

## Chapter 2 Infertility

The man stared at Chloe briefly before withdrawing his gaze.

He seemed aloof and cold.

Chloe stared at his back and whispered to Emily, "You go on ahead. I'm going to ask him for his number."

Emily's eyes widened and she asked, "Are you going to complain to him about Jake?"

"Getting revenge with your own two hands is much more fun than asking other people to do it for you," Chloe said, her glassy eyes twinkling playfully.

Emily did not know what she was talking about. It was only after she returned to their booth that she realized what Chloe was going to do. However, she did not deny the fact that Jake's uncle was a fine specimen, but the unknown handsome guy in front of him was clearly the better option.

It seemed to Emily that Chloe was willing to go to the extreme in order to get it back at Jake.

With the alcohol rushing to her head, Chloe let down her ponytail, picked up a glass of wine, and walked toward the man. Unexpectedly, the phone on the table suddenly rang. He picked it up, glanced at it, and got up, walking past Chloe and heading outside.

Chloe froze. She had not expected the man to leave so soon. She had not even talked to him yet!

After hesitating for a few seconds, the words that Jake had said to her echoed in her mind, and with a determined stomp, she followed after the man.

Upon exiting the bar, he got into a Rolls-Royce. Chloe came up to the car, striking what she thought was her best pose, and raised her hand to knock on the window.

The window rolled down, revealing the man sitting in the back seat. He raised an eyebrow and looked at Chloe in a condescending manner. After stepping out of the dimly lit bar, he appeared even more striking and regal under the bright light. His impeccable features seemed to come to life as if he were a character from a fairytale, exuding an otherworldly charm.

'Oh gosh, he's even more handsome than Jake!' Chloe exclaimed inwardly.

Holding his gaze, Chloe asked, "Excuse me, sir, could you lend me your phone to make a call? My phone's dead."

The man's eyebrow went even higher at her request. He seemed surprised, but thankfully, he did not reject her outrightly.

Chloe nervously clasped her hands together, beaming with sparkling eyes and a delicate charm.

The man's gaze lingered on her for a few seconds before he reached for the power button to close the window. However, before he could touch it, his phone rang. He frowned slightly and reluctantly answered the call.

"If you like those women so much, keep them. I don't mind having one of them as my new grandmother."

"You b\*stard! Do you really want to be the last of our family line?!"

Despite the distance, Chloe could clearly hear the angry voice from the other end of the phone. She assumed it to be an energetic old man, but that was not the main point. It seemed to her that he was urging the man in front of her to get married.

'Isn't this my chance?'

The man's chin lifted slightly as he scoffed in a drawn-out tone, "So, marry one of them if you like."

"You ungrateful brat! How could you talk to me like that?!"

As soon as the words fell, something crashed to the floor, followed by a gasp.

"Sir! Are you all right?!"

"Quick! Call an ambulance!"

"Sir, your grandfather has a heart condition. Is this really okay?"

The man massaged his temples in frustration, his visible annoyance indicating that this was not the first time this had happened.

Chloe caught the gist of the conversation. She summoned her courage and said, "Sir, I'm single."

The man turned to her and asked indifferently, "And?"

Perhaps she had stayed outside for too long or perhaps his voice was bereft of any emotion, Chloe slowly came out of her drunken state. She suddenly realized what she had just said and became embarrassed.

However, it would even be more embarrassing if she backed off now.

Feigning calmness, Chloe said, "Actually, I brought my phone with me and approached you just to strike up a conversation. From what I overheard, your family is pressuring you to get married. My family is doing the same to me. Maybe...we could help each other out?"

"Are you sure?" the man asked, his eyes dark, flickering with an ominous gleam. "I'm infertile, and I haven't told my family because I don't want to hurt them."