

The Enticing CEO's Chosen Bride #Chapter 71 – 80

Read The Enticing CEO's Chosen Bride Chapter 71

Chapter 71

Chapter 71

Are you okay?" Damon looked up at her with a deep voice.

"I'm fine." Chloe replied calmly, 'Are you taking your grandma home?"

"Since she's alright, I don't need to. I've got stuff to handle at the company."

Chloe nodded, remembering that Nate mentioned he was in a meeting during their phone call earlier.

"What about grandma"?

"Chloe, you take me home. You accompany me! I don't need this grandson of mine!"

Before Chloe could finish, Alyssa's angry voice erupted in the car!

Chloe bent down, and Damon stared at her, their distance suddenly closing.

Even though it was an average distance, Chloe's eyes still showed a bit of surprise.

She shifted her gaze uneasily, looking past Damon's face at Alyssa in the car,

"I can take you home, no problem, but grandma, are you mad? Your grandson said he's busy at work."

Damon's eyebrows twitched slightly.

She was defending him.

"Hmph, all he cares about is work! I don't want to deal with him, Chloe, you take me home, and I'll treat you to dinner!"

"Alright."

Chloe hesitated for a moment, glanced at Damon, and agreed.

Remembering the last time when the old lady said no one accompanied her for dinner, she felt sorry for her and couldn't bring herself to refuse. "Alright. Let's go! Let this unfilial child be busy with his work!" novelbin

The old lady said, trying to get out of the car.

However, while doing this, she gave Damon a sharp poke.

Damon's eyebrows twitched again, and he reached out to help her.

"Nate!"

He called with a low voice, and Nate immediately went outside of the old lady's car door, helping her onto her wheelchair.

Seeing the old lady settled, Damon turned to Chloe and said, "I'll leave her to you then!"

Chloe smiled slightly, "It's no trouble at all."

After settling the old lady, Damon's car left first.

Chloe didn't watch them go but left with the old lady and Hannah.

Lance and the others were the last to leave. They found a driver and drove over. Their main task was to get Amelia to the hospital.

Everyone left, and the plaza gradually returned to normal.

However, the incident of someone smashing two luxury cars at New World Plaza became a hot topic online.

People began to investigate the protagonists of the incident.

But at this moment, the topic suddenly disappeared from all major online media platforms, leaving no trace.

Whether Pulse Entertainment did PR for Keira or if Lance handled the situation it's unknown.

Regardless of the cause, they couldn't let this incident affect their reputations!

After sending Amelia to the hospital, Keira and Lance were in the hallway, listening to Amelia's cries and suddenly a sharp scream. Keira shrank her shoulders in fear. Lance looked down at her and gently patted her shoulder.

Tears welled up in Keira's eyes. She looked up at Lance, obviously feeling wronged, but her face was still filled with softness and worry.

"Lance, I never thought my sister would become like this. Is it because we hurt her too much..."

Before Keira could finish, tears silently fell from the corner of her eyes.

Lance's heart shook, thinking of Chloe's behavior today. His eyebrows furrowed slightly.

"Let's wait a bit longer. After all, we had eight years of feelings. It's normal for her not to accept this change so quickly. Keira, you..."

Keira immediately said, "I know, so I don't blame my sister today. I'm just apprehensive about her."

Chapter

"What are you worrying about? Why?"

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Lance asked with a frown. He knew Chloe might be emotional after their breakup, but judging from today's situation, she shouldn't be bullied by anyone.

"Lance, don't you wanna know who that guy in the car was today? Chloe just broke up with you. She might lose control of her emotions. What if she does something impulsive, like hooking up with some rich guy just to piss us off."

Lance's expression immediately turned cold. "Chloe's not like that! She's always been disciplined!"

They had been together for eight years, and even during their student days, when they were most impulsive and romantic, they never crossed any lines, and at most they ever did was a regular hug.

Even then, sometimes, she'd feel embarrassed. Besides, she had been by his side for years, and he had seen almost every move she made like working, resting, always within his sight. How could she possibly do something like that just to get back at him?

"Always... disciplined, huh?"

Keira murmured softly, her eyes flashing with a sinister gleam.

Chloe, wait. I'll remember this!

I hope Chloe doesn't do anything stupid. That guy... maybe it's just a coincidence."

She whispered, mentioning that guy from today again.

"Alright, don't worry about it. When Amelia comes out later, I'll take you home. Stay away from the company today. I bet reporters are swarming the entrance."

Although Lance said this, his eyes showed a hint of concern.

"Hmm, my grandma already let me know."

Keira nodded gently, then felt her face being lifted.

Lance's hand gently touched her still-red face, his eyes filled with love.

"Sorry you had to go through that. Does it still hurt?"

No." Keira bit her lip, trying to hide her grievances, but tears still fell.

"Dummy, if it hurts, just say so. What's there to be endured in front of me?"

Keira shook her head and buried her face in Lance's chest.

"I'm not in pain. With you by my side, caring for me, and loving me, no matter how much it hurts, I don't feel it. My heart feels surrounded by sweet honey, not hurting at all..." Lance wrapped his arm around her waist and fondly kissed her hair.

"I'll take you home later."

“Mmm.”

Chloe took Alyssa home. The old lady was getting on in years, and after some chatting with Chloe, she couldn't hold on and needed to rest for a while.

“Chloe, you must be tired too. Why don't you take a nap as well? The innermost inside on the right side of the second floor.”

Chloe smiled awkwardly, “No need, Grandma. You go rest. I'll just take a walk in the garden later.”

She knew very well that the room on the second floor was Damon's bedroom!

The last time was embarrassing enough. How could she possibly go in there again?

Alyssa looked disappointed, “Alright, Chloe, just treat this place as your own home, do as you please.”

“Okay, Grandma, you go rest.”

“Alright!”

It was already evening, and dinner would be ready soon. novelbin

The last time she was here, she only glanced at the garden. Now, taking a closer look, it was gorgeous.

The flower branches were neatly trimmed, each with its unique charm. In this season, several flowers were always about to bloom, shyly waiting to burst forth, which was very appealing.

The garden's freshness and floral fragrance involuntarily made Chloe, a perfumer, envision several scents in her mind.

There were a few flowers she wasn't familiar with, and she couldn't help but bend over to smell them. As she did, a dull pain came through her waist.

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She had remembered being pushed down by Amelia at the New Work Plaza this afternoon.

Her waist hit the rearview mirror of Lances Holle Hoves

It hurt at the time but she ignored it later

Surprisingly. It still hurt now

She got up, held her waist and sat on a nearby rattan chair

She couldn't help but think of Baman's behavior this afternoon

He injured Amelia's arm and smashed one of Lances cars

Maybe and they had offended someone they shouldn't have

Pamun said he'd be happy even if it took all his wealth

A smile crept up on her lips, her eyes sparkling brighter than the flowers in the garden.

On the return to the company Nate was in a great mood

He felt even happier than making a billion dollar deal

He thought that as a nearly undefeated negotiator, making deals wasn't new to him anymore

In the rearview mirror, he glanced at Damon, who was busy with paperwork in the bin

Even though he was swamped with work, he had to leave the conference room and come here personally

Did he give up power for love?

If those company executives he put down twice today knew the reason, wouldn't they be furious?

"Got anything to say?" Damon suddenly spoke, starting Nate, who gripped the steering wheel.

Miss Chloek behavior today was unexpected”

What was unexpected about **

Nate was speechless what wasnt unexpected?)

Who would recklessly smash luxury cars like that, even with lots of money?

How many women in the world would dare to do this?

With Chice being so strong willed today, why was her husband so calm?

Didn't he find it sudden at all?

It seemed her husband, indeed, had the potential to be a tyrant.

Chloe sat in the garden, feeling sleepy, but was soon woken up by her phone ringing.

It was Rose Davis

Chloe, you're incredible! You're usually so low-key, but it's eye catching when you make a move! It's eye-catching! Smashing luxury cars with money, only you could do it!”

Chloe raised her eyebrows her momentary confusion quickly replaced.

It wasn't a tiny thing that happened this afternoon, and with so many onlookers, it was reasonable for Rose Davis to know.

But

Is this already a hot topic online?” Chloe asked

What do you think? But someone may have found out that the Ferrari belongs to Keira, Pulse Entertainment will definitely try to suppress the news. But it could also be Lance, involving both Keira and the president of the Olson Group. How could he bear such a scandal?”

Chloe smiled faintly. Indeed

I suggest you stay on guard these days The Summers family won't let you off easily, not to mention Keira's crazy fans! They can do anything crazy. Be very

careful! How about this, don't come to work for a few days to avoid being harassed by those crazy fans on the road, and never bring unnecessary danger to me."

Chloe didn't respond

Starlight International has taken on many celebrity projects over the years, and she has always been in charge of the Public Relations Department at the Olson Group.

She was no stranger to public relations

She admitted that Rose Davis's concerns were reasonable, so she didn't refuse her suggestion.

The problem needed to be solved, but she was okay with what Keira would do.

Since they uncomfortably approached, she didn't need to worry anymore!

As for family ties, they had already disappeared as long ago as they forced her mother to commit suicide by jumping into the sea!

Chapter 74

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"Uh... Chloe, even though you can't come to work tomorrow, you can't just sit around! This Friday is the ceremony for the Harper Group's youngest son coming back to take the position of Global CEO, and I'll bring you along."

Chloe hesitated for a moment, realizing it was this Friday again.

"It's said that many celebrities and tycoons from all over the world will be there. You can find a handsome, well-built, and well-bred guy to date, show off your love every day, be all lovey-dovey, and give that nasty couple a resounding slap in the face as payback!"

Chloe chuckled, "So, to get back at them, I have to sacrifice myself? That's not worth it, right?" novelbin

Rose Davis sighed helplessly, "I knew you'd say that! That's not the point. The point is what happens after the youngest son of the Harper Group takes over!"

“Huh?”

“You know about the shopping mall being built in the northern part of the city, right?”

Chloe nodded without hesitation, “Yes, I do.”

That area is prime real estate.

Brands from all over the world have their eyes on that mall!

Even the Olson Group has been working hard lately to secure a spot there.

“The Harper Group owns that mall!”

Chloe’s eyes flickered slightly as she looked at the well-maintained courtyard and continued, “So, you’ve set your sights on it too.”

“Yep. Judging by its size, it’ll undoubtedly be the largest mall in the country. If Spotlight Beauty can get in there, it’ll be a big step forward! Being recognized by the Harper family means we’d have a powerful tree to shade us!”

Chloe, of course, understood this, and that’s why so many people were eager to establish a relationship with the Harper family.

“So, what do you need me to do?”

“Design your plan and start developing your perfume, but I pursue quality rather than speed. Although Spotlight Beauty is relatively small, our reputation in the industry has been good in the past two years. I’ll try my best.”

Chloe’s eyes sparkled, but compared to their competitor, the Olson Group, Spotlight Beauty’s size, and reputation were already at a disadvantage.

Even over the phone, Rose Davis sensed Chloe’s concern.

“Chloe, I have no fear of failure, but I believe in you! Your agreeing to join Spotlight Beauty has given me more confidence!”

Chloe’s worries began to fade. For her, nothing was more touching than being told she was believed in.

Significantly, over the years, only Rose Davis believed in her from beginning to end.

“Alright. I’ll try my best.”

Rose Davis breathed a sigh of relief, “But remember, on Friday, come with me to the dinner party and check out what the youngest son of the Harper family looks like!”

Chloe laughed softly, “Alright, see you on Friday.”

Chloe hung up the phone and saw a maid coming out to take out the trash, probably beginning to prepare dinner.

She got up and went into the kitchen.

The meeting ended at six in the evening. Unlike the previous days, Damon didn’t choose to stay and work overtime. Instead, he had Nate pack up the files that needed to be dealt with and prepared to take them with him.

Nate wasn’t surprised by this.

With Miss Chloe dining at the old lady’s house, there was no way Damon would stay in the office.

“Sir, are we returning to Pinewood Manor or Alyssa’s house?” Nate asked mischievously.

Damon gave him a cold glance, and Nate smiled, starting the car and driving toward Alyssa’s residence.

However, as they drove past a pharmacy, Damon, who had been looking down, seemed to have timed it perfectly and said to Nate:

‘Pull over.’

Chapter 75

Chapter 75

“Sir?” Nate looked at Damon through the rearview mirror in the car.

Damon's pen slowed down, and he closed the file, put it aside, and looked up at Nate.

Calmly, he said, "Go buy some medicine for bruises and injuries."

Nate immediately understood and replied, "Alright," then opened the car door and entered the pharmacy.

"Sir, you're back." Hannah's eyes were full of smiles. Alyssa was really insightful.

"Yeah.

Damon answered indifferently, then walked into the living room.

His gaze swept around the living room, not seeing the familiar figure. He turned to go upstairs but heard noises coming from the kitchen.

"Does he like seafood? Crab? Shrimp? Doesn't seem like it."

"Me? I'm not picky, but my stomach isn't great right now. I can't eat anything too spicy."

"It's normal. You've been busy working before, socializing a lot. It's not surprising that your stomach is upset."

"Do you need help preparing the fruit? I can get it."

When Chloe came out, she saw the tall man standing in the middle of the living room, looking at her.

She gradually slowed, somewhat surprised, "You're back."

As soon as the words came out, she felt something was off.

This feeling was like a newlywed wife waiting for her husband to return.

Damon's eyes were fixed on the woman in front of him. He recognized the clothes she was wearing, having seen them that afternoon.

But now she was wearing a light blue apron, tied at the back, accentuating her slender waist. novelbin

However, Damon's eyes gradually dimmed.

"Who told you to do all this?"

Faced with Damon's sudden heavy tone, Chloe was taken aback.

"Who would tell me to do this? Of course, it's me."

Damon looked down at her, then quickly approached her, grabbed her wrist, and went upstairs.

He straightened her to his room, where Chloe was forcibly pressed onto the bed.

"Damon, what are you doing?" Chloe was getting angry. She was used to Damon's gentleness and couldn't accept his current rudeness.

"Lie down."

"You..." Chloe was so angry that she couldn't speak.

She had thought he was a charming, gem-like gentleman!

She shouted out not until she was pushed onto the bed and her clothes were forcefully lifted.

"Damon, are you a gangster?!"

Gangster?

Damon's lips were a bit cold.

This word was fresh.

But coming from this usually calm and elegant woman, it was quite interesting.

His eyes flashed a gleam, his warm hand pressing against her restless body, and his gaze slowly falling on her slender waist.

His

eyes gradually became deep and complex.

The delicate and beautiful skin was marred by a dark bruise that ruined all its beauty.

He took the ointment with a slightly gloomy expression and moved his lips slightly.

“Why do you say I’m a gangster?”

Chloe’s anger hadn’t subsided, so she replied, “Not only brutally hurting people, smashing luxury cars, and now being violent towards me, if this isn’t a gangster, what is?! I thought you were a gentleman.”

Before Chloe could finish her words, a sudden chill and pain came from her waist.

She stopped, seeming to realize something, and the angry expression on her face instantly turned red. She clenched her lips and buried her face in the quilt.

She had misunderstood him.

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His fingers were a bit cold, but his touch was super gentle.

The milky white ointment slowly spread over the bruised wound. novelbin

The scent of the medicine slowly filled the air, and Chloe clutched the thin blanket beneath her tightly, never lifting her head.

“Why’d you stop talking? Weren’t you all chatty just now? Huh?”

A warm breath brushed past her ear, and a deep, pleasant voice was nearby.

Chloe hurriedly turned over, but a big hand gripped her waist.

“Don’t move.”

The warmth of his palm made Chloe’s nerves tense up. As her body stiffened, Damon’s voice rang out from behind her ear again.

“Wait till the ointment dries before getting up.”

Chloe didn't move anymore, and soon, her somewhat muffled voice slowly sounded.

“Sorry, I just...misunderstood you.”

A low chuckle filled the air, and moments later, Damon stood up.

“Gangster?”

...Sorry.”

Chloe was highly embarrassed, and could only awkwardly apologize.

“Never in my life did I think someone would describe me with that word.”

Chloe bit her lip with extreme embarrassment, her voice even lower.

“It's my first time describing someone like that too.”

“First time? Should I feel honored?”

“Anyway...sorry.”

Feeling the man's hand leave her waist and him standing up from the bed, Chloe breathed a small sigh of relief, stood up, and carefully placed her clothes down. Turning around, she saw the tall and imposing figure of the man right behind her.

He had profound features, but he was staring intently at her at this moment.

Chloe suddenly felt like there was nowhere to hide. She instinctively took a step back, but Damon moved a step closer to her.

She retreated, and he approached.

After repeating this a few times, her shoulders leaned against a nearby closet.

She instinctively wanted to move back further, pressing her entire body against the closet.

At this moment, a strong arm lay across her waist.

She looked up with some panic, only to meet Damon's deep gaze.

He was an outstanding man, with handsome features and a dignified yet composed demeanor, all greatly tempting to women.

His soft breath brushed her face, his gaze locked onto her, leaving her no chance to escape.

"A simple apology seems insincere."

Chloe's heart raced, "...What do you want to do?"

Damon leaned down, his forehead against hers, and his deep voice slowly echoed.

"You're playing dumb."

Chloe's clear eyes flickered slightly.

She could feel his warm breath, his dominance, and her own pounding heart.

"For the first, I feel an urgency to do something. You're really annoying."

His voice was low and hoarse, like a seductive magic power that seeped through the air into her body, causing a ticklish sensation.

"Damon, you...once said that during the time you pursued me...you would be a gentleman..."

"A gentleman? Heh..." Damon chuckled, "No, I'm a gangster."

For the first time, Chloe wished regretfully she could bite off her own tongue.

How could she impulsively say something like that to Damon?

Now he's using her words against her. How is she supposed to respond?

"Do you know where the term gangster's girl' comes from?"

Chapter 77

Chapter 77

Damon hoisted his other arm, leaning it against the cabinet behind her while his other hand held onto her waist.

He carefully avoided her wound yet enveloped her in his domain with an unmistakably possessive stance.

“Most gangster’s girls are claimed, not wooed”

Chloe stiffened at his words.

She’d always thought this charming and steady man to be knowledgeable.

And such a man, is best at slowly drawing others into his control

That’s Damon for ya!

And when such a man, starts to dominate, no one can withstand it.

To her, he was just too... aggressive.

She couldn’t resist.

At this moment, Chloe felt that she deserved this.

She fell into the pit, that she dug herself!

She brought it all on herself!

All her own damn fault!

She hadn’t thought it through.

“Do you have to use the word ‘gangster’ to criticize me?” She could only feel helpless.

Damon arched a brow, “Don’t you always use ‘gentleman’ to bind me?”

Seeing Chloe speechless, looking all glum, Damon chuckled secretly.

He tilted his head slightly, his nose brushing against her fragrant hair, inhaling quietly.

“Don’t use ‘gentleman to pressure me. Although I’m patient, my patience is limited, especially when you’re not just a simple attraction for me.”

His voice slid into her ear, and the low and husky tone continued to tease her.

“I can’t play the gentleman forever.”

As he spoke, his hand gently rubbed her waist.

Even though Chloe was inexperienced, she got his insinuation.

She felt a rush of heat coursing through her body, her scalp tingling and legs so weak she could’ve collapsed.

Thankfully Damon held onto her tightly, lifting her before she could hit the floor.

“What’s wrong?”

Damon’s voice was low and pleasing, sounding somewhat amused. This made Chloe’s face even redder, terribly bashful.

Was this man such a piece of work?

“Stop it!”

Anger flashed across her face, her cheeks a burning red. she slapped Damon’s

hand away.

She was furious at her own helplessness, knowing full well he was doing this on purpose yet still being so powerless.

Damon let go calmly, rubbing his hand that got slapped, chuckling:

“Felt like being scratched by a kitten.”

Chloe, still dissatisfied, stared at him wide-eyed, as if she’d just witnessed some world wonder.”

Damon straightened up slowly, sliding his hands into the pockets of his suit pants.

The expensive handmade suit was impeccably ironed, accentuating his tall and slender figure. It was an image of perfect proportions and natural elegance. Chloe was somewhat dazed, looking at him as if his earlier teasing was a dream.

“Dinner’s about to start. I’ll go down first.”

Snapping herself back to reality, Chloe quickly turned around and left Damon’s room after she finished speaking. novelbin

This man was too damn charming!

She needed to keep her distance!

Chapter 78

Chapter 78

As Chloe descended the stairs, Alyssa and Hannah were nervously peered upward from the bottom.

They were all fretting over the possibility of some mishap upstairs.

“Chloe, is your chat over? Did that lad give you any trouble?” the old lady inquired.

Chloe could still feel the heat in her cheeks, leaving her somewhat flustered.

“No, Grandma.” She lowered her head, lifting her hand to tuck a stray lock of hair behind her ear, masking her awkwardness through the action.

Alyssa watched Chloe’s every move, revealing a slow, meaningful smile.

However, as Damon’s tall, slender figure gradually appeared behind Chloe, her smile faded, and she asked curtly, “Didn’t you have work to do? What brought you back?” “Grandma doesn’t want me back?” Damon lightly chuckled, casually skimming past Chloe’s shoulder to the old lady.

Alyssa gritted her teeth, forcing out, “Dinner’s ready!”

Feeling Damon draw near, Chloe hurriedly descended the stairs.

Seeing Chloe blatantly avoiding him, a slight smirk tugged at Damon's lips as he, too, made his way downstairs.

With dinner over, it was getting late. novelbin

As Chloe prepared to leave, Alyssa wore a gloomy look.

"Or... you could stay over tonight, Chloe. We have plenty of empty rooms. The bed is massive and comfy, especially the one furthest in on the second floor."

Chloe chuckled, "No need, Grandma."

Such a cute old lady.

Exiting the mansion, Damon followed closely.

Stopping at the doorway, Chloe told Damon, "I drove myself. You don't need to see me off."

"I won't rest easy. I'll drive you home, and Nate can drive your car."

*Can I say no?"

I say no to your no. Give your keys to Nate."

As he spoke, he steered Chloe toward the Bentley parked out front.

His tone was calm but clearly left no room for refusal.

Such an unjust man.

Although his hand was around her waist, there was no suggestive undercurrent.

Chloe understood the etiquette, but his hand, intentionally or not brushing against her waist, still made her slightly uneasy.

They'd reached the car by now, and Damon smoothly opened the door next to Chloe.

Applying slight pressure on her waist, he glanced at her, signaling her to get in.

Nate jogged over and stood respectfully to the side. Chloe hesitated briefly before handing him the keys.

“Thanks for the trouble.”

“No problem, ma’am... Miss Chloe.”

With all that had happened today, the idea of Chloe as his potential Boss’ wife had firmly taken root in his mind.

Chloe didn’t mind. She looked up at Damon, who was waiting for her, then got into the car.

Damon closed the door, and walked over to the driver’s seat and got in.

Nate strode, over to Chloe’s car, unlocked another car, hopped in, and immediately drove off.

Damon slowly drove, following behind Nate.

Throughout the trip, the two didn’t exchange a word. Chloe was still somewhat uneasy about what had transpired in his room.

The man beside her still had a powerful presence. Chloe inadvertently turned to look at him, realizing he was quite handsome, and everything he did pleased to her eyes.

Sitting there, hands on the steering wheel, was an ordinary gesture, but Damon’s casual demeanor, his beautiful eyes focused on the road ahead, made him much more attractive than most

Chapter 79

Chapter 79

Damon’s phone was buzzing non–stop during dinner, but after getting a few death stares from Grandma, he decided to silence it.

The phone started ringing again shortly after they got in the car.

Damon glanced at his phone and mounted it, and then turned to her and said, “Hook up the Bluetooth for me.”

He said this while putting on his Bluetooth headset, driving single-handedly, and pulling out of the mansion.

Chloe bent over, her slender fingers silently working on his phone screen.

After that, the car was filled with Damon's deep and indifferent voice, speaking in different languages. She could vaguely understand French, German, and Russian. He switched between languages effortlessly, sounding pleasing to the ear.

Russian.

In between, he hung up a few calls, and by the end, he picked up another call. Chloe was guessing what language he would speak this time, but she heard Damon say in a slightly deep voice, "What?"

Well, he was speaking in his mother tongue.

Damon turned off the Bluetooth, and the voice from the call could be heard in the car.

"Damon, you've been back for a while now. Shouldn't we catch up?"

A man's voice, deep and casual, with a hint of irreverence.

"No time." His tone was curt and indifferent.

"... Chloe, sitting in the passenger seat, turned her head silently towards the window.

Hmm...no time.

"When will you have time?"

"In a few days."

"How many days exactly?"

"Beep beep beep..."

Sitting in a high-end private room, Kane Ziems stared at his phone for a long time, muttering "shit" under his breath.

He tossed his phone on the table before him, glanced at the silent man beside to him, and shrugged, "He ain't coming!"

The man leaning against the wall was all suited up, a thin cigarette between his fingers. He was handsome, with deep-set eyes, but his aloof demeanor made him seem unapproachable. "Ok, he's not coming. Men use 'busy' as an excuse for many things."

Although the man's lips curled up, there his eyes showed little warmth or laughter.

Seth Diaz, low-key and mysterious, ran an entertainment company that seemed small in scale.

But as long as he wanted to, he could significantly influence the entertainment industry.

Kane had taken over his family's business, mainly hotels and entertainment centers, and was a well-known tycoon in P City.

Including Damon, the three of them had distinct personalities, but for some reason, they were good buddies.

Damon's ungentlemanly behavior left Chloe momentarily stunned.

The car was silent and the awkward atmosphere slowly built up.

Chloe, with years of PR experience, hated awkward silences.

But now, she had no idea what to say to Damon.

After a long silence, Chloe turned her head and asked, "Can I listen to some music?"

"Sure."

Chloe turned on the music player, and a calming warm song slowly filled the car.

It was a famous piano piece "Autumn Whispers" which was quite familiar to Chloe.

Chloe asked, "Do you also like piano music?"

Violin's not bad either." Damon's deep voice sounded indifferent, "Do you like the piano? Can you play?"

Can you play...

A hint of a bitter smile flashed in Chloe's eyes.

Chapter 80

Chapter 80

Even though Damon concentrated on driving, he still noticed Chloe's expression.

"What's up?"

"Didn't you say you were pursuing me? You should know quite a bit if you did a little digging about me."

Chloe turned her head to look at him.

The night in P City was brilliant with lights. The colorful glow danced across his perfect profile, moving with the car's forward motion. His nose was sharp, his brows defined, and his face exuded an aura of proud nobility.

Silence filled the car, save for the melodic piano music that served as the background score.

Just as Chloe was about to turn her head to look out of the window, thinking he wouldn't going to respond, Damon's deep voice echoed softly, 'Do you want me to investigate your Chloe turned her head towards him, looking somewhat surprised.

This would be incredibly disrespectful to you. Or, let's say I'd rather you tell me about yourself one day than hear it from someone else'

His voice was calm but carried a hint of gentleness.

Chloe's bright eyes twinkled, and she finally turned to look out the window, her clear eyes reflecting an air of tranquility.

"My mother is an exquisite woman, and she had high expectations of me since I was a kid. I've dabbled in painting, dancing, music, and all that jazz."

“My family is well-off, but I only started learning the piano when I was fifteen. Although I can play, I only learned it for less than three years, so I’m not a maestro fused to enjoy tbt

then

Chloe bit her knuckle, leaning her elbow on the edge of the window, her voice slowing to a stop

Her other hand, resting on her leg, clenched into a fist, trembling slightly.

Then I went abroad to survive, I had to put the piano aside.”

Damon listened quietly, his face impassive. The neon lights outside reflected in his deep eyes, making him seem even more incompréhensible.

He didn’t miss the abrupt change in her sentence or her voice’s tremble.

If she didn’t want to talk about it, she didn’t have to.

He could sense that if they continued this conversation, her emotions might spiral out of control tonight.

That was okay if she wanted to show vulnerability in front of him. But it was clear she wouldn’t.

At most, she would retreat into her world and wallow in her sorrow.

“Play for me sometimes”

Chloe pulled back her arm, took a deep breath, and turned to him with a smile.

“Sure, what do you want to hear?”

“Wedding March from a Midsummer Night’s Dream.”

* _*Chloe’s expression stiffened slightly.

The mood suddenly lightened from the previous heaviness, all thanks to Damon’s casual jest.

The car passed through the city and slowly entered a residential area. Damon followed Nate's car and gradually slowed down.

A few people who looked like they were out for a walk were seen under Chloe's apartment building. They gathered together when they saw Nate's car stop and rushed over

This is the car. Let's trash it!"

Nate sensed something was off. A loud bang came from the car's trunk, followed by sounds.

Damon hit the brakes hard.

He squinted at the chaos ahead. His handsome face, sharp and angular, held no warmth. His brows furrowed, a chill slowly forming.

It felt as if the air around him had turned to shards of ice.novelbin