

The Enticing CEO's Chosen Bride Novel

Chapter 6

Watching Chloe's **slender** and resolute figure disappearing into the distance, Damon stood frozen. Suddenly, he was slapped on the butt by the old lady. His tall body stiffened instantly.

Being a person who disliked being touched, Damon, who was twenty-eight years old, was unexpectedly spanked by an old lady.

Hannah in the back couldn't help but giggle softly.

"Get a move on! Are you trying to give me a heart attack? The old lady obviously didn't care about his reaction and nagged him again.

Damon raised his slender fingers and rubbed his temple, looking helpless. "Alright, grandma"

When Chloe walked into the hospital room alone, Lance **was** already in there.

He was standing by the window, back facing the door, dressed in a high-end gray uniform.

But now without a jacket, he only had a white shirt left. His refreshing and sunny image reminded Chloe of their university days, and the gentlemanly man in a white shirt. Sadly, time changed everything and that young man was no longer the boy he used to be.

Chloe didn't look at him, but walked straight to the bed and sat down.

Feeling someone coming into the room, Lance turned around, "Where have you been?"

Chloe didn't answer, just sat by the bed.

Lance continued, "I was too rushed just now and pushed you, I'm sorry"

His voice was gentle, **as** if his cold attitude towards her just now was only a dream

Chloe responded, "None of this was my fault." No matter what, she needed to defend herself.

Lance looked down at her, the original apology and struggle in his eyes now mixed with a hint of mockery. "Do you know what Keira said?*

His gaze fell on her head, Chloe looked up, only to see Lance's disappointed look

He continued,

"She said it was her fault for not holding the cup steady. She was defending you, but you, you are here shirking responsibility Chloe, you shouldn't have become like this."

Chloe stared at him for **a** long time, her eyes going from shocked, to disappointed, then indifferent at the end.

She looked out the window, a cold smirk hanging on her lips. Such a light smile was full of irony. She asked, "Lance, how many years have **we** known each other?" Lance hesitated a moment, but finally answered, "Eight years."

"Ha- Chloe laughed. Eight years, she never thought that Lance's trust in her would be so fragile. She, Chloe, couldn't stand such a man!

Chloe stood up, looking at him coldly, "Lance, let's call off the engagement"

Her voice was cold, loud, and firm, filled with an assertive and decisive tone that allowed no argument. A hint of shock flashed through Lance's eyes.

She said. "Why the surprise? From the moment you saved Keira, or even earlier, haven't you already made your choice?"

Lance was stunned for a while, looking at Chloe with complex emotions in his eyes, **but** soon, he regained his composure

“Chloe, I’m sorry Maybe we should break up, because if we continue like this, I’m afraid I might hurt you more in order to protect Keira” Lance said

Chloe’s hands slightly clenched, she looked up at Lance with a cold glare

“To protect Keira? Lance, was all your previous trust in me a lie?” Chloe asked.

Conflict flickered in Lance’s eyes, “Keira is too innocent and fragile, and you Chloe. You’re too cold and strong”