

## The Enticing CEO's Chosen Bride Novel

### Chapter 8

"What on earth are you doing here?" Chloe asked.

Damon's uniform hung on his arm. His **shirt** was pristine, luxurious, and adorned with two delicate silver cufflinks. It gave him a refined and suave appearance, **and** a certain kind of extraordinary vibe.

His eyes were fixed intently on Chloe's face, which she quickly hid. His gaze held a hint of something hard to comprehend.

After a while, he slowly began to speak, with a deep yet smooth voice,

"Usually, women cry at times like this."

Chloe looked surprised, but her bright eyes showed that she understood.

He must have been following her, didn't hear the whole conversation. But he was

"I'm sorry, I typically don't eavesdrop on others' conversations." Damon said.

Chloe didn't seem to care

**ever**, and he

must have understood.

"Crying for a **guy** like that, not worth it. Besides, my tears, they aren't worth a dime," Chloe stated.

Damon responded, "You're right about not wasting your emotions on someone not worth it. But I beg to differ on the latter part."

Chloe looked up at him, her eyes full of confusion.

“The value of tears, Damon stared at her and said calmly,  
“depends on who you’re crying in front of. Some might think it’s worthless, while others would consider them priceless.”

Although his tone was gentle, the deep meaning behind his words shook Chloe, and she awkwardly looked away.

“Now,” Damon slowly folded his handkerchief, “to answer your initial question.”

He paused, continuing to watch her,

“You’re a smart woman, it shouldn’t be hard for you to figure out, my grandmother hopes I’d pursue you

Chloe’s eyes flickered slightly, a hint of embarrassment finally showed on her face,

“I think. You might have kept her waiting too long. What she really wants is **for you** to have **a** lively, adorable child.”

“You’re indeed very smart.”

Damon smiled, which made Chloe feel slightly relieved.

“But pursuing you is my personal decision. Not every woman is eligible to bear my child”

Damon spoke again, although his tone was gentle, his aloof attitude made **it** hard for Chloe to keep her cool.

She never thought such a cold yet cultured man would say something so arrogantly disrespectful.

“Is Mr. Harper always this straightforward when pursuing women?” Chloe asked

“I’ve only pursued you” Damon said

Chloe felt a bit of a headache. This was the first time **she** found dealing with someone so difficult

“We’ve met, like, twice in a day. Don’t you think you’re being a bit impulsive, Mr. Harper? Chloe asked.

“I trust my judgment.” Damon said.

Chloe’s normally indifferent expression finally showed a clear flaw.

After **a** while, she let out a bitter laugh.

“You must have heard my conversation with that man earlier, right? We’ve known each other for eighty years, and yet the trust I received is so shallow. You and I, on the other **hand**, it’s just love at first sight. You choose to trust me, that’s your decision. Chloe said.

Damon asked, “Are you comparing me with that despicable man?”