

CHOSEN 1241

Chapter 1241

Chloe's eyes narrowed instantly, turning to Stanley. "Why can't he come back? Do you know why?!"

If you go today, you'll only end up being the laughingstock! An engagement party without the groom. Chloe, if I were you, I wouldn't want to be the butt of everyone's jokes!"

Stanley's demeanor and tone were more serious than ever, as if he was not his usual self. But Chloe knew, this was him.

"Stanley, if I find out that you had a hand in his sudden departure, I will never forgive you."

Stanley's hand holding the gun tightened slightly, and Ned at his side quickly said, "Chloe, no matter what, Stanley is right. Mr. Harper is in Country B now, and he might not be able to make it back today. It might be better to cancel the engagement party for now. We can discuss it again when Mr. Harper comes back."

Elizabeth and others were getting anxious hearing this. "Can't he come back today? What the hell is he doing in Country B at a time like this?! Chloe, why don't we just cancel today, no... postpone the wedding to tomorrow or the day after, okay?"

Chloe remained silent for a long time, her gaze fixed on Stanley. "There's a chance he may not be able to make it back, but there's also a chance he can. Both possibilities exist, and besides, Damon said he would be back, and I promised him I would wait."

Stanley's face was tense, more terrifying than any time he had been angry. In the early winter, the cold wind was blowing, and he was now sweating coldly. When the wind blew, he got goosebumps. She was basically rejecting Stanley's suggestion

Stanley didn't want her to go, not only for his own reasons, but also because he didn't want to see her in that kind of embarrassing situation. Being watched and laughed at by everyone.

Her success had made so many people secretly envy and jealous, right? Those people must've been waiting for her to make a fool of herself!

In the end, Stanley's good intentions were all rejected by her. All her words showed that she unconditionally trusted another man and had no respect for his suggestions.

Ned thought Stanley would explode with anger the next second, and start shooting everyone indiscriminately, friend or foe. But all he heard was Stanley's unusually calm voice. "I'm just looking out for you. Let's delay it, make it tomorrow or the day after, play it safe."

Hearing such calm words, Ned was shocked. Even though he knew that Stanley's maximum patience in his life was all spent on Chloe, seeing this, he had to admit that Chloe had once again pushed Stanley's patience to the limit.

Chloe looked at him quietly, and after a long while, she slowly said, "If we delay... will you try to get me to leave?"

Ned was taken aback. "Chloe!"

His voice was filled with obvious anger. She had always fully trusted Damon, but now, she suddenly began to question Stanley? Stanley had patiently explained everything, and after so many years with Stanley, why was she so cold and ruthless towards Stanley?

Stanley looked at her, and his thin lips curled up slightly. "I will."

Ned was speechless. Perhaps, Chloe was the person in the world who understood Stanley's temper the best. The words she just said were not questioning, but they could've also been words of trust. She

had anticipated some of Stanley's intentions.

"Right. So I can't keep delaying."

Stanley's deep eyes sparkled slightly, calmly looking at Chloe. His tone was plain but carried a detached smile. "So why do you think, if you hold the engagement party today, I have to sit back and do nothing?"

Chloe's eyebrows furrowed.

"Stanley..."

"Some people won't give up until the last moment." Stanley said this with an emotionless face, and then put the gun in his hand into his pocket.

He turned around and left, with a group of people following him, occasionally looking back at Chloe.

Once they got in the car, Ned asked, "Are we really just going to let it be?"

Stanley crossed his legs, looking at Chloe who was still standing at the door through the car window, his expression gloomy. "Can you control her?" Ned shook his head. "Once Chloe makes a decision, basically no one can change it!"

"Well, if she wants to cry, let her cry her heart out. Maybe she's been having it too easy lately and needs to face some setbacks. Let's go!"

"Okay!"

Ned replied, started the engine, and the car slowly left the house.

Only when the car had completely disappeared from sight did Chloe relax, but her hand was trembling slightly. It was rare to see Stanley so calm and composed. Because of this, her sense of unease intensified.

Stanley was usually unpredictable, but his men were scattered all over the world, involved in both legitimate and illegitimate activities.

Why was he able to be the leader of this organization? Because he had his own strengths. Especially his intelligence, which was beyond doubt. Besides his usual smartness, his memory was also enviable.

Everything depended on whether he wanted to remember something or not. Not whether he could remember it. He had a super brain. But supposedly, his grades in school were very poor. Zero in every subject.

So you see, he was a person you just couldn't fully understand. Perhaps her understanding of him was really because her brain was a little bit smarter than others, Once he got serious, most of the things he predicted didn't deviate from what he expected. His predictions could be divided into two types. One was the result of natural development. The other was the result of human intervention. As long as it was within his prediction, it was correct

If Damon didn't show up, it might've been because he was really delayed by something. The other possibility was that Stanley had prevented him from showing up on time at the engagement party.

Stanley, if he dared to do this, she would never forgive him! Never!

Stanley in the car suddenly squinted his eyes, put his hand on his forehead, and pinched it slightly.

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah."

"That car ahead, it looks like it's from the Alonso family."

Chapter 1242

Stanley looked up and saw the red sedan driving towards them, a cold glint in his eyes. "Pathetic."

"Huh?" Ned was caught off guard by Stanley's unexpected remark. Although this was a common phrase, coming out of Stanley's mouth, it felt unique.

Stanley sat back in his seat, watching the approaching red car. He chuckled coldly, his voice regaining a touch of its usual frivolity. "If Miss Alonso had any brains, Chloe wouldn't have had a chance to get messed up with Damon. Such a great opportunity, and she's made a mess of it. Lost her dignity now, still trying to get

close. Useless!

Uh... If Wendy could be with Mr. Harper, then Stanley must've been the closest man to Chloe.

From a standpoint, they should be on the same team. But indeed, Wendy seemed to be lacking some brain cells! Such a waste of her status.

Wendy watched as several cars lined up in front of her, her eyebrows furrowing. Could it be Chloe? Going to the hotel this early?

Wendy snorted and said, "Mom, don't give way. Force them to stop

Grace drove, not giving way as Wendy commanded, continuing to drive in the middle of the road.

Ned slowed down. "Seems like they want to force us to stop."

Stanley wore an expressionless face, staring at the glaring red car. A cold smile played on his lips as he uttered his ruthless command, "Hit them." "Yes, sir."

Just as the two cars were about to come to a face-to-face stop, Ned suddenly stepped on the gas. By this time, Grace had almost stopped her car, the distance between the two cars would not allow her to maneuver aside.

In just a few seconds, there was a loud bang. Wendy and Grace screamed, their bodies were violently shaken by the impact, and they felt their heads hit hard. A wave of pain surged. Wendy's wounds were strangled by the seatbelt.

Finally, Ned stopped the car. The two men in the car were unharmed, their clothes neat and tidy, unaffected. Even the doors of both cars were shut tight, Ned could hear the high-pitched screams of the two women in the other car.

He chuckled. "Well, dealing with Chloe is annoying enough, let alone handling these people."

Hmph, Stanley snorted, "This is her own doing. If she had stayed with me, would she have met these people?"

Ned nodded. "You're right."

Grace and Wendy got out of their car, holding their foreheads, leaning on the car door to calm down.

Wendy stared at the car that had hit them and then retreated a few meters unscathed, her teeth clenched, and even her facial muscles tensed. Anyone could see that the car had hit them deliberately.

When she saw Stanley getting out of the car, her anger intensified. She remembered seeing him in West Valley! He was with Chloe!

"Did you hit us on purpose?"

Stanley walked over with his hands in his pockets, and finally kicked her car. The car wobbled.

His foot stepped on the Porsche emblem and raised an eyebrow. "I thought you were trying to kill yourselves, so I just helped you out."

"Kill myself? Am I crazy?"

Having experienced such great pain, and with unfulfilled wishes, how could she die?

Stanley smirked, "Is this road yours then? You're hogging the whole road with just one car?"

"This is the only road to the Harper family, if it's not the Alonso family's, then it's the Harper family's." And wasn't everything that belonged to the Harper family going to be hers in the future?

"So, this road belongs to the Harper family, and that's your excuse to be arrogant?"

Wendy did not answer.

"Well, you might not be as arrogant as me. Because no matter who the road belongs to, if I want to hit a car, I will. If I wreck one, so be it."

Wendy's face changed instantly. "Who the hell are you? You're as crazy as Chloe!"

"I'm as crazy as her? This is considered crazy?"

Stanley retracted his foot from the car, walked over to Grace, and again raised his leg, this time placing it on the roof of the car. His hands were still in his pockets, as he gave a light push. The car started to sway left and right.

Wendy was close to a cliff, the car's shaking scared her, and she quickly ran over to Grace. "What are you doing?"

Stanley glanced at her. "You said I was as crazy as Chloe, right? Let me show you what real craziness is..."

As soon as Stanley finished speaking, he bent his leg and then kicked hard. Her brand-new Porsche, which she had bought less than a month ago, rolled over from its spot, broke through the stone railing, and tumbled down the cliff.

The heavy sound of the steel rolling echoed throughout the valley.

“Bang’

“Bang”

“Bang’

Several bangs, followed by a final heavy “bang” and the sound of glass and plastic shattering.

Just by hearing those sounds, it was clear that the Porsche was completely wrecked. He slowly retracted his leg, stood on the ground, looking perfectly fine. Grace and Wendy were huddled together, staring blankly at the empty road. Their faces were pale.

Stanley still wave that smile He took a few steps towards them, and they retreated. He advanced and they moved back, until they backed up to the edge of the road. stepped on thin air, and both fell to the ground.

Ah

“Ah

Two more screams were heard Stanley laughed mockingly, and walked up to them, looking down at the two women sitting on the ground.

Tm not sure if this is considered being twisted, but seeing you guys like this, I think it should be.”

Should be? This was downright twisted! Her Porschet

Wendy was both scared and angry, but facing this man she knew nothing about, she didn’t dare to act rashly. Not to mention the unknown number of people in the five or six cars behind him

it was just her and her mother. How could they possibly stand a chance against him?

Seeing them dare to be angry but not voice it out, Stanley straightened up. He took a deep breath. "Oh man, I feel so much better now."

The anger he had felt from Chloe seemed to have been successfully vented. He turned to walk away, but suddenly stopped. Wendy and Grace tensed up again.

Chapter 1243

Stanley's gaze lingered on Wendy's face for a moment, Grace hastily shielding it with her hand.

"What the hell are you guys up to? If you're planning any funny business, the Alonso family won't let you get away with it!"

Stanley frowned. "Relax, your daughter is so ugly, she can't even hold a candle to Chloe's toenail! Stop daydreaming. What guy would be interested in her?"

"Hah..." Ned couldn't help but chuckle. Sometimes hanging with Stanley meant not only dealing with his moody, hot-tempered nature but also enduring his sudden, cold jokes.

Stanley shot him a look. "What's so funny?"

Ned nodded. "I mean, I think even a madman wouldn't wanna... touch a toenail."

Stanley raised an eyebrow. "Fair point."

Wendy was about to blow her top! She was less than Chloe's toenail? She was a lady of the Alonso family!

"No wonder Damon chose Chloe." Stanley shook his head, then got into his car.

It wasn't until the cars had slowly driven away that Grace and Wendy stood up.

"Where did this bully come from? Figures that anyone associated with Chloe is no good." Grace was so mad she could chew nails! In just a few days, she had come to loathe Chloe to the bone.

"Mom, the car... our bags and phones were all in it, and we're still miles away from the Harper family. Are we supposed to walk back?"

"What else can we do?"

Wendy's face fell. These past few days, due to Damon's engagement, her injuries had barely healed. And now she had to walk back to the Harper family with the pain. What was it that kept her going?

'Damon, do you know who loves you the most in this world?'

But there was nothing they could do right now but walk back to the Harper family, step by step.

Today was a very important day! Because today, the focus wasn't Chloe, but Wendy!

Due to Stanley's behavior, Chloe sat at the breakfast table, predictably getting an earful from Presley. She kept quiet, eating her breakfast as she listened. She was already rattled because of Stanley, and Presley's reprimanding was just adding fuel to the fire.

She tried to control her emotions, not wanting to blow up on what should be the happiest day of her life so far. Just had to bear it a bit longer, get through today, and perhaps she wouldn't see Presley for a long time.

But Presley's voice was really grating, and Elizabeth automatically blocked out his voice and put a sandwich into Chloe's hand. "Eat up, you'll need your strength today."

"Mhm."

The old man continued his cold remarks, and Chloe took a bored bite of her sandwich. But after just a few chews, she felt a wave of nausea and immediately ran to the bathroom.

The old man's face turned black with rage, slamming the tableware on the table, and snapping angrily, "What is she playing at? I say a few words and she gives me this attitude?"

Elizabeth scoffed. "Can't you see she's been unwell since yesterday? Today's her engagement day, and you're picking on her first thing in the morning. Who would be in a good mood?!"

But the old man wasn't angry. He had made a fuss about disagreeing with the engagement last night but didn't mention it this morning. Elizabeth didn't have the patience to wonder what he was thinking and went to check on Chloe after setting down her utensils.

In the bathroom, Chloe hadn't eaten much, but she vomited what little she had. Elizabeth came over and gently rubbed her back, her face full of concern. "Are you okay? Should I call a doctor to check on you? You can't afford to have anything happen at the engagement party."

Chloe rinsed her mouth, then exhaled deeply. "I'm feeling a lot better."

She rubbed her ears, her face a bit troubled. "Grandpa is really annoying."

Elizabeth rolled her eyes. "Annoying is an understatement. He's absolutely insufferable! He got you so worked up you threw up. Just goes to show how irritating he is."

Chloe chuckled, then suddenly grabbed Elizabeth's arm, bending slightly to rest her head on her shoulder.

"Elizabeth..." She spoke slowly, the word going straight to Elizabeth's heart.

"What's gotten into you, being so clingy all of a sudden..."

“Because you’re a really good mother.” Chloe’s eyes sparkled. “There were so many times after losing my mom when I wanted to rely on her... I felt that if she were by my side, all the problems I faced wouldn’t be problems. Over the years, I’ve endured so much, but I often thought that if my mom were here, things would be easier.”

Elizabeth patted Chloe’s arm gently. “You can rely on me from now on I always wanted a daughter, but instead I got two troublemakers!”

Chloe laughed. “Troublemakers? Your sons will give you lots of grandkids.”

“That’s why I said they’re troublemakers. What if they bring home a wife I can’t stand? What if they marry a troublesome woman and drive me to my grave?”

Chloe’s voice softened. “Do you find me easy to get along with?”

“Mhm, very much so! If you give me lots of grandkids, I’ll like

“Thank you so much. So far, only grandpa disapproves or

sake...”

1/2

even more!”

me, which is the best–case scenario I could hope for. You’ve argued with him numerous times for my

“You don’t have to thank me, I’ve got my head screwed on right, I know what’s what. Most importantly, you’re the one Damon chose. By helping you, I’m essentially helping my son. I’m not blind to that fact. I haven’t really hashed this out with you, but Damon was raised in the lap of luxury as part of the Harper family. He’s a bit immature when it comes to taking care of himself. So, I’m counting on you to look out for him. As for his personality...”

Elizabeth knitted her brows, looking quite peeved. "In a nutshell, he's got a bit of a chip on his shoulder. He's standoffish, likes to give people the cold shoulder, and it's like pulling teeth to have a deep conversation with him. He acts like every word costs him a buck!"

"Ha!"

Chloe couldn't help but burst out laughing again. Talking as if it cost money? Who roasted their own kid like this?

Chapter 1244

But it seemed like she had never really experienced any of these things from start to finish. Her initial impressions weren't wrong after all. An elegant and reserved man like Damon actually taking the initiative to pursue a woman? That was just unbelievable.

"Look at you, all giddy at the mention of Damon. Really..."

"Do you still feel unwell? Have some food first, I can call a doctor later."

"No need for a doctor, I feel much better now, I should be fine."

Elizabeth still wasn't at ease. "Are you sure you're okay?"

"Yes, I'm fine."

After throwing up, she sat back at the table. Seeing the half-eaten sandwich in front of her, Chloe gritted her teeth, her mouth filling with a sour taste. Eating felt like a punishment.

Suddenly, half an orange appeared in front of her. Chloe slowly reached out and took it, glancing at Rose. "You still need to have your breakfast. Eat an orange. It might help."

Chloe nodded and put the orange in her mouth. She felt much better, took a bite of the sandwich, and found it acceptable.

There weren't many people left at the table. Rose moved closer to Chloe, propping up her chin and staring at her. This was strange.

"Why are you staring at me like that?" Chloe frowned at Rose.

Rose leaned in and whispered, "How are you feeling now?"

"I'm okay."

"Are you sick? Caught a cold yesterday and didn't sleep well?",

Chloe took a couple of sips of soup. "I slept alright. What are you getting at?"

Rose shook her head. "It seems like your sickness isn't serious. Medicine can have side effects, if you can bear it, try to avoid taking it. It's not good for the liver." Chloe carried on with her breakfast.

"I'm warning you, are you listening?!" Rose suddenly thumped Chloe on the shoulder.

"Theard you, I heard you. I know it's not serious, and I don't plan on taking medicine!"

"What kind of friend are you, discouraging me from taking medicine when I'm sick."

Rose rolled her eyes. "Bear with it if you can, it'll boost your immunity!"

Even though Rose was suspicious that Chloe was pregnant, but if she wasn't, Chloe would feel disappointed on this happy day.

Guess she had to observe a bit more then. With a rub of her hand, Rose glanced at Chloe's belly. Her future daughter-in-law!

On the way to the Harper family, Wendy was already soaked in sweat. She felt pain and itchiness, but there was nothing she could do. Halfway there, Wendy began to cry. At first, she was crying while walking, then she just sat down and started bawling.

"Mum, when have I ever experienced such a thing? My wounds heal and then break open again. Anyone would want to bully family, have to endure this?!

me!

"What is Damon thinking? What was all my previous effort for? What am I suffering for now?! Hasn't he ever thought about

"Where have I wronged him?"

Grace took a deep breath, feeling extremely disappointed. "Calm down! Stop crying!

it?!

Cop

the lady of

the Alonso

"After today, you'll be the lady of the Harper family! Feelings between two people can be developed, as

better.”

get rid of that woman from Damon’s heart, even thinking about it now...”

Hearing these words, Wendy’s sobbing gradually quieted down. “But I’m still scared. Even after today, I still don’t kn

ng as there is

a

chance

to

along,

everything will get

to

1. do.

“If you don’t have confidence in yourself, then don’t take the risk today!”

“No... I have confidence.”

won’t

accept me easily, to

“That’s the spirit, as long as the end result is good, all the risks and suffering will be worth it. Don’t worry, this is Presley’s

They hadn’t walked far when they saw several cars coming from the direction of Damon’s house.

tention, I

will have a plan!”

“They’re coming down, perfect, let’s flag down a car!” Grace immediately laughed, why didn’t they just wait where they were?

not

She stood by the roadside, flagging down a car. However, eight sedans drove past without stopping, not even showing a hint of slowing down. Worse still, all eight cars honked at them. The long honking sound was particularly embarrassing.

What are those two up to now?!” Elizabeth rolled her eyes in annoyance.

Rose nodded in agreement, “Those two are such a nuisance.”

Chloe smirked silently. She still didn’t know what kind of trick Presley would pull with those two this time.

By noon, the entrance of the Emerald Palace was already crowded. A group of people entered the hotel from the back door.

The enormous banquet hall was already packed. In the lounge, Miles and Katie were already waiting.

Seeing Chloe, their smiles were almost happier than Chloe herself. Yes, they seemed happier than Chloe.

Because Chloe wasn't smiling. The forced smile on her lips was unbearable to look at, it would be better without it.

"Ms. Chloe, what's wrong?" Katie and Miles looked at each other, puzzled.

Chloe shook her head and walked over to the hanging dress. A simple white dress, spotlessly clean and pure. Next to it was a white men's suit, she had seen him wear it before. The world's most perfect groom.

"I'm just a little nervous," She spoke slowly as if answering their question.

At this time, "nervous" was the most foolproof answer.

In fact, she was indeed extremely edgy.

"Don't be nervous, we still have ten hours until the official ceremony tonight. You have plenty of time to calm yourself down, Miles said comfortingly.

However, at this moment, a negotiation at the B Country Presidential Palace was on the brink of collapse.

In the spacious conference room, a desk that practically filled the entire space was flanked by two men.

Damon, decked out in a suit that was ironed to a T, looked both regal and crisp. His matching shirt further highlighted his mature and steady demeanor. He was

cold and serious. His slender eyebrows were as profound as an ink painting, and his eyes were as deep as a frozen lake. With every glance he cast, he exuded a chilling vibe that could make your heart skip a beat.

“You’ve no got no right to make decisions for her.”

Chapter 1245

A large hand planted on the solid wooden table, the texture of the skin clear and visible. A deep voice filled with authority

“I want to see her

“That’s not happening.” The man sitting across, his intense aura was as steady as a mountain, his handsome face revealing the calmness of age. “She’s my wife now, I have the right to decide where she goes. Stop obsessing over bringing a “dead” person back, it’ll make everyone happier.”

Damon’s eyes swept across. “Everyone will be happier?”

Boyd nodded, neither confirming nor denying.

“Who would be happier? Is it her preference to stick to the status quo, or is it yours?”

Boyd squinted. “Sticking to the status quo is the best choice.”

Damon retracted his hand, slowly rising from his chair, and his expression cool and indifferent, yet containing an undeniable force.

“Do you know her daughter has been looking for her?”

“I know.”

“All these years, you watched her daughter go to great lengths to find her mother, but you did nothing? Or do you not want them to meet?”

“She’s doing good now, isn’t that enough?”

“What about before?”

“Everyone has setbacks in life. She needs all sorts of experiences.”

“If her mother was there, she wouldn’t have had to go through all that!”

“If her mother was there, you wouldn’t have met her!”

Nate on the side listened in horror, hands tightly clenched, already soaked in a cold sweat. The conversation between the two continued without any pause, the pace was steady and clear but filled with tension. The atmosphere in the meeting room was like Nate’s current state, tense like a string about to snap.

Damon finally fell silent. This was something he truly couldn’t refute.

Everything happened in the blink of an eye, and slight deviations could lead to huge differences. If not for her experiences, those coincidences, and even the decisions made in split seconds, he may not have encountered Chloe, and they might have been complete strangers.

“So, your love can’t accommodate her?”

Boyd smiled faintly. “I will bring her back.”

“What did you do before?”

“Her physical condition before was not suitable for her daughter to see.”

Damon looked down at his watch, his face slightly darkening.

“Mr. Harper, you should go prepare for your engagement party. Time is running out, leaving her there alone is unforgivable.”

Nate was also getting anxious, he couldn't help but step forward, “Sir...”

Damon's eyes were deep, his expression resolute. “I will take her away, she must go back with me today!”

Boyd also slowly stood up. “I told you, it's not happening.”

Damon stared at Boyd for two seconds, then raised his left hand, his gaze fixed on the watch Chloe gave him. Nate was on the side, his expression growing more serious. Not long after, Damon lowered his arm, looking up at the man across from him, standing against him. “Today, I must take her away, it's my wife's wish.”

Boyd shook his head. “Do you know the consequences of her appearance?”

Damon replied with a smile. “I don't care.”

“But I don't want her to face any danger. She almost lost her life because of this, and you're asking me to push her into the storm again... that's absolutely impossible.”

“You can't protect her?”

“If she's content with the status quo, she'll be perfectly safe, I won't have too much to worry about.”

Damon nodded. “That's a pity. I just want my wife to be happy.”

They had different stances so more talks wouldn't help. This negotiation had completely broken down.

Just a few seconds later, the door to the meeting room was hastily opened. It was Boyd's executive assistant.

A President, things are bad. There's a riot at the border. They're demanding to see you!"

Boyd frowned. "Is it the border army of the Y country?"

Though the words were subtle, those who understood could read between the lines. Every country had different political factions, and B country was no exception. It was the rebel army

"Sir, many ministers have arrived at the council chamber. Journalists should be here soon. There are already casualties, and this situation might be difficult to

handle"

Boyd looked up at Damon, his expression serious.

Damon, however, calmly said, "If you're busy, I won't disturb you"

Damon turned and walked towards the door, and Nate stepped forward and opened the door.

"Sir, we've found the location, in a villa at the center of the island."

The villa was heavily guarded. It was already difficult to get in, let alone get out. Casualties were probably unavoidable.

Nate didn't say much, he knew Damon would understand. But he didn't hesitate at all, as he walked out of the meeting room, he said expressionlessly. "Hurry up."

The meaning was clear- He was going to force his way in!

“Alright.”

Ten minutes later, a rumbling noise/came from the sky above the island. A helicopter broke the still air, stirring up waves, hovering above the villa. The first-level alarm of the presidential palace went off at the same time. Boyd, who had just gotten into the car, heard the noise and his face immediately turned sour! “Turn around!”

“Alright!” The driver was startled, his body trembling, but he quickly stepped on the brakes and turned the car around.

The car was practically flying. Looking at Boyd’s face, the driver couldn’t help but tremble. The mature and gentle face was now covered with chilling indifference. When the car practically flew into the presidential palace, gunshots were already ringing out, like a fierce battle.

At this moment, Damon, with Nate’s cover, successfully entered the villa. Hearing the gunshots outside, the servants in the room were already terrified, huddling together in the corner, crying nonstop.

Nate’s face was expressionless, he coldly raised his gun at the servants, and asked threateningly, “Which room is the president’s wife in?” “No...”

Suddenly, a gunshot rang out. Then came a scream.

“Shut up!”

Then, continuous gunshots rang out. Nate raised his gun to the ceiling, firing several shots, until the maids’ screams stopped, he asked again, “Which room is the president’s wife in?”

“The last room on the third floor.”

The villa was guarded from the outside. Damon went straight to the third floor, found the room, and forcibly kicked open the tightly closed double doors. His sharp gaze fixed on the bed...

Chapter 1246

Yasmine was sitting calmly on the bed, her face showing no sign of illness. At that moment, she was slowly turning her head, fixing her gaze on Damon, her expression indifferent. Her back was straight, with no unnecessary movements, yet her unique elegance was still evident.

She watched him in silence, her bright eyes seemingly filled with natural wisdom.

“Who are you? Why are you looking for me?” After a while, she spoke slowly, her voice devoid of panic.

So, this was Chloe’s mother.

Outside the window, the roar of a helicopter was audible, along with intermittent gunshots and the clamor of voices. The scene was terrifying, as anyone could tell just by the sounds.

Even in the face of “terrorists” breaking in, she remained calm and collected. Indeed, as people said, she was different from the rest.

Without any hesitation, Damon approached her. Then, he bowed to her, saying, “I’m sorry we had to meet under these circumstances. I’m Damon, Chloe’s fiancée...”

“Sir, the president is coming!”

Damon’s expression changed. He turned to Yasmine, whose expression finally showed some signs of fluctuation, and said, “I’m sorry, but I have to take you away

now.”

“Okay.” Unexpectedly, she responded so quickly. But Damon didn’t hesitate and bent down to lift Yasmine into his arms.

“I’m sorry.” Holding Yasmine, he ran towards the rooftop, Boyd’s voice following him from behind.

“Yasmine!!”

Damon could feel the woman in his arms tremble slightly.

“Let’s go.” She spoke, her face emotionless except for the coldness.

“Stop!”

Damon certainly didn’t stop. The wind from the helicopter blew his suit, making a rustling sound.

Just in front of Damon was the helicopter. Boyd’s angry voice landed like a heavy weight.

“I told you to stop!!”

Yasmine’s gaze passed over Damon’s shoulder, landing on the man holding a gun in the distance. The strong wind tousled his hair. His usually gentle face was now filled with rage and madness. She tightened her grip on Damon’s shoulder.

“Yasmine, come back.”

Boyd’s voice became hoarse as he met Yasmine’s gaze. Those unwavering eyes that had been indifferent to him for the past six years.

First, it was a serious illness, then, even when she got better, she didn’t show much emotion towards him. But he was okay with that. As long as he was by her side, he could see her.

In the end, Yasmine didn't say a word, her eyes still devoid of any ripples. She slowly withdrew her gaze.

That process, perhaps only lasted a second, or maybe even half a second. But it was enough to shatter a heart in an instant.

Boyd swayed slightly, pain flashing in his eyes. "Yasmine, don't push me." His voice was deep and mad.

Damon glanced at Yasmine, her face showing no emotional fluctuations. He suddenly felt a chill in his heart. But now, he couldn't afford to think too much.

"I order you to let her go!!"

Suddenly, a shout full of anger came from behind, followed by several gunshots. No one at the scene expected that the always polite man, the national leader of B Country, would actually open fire.

Although barging into the presidential palace and firing wildly could lead to serious charges, if someone were to actually die by Boyd's hand, the controversy it would spark as a national leader would be incalculable.

What's more, Damon was not only a foreigner but also an influential figure.

The border between B Country and Y Country was a battleground for the so-called good forces of the two countries.

There were those forced by life, those with independent stances, and those with different beliefs. Among these people, we couldn't estimate how many ruthless ones there were. Their ruthlessness couldn't be summed up in a few words. They needed to be controlled, but the ones who could truly control them were not their respective countries, but a rebel leader they called Erebus.

In their eyes, Erebus was like an omnipotent god. Few people had really seen him, but every time they heard his name, they felt fear.

Arms dealers, no matter where or when, were always love–hate figures. They were despised behind their backs but had to be flattered in person. If they were offended, any slight deviation in the selection of arms purchases could lead to irreparable losses.

Internal chaos, and imbalance of arms forces between countries, these issues were all particularly important.

But arms dealers were businessmen. They couldn't prevent them from doing business, so the things they sold were all to maintain the existing balance.

The rise and fall of a country almost entirely depended on these arms dealers. It was simply impossible to control them!

The law had no effect here.

In this world, besides black and white, there was also a gray area. In this area, as long as you had enough courage, money, and power, you could become a strong

person.

The strong were respected!

Erebus was like this, he was the master of this gray area. And as one of the few national leaders of B Country who knew Erebus' true identity, Boyd was now shooting at Erebus.

Nate never thought that Boyd would actually open fire. Although Damon's stance was very clear. He wasn't Erebus, but the executive of the Harper Group. As a

husband, he was fulfilling his wife's wish to bring her mother home before their wedding.

But no matter how clear his stance was, his identity, power, and status would never change!

Boyd, had he gone mad?

Damon was shot in the shoulder. A low groan made Yasmine's calm eyes narrow slightly.

"Boyd!" Suddenly, she spoke. Her voice was cold and calm, not loud, but enough to calm the nearly out-of-control Boyd.

"Yasmine, come back."

"I'm going back to P City, my daughter is waiting for me there."

"Come back, Herschel will bring her to you."

"She's getting hitched," Yasmine said casually, a faint smile played on her lips. "Boyd, it's the biggest day in a woman's life, something you might not quite get."

Boyd's pupils shrank instantly.

"I'm gonna be there for my daughter's most crucial moment. Don't try to stop me, you ain't got the right."

With that, she lifted her gaze to Damon, her eyes sliding past his shoulder.

"You still here? You wanna keep your arm or what? You fancy being a cripple?"

A glint of emotion flashed in Damon's deep-set eyes. He looked at her intently, then scooped her up and onto the helicopter.

Chapter 1247

Damon gave her a deep look before finally hoisting her up into the helicopter.

“Yasmine”

“Boyd.” Yasmine’s voice was chilled, devoid of warmth. “If you still want to hurt people, you’ll have to take me down first.”

Boyd’s eyes shook, dark and deep. He looked stunned, dropping the gun in his hands.

“I wouldn’t shoot you, Yasmine...”

“Don’t call me,” Yasmine said coldly. “I might not be able to move, but my mind is clear. I know better than anyone whether you would shoot me.”

Boyd’s tall figure swayed, standing still as the wind from the helicopter’s takeoff stung his eyes. Yet, he still looked up, watching as Damon lifted Yasmine onto the helicopter.

The wind whipped at his dark coat, his hand tightly gripping the gun, but he didn’t move.

Damon glanced at the man standing below. His figure was tall and slender, emanating the steady and grand air of a long-time leader. But now, he looked like an abandoned child, alone and helpless, watching as the most important person in his life left him.

Damon was puzzled. The relationship between Yasmine and Boyd didn’t seem as straightforward as a rescuer and a rescuee. They had spent years together, but the differences between them weren’t just recent. They might have known each other for a long time.

Nate also climbed into the helicopter. When the gunfire started, he shielded Damon and was shot twice.

The helicopter door closed, and the smell of blood filled the air. Damon frowned. “Are you okay?”

Nate replied with surprise, "I'm fine! Sir, I'm sorry that you..."

"I'm fine."

Yasmine sat to the side, her gaze sweeping over the two men. "Find somewhere to treat the wounds."

"Yes, sir, the bullet in your body needs..."

"No need," Damon declined quietly, glancing at his watch. His expression grew even grimmer. "We're running out of time."

Nate's heart pounded. Yes, time was...

Yasmine turned to look at Damon. He was handsome and tall, with a noble air. Even with a bullet lodged in his body, his expression remained composed. She gave a slight smile, as she was content with the man before her.

"How did you and Chloe start?"

"It was a lucky encounter. I was smitten at first sight."

Yasmine gave a faint smile. "Love at first sight?" Her gaze traveled past Damon and out the window at the man still standing below. Her lips curled up in a sarcastic smile. "Decades-long feelings aren't always reliable, let alone love at first sight..."

Damon frowned slightly. "We can't generalize. Just because some people have failed in love, does that mean we will too?"

Yasmine raised an eyebrow, tilting her head to look at him. "So you're so sure, just based on love at first sight? Where does this confidence come from?"

Damon gave a small smile. "It seems you don't quite understand how amazing your daughter is."

Yasmine's sarcastic smile froze. She stared at Damon for a few seconds, then finally burst out laughing.

"Really? I think my daughter has the potential to be a heartbreaker."

The man behind them, Nate, who had been shot twice, wanted to say, "She definitely is a heartbreaker. She's got Damon completely smitten!"

Damon didn't deny it. "Hmm."

Yasmine looked surprised, then finally broke into a pleased smile. "Good. Seeing you head over heels for my daughter is very satisfying"

Damon glanced at her but didn't say anything. Chloe's mother was a bit different from what he had imagined.

After flying for over an hour, the helicopter finally landed on another island. There was a private plane waiting for them. However, the moment they disembarked they were immediately surrounded by a group of people.

Damon narrowed his eyes, his icy gaze falling on the man who stepped out casually from behind the crowd.

"I gave you the intel, not for you to storm the Presidential Palace and kidnap people, Mr. Harper." The tall man stood in front of Damon, his hands in his coat pockets, and his eyes on Yasmine in Damon's arms.

"Your body has just started to recover. It's not good for you to strain yourself."

Herschel's steady voice betrayed no emotion, his eyes unreadable.

Yasmine glanced at Herschel and quickly looked away, coolly saying, "I know my own body."

Herschel was silent for a while. "You can't leave."

Yasmine frowned.

Herschel continued, "If you want to see your daughter, I can bring her here."

"What if I insist on going back?"

Herschel looked at her calmly. "Doing that would break your father's heart."

Yasmine laughed. "He would be thrilled if I died. Should I just walk right into his hands to make him happy?"

Herschel frowned. "He wouldn't."

Yasmine didn't want to argue further, her cold gaze falling on the man who bore a slight resemblance to Boyd. "I've made it clear. I'm leaving. Step aside."

Herschel didn't respond, but his silence was enough.

"Are we done here?" Damon, who had been quietly observing the situation, suddenly spoke up coldly.

"Is that all the patience you have?" Yasmine retorted casually.

Damon looked at her, his tone indifferent.

“If you weren’t Chloe’s mother, I wouldn’t even give you a second.”

His attitude toward women was utterly ungentlemanly. She wondered if Chloe was having a hard time with him.

Nate was nervous on the sidelines. Damon still had a gunshot wound! He might’ve looked fine, but that didn’t mean he was!

That was a gunshot wound, and the bullet was still inside him! What he was enduring right now?

Nate had been shot twice now, feeling like he’d lost all his strength.

Damon just picked up his feet and started walking.

A few guys behind Herschel immediately raised their guns, aiming at Damon with caution, ready to fire at any moment...

In P City, right at six in the evening.

Katie glanced at the time, her expression gradually getting tense. Rose had been sticking with Chloe, initially trying to chat with her to distract her, but after nearly eight hours, she had no clue what else to chitchat about.

The break room was dead quiet right now.

Chapter 1248

The lounge was now deadly quiet, the stifling atmosphere making it hard to breathe, Katie was so anxious that she was about to explode. She grabbed Miles and stormed out of the room.

“Where the hell is Mr. Harper?” she said, her voice trembling with anxiety. “Why isn’t he here at this crucial moment?”

Miles closed the door behind him, his face serious. “We still have two hours. Let’s wait a bit longer.”

“Wait for what? How could he do this? Doesn’t he know what today is? How could he leave without planning his schedule? This is an engagement banquet we’re talking about! What could possibly be more important?”

By the end of her rant, Katie was so angry she was on the brink of tears.

Chloe’s eyes flickered. What could be more important than a wedding?

“Nothing is more important than you.”

She still remembered vividly the day she was discharged from the hospital, him waiting for her in the rain with an umbrella. And the serious look on his face when he said those words.

Nothing was more important than her... So, he would definitely come, right?

He promised her, told her to wait for him...

Her hand tightened and loosened on her dress hem. She swallowed, and her collarbone looked beautiful in her tension.

“Don’t worry. We still have time,” Rose said, handing her a peeled orange. “Eat a little. Calm your nerves.”

Chloe looked at the orange in her hand, both amused and helpless. “Are you really that in love with oranges? You always have them with you.”

“I don’t eat that much. I just always share half with you. Good things are meant to be shared.”

Chloe gave a small smile and started eating. She had thought that nearly ten hours would be the longest wait. But she found herself hoping that time would slow down more. She wasn’t afraid of waiting, as long as Damon had enough time to come back.

Suddenly, the lounge door swung open with a bang. Chloe turned to look and saw Katie and Miles, who had just left.

Katie looked pale, standing in the doorway looking at Chloe in a daze.

“Chloe...” She called out her name, her eyes blinking back tears.

“What... what’s happened?”

Katie held her phone, hesitating and not making a move.

Miles came out from behind her, looking at Chloe with a complicated expression.

“Ms. Chloe...”

“The bride! Where’s the bride?”

“Bride!”

“Bride...”

Before Miles could finish, a crowd of people poured in from the doorway. Kane, Ella, Ollie, Noah... they all rushed in.

Chloe was thrown off by this sudden situation. “What’s going on?”

Ella rushed over and hugged Chloe tightly. “What happened between you and Damon?”

Chloe paled. “Nothing... what happened?”

Ella immediately pulled out her phone and handed it to Chloe. “Why did Damon get engaged to another woman?”

Chloe was taken aback. She looked at the phone and saw the headline. [Low–Key High Society! The CEO of the Harper Group and Miss Alonso to get engaged tonight at the Emerald Palace.]

The article was about the background of the two families, their wealth, and their close relationship over the past few decades. The only picture was of Wendy.

In short, according to the article, the two grew up together, and were a perfect match, a match made in heaven!

Everyone was looking at Chloe anxiously, but she remained calm. After reading the article, she handed the phone back to Ella.

“Did you know about this?”

Chloe shook her head.

“Who would pull a stunt like this? This is outrageous!” Ella was so angry she wanted to smash her phone.

“This is no joke,” Chloe said, walking over to a seat and sitting down. She looked at herself in the mirror and gave a small laugh. She finally understood why Presley had insisted on attending the engagement party after all he had said the previous day. He was attending the engagement party of Wendy and Damon.

There was no prior notice.

Damon had left early and hadn't returned, which must have been part of Presley's plan. Even if Damon hadn't left, Presley would have found a reason to make him

leave.

1

Wendy was destined to be the joke of the engagement party without her fiancé. But with Presley there to back her up, they could later come up with a reason why Damon had to be absent...So this plan was successful without prior notice. Everyone would know that the CEO of the Harper Group was engaged to Miss Alonso. As for what would happen later? They would take it one step at a time, depending on Presley's threats and Wendy's performance. As for Chloe, she would become a complete joke, with her high-profile engagement announcement and now the absence of the groom.

She would take the hit for Wendy's absence, and even if she and Damon had any interaction in the future, Wendy would surely slander her as the other woman. Accused of being a home wrecker and a seductress, her reputation would plummet, and even her company, Starlight International, and her perfume brand could be

affected.

Whether Wendy had thought this far, Chloe wasn't sure. But her mother, who seemed to have some tricks up her sleeve, would have been able to think of this. Otherwise, Wendy had endured so much pain, and despite her body being covered in scars, she still refused to play it safe. How could she be content if she didn't seize this opportunity to take a hit?

Even Presley agreed. But did they really have to resort to such dirty tricks?

"It's not a prank, is it really? Then who's your fiancé today?"

“It’s Damon.”

Hearing this answer, everyone exchanged glances. What the hell was going on right now?

Phoebe was hiding in the back, too scared to show her face. Chloe, however, saw her and smiled faintly.

“Phoebe, Angie, have you

Phoebe and Angie were suddenly called out, naturally a bit nervous.

“You have the nerve to bring up embroidery at this time,” Angie mumbled and rolled her eyes.

Chloe took a deep breath, her gaze sweeping over everyone. “It’s about time, I should go change.”

Kane was stunned on the side. “You’re... going out again?”

Chloe smiled lightly. “Today is my engagement party. If I don’t show up, what will all the people outside do?”

finished your

embroidery?”

Everyone finally realized that the one who announced the engagement was Chloe. Her fiancé hadn’t shown up yet, and if she, the star of the party, didn’t show up, what would this engagement party turn into?

Chapter 1249

“You sure you want to head out there?” Seth beside her asked in a steady tone. “You know what you’re walking into, right?”

Chloe's face was a shifting landscape of emotions. "Today's my turf." There was no way she was going to let Wendy just walk all over her. She wasn't going down without a fight, and she believed Damon wouldn't stand her up.

Seth knew what was going on inside her head. He silently watched her for a moment before slowly saying, "Maybe he's genuinely tied up somewhere. And

"Even if he couldn't make it, I can walk this path on my own!" Chloe cut him off.

She didn't want to entertain any other possibilities. All she could do right now was to trust Damon. Even if he couldn't be here, that was okay

She was Damon's wife in essence, and she had to make sure everyone saw her that way!

In another room, Wendy had already changed into her dress. Due to her injuries, Grace had picked out a high-necked, long-sleeve gown for her. It might've looked a bit conservative, but it was seasonally appropriate.

The bottom was layered chiffon, the top was knit with a cloud pattern, and the waist design was slimming. The ruffle design on the cuffs was quite fashionable. It looked pretty good.

Grace looked at Wendy with a smile and nodded in satisfaction. "Are you happy with this?"

Wendy gave a shy smile. "Mum,

a genius, to convince Grandpa to agree to this..."

Grace snorted. "Presley isn't a fool. He would never let his favorite grandson marry a woman who just causes trouble and fights! No family background, and no parents! Marrying you, they're so lucky!"

By the end, Grace's tone was laced with sarcasm. Wendy was too lost in her joy to care. Tonight, she would officially be Damon's fiancée. No matter how tough the road ahead was, as long as she was sincere to Damon, he would come around.

Grace sighed. "You may have to put up with some things."

Wendy's smile faltered slightly, knowing her mother was referring to Damon not showing up. She shook her head. "It's okay. I've come this far. What's a bit of hardship? As long as Damon and I are together, as long as I can get Chloe out of my sight, all the suffering would be worth it."

"Good as long as you're okay with it."

Wendy seemed a bit nervous, her hands tightly clenched. After a while, she seemed to remember something and asked Grace, "Mum, what's Chloe doing now?"

Grace frowned. "No word from her. I guess she might still be dreaming in her room. Do you want to see her now?" Clearly, she wanted to rattle Chloe.

Wendy shook her head. "No, don't bother with her. It's best if she shows up in the banquet hall! This time, I want to see her embarrassed in front of everyone!"

She had put up with so much these past days. Finally, she was going to see Chloe's downfall. How could she not look forward to that?

Grace patted her shoulder lightly. "What happens next could be tricky. Damon's reaction will depend on how you act. But as long as you don't make a big mistake, he won't cut ties with the Alonso family. You

have the backing of the Alonso family and Presley, so don't worry too much..."

"I know," Wendy nodded again, then asked anxiously, "Damon hasn't shown up yet. Where could he have gone at such a critical time? Is there any news of him? What if he suddenly shows up at the banquet..."

“Don’t worry.” Grace patted Wendy’s shoulder again, trying to console her. “Even if he made it to P City, he won’t show up here tonight. Presley has arranged for someone to stop him. The engagement ceremony starts at eight. As long as we can delay him for four hours, we’ll be fine!”

Wendy looked visibly relieved. “That’s good.”

She held her hand over her rapidly beating heart. As time passed, she was getting more and more nervous. She knew doing this would bring on many challenges. But if she didn’t, she would never be with Damon. Even if there was only a slim chance, she couldn’t give up.

No one loved Damon more than her in this world. Damon’s choice of Chloe was only because she had been abroad for years, and they didn’t have a chance to get to know each other. Otherwise, there would be no room for Chloe between them, right?

She forced herself to calm down, took a deep breath, and turned to Grace with a confident smile. “Let’s go check out the banquet hall, Mum.”

She couldn’t wait to enjoy the treatment as Damon’s future wife.

Inside the banquet hall, everyone was discussing the engagement news of the Harper Group CEO and the lady of the Alonso family. The news was like a bomb that had exploded right in the middle of the banquet hall.

“Such a surprise, the news of the Harper family’s engagement was announced on the same day.”

“Yeah, they kept it well hidden.”

“But it’s the lady of the Alonso family. The two families have a long history, they match each other in social status, and they grew up together. There’s nothing surprising about this. But they really kept it under wraps.”

“Isn’t it tonight at the Emerald Palace? Which banquet hall?”

“I’m not sure either, I’ll ask around.”

It was the day of the CEO of the Harper Group’s engagement. There was no way the engagement ceremony would be empty. If one could seize this opportunity to establish even a small connection with the Harper family, they would be rapturous.

“I’m actually quite interested in Ms. Chloe’s fiancé. We’ve been speculating for so long, and now the day has finally arrived. It would be a shame to miss it.”

“We’ll find out one day! What’s the difference between knowing today and tomorrow?”

“Right, you hit the nail on the head.” After all, compared to the Harper Group, Starlight International naturally took a backseat.

“Huh? Isn’t that the little lady of the Alonso family?”

Someone shouted out loud, and everybody craned their necks to look.

Wendy, arm in arm with Grace, was slowly descending the spiral staircase.

Chapter 1250

She was dressed in a figure-hugging white gown that accentuated her slender and elegant figure. Her exquisite makeup, gentle and dignified expression, along with her conservative yet unique gown, all exuded a subtle and gentle beauty.

Her face wore a modest smile, her back straight, and her demeanor approachable.

Having grown up as a lady in the Alonso family and often participating in social events, Wendy easily carried herself with grace and propriety.

“Is that the lady of the Alonso family?”

“So beautiful.”

“Exactly, the daughter raised by a big family like this, her demeanor is really extraordinary.”

“Be it her demeanor, looks, or family background, there’s nothing to pick! Being together with the heir of the Harper Group is a match made in heaven!”

People were gathered at the foot of the staircase, watching Wendy, and praising her without reservation. After all, she was the future lady of the Harper family, and complimenting her couldn’t possibly go wrong.

And what Wendy wanted was exactly this kind of atmosphere. See, everyone thinks it was natural for her to be together with Damon.

She had the ability to be the future lady of the Harper family. She was not incapable of standing by Damon’s side! In fact, wasn’t she the most qualified woman to stand by his side?

As Wendy and Grace descended the final step, people flocked around them.

“Congratulations, Ms. Alonso.”

Wendy responded to them with a smile. “Thank you.”

“You’ve kept this secret well, only announcing it when you’re about to be engaged.”

“There were just too many people the Alonso and Harper families needed to invite, so we chose to keep a low profile during our engagement and save the big celebration for the wedding day.”

“That makes sense! But why are you out first? Where’s your fiancé? Why hasn’t he shown up yet?”

Hearing this question, Wendy slightly tightened her grip, and Grace gently patted her, then she managed to lift the corners of her mouth again.

“He had to leave on urgent business a few days ago, but he should be here soon if all goes well.” She spoke softly, coupled with her subtly forced smile, projecting a sense of helplessness that was pitiful.

“I see. But this is such an important day... Well, it’s normal for men to be busy.”

Wendy nodded, appearing to be very understanding. “Yes, he’s managing the Harper family all by himself, so it’s understandable that he’s busy.”

“You’re kind, considerate, beautiful, and intelligent. The president is really lucky to have you. Congratulations to both of you!”

“Thank you.”

Wendy thoroughly enjoyed being surrounded by people who were complimenting her, especially now that she was also the future Mrs. Harper, which made her feel exceptionally superior.

Outside Chloe’s dressing room in the resting area, Kane and his group were sitting on the sofa, the atmosphere somewhat heavy.

“Where’s that old man? I need to talk to him. What the hell is he thinking? What era is this, and he’s still blocking the love of the younger generation?”

Kane was seething, finally unable to restrain himself, and jumped up from the sofa. He looked like he wanted to do more than just talk, like he needed a fight to vent his anger.

Ollie quickly grabbed his arm to prevent him from actually rushing out.

“Why are you holding me back? That old man is clearly doing it on pulling Chloe while Damon is not around?”

“Think you’re brave because your legs got busted?”

The one who spoke was Seth, who was sitting leisurely on the sofa with his long legs crossed, his voice calm and composed. His words, though devoid of emotion, almost infuriated Kane to death.

He had just recently recovered, and if it hadn’t been for Ollie’s womanly conscience, his legs might have been ruined for real.

It was a huge humiliation in his life. And now Seth was intentionally bringing it up.

“Seth...” Standing behind Seth, Danielle felt it was inappropriate, her hand on his shoulder, she reminded him with a slight exertion of force. “Can’t you be more polite?”

Kane completely ignored Danielle, glaring at Seth, wishing he could burn a thousand holes in him.

But Seth just slowly got up from the sofa, glanced at his watch, and said lightly, “I’m leaving.”

“Seth, you’re just leaving like this?”

Kane stood in front of Seth.

Seth looked at him. “If I don’t leave, do you want me to continue sticking around to watch the joke?”

Kane frowned. “Whose joke are you talking about? Chloe’s? You know how awkward it would be for Chloe if Damon didn’t come, and you still want to leave?”

Seth, one hand in his pocket, spoke in a flat tone, but his eyes held a cold smirk. “So I should stay and play the leading man?”

Kane's eyes widened. "You dare have any ideas about Chloe!"

"I wouldn't dare." Seth turned around. "So I'm leaving for now, do you have a problem with that?"

After saying that, he walked past Kane.

"Cold-hearted jerk!" Kane shouted.

Seeing Seth leaving, Danielle also hurriedly followed. "Seth, you..."

"You stay here for now." Seth didn't stop, and just casually said this, obviously not giving her a chance to argue.

Danielle stopped, not understanding why he was leaving but not taking her along. However, he had never abandoned her for no reason before, and besides, he said, "for now". She trusted him, he would definitely come back for her in the end. But she was a bit uneasy because she didn't know what Seth was up to.

Even though she was the woman closest to him, she always felt that she was the one who understood him the least.

"What should we do? There's less than an hour left, what if Damon really doesn't come?" Angie was so anxious that her eyes were red.

She was always a little girl longing for a beautiful love, so she couldn't understand how heartbreaking it would be for a woman to be abandoned at her happiest moment. Even though Chloe seemed not to care at all right now, she must've been upset inside.

Yulia was also anxious on the side. No one could really get why some folks made such a big deal out of ceremonies. Throwing a ceremony was like the straightest route to express what was going on inside.

It was the ceremonies that set one day apart from the rest, one moment from all others. And it was this difference that made a certain day or moment stand out, making it worth remembering.