill with blood.

His handsome face was filled with obvious desire, his deep eyes staring intently at her, his voice low and sexy.

“I’m hard.”

Chapter 979

Chloe felt like her head was about to explode.

Biting her lip, Chloe muttered, “...I was just saying your muscles might have gotten stiff!”

Damon gave her chin a gentle nibble.

“Well, in the end, it was this one that got hard.”

Chloe closed her eyes, utterly mortified!

Looking out, Chloe warned, “Don’t you dare do anything. We’re outside.”

“But it wants to thank you now.”

She didn’t feel like accepting his thanks right now, “...I’ll owe you. Later...”

Before she could finish her sentence, she bit her lip again. Was she digging her own grave?

“Owe me?”

His voice was gruff as he rubbed her hand on it.

“Do you think it likes to be owed?”

Feeling its hot outline under her touch, Chloe blushed and asked anxiously, “Then what should I do?”

“You’re so smart, figure it out yourself.”

Chloe was at a loss, “You’re the one who wants to thank me, why do I have to figure it out?”

“Alright.”

With a sigh of resignation, Damon reached to pull down Chloe’s pants.

Chloe gasped, “What are you doing?”

“How else am I supposed to thank you properly?”

Chloe grabbed his hand, leaning in to give him a placating kiss, “Not now, we’re outside.”

Damon smirked, “But it’s in this state now, I can’t go back. Help me out, okay?”

She glanced at her hand pressed against his cock, hesitated, and then moved.

Damon’s breath hitched a little. Chloe paused once more, but then Damon kissed her.

“Good girl, baby, keep going.”

His voice was low and seductive, and he buried his lips into her neck, breathing hotly against her skin.

Chloe’s cheeks flushed. She closed her eyes, pressed her forehead against Damon’s, and her hand slipped inside his pants...

In that moment, the kiss on her neck deepened.

Elizabeth, being particularly fond of Alyssa, went to visit her at her villa that night.

Presley had always been against her relationship with Royce and never publicly admitted his approval. Before she left with Royce, she only had talked with Alyssa.

She and Alyssa were very close, and even though she was often out of town these years, she always made time to visit Alyssa.

Damon and Chloe got back home. Holding her hand, he asked, “Tired?”

She shot him a disgruntled look, “My hand’s sore and kind of numb.”

Damon laughed, “It was just once.”

He squeezed her hand firmly.

“My hand really is sore.”

“I’ll give you a massage.”

Chloe pursed her lips, looking down and occasionally sneaking glances at a certain part of him.

“Chloe.”

“... Yeah?”

Just as she was peeking, Damon’s voice suddenly rang out. She instinctively looked up to find his handsome face close to hers.

His voice was tempting, “It’s really no big deal, but if you keep staring at it, I can’t promise it won’t take interest in you again.” What did that mean?! Was he joking?!

Seeing Chloe’s shy expression, Damon couldn’t help but kiss her again.

Suddenly, a bag was tossed onto the couch next to them.

They both stopped and turned to see Elizabeth, who they hadn’t seen in days, standing there shouting, “Where’s Nathan?!”

But before they could answer, Elizabeth turned and dashed upstairs to Nathan’s room. Not long after, she returned to the living room, disappointed.

“Where’s that boy Nathan?!”

Chloe replied quietly, “Nathan left right after you went to see Alyssa and hasn’t been back.”

“You mean he ran off as soon as I left?”

Chloe nodded. That was exactly what happened. He was like a rat deserting a sinking ship.

Hearing the commotion, Presley came downstairs, “What’s going on, why all the noise?”

Elizabeth was furious, "I'm looking for Nathan. That boy, he actually got married behind our backs!"

Presley was taken aback, "What?! Nathan...got married?!"

Chloe raised an eyebrow and looked at Damon beside her.

She knew then that hiding it wouldn't change anything. After they returned home, everyone would eventually find out.

However, it seemed...

Nathan had really made up his mind, having no intention of letting Yulia meet his parents. So, he really wasn't planning on acknowledging Yulia?

Elizabeth was fuming, and seeing Presley's face wasn't looking too good either, her anger slowly dissipated. She was angry because Nathan had kept her in the dark about something as important as getting married. If Presley was angry, who knew what he was thinking.

"That guy, he'd better not let me see him!"

Then, Elizabeth turned to Chloe, "Chloe, come here for a moment."

Chapter 980

Chloe's foot injury had practically healed, and she could walk again. However, she couldn't resist Damon's insistence and ended up being carried upstairs by him, straight into the study.

Once back in the room, Elizabeth took a deep breath and asked, "Have you already known that Nathan got married?"

Sitting on the couch, Chloe stayed silent for a few seconds after hearing the question, then retorted, "Before I answer that, let me ask you this: why are you upset about Nathan getting married?"

Elizabeth frowned, "He's my son, and he got married without telling me. I still don't know who his wife is, if she's pretty or ugly, sensible or not, smart or stupid. Why are you asking me this?"

Chloe smiled, "I just worry that since Damon didn't end up with Ms. Alonso, as everyone was hoping, your attention might shift to Nathan."

"Who said everyone was hoping?" Elizabeth shot back, glaring at Chloe.

"Maybe I misunderstood," Chloe chuckled, "Don't worry, Yulia is very pretty, has a great figure, is sensible and well-behaved, and also very intelligent."

Hearing this, Elizabeth's eyes lit up, "So you've seen her! What does she do, where does she live, I want to go meet her."

Chloe shook her head, "I suggest not doing it for now for now..."

"Why?"

"Have you ever thought about why Nathan wouldn't tell you he got married? Maybe there are some things he hasn't figured out himself. Once he does, he'll bring her home."

Elizabeth frowned.

Due to work obligations, Chloe returned to Emerald Valley Estates. She first went to the office, handled some pressing tasks, and arranged her following workload.

Ever since she left Old Mr. Summers' birthday party, rumors about her and Viviana, Keira, Carolina and others were buzzing online, and journalists were constantly waiting at the entrance of Starlight International.

For a few days, Chloe just seemed to have disappeared. People even began speculating whether something bad had happened to her. Today, however, someone spotted Chloe at Starlight International, and the reporters swarmed her.

The follow-up arrangements of the Summers family and the Olson family, as well as the record-breaking global sales of the perfume Firefly in just a week, made Spotlight Beauty the most high-end domestic brand.

Meanwhile, the upcoming wedding of Spotlight Beauty's director, Rose Davis, also grabbed people's attention.

For the media, Chloe was not just a strong-willed woman, but a newsworthy figure too.

Dressed in beige formal wear with a caramel-colored overcoat, Chloe stood in front of Starlight International, calmly answering the reporters' questions, though she didn't respond to queries about the Summers and Olson families' follow-up

actions.

"The sales of Firefly owe to everyone's support and love for our product. Rest assured, we'll work even harder to live up to your trust. Of course, this success couldn't have been achieved without the efforts of all the staff at Spotlight Beauty. Please look forward to our celebration banquet."

"As for Ms. Davis' wedding, we would like to extend our sincerest blessings. Thank you."

Having succinctly answered two major questions, Chloe left under the escort of her bodyguards.

Her calm and decisive demeanor left a deep impression on everyone present.

"Do you guys feel like Ms. Chloe is still the same old Ms. Chloe?"

“What are you talking about?”

“My point is, without her, we do not have as much news to cover. Now that she’s back, it feels like P City has regained its vitality.”

“I’m curious to see just how powerful she can become. She’s already become an insurmountable figure in the fragrance industry, and Spotlight Beauty’s reputation has skyrocketed because of it. Will she start her own company next?”

Everyone looked at the towering building in front of them, a sight to behold.

“Hard to believe that such a big company is managed by a woman.”

“The entertainment company will definitely be bustling in the future. With Ms. Summers and all the news, it feels like we’re all depending on her for our livelihoods.”

“She’s brought so much profit to our magazines and media. She’s truly marvelous.”

Everyone burst into laughter.

Chloe returned to Emerald Valley Estates. Damon was away on business, and she knew he wouldn’t be back early due to his workload.

She freshened up quickly, had a chat with Rose, glanced at her watch, picked up the two bags nearby, and left the room.

She originally intended to take a chance and knock on Yulia’s door on the fourteenth floor, but to her surprise, the door actually opened.

Seeing Nathan’s gloomy and cold face, Chloe raised an eyebrow. “If you chose to hide, shouldn’t you have picked a place where we wouldn’t find you? Staying here, aren’t you afraid of being discovered?”

she asked, then smiled, "Or is it that you just don't care, and when the time comes, you'll just go with the flow?"

Nathan's expression darkened even more, "Well, this is none of their business."

Chloe looked at him, "Why do you look so upset?"

"Chloe, you're back! I missed you!"

Hearing Anya's adorable voice, Chloe bent down to pick her up, smiling gently at her, "I missed you too, Anya." She noted the lights on inside, and only Nathan and Anya at the door, so she asked, "Anya, do you know where your sister Yulia went?"

Anya was used to calling Yulia mom and also used to hearing people call her Yulia's sister, so she naturally blurted out:

"Mom's on a date with Mister Ronald!"

"Ronald?" Chloe raised her eyebrows at Nathan.

His face turned colder, a chill even flashing in his eyes.

"Yep, he's a really cool dude who bought me lots of toys..."

Chloe shifted her gaze from Nathan, smiling, "Is that so? So, do you like Mister Ronald?"

"Yeah! I like... Ah! Nathan, my princess dress, that's the princess dress Mister Ronald bought... Please don't ruin it..."