

## **CHOSEN 1161**

### Chapter 1161

Chloe gave a cold, sarcastic laugh. Hoping for a shred of remorse from her was like looking for a needle in a haystack.

The pain she was in had become so numbing that when Wendy saw Chloe, she gathered herself up with great struggle. Her eyes were fixated on Chloe, reddened with rage.

Everyone's gazes were glued to her, uncertain about her next move.

"Chloe..." Her voice was weak but there was a notable effort behind it.

Upon hearing this, Chloe's smirk broadened.

Her smirk, however, made everyone else feel awkward. They didn't know whether Wendy had been hypocritical towards Chloe before, but the fact that she had just taken the initiative to swing a whip towards Chloe in the arena was proof enough of how much she hated Chloe deep down.

If she harbored such hatred, her previous kindness to Chloe seemed hypocritical and fake now.

Wendy's face crumpled with embarrassment. All her honesty was a negation of the past. She just couldn't pretend anymore; even if she wanted to, it was impossible.

In the past, she may have been insincere, but it was her way of getting closer to Damon. Even if it meant just a few more encounters, it was worth it.

As long as she had a chance to appear in front of Damon, he would eventually see how good she was, that she was better than Chloe.

But now she had cut off that path herself. From the moment she swung her whip at Chloe on the racetrack, it was clear that she had completely severed ties with Chloe.

Everyone knew they were done.

She scoffed. Maybe it was better this way. She hated her; she never wanted to hide it.

Each time she saw her and had to hypocritically call her in a friendly way, even she felt nauseous. She glared at her, clenching her fists so hard that it looked like her bones might pop out. "I won't forgive you. Everything I suffered today, I'll make you suffer one day!"

She roared out the last part with all her might. That feeling of resentment, even though she didn't have much strength at the time, was deeply felt by everyone present.

A gunshot resounded suddenly.

Everyone jerked in response. Even Chloe was startled.

"Are you out of your mind?!"

Presley's voice boomed, echoing through the shooting range. Everyone looked over in that direction. They saw Presley just set down the cane in his hand, his whole body swaying, his face turning pale. The person he had just hit with the cane was none other than Damon.

Everyone then slowly turned to look at Damon, who was coolly holding a gun, the barrel still smoking. The bullet that had just missed Wendy was undoubtedly fired from his

gun.

Everyone stared in shock. Wendy was trembling violently, her gaze fixed on the bullet near her foot. She looked up at Damon with a mixture of astonishment and shock.

"Damon..." She murmured, her lips trembling too much to form words.

No one could comprehend her feelings right now, but seeing her in such a state, they couldn't help but feel a pang of sympathy.

Everyone knew how Wendy felt about Damon! To be pointed at with a gun by the person you loved, it was a feeling beyond comprehension.

"Damon!" It took Elizabeth a while to react, and she rushed over to grab Damon's arm. "What the hell are you doing?!"

Damon's hand was aching from the cane, but he didn't show any sign of pain. "If she wants to die, why shouldn't I oblige?"

Wendy thought she wouldn't cry for a while, but Damon's words triggered a flood of tears.

"You... want to kill me?" She finally managed to croak out, her voice almost a whisper.

Damon coldly looked at her, "What do you think?"

"Why?"

"You're asking me?"

"It was her idea to race!" Wendy suddenly screamed, "She said there were no rules! She said anything goes during the race! She deliberately provoked me! Look, look... these wounds on me, she caused them!"

Everyone was silent.

Elizabeth couldn't help but respond to Wendy's hysterics, "Even without rules, no one would think of using a whip on another person! Wendy, this isn't just a race, it's a reflection of your character! Including that little girl just now, what did she do to deserve being whipped off her horse?!"

“She was blocking my way!”

Chloe had been scared just now when Damon almost killed Wendy for her, but now, hearing Wendy’s words, her heart raced. Her anger was once again ignited.

Wendy continued to shout, “If she hadn’t appeared, I might not have lost! Hitting her was letting her off easy!”

“You’re nothing but a lunatic!”

Chloe held back from slapping this woman who was already bruised and battered, but in the end, she couldn’t resist. She raised her hand and slapped Wendy’s face.

Wendy’s face was knocked aside, and the pain in her face seemed to awaken all the pain in her body, making it unbearable.

“Chloe!” Wendy glared at Chloe, her face twisted in a horrifying grimace.

“You can’t beat me!” Chloe cut her off coldly, her voice piercing like a thousand icy shards.

She slightly lifted her chin, standing tall. Despite her tall and slender figure, she seemed to be filled with a powerful energy, exuding a cold and dominant aura that was truly imposing.

“What did you say?!”

“I said, you will never beat me! Not this time, not next time, not ever! You will always be a loser in my hands! Don’t say you’ll let me go, that you’ll stop bothering me! Remember, I won’t let you go! From

now on, whatever you want, I’ll snatch it away! Whatever you’re proud of, I’ll trample it underfoot!”

Chloe's words were firm and commanding, leaving no room for anyone to question them.

She had such an air about her, and no one dared to interrupt her. The whole place was as quiet as a graveyard, everyone's eyes glued to Chloe, captivated by her words. Wendy slowly blinked, and then burst out laughing. She braced herself against the seat, swaying as she stood up. "Hahaha. You think you're better than me?"

She clenched her clothes tightly, pointed towards the shooting range with a sarcastic smile, "Let's not talk about anything else, just this shooting right here, you can't beat

me

"Heh. This scoff came from Stanley, who had been silently watching from the sidelines.

"You're too full of yourself! Your best score is 9.1, are you planning to hold that over her forever?" Nathan sneered from the side.

Although he didn't know Chloe well, those neatly arranged scores of 8.8, 7.7, and 6.6 were definitely not the results of a beginner. Not only was her horseback riding skill exceptional, her shooting skills probably surpassed their imagination.

Wendy's best score was 9.1, in a way, compared to 8.8, 7.7, and 6.6, it was a world apart. And here she was, still bragging about her 9.1 score, it was downright embarrassing.

Chloe cast a casual look at the shooting range and smirked. That dismissive attitude was full of mockery in Wendy's eyes. "You want to have another match?!" she yelled suddenly.

Chloe sneered, sizing her up. "You sure you want to compete with me in your current state?"

"Of course!" Wendy's face was pale, but full of confidence.

“But I don’t like to kick people when they’re down.”

Wendy was gritting her teeth in anger, but picked up the gun on the table, held it with both hands and shot three bullets at the target not far away.

Maybe it was because she lost terribly in the equestrian competition, maybe it was because Damon provoked her, or maybe her hands just felt right, but this time, two of her three shots hit within the nine– ring

87,9.296.

Seeing this result, a satisfied smile appeared on Wendy’s pale face.

“Your turn!”

She walked down from the shooting range, holding the gun, walking towards Chloe, handing the gun to her.

Chloe glanced at the gun, but didn’t take it right away.

Robin, who had been silently standing by, narrowed his eyes slightly, then looked at Chloe.

The audience, who had heard the news, were watching closely.

“Wendy is amazing, she can still get such a score even though she’s injured!”

“But she’s really annoying, does she always ask her opponents if they can do it? If they can’t, what’s there to be proud of winning?”

“But what Ms. Summers just said did really provoke Wendy too!”

“Do you even think before she speaks? Or do you think you are invincible just because you won a horse race?” Wendy’s verbal attack made Chloe upset, but she didn’t retort. “As I said, I don’t take advantage of others.”

Wendy sneered, “Are you afraid of losing?”

Nathan laughed from the side, “Chloe, you should try! This performance of Wendy’s can be said to be her best ever.”

Stanley suddenly laughed, “Is this considered good?”

Chloe’s gaze tightened as she looked at the handgun in Wendy’s hand. She had already attracted enough attention today, thinking that everything would be over after the horse race, but Wendy was still so annoying. Maybe it was because she was provoked just now, that she got herself in such a big trouble.

“What, scared? Chloe, if you can’t back up your big talk, don’t say you’re going to beat me for life, you...”

“Watch out!!” The bodyguards suddenly yelled, rushing to protect Presley, Royce, and Elizabeth, pushing them down onto the ground.

Chloe was also taken to the side in an instant, hiding behind a pillar. She was still trembling from fear, and at the same time, she also heard a few gunshots around her. She even saw a bullet fly past where she was just standing, brushing past Wendy.

Wendy screamed, and before the bodyguard could come to protect her, she was already squatting on the ground, holding her head.

This was not a mistake in the shooting competition, but someone specifically targeting them.

The scene was instantly chaotic. Things happened too fast, not giving anyone half a second to think.

Nate yelled, "Protect everyone!"

Chloe was lying in Damon's arms, his icy gazes quickly scanned the chaotic surroundings, his face serious.

"Don't move Chloe's unease made Damon hold her tightly.

She closed her lips, turned her head, but the gunshots around her didn't stop.

The bodyguard protecting the unwell Presley was shot, falling painfully to the ground, leaving only Presley standing there. Chloe's eyes widened instantly, and saw Wendy squatting on the ground, holding her head Without hesitation, she pushed Damon away.

She quickly walked to Wendy, snatched the gun from her hands.

"What are you doing?" When Wendy saw it was her, her panicked gazes instantly turned angry.

Chloe had a cold smile on her face as she kicked her to Nathan's feet, turned around, and stood in front of Presley, holding the rifle with both hands, shooting at the enemies around her-"Bang!"

"Bang""

"Bang""

Several gunshots rang out, with intervals between each shot not being too short. It wasn't as rapid and evenly spaced as in a shooting competition. She quickly began firing at the enemy, engaging in single shot firing

There was not a hint of panic in her posture. Her face was filled with seriousness and calmness as she used her back to shield Presley behind her. Several bullets were fired, and not a single one missed the target.

The gunfire lasted for about two minutes. Although short, it felt very long, everyone felt like they had experienced a moment of life and death.

When everything had calmed down, there were several people scattered on the shooting range not far away, three of which were put down by Chloe's gun.

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After the shootout, the area was back to its eerie silence, and everyone was on edge, fearing bullets to rain down on them again at any moment.

Chloe didn't change her gun-wielding stance, still shielding Presley with an alert look in her piercing eyes.

In front of her, a small group had formed Damon, Stanley, and Nathan had quickly formed a protective circle around her and Presley. Only when they were sure that the enemies wouldn't strike again did they gradually let their guard down, leaving the rest to the bodyguards.

Damon holstered his gun and turned to pull Chloe into his embrace. His expression was so gloomy that it was almost intimidating to look at. He checked Chloe's injuries. "I'm fine," Chloe murmured

Damon abruptly looked up, his gazes cold and sharp, as if he wanted to devour her.

Chloe gave him a small smile. "You should be praising me, you know..."

She thought that since she had protected Grandpa Presley and he hadn't been injured, she deserved some praise.

"Praise you" Are you kidding?" Stanley suddenly interjected, his voice so cold that it was hard to recognize him.

Only darkness and fierceness remained, his voice and expression sending shivers down people's spines. His eyes swept over her before glaring at her so hard that Chloe lowered her head, looking like a child who had done something wrong.

"Chloe, you're such a badass with that gun!"

Nathan was truly amazed. Her performance at the horse race had already exceeded his expectations. And her way of whipping at people was just too cool.

From the first three shots, he knew she could handle a gun, but now he saw that even among those with good shooting skills, there were levels.

The bodyguards brought the men from the ground over. Three of them had been killed already, one by each of them – him, Damon, and Stanley.

Three others were still alive, sitting in front of them, each with an arm shot through. All six of Chloe's bullets had hit the arms of these three men. With their arms shot, they naturally couldn't wield guns anymore.

Stanley looked at the three pale-faced men on the ground and began to kick and punch them.

Chloe furrowed her brows, looking at Stanley's back, her lips pressed into a thin line. Damon also looked grim.

"Stanley."

"Stanley."

Damon and Chloe called out to him almost simultaneously. Stanley stiffened a bit, then kicked one of the men hard again, turned to glare at them and yelled, "What do you

want?!"

Damon and Chloe exchanged a glance but said nothing.

Wendy was stunned by the scene before her, her face filled with astonishment as she looked at the three men on the ground, each with both arms disabled, and at Chloe. Her gaze shifted back and forth

between them several times, and her complexion turned pale.

Realizing she was still crouching by a pillar with her head in her hands, she quickly dropped her hands. Slowly standing up, she looked at her empty hands, then at the handgun in Chloe's hand, her body swaying a bit.

That gun had been in her hands, and she had been closest to Presley.

But what had she been doing? She couldn't remember. All she knew was that she was scared, hoping that the bullets wouldn't hit her...

As for what she had done, she had no memory at all.

But Chloe, who was supposed to be protected by the bodyguards, had rushed out.

She still remembered herself hiding on the side, watching Chloe's calm and composed demeanor. The way she raised the gun was smooth, calmly and confidently firing at the enemy.

Six bullets, the arms of three men, every shot on target. In such a tense situation, she actually managed that.

Not only was she shocked, everyone present, including the bodyguards, stared at Chloe in disbelief. Their looks of shock gradually turned into admiration, and this change made Wendy feel very uneasy.

"Take them away!" Royce stepped out and quietly arranged for the follow-up work.

Some things were not suitable to discuss here.

To avoid the reproachful looks from the two men, Chloe turned to face Presley, her expression and tone calm. "Grandpa, are you okay?"

Presley, leaning on his cane behind her, looked at Chloe with a deep, scrutinizing gaze, his admiration barely concealed along with a little curiosity.

"I'm fine." After a while, he turned his head and answered.

Chloe merely responded with a nonchalant "Good," earning herself a glare from Presley.

"If you knew I was okay, why did you ask? Redundant!"

The truth was, Chloe knew from the start that he was perfectly fine. It was indeed redundant and completely unnecessary.

Chloe was a bit confused by Presley's outburst, but she didn't think much of it. She knew that Presley was a bit quirky and had always been somewhat dissatisfied with her. Trying to get his complete approval seemed unlikely.

She didn't argue with him, instead turning her head to see Wendy approaching.

Wendy asked, "Grandpa...are you really okay?"

Presley glanced at her but didn't answer her question. Instead, he said, "You better get to the hospital for a full examination. You were quite scared earlier."

Nathan chuckled, "Yeah, your screaming and covering your head was quite a spectacle."

Wendy bit her lip hard, her face flushed with humiliation. "I...I just..."

"Just about pissed your pants! Stop talking and get to the hospital already. Don't you care if you get scars?"

Nathan impatiently cut Wendy off, each of his sarcastic remarks harsher than the last.

"Nathan, don't go too far!" Wendy's eyes began to well up again. Earlier, almost everyone had gone to protect Chloe.

No matter what she did their relationship with her was much deeper than with Chloe, but at the critical moment of life and death, not a single one of them thought of her, let alone rushed out to protect her

"Hmph, I didn't expect you to attack first. So ungrateful. Was I wrong in telling you to go to the hospital? Don't you realize how embarrassing your actions were today? Fine then, if you won't go, I'll give you a good reminder"

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"You always claim you grew up with us, but then you used such a dirty trick in the competition and still lost to others.

"You fancy yourself a sharpshooter, but when the chips are down, all you do is scream and cover your head.

"Can you stop saying you grew up with us? You might not feel embarrassed, but we all feel that you've embarrassed us. How can you think so highly of yourself?"

Nathan's words attracted the attention of many around, including the bodyguards who were actually from the Harper family. Their gazes towards Wendy were filled with mockery and schadenfreude.

At least, that was how Wendy saw it. Their gaze at Chloe was completely different.

At this moment, Wendy felt she had lost all dignity, her complexion pale and her body trembling. She looked nothing like the woman who had been harshly whipping the horse at the equestrian field earlier!

Nathan looked at her, his face filled with undisguised annoyance. "I've been watching too many romance dramas lately, and seeing people like you just annoys me! I've developed a knack for identifying hypocritical women, you know?!"

His muttered words made Chloe chuckle. She felt a mixture of emotions inside.

Nathan? This big, burly man actually watched romance dramas? She didn't even bother with that kind of stuff.

But, it seemed like she might actually give those dramas a try. Apparently they taught you how to identify hypocritical women.

"What's this skill to identify hypocritical women?" Stanley suddenly turned his head, looking coldly at Nathan, asking.

Damon didn't say anything, but his gaze fell on Nathan's face. Though his expression was indifferent, Nathan, being his younger brother, understood him very well.

"A hypocritical woman, just a really deceitful bad woman! They seem innocent, kind, and vulnerable on the outside, but they're terrible on the inside, and ordinary men get easily fooled by these women!"

Stanley turned his head to look at Wendy, frowning, "She doesn't look like it!"

Nathan widened his eyes in surprise, "What did you say?"

Damon also glanced at Wendy, then nodded. "Yeah. She doesn't."

Chloe pursed her lips, her gaze towards Damon carrying a somewhat ominous undertone.

Wendy's heart leapt, her expression becoming gentler, tears welling up in her eyes. "Damon."

Stanley continued, "Yeah, why do you think she's innocent, kind, and vulnerable?"

Nathan blinked, looking confusedly at Damon, then saw him nod. "Yeah. Why do you think like that?"

Nathan was stunned, shaking his head, "None! Sorry! I was wrong!"

Wendy's expression stiffened, her long-held tears suddenly fell..

Chloe smirked. These two men were really in sync on this matter.

"So, where did you learn this skill to read people?" Stanley asked again, and Damon looked at him, without any reaction.

Nathan smiled, saying, "When we get back, I'll recommend some TV dramas to you! Watch them patiently, you'll surely gain something."

Chloe closed her eyes, feeling helpless. She couldn't imagine what the scene would be like with these three handsome men sitting there watching romance dramas. Everyone present was somewhat perplexed by this sudden change of conversation. These three men, who were in a gunfight just five minutes ago, were now suddenly talking about romance dramas, what on earth happened in between?

"Ah, how did we end up here?" Nathan waved his hand, glaring at Wendy, "Still watching, huh!"

"Nathan!!" Wendy felt that her dignity had been completely trampled on today, and now she was being humiliated by Nathan, how could she ever appear in front of them in the future?

"What else do you want? Oh, are you waiting for Chloe to compare shooting skills with you?"

“So what?!” Wendy shouted, speaking impulsively, just to shut Nathan up!

Nathan couldn't help but laugh, “Oh my, I really admire you! I never knew you had such a personality.”.

Chloe couldn't help but laugh at Wendy's antics. She turned to look at Wendy, saying indifferently, “Though it's unnecessary, I've really had enough of your shameless and annoying face today.”

With that, she walked up to the nearest shooting booth, calmly raised the gun that had been in her hand all along- “bang bang bang” three consecutive shots. Soon came a pleasant bell sound from the broadcast, along with a female voice announcing-

“Ten points!”

“Ten points!”

“Ten points!”

What was more, all three shots hit the same place. There was only one hole in the center of the target!

Clearly, the three bullets had passed through the hole made by the first shot without deviation!

“Oh my God!”

“That's amazing!”

“Respect!”

“She's a goddess!”

Around them were murmurs of admiration, undoubtedly from the Harper family's bodyguards.

Walking down from the shooting booth, Chloe stared at Wendy with cold eyes, "Are you satisfied now? Can you disappear from my sight immediately?"

A visible trail of blood ran from the corner of Wendy's lip. Humiliation and embarrassment, today was undoubtedly the most humiliating and embarrassing day of her life

Her teeth bit hard into her lips, until they broke, but she didn't feel any pain. She glared at Chloe, her eyes filled with unprecedented hatred, indescribable hatred,

Looking at the blood on her lips, Nathan sneered. "Looking for trouble."

That perfectly summed up Wendy's actions all day today. Inviting humiliation upon herself, upon closer consideration, wasn't that the case?

After a long while, she sneered, "Chloe, you really opened my eyes today. But it makes me more curious about your past."

As she spoke, her gaze fell on the spot where the three men whose arms had just been broken had been, a cold smile appeared on her lips. "Today's incident was actually meant for you, right?"

As Wendy's words fell, the expressions of Damon, Nathan, Stanley, and even most of the people present immediately changed, even Chloe's expression showed a hint of coldness.

Stanley, on the other hand, was more direct, picking up a nearby gun, cocking it, and pressing it against Wendy's forehead.

"Do you have a death wish?!"

"Stanley! Knock it off!" Chloe quickly stepped in to pull Stanley aside.

Today was already chaotic enough. Dealing with a murder case in P City would be a real headache, not to mention if it were Wendy, the prized lady of the Alonso family. If she were killed, the aftermath would be a hell of a lot messier.

“Why should I stop?! This woman is way over the line!”

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Chloe grabbed his arm tightly, not letting him have a chance to shoot.

And how could Wendy not know Chloe’s worries, a cold smile slipped onto her face. “What’s the rush? Are you afraid I’m telling the truth?!”

Chloe clenched her lips shut, and after a long time, she looked at her coldly. “Isn’t it time for you to get lost?”

Just as she finished speaking, two bodyguards walked up to Wendy

“What are you doing?!”

The bodyguards lifted Wendy up directly, “Sorry, Ms. Alonso, we need to take you to the hospital for a check-up.”

“I can walk by myself! Let go of me!”

“No, you can’t right now!”

Wendy was almost choked by a cough.

Presley watched Wendy being carried off forcefully and then coughed violently. “All of you, back to the house with me!”

His gaze swept over Damon, Chloe, and Stanley, and then he left in a huff.

As everyone left, Rhys, who was the last to stay, couldn't help but shake his head in admiration while watching their retreating figures. His eyes were filled with excitement and fervor "This Ms. Chloe is really amazing! Ms. Wendy I want to know, what's the relationship between her and Damon?"

Robin's expression darkened slightly. Upon hearing Rhys' words, he turned his head and gave a faint smile, saying, "Nothing special."

Rhys' eyes lit up again, "Then which family's daughter is she?!"

Robin regained his usual smile and looked at Rhys, saying, "What does Mr. Rhys plan to do?"

"I like her! I want to marry her! I want her to be my wife!"

Robin chuckled, his voice growing somber, "Considering her background, becoming your wife would be a step up for her."

Rhys shook his head, looking at Robin disapprovingly, "No, no, no, she's incredibly talented, absolutely wonderful; she's more than deserving of being my wife."

The atmosphere in the Harper family's living room was extremely tense.

Presley sat in the main seat, his expression cold and stern. He kept silent for a long time before turning his gaze to Damon. "Did you find out who those people were today?" "Still investigating."

Presley sneered, "Were those people after me?"

Damon kept his lips tightly closed, his face expressionless, and simply responded, "Still investigating."

“What do you think?” Presley suddenly turned his gaze to Chloe, who was caught off guard at being singled out, yet her expression remained calm.

“I’m not sure, they may have been after me.”

Presley chuckled twice, glancing at Damon, “You’re investigating? Investigating what? Who suddenly wants your wife dead?”

Damon’s face instantly darkened. “We’re not sure they were after her.”

“The first bullet was clearly aimed at me. If the first shot was a coincidence, the following bursts of fire clearly had no specific target. However, when she was standing in front of me, the previously aimless bullets almost all headed in our direction. If they really wanted me dead, I wouldn’t be sitting here now!”

The living room fell silent for a moment, even though the situation was chaotic at the time, the Harper family wasn’t completely off guard. But the details and the targeted bullets forced them to accept Presley’s words.

Because they agreed, they remained silent.

Chloe also completely agreed with Presley’s view. “But I don’t know who hates me so much that they want to kill me.”

She can imagine people she had argued with in the past hating her to the extreme, but they didn’t have the energy or money to hire a hit on her. Besides, after she did something hateful, she would naturally pay some attention to those people’s actions and intentions. So she was very sure that if today’s hit was really aimed at her, it was definitely not someone she had argued with before.

But who was it? She couldn’t figure it out.

“They aren’t fools. Since they secretly hired someone to kill you, how could they be so stupid as to reveal their identity?”

Presley saw her struggling as the victim and couldn't help but give her a not quite a rebuke. Then he turned his gaze to Stanley, who had been sitting quietly by his side. "Stanley, do you have anything to say?"

Stanley frowned and impatiently replied from his spot on the couch, "I'm not a god, who am I supposed to ask?!"

Presley wasn't surprised by his reaction, instead saying, "Right! She's now part of my Harper family, so you should keep your nose out of her business!"

"She's not part of the Harper family! She's my woman!"

This statement somehow triggered Presley, and upon hearing those words, he immediately became furious. "Your woman?! She's my Harper family's daughter-in-law! Do people from your family like to meddle in other people's love lives!"

"Meddle in sther's love lives?! Oh my god!!" Stanley immediately jumped up from the couch, stomping his foot in anger. "It's you Harpers who love to meddle in other people's love lives. When I met Chloe, Damon was probably still gallivanting somewhere! He's the one who came and meddled in our relationship, stealing my woman, and now you're playing the victim."

"So knowing someone means you're together? I know your grandfather too!"

"You, you've gone too far!"

Chloe, sitting next to Damon, watched the bickering duo in confusion, feeling a bit lost. She clung to Damon's arm, leaning against him, watching the scene unfold with a mix of amusement and disbelief.

"What's all the fuss about?!"

A stern voice rang out, breaking up the commotion in the living room. Everyone turned to look, seeing Hannah pushing Alyssa in from the entrance.

The speaker was Alyssa. She was all serious, eyebrows furrowed, her gaze darting sharply between Presley and Stanley. Then, her gazes landed on Stanley's face and she

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Perhaps his grandpa really did try to steal his wife. Could it be the Alyssa standing in front of him?

"Did this old man steal you away from my grandpa? Was he the home wrecker?"

Stanley was blunt, voicing his thoughts without any subtlety Maybe he was pissed by Presley, or maybe it was intentional

Stanley's words made Presley so angry that his eyes nearly popped out, while Alyssa was grinning from ear to ear. "Yes, if it wasn't for him, you might be my grandson now!" "Granny!" Stanley was intentionally provoking Presley As soon as Alyssa finished speaking, he called out to Alyssa as 'granny'

"Im not his grandpa

"My boy!" Alyssa let out a joyful cry, utterly ignoring the furious Presley next to her.

"How are your grandparents, are they doing well?"

"Maybe

Stanley answered vaguely, then sat back down on the sofa.

After that Alyssa and Stanley chatted for a while before returning to the main topic. "I heard you guys were attacked in West Valley today. Did you figure out who did it?" Stanley glanced at her, "Shouldn't you first ask if anyone got hurt?"

Alyssa raised an eyebrow, "Since I heard about the attack, how could I not know if anyone got hurt?"

"Fair point"

Chloe pursed her lips, shifting her gaze to Alyssa.

Everyone knew Presley was eccentric, but maybe Alyssa was too. She didn't directly ask, nor did she show any worry or concern, but in fact, she had a clear understanding of the situation

Presley was now quiet, obediently sitting on the sofa, not saying a word. He always knew that Alyssa had been looking out for him behind the scenes.

Chloe suddenly laughed. These two actually had a unique understanding of each other in their own way. It was a kind of romance that belonged only to them.

"Chloe, take some time off to heal at home. Let Damon handle your work for now." Alyssa didn't continue discussing the attack in West Valley and shifted the focus to Chloe

Chloe smiled, "It's not a big deal, really."

"Still, you should rest. Your engagement party with Damon is coming up. If you're not healed, we can postpone it."

Chloe tightened her lips, she didn't want to. "I will take care of myself."

Only then did Alyssa smile, tenderly patting Chloe's hand.

Suddenly, a hand reached out from the side and took Alyssa's hand away. Stanley looked at Alyssa with an annoyed expression, "My dear Alyssa, Chloe can't marry your grandson! She's my woman."

Just as he was about to put his hand on Chloe's shoulder, Damon slapped it away and quickly swept Chloe into his arms, heading upstairs.

Stanley looked at his slapped hand and then at Chloe being carried away. His eyes widened and he gritted his teeth. "Shameless!"

Alyssa chuckled, "Young man, Chloe prefers Damon."

"What, does she hate me?!"

"You can't force feelings."

Stanley took a deep breath, looked at the Harper family members in the room, bit his lip, and said, "I don't have time for this!" before heading out the door.

Nathan, who had been standing there with his hands in his pockets and with a dashing, carefree look on his face, saw this and followed.

In the yard, Nathan patted Stanley's shoulder from behind. "Hey, buddy."

"Buzz off."

Nathan laughed, "No, I can't just stand by and watch Chloe be threatened."

His smile faded a bit, "Mr. Stanley, let's talk. We both don't want anything to happen to her. Instead of you bearing it all alone, why don't we work together? That way we can better protect her, right?"

"Buzz off. I've been protecting her just fine for years, I don't need your help."

Nathan raised an eyebrow, "Are you saying that for years, someone's been out to get her?"

Stanley's expression changed, he pushed Nathan away, "Get lost! Don't think you can trick me into saying anything!"

"Mr. Stanley Nathans tone became more serious, "Regardless of the truth, I don't know how well you've been protecting her before, but today, in my opinion, you didn't do a very good job"

Stanley scoffed "Id like to know, why did those people dare to act in public? And how did they manage to go unnoticed? West Valley is Harper family territory, right? Someone easily tried to take her life on the Harper family's turf, and now you're telling me you want to help, do you really think I'm stupid?! I don't know the internal situation of the Harper family, but under these circumstances, forget about holding the engagement party.

With that, he stormed off, radiating a cold and ruthless aura

Watching his retreating figure, Nathan's expression grew more solemn.

Back in the living room, Elizabeth asked worriedly, "Why didn't you keep questioning? Does Mr. Stanley know something? He was just at the shooting range.

"It's only natural for him to be wary of us. After all, Chloe almost got into danger on Harper family territory Whether he was arguing with dad or beating around the bush with mom, he was deliberately avoiding the issue from the start. If he doesn't want to talk about it, no one can force him to

Royce patiently explained to his wife. His thoughts might seem scattered, and on the surface, he appeared quite casual, but in reality, he was very intelligent. Despite his young age, he seems totally get the idea of hidden wisdom""

Elizabeth listened quietly, as if finally understanding why Presley and Alyssa didn't push it on that issue.

As for why someone would want to target Chloe in West Valley, that was still a mystery.

The living room was eerily silent, everyone's faces were grim.

Chloe was placed on the bed in the bedroom, and then Damon released his hold on her.

## Chapter 1167

Then he stood up, looked at her tenderly for a moment, then quietly turned away.

He seemed like he wanted to head to the balcony, but his rigid body wavered slightly, yet didn't move. He turned again, as if he wanted to go to the bathroom, but still didn't leave. Finally, he turned towards the door, paused for two seconds, then walked out.

Chloe watched his movements, feeling a bit puzzled.

The bedroom door swung open and closed, instantly restoring the tranquility of the room. The deep grey bed sheets and duvet sent a shiver down her spine. She stared at the closed door in silence, Chloe didn't make any movements, only blinked.

Based on what she knew about him, the anger he'd accumulated in West Valley should've found an outlet.

She failed to keep her promise and got herself hurt.

From her experiences in Hong Kong, he should've given her a cold look to express his displeasure at her injury, teaching her a lesson in a gentle way, warning her that if she got hurt again, the consequences would be severe. But he didn't, there was no so-called gentle attitude, nor did he give her any gloomy looks.

He just stayed quiet.

She once again stopped him from hurting Wendy because of her.

When he saw her being whipped by Wendy with his own eyes, he couldn't seek revenge for her. She sensed that the anger he had forcibly suppressed was now coiled tightly in his heart, unable to be released.

Shouldn't he be with her? Or lost his temper at her. She was willing to see that anger, which was entirely accumulated because of her.

But, today seemed a bit unusual. She lay quietly on the bed, thinking about Damon's strange behavior today. She even wondered if there was a new competitor by her side today, making him anxious and jealous?

Or was it because she won the equestrian competition today, or because he just found out that she had shot someone, so he was somewhat dissatisfied?

Or maybe it was because of the people today, most of which were after her, wanting her life, and it scared him?

She blinked again, pondering carefully. There seemed to be too many things happening today.

She carefully got out of bed, opened the room door and walked out of the bedroom; he was nowhere to be seen in the living room,

She then walked out of the room on her own. The second floor was usually quiet during the day, and there was no sound as she stepped on the high-end Persian carpets. She stood at the top of the stairs looking towards the living room, but didn't see Damon.

After thinking for a moment, she turned around and headed for the study at the end of the hallway.

The study's door was partially open. Chloe's sense of smell was extremely sharp; even the faintest hint of airflow seeping through the gap carried a subtle scent of smoke that she could detect.

The smell of smoke?

A familiar figure stood straight by the window, his back to her, one hand in his pocket, the other raised, she couldn't see what was in his hand, and she softly pulled the door open.

The window was wide open, the study was chilly.

She walked in, making no sound, but this usually sensitive man seemed to not notice. It wasn't until she stood by his side, at his flank, that she softly called his name, "Damon." only then did his hand suddenly tremble, and he instinctively turned his head to look at her.

Seeing Damon's expression, Chloe's eyes contracted in an instant.

What a face!

His dark eyes were filled with redness. The light outside shone directly onto his face through the open window, illuminating his eyes, was it the color of blood, or was it the clear tears?

Obvious anger flickered in his eyes, his knuckles were prominent, the cigarette in his hand had been crushed.

"Damon."

She had never seen Damon like this, he looked scary, but she felt a pang in her heart, it felt like it was going against the flow, rushing up to her throat, filling her eyes.

Seeing her, Damon extinguished the cigarette in his hand, closed the window, and the cold air was instantly shut out.

"Why aren't you resting?" he asked in a low voice.

His voice sounded smoky, deep and hoarse. He tightened her clothes, carefully avoiding her wounds.

“It is cold in here,” he held her hand, then took her away from the spot where the window had been wide open.

He probably wanted to take her to the bedroom, but she stopped in the middle of the study, tugged his arm firmly, telling him she didn’t want to leave.

“Hmm?” he turned to look at her.

Chloe bit her lip, her eyes welling up with tears. She pulled her hand free, walked up to him, pressed against his broad chest. His clothes were still cold.

“I’m sorry” she said softly, her tears staining a dark spot on his dark suit.

She raised her hands to wrap around his waist, pressing herself tightly against his body, as if trying to merge with him.

Damon was pushed back a few steps by her force, finally stopping by the desk. His adam’s apple bobbed as he wrapped his arms around her, his hoarse voice drifting from above. “I should be the one apologizing.”

Chloe’s nose tingled, and tears started to flow, the stuffiness in her throat made her very uncomfortable. She was used to suppressing her emotions, not shedding tears easily, but the pain in her heart was unbearable.

“I didn’t handle the people around me properly, I gave them the chance to hurt you, and I didn’t even stand up for you.”

Chloe shook her head in his arms, “That’s not true!”

It was her who asked Wendy for the competition, who gave Wendy the chance to hurt her, who didn't let him deal with Wendy, and who pushed him to this point.

Damon didn't say anything; his silence was like he was still locking himself in a sturdy cell, like a trapped wild animal, suppressing his impending rage, binding himself tightly.

Chloe could see he hadn't heard her comments because he was engulfed by feelings he couldn't control, one hand clasping her waist, softly holding her, not wanting his

emotions to affect her.

"Can you..."

After a while, Damon suddenly spoke. His voice was so hoarse it hurt to listen to. When he paused for a moment, Chloe nodded repeatedly. "Yes, whatever you say from now on, I won't make decisions on my own anymore."

"Don't care about me too much," Damon said.

Chloe was stunned

Don't care about him too much? What did that mean?

Chapter 1168

She looked up at the man, his handsome face still carrying that somewhat suppressed but heart-wrenching expression.

"Quit worrying over me, okay? Our beef with the Alonso family ain't your fault. As long as Wendy and I aren't a thing, there's always gonna be bad blood. I've never given a hoot about what the Alonso family could do to me, I don't need to."

Chloe got it. He was talking about the time she had discouraged him from taking action against Wendy.

“But if the Alonso family starts to retaliate, what if they get mad?”

Better to keep the status quo and stay on neutral terms with the Alonso family than to suddenly make enemies.

“Don’t overthink it”

He cut her off, “If the Alonso family doesn’t cut me some slack, I am not gonna let them off the hook either.” Chloe was silent for a moment, then nodded, “Alright. I’ll take your word for it.”

He was right. She was so cautious because she didn’t want him to have a hard time. On second thought, although the Alonso family was a big deal, it wasn’t something she should have to worry about.

Even if it meant wasting some time and energy, even if there were detours, Damon had no reason to be crushed by the Alonso family. Not to mention she wasn’t about to let Wendy, this nagging woman, off the hook that easily.

She looked up at Damon, and Chloe even felt some resentment towards herself. Despite repeatedly conveying her dependence on him, every time, her lifelong habit of self-reliance pushed him aside.

She even constantly reminded him to stay rational for her sake. But she didn’t realize that this so-called rationality was his most painful moment.

“I’m sorry, Damon.” She cupped his face, her eyes full of remorse and sympathy for this man. “Never again. If I’m hurt, you gotta stand up for me, okay?” “Mm.”

Chloe smiled, but it didn’t reach her eyes. She was taken aback by his demeanor today. She never imagined his forbearance could be so heartbreaking.

His face was still gloomy, lips tightly pressed. She couldn't help but want to lighten his mood, to improve the expression on his face. "Do you want to blame me? Or you could vent your anger on me."

Damon gave a helpless bitter smile, leaning his forehead against hers, "How could I?"

Chloe's felt a mix of warmth and bitterness. She suddenly felt that she was unworthy of his indulgence and affection..

She lifted her head, cupped his face, and took the initiative to kiss his lips. She didn't know what to do, maybe kissing him would cheer him up a bit, and put her at ease. Her lips were as soft as petals, carrying a sweet scent. They felt delicate and soft against his. Her tongue slipped past his lips, through his teeth, touching his tongue, everything so careful and cautious.

The tension in Damon's eyes gradually faded, feeling Chloe's initiative and dependence. He knew what her actions meant. Comfort, appeasement.

But she was the last person who should be comforting him, appeasing him. Her injury was his fault. He shouldn't have been kind to Wendy.

Damon pushed her away. "Quit messing around."

His eyes had softened, his voice low and hoarse.

Chloe still pressed against him, kissing his throat, one hand slipped under his shirt, touching his firm skin.

Damon's body slightly trembled, his breathing noticeably heavier. "Stop it, Chloe."

He caught her hand, his gaze sweeping her shoulder.

"I'm fine. The injury doesn't hurt. It's not like I've been stabbed."

“You dare to say that?!”

Damon’s voice suddenly grew strong, his face turned serious. But Chloe laughed, her arms encircling his waist.

“You’re so mean.”

Damon looked at her, “Then why are you still laughing?”

“Should I cry for you to see?”

Damon looked at her deeply, then suddenly kissed her. His kiss was full of force, as if he was punishing her.

Chloe struggled to catch her breath for a moment, and almost instantly, her breathing became erratic. Nevertheless, she still made an effort to respond to his kiss. Her hand once again reached into Damon’s shirt, her warm hand exploring his waist and back.

Damon’s breathing grew heavier. He held Chloe’s buttocks, turned around, and put her on the desk, kissing her deeply again.

Chloe was panting from his kisses, her eyes also filled with excited tears. “Damon.”

One of her hands gripped Damon’s arm, the other hand wandering under his shirt. She knew she had done something wrong, and could only apologize according to his previous punishment method.

She rarely took the initiative, her assertiveness today surprised Damon. Yet he still took her hand out of his shirt, then kissed her, without any excessive actions.

Chloe tried to pull her hand away, but she wasn’t strong enough. She could only accept his kiss.

“Don’t torture me, okay? I don’t want to hurt you again.”

Her injury was something he couldn’t forget. How could he let her get hurt again?

Chloe wanted to say she was fine, but was kissed by the man the next second. The atmosphere was warm, intimate, and affectionate.

It was okay this way too. As long as it could free him from the shackles just now, she was willing to do so. However, this warm moment didn’t last long, the door of the study was knocked.

Then the cautious voice of a servant came from outside. “Mr. Harper, are you in there?”

Damon stopped kissing her, furrowed his brows, “What’s up?”

“Ms. Elizabeth is downstairs arguing with Mr. Presley, you better go take a look.”

Chloe also turned her head, glanced at the closed door, then got off the desk.

The two left the study, hadn’t even made it to the staircase, when they heard Elizabeth’s angry voice coming from the first floor living room. “You saw it in West Valley too! What kind of behavior was that?! Have you considered Chloe’s feelings with your decision?!”

Chapter 1169

Presley was so mad, he was thumping his cane on the ground fuming. But the wounds on that Alonso girl, they were all caused by her How am I supposed to explain this to the Alonso family

“Explain? I’d like an explanation from them! She was the first one to throw a punch! So she can hit people and we just have to take it not fight back, not say a word Elizabeth stood firm, not backing down an inch

Damon and Chloe stood by the staircase, silently watching the tense atmosphere downstairs

Presley was so furious his hands were shaking. He glared at Elizabeth, his angry face downright terrifying  
“You’re so ignorant! She’s the lady of the Alonso family “Ignorant? That’s cowardice! I don’t care if she’s the Alonso family’s lady! Even if she were royalty, it wouldn’t make a difference!”

Chice was at a loss as to why these two were fighting so fiercely, but she just heard Elizabeth saying something about looking after her feelings Was this about her? “Mr Harper, Ms Chloe It’s Ms Wendy, Mr Robin just brought her back from the hospital She’s quite injured but she refused to stay at the hospital So Presley thought of bringing Ms. Alonso home to take care of her

The maid spilled the beans, but even she found this decision hard to swallow She didn’t know what had happened in West Valley, but she knew that the Alonso girl had always had her eyes on Mr. Harper

Everyone knew about this, and now Presley was considering bringing the Alonso girl into his home, under the same roof as Chloe It sounded wrong just thinking about it Upon hearing the maids explanation, Chloe’s expression changed and Damon seemed to be brimming with fury

“You’re being unreasonable Presley pointed at Elizabeth, his chest heaving with anger

Elizabeth remained calm, “Even if I was masonable, you wouldn’t approve of me! There’s no way I’m letting the Alonso girl into the Harper household

“You are not in charge of this family Presley’s words echoed through the mansion, his voice nearly shaking the entire villa

Elizabeth was silent for a moment, then suddenly let out a cold laugh her face full of sarcasm and a hint of sorrow her eyes reddening

“Yes! Of course, you call the shots! You’ve been saying this our whole life Fune wont say a word now fill wait and see when you bring Wendy into the Harper family After saying this, she closed her eyes and turned around only to see Royce standing befund hen “Liz”

“Don’t touch me

Royce tried to embrace Elizabeth, but she took a step back her eyes filled with Chice on the staircase

Elizabeth stopped tears streaming down her face as she looked at the tw

“Elizabeth

Chloe was taken aback and was about to comfort her but then she saw Bog

Elizabeth started struggling as if she had been pierced on touch mer

“Stop it, Liz ”

Royce didn’t let go, he held her tightly and practically camed her upstairs

ears as she yelled at fooyce before running up the stairs crossing paths with Damon and

thing in from læfind pulling fligate ato his arms

By now, Presley had sat down on the sofa in the living room Auter was standing next to him shaking his head and sighing

“Royce has always been led by Elizabeth these years

“Robin” Alyssa who had been silent, suddenly spoke senously then lifted her eyes to look at Boben “You agree with bringing Wendy here?

Robin smiled and said “Mom, we and the Alonso family have been good friends for many years. Apart from other factors, Wendy is inured and alone in P City shouldn’t we take care of her?

Alyssa looked stern, Wendy was hit by Chloe

“Dad just said, this is all the more reason for the Harper family to take care of her

“Nonsense!” Robin’s words were interrupted by Alyssa scolding

“Madam, please don’t be angry Hannah who was next to her quickly bent down to pat her chest

“The Alonso girl started the fight, and Chloe hit her. They’ve already fallen out! Putting them together do you want to see whos more embarrassed?

“Did Elizabeth say something wrong? Chloe is the one who’s going to marry into our family, and you’re inviting that girl into our home. Where does that leave Chloe? Isn’t the Alonso family enough of a pain her back, you want to add more fuel to the fire?

After Alyssa finished speaking her gaze turned to Presley, who said “You’re all just adding to my troubles! The Harper family and the Alonso family have always had a good relationship, and it’s always been like thes Wendy is a girl I’ve watched grow up even if she s made mistakes, I can’t just ignore her if I don’t care about her is that fair?

Alyssa scoffed. And are you being fair to Chloe?

“If she’s marrying into the Harper family, she should know better if it wasnt for her

“Enough” Alyssa interrupted Presley’s words. “To swallow her pride for a woman who attacked her and have to live under the same roof with her is that what you call knowing better? Marrying into the Harper family is a real grievance

Presley’s face turned green with fury after arguing

Addie, who had been watching from the side, finally spoke up, "Alyssa, it's us who should be looking after Ms. Wendy and we definitely won't let her cause any trouble for Ms Chloe Mr. Presley's right, with Ms Wendy all by herself in P City, we're the closest she has. If anything comes up, he definitely can't just sit on his hands. Don't worry I'll take good care of Ms Wendy"

Alyssa gave her a cold look Addie's heart tightened and she quickly laughed awkwardly, saying, 'Alyssa, it's better not to quarrel with Presley, it's not good for your relationship

It was like she was speaking for the sake of their harmonious relationship

Alyst withdrew her gaze, her expression didn't change, and her voice was calm and steady "Anyway, I don't agree with letting her into the Harper family De dew the red decision is up to you Hannah, let's go back to our mom"

Chapter 1170

Chloe stood on the staircase for a while, hands gripping the railing, silently watching the two quarrels play out. She watched as Hannah ushered Alyssa away, her face expressionless, unreadable.

Presley Harper looked up, his gaze sweeping past Chloe, landing on Damon

"Your thoughts! How should we sort out this mess?"

Damon simply walked up, took Chloe's hand, and headed back upstairs without saying a word.

Presley was seething, his body shaking with anger. Damon's silence was more infuriating to him than anything he could've said. There was no respect, no support. Damon's indifference was a slap in the face. Without knowing what Damon was thinking, he was left guessing and assuming the worst. Regardless of how he looked at it, it was defiance.

Only Presley and Robin were left in the living room. Addie, standing nearby, carefully asked, "Will Ms. Wendy be coming? I need to prepare if she is. Actually, Alyssa might have been harsh with her words, but she wouldn't really kick out Ms. Wendy whom she's known since she was a child. Alyssa is just all talk, I'm sure you know."

Addie had a soft spot for Wendy. Seeing Wendy cry last time tugged at her heartstrings. If they prepared in advance, there would be no room for protest, right?

“Perhaps Ms. Wendy did something wrong, but she only loves Damon. Who wouldn’t lose their cool in matters of the heart? If Damon treated her better and cleared things up, she wouldn’t be this desperate...”

“Enough, stop talking!” Presley cut Addie off, looking annoyed. Addie, sensing the mood, stopped speaking. She glanced at Robin, then turned to leave. Robin broke the silence, “Addie has a point.

Despite Wendy’s mistakes, we can’t hold it against her forever. The important thing is we owe the Alonso family an explanation.”

At the mention of owing the Alonso family an explanation, Presley’s face darkened further.

The matter was left untouched until dinner. Everyone was quiet, and the atmosphere in the dining room was tense.

Chloe’s Wound only hurt during the initial impact, a burning sensation. But after taking painkillers, she wasn’t in much discomfort. However, Damon insisted on staying home with her. Chloe tried to refuse, but Damon wouldn’t have it.

Chloe knew she messed up, and she had to listen to her man.

After dinner, they were about to head back to their room when Hannah called out to Chloe. She said with a warm smile, “Pack up your clothes in the room.”

Chloe was confused, “What happened?”

Hannah sighed lightly, giving Damon a helpless smile. Damon looked cold, pulling Chloe upstairs.

“What happened? Why do I have to pack up suddenly?”

“It’s fine if you don’t.”

Chloe was still clueless, but the next morning, she saw Wendy on the living room couch. Wendy looked pale and sickly.

Presley sat on the couch, looking at Wendy with concern.

Addie was stuffing pillows behind Wendy and at her side, making sure she was comfortable. Chloe found Addie’s attentiveness ridiculous. She silently scoffed, and Wendy, who was being pampered,

looked up at her.

Addie’s fruit platter was next to her. She put a piece of apple in her mouth, chewed, and greeted Chloe.

Presley turned to look at Chloe. Seeing her emotionless face, he frowned.

Chloe walked down the stairs, standing in front of Wendy, looking at her coldly. “Well, hello there.”

Wendy looked awkward and wronged. She laughed, “I might be a nuisance for a while.”

Chloe stayed silent, then laughed coldly. Even though she had some idea what was happening, she said, “If I were you, I’d be hiding after being beaten black and blue. Ms. Alonso, you never cease to amaze me with your shamelessness.”

Wendy’s smile faded, but she didn’t confront Chloe. Instead, she looked at Presley, her expression showing hurt, “Grandpa, I think I should leave. I knew coming here would upset Ms. Summers.”

“So you knew, yet you still came here, are you trying to piss me off on purpose?” Chloe stood her ground, her words harsh and unfiltered.

This is too much! You literally never stop!" Presley shot back, "You know damn well that Wendy's injuries were caused by you! She's been trying to make -amends, how long are you planning to keep up this stubborn act?!"

Clearly, his words were aimed at Chloe. Her eyes flashed, spotting the smug look in Wendy's eyes, and she retorted coldly, "It'll never end, I hit her because she was asking for it! It's not my fault."

"You..."

"Marina, is breakfast ready?"

Just as Presley was about to blow up, Alyssa's indifferent voice echoed from behind.

Marina, standing in the kitchen doorway with a disgruntled look on her face, quickly responded upon hearing Alyssa's call.

"It's ready!"