

## The Enticing CEO's Chosen Bride Novel

### Chapter 4

"That's **a** good name, Damon, don't you think?"

The old woman turned her head, looking at Damon with a meaningful glance, her eyes full of warning..

It was like if Damon dared to utter a "**no**", she would give him a piece of her mind.

Damon's eyes flickered with a helpless smile, but he still nodded,

"Yes, it's a lovely name"

"Suits her perfectly"

The old woman raised her eyebrows smugly, then turned to Chloe.

"Come on, Chloe, let me introduce you. This is my grandson, Damon"

Chloe looked up at the man who had been standing nearby, accidentally locking eyes with him.

This man, with his sharp features and dashing good looks, gave off an undeniable air of nobility and elegance just **by** standing there.

From his appearance and demeanor alone, you could tell he was no ordinary Joe.

She felt like she'd seen him somewhere, but couldn't quite locate where.

Maybe she was mistaken, a hunky **guy** like him wouldn't be easily forgotten, right?

Damon's eyes

were full of unfathomable wisdom. Seemingly sensing Chloe's awkwardness, he extended his hand and took the initiative,

"Hello, I'm Damon Harper."

"Hello, I'm Chloe."

Chloe also reached out her hand, attempting to stand up, but stopped mid-air.

Having crouched for too long, her legs had gone numb, coupled with her recent back injury. As soon as she made a slight movement, she felt a tingling sensation spreading from her legs, causing her legs to weaken and her body to fall backwards.

"Watch out."

A rare look of panic flashed across her face, then a deep voice rang out above her head

She was immediately caught by a strong arm around her waist.

Unexpectedly, Chloe bumped into Damon's embrace.

A refreshing scent from him hit her, making Chloe feel extremely embarrassed.

She quickly tried to push him away, but the numbness in her legs made her wobble and she slid right out of his arms.

Instinctively, she reached out and grabbed onto his firm shoulders.

At the same time, the hand around her waist tightened, lifting her up.

Chloe bit her lip, feeling mortified for bumping into him twice.

"Stay still."

The deep and firm voice made Chloe give up on trying to leave. His palm radiated a hot temperature through her clothes.

Her body was pressed against his, her **face** against his chest, and she could clearly hear his strong heartbeat, like the beat of a drum.

Her heart raced and her pale face finally turned **a** shade of red.

This **was** her first time being so close to someone. Although she had been dating Lance for many years, the most they did was hug **each** other when they parted, like a formal ritual, where she couldn't **even feel** his body temperature.

This was **as** far as she could go, this was her limit.

Feeling the slender body in his arms that he could almost wrap with one arm. Damon's delicate eyebrows twitched **slightly**.