

The Enticing CEO's Chosen Bride Novel

Chapter 7

Chloe stared at Lance, remained quiet for a moment, then suddenly started to chuckle under her breath. Her laughter was cold and full of sarcasm. But within her, it felt like she was being cut open with a knife. So her being assertive was the problem, huh? That was one hell of a way to put it

Did being assertive automatically make her the villain, the bully?

Lance's harsh words felt like a sharp knife, stabbing her right in the heart,

"Chloe"

Lance looked at her, guilt flooding his insides. He wanted to reach out, to comfort her, but Chloe stepped back

"Don't touch me!"

She yelled, swatting his hand away. She slowly lifted her head, her eyes empty, a hint of a sarcastic smile tugging at her lips as she stared at him coldly.

Apart from the coldness and sarcasm, there was pure despair and finality

Just one look and Lance felt like his heart had been sucker punched

"Chloe, Lance called her name again, but he didn't know what to say.

Chloe stared back at him coldly, "Lance, remember, I'm the one dumping you! I hope you and Keira stay together forever! Don't expect any sympathy from me, I don't need it! Who uses a towel someone else has used?"

Facing Chloe's unprecedented tirade, Lance was stunned.

The always elegant and composed woman actually spat out those words!

But he understood her anger, "No matter what. I'm sorry."

"I heard you" Chloe replied coldly

Lance looked up. "I hope you could accept it."

Chloe said emotionlessly.

"Why should I? You can say sorry, but I have the right not to forgive you! Getout!"

Lance gave her a long look, knowing that any further words were pointless. He said "Take care" and left the room.

It wasn't until Lance was completely gone that Chloe weakly sat on the bed, her legs curled up, her empty eyes staring somewhere out the window.

Cold and assertive?

She was originally gentle as the **water**, but the world was too cold, so she had to become as hard as ice, stronger!

She could only protect herself, prevent herself from getting hurt and feeling sad. Only this way could she stop herself from crying, appearing weak, and seeming pitiful in front of others

She thought she had gotten used to it over the years, but now she **realized** she wasn't as strong as she thought.

In a room alone, she could still feel pain and weakness.

But she could only be this weak!

She wouldn't shed tears, because it wasn't worth it, it was too cowardly.

Her tears would only disappear silently in the end, worthless and a subject of ridicule.

She felt someone approaching and soon, a clean handkerchief was handed to her.

Chloe paused slightly, turning her head, a hint of surprise flashed in her **eyes**

She let go of her hugging legs and stood up from the bed

looking up at the handsome man who was much taller than her.

Even though they had just said goodbye, they were meeting again now