

CHOSEN 691

Chapter 691

She knew more about a man's inherent pride and ego.

Her casual remark had clearly caught his attention.

Chloe sighed inwardly, leaned in, and planted a kiss on Damon's lips.

It was obvious that she was trying to please him.

Damon held onto her waist, gazing deeply into her eyes.

"What are you doing?"

"You were upset, right? I'm trying to make you happy.",

"I was never upset."

Chloe raised an eyebrow, looking straight at him. "I used to put all my hopes on Lance, but that was a mistake. If I really cared about him, I wouldn't have mentioned him so casually. It's because I don't care anymore that I can mention him without any emotional attachment..."

Damon felt that he had the easiest relationship in the world.

This woman was too smart, perhaps too good at reading people's minds. He was only slightly unhappy, but she easily saw through him and dispelled any lingering

concerns.

In this way...

“You don’t care about him anymore, but you want to remember him for a lifetime?” Since she had seen through him, he might as well be honest with her.

Chloe smiled. Her bright starry eyes shined like the brightest stars in the sky.

“Of course, I want to remember him for a lifetime. Because every time I think of him, I become more aware of how excellent the man who has been with me all along really is...”

Damon felt like he was destined to fall in love with this woman.

“Are you happy now?” Chloe looked up at him, a hint of pride in her smiling eyes.

“When did I ever say I wasn’t happy?” Damon narrowed his eyes.

“Then, what’s the point of me pleasing you? No, will you give me back the kiss I just gave you?”

She reached out to wipe Damon’s lips, but her soft fingertips were caught by him.

“Since you gave me a kiss, I’ll give you one too... no, I have to give you double...”

He said, a wicked smile tugging at the corners of his mouth, and lowered his head to deeply kiss Chloe’s tender lips.

It was supposed to be a joke—like kiss that wasn’t meant to be deep, but as soon as he touched her soft lips, he wanted more.

Chloe let out a soft sigh, looking a bit dazed, and gazed at him through a light mist.

That hazy and confused look was no match for Damon's absolute dominance and desire; it was like a ready-to-pounce lion. Just as he was about to deepen the kiss, a jarring ringtone suddenly sounded.

Chloe was a bit moved by the kiss and her eyes were a bit misty, looking at him through a layer of light mist.

Damon couldn't help wanting to kiss her again. Chloe let out a soft moan and continued to endure Damon's kiss, but when he tried to deepen it, she tilted her head slightly and avoided his kiss.

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Chloe's heart skipped a beat as she felt Damon's gaze on her. She was used to his warmth and indifference, as well as his unique tenderness and indulgence towards her. But occasionally, he would show something that made her deeply aware that this man in front of her had a side she had never seen before.

Her hand, which was resting on his shoulder, slowly fell down, and Chloe's breath was still short and messy with a hint of heat.

"I'm going to answer the phone."

Damon looked down at her, but didn't say anything. Chloe took the initiative to step out of his embrace, and he didn't continue to hold her. They both walked out of the kitchen together.

Chloe answered the phone.

"Uh, Jeanette Randle?"

The deep kiss from earlier still left her voice with a bit of hoarseness, and her throat felt a bit itchy when she spoke.

"Cough..."

“Ms. Summers, are you feeling okay?”

“No. What’s up?”

“Oh, I have a magazine shoot tomorrow and I wanted to ask if you have time to come...”

Jeanette spoke hesitantly, her tone tinged with a hint of shyness.

Chloe raised an eyebrow. It seemed that since Jeanette became a Starlight International artist, she had never actually attended any of her own events.

After pondering for a moment, she said slowly, “Tomorrow?... Let me think about it... Yeah, I’ll try to make it! Good luck! Don’t be nervous...”

“Yeah! I’ll do my best. Thank you, Ms. Summers!”

Chloe chuckled lightly, picked up the water glass on the coffee table, took a sip, and spoke in a calm and gentle tone.

“These are all things you’ve earned for yourself, why are you thanking me?”

Chloe’s tone of voice was undoubtedly the kind that little girls loved, an authoritarian but gentle tone that even ended with a teasing tone.

Jeanette blushed on the other end of the phone and obediently responded, “Well... thank you, anyway.”

“Ha... okay, I’ll check my schedule and see if I can make it tomorrow. Don’t overthink it, get some rest.”

“Okay. Goodnight, Ms. Summers.”

“Goodnight.”

Chloe nodded and smiled softly.

Hearing Jeanette's sweet voice on the phone, Chloe shook her head.

Jeanette still behaved like an immature girl; she was really naive.

Chloe glanced at the time on her phone, sighed lightly, held her phone and turned around, only to see Damon looking at her gloomily, which scared her and made her gasp. When she finally reacted, she

covered her chest and exhaled, "You scared me. Why are you looking at me like that?"

Damon stared at her for a while and then turned his head, saying lightly, "It's getting late, let's go to bed."

Chloe raised an eyebrow, not understanding his sudden change, but nodded in agreement.

While Damon was taking his shower, Chloe sorted out the clothes that they needed to wash and also picked out the clothes they would wear tomorrow.

When Damon finished, Chloe took her shower too.

When she came out, Damon was already lying on the bed, holding a tablet and looking at the stock market.

When he saw Chloe come out, he looked up and stared at her.

"What are you looking at?"

Chloe lifted the covers and climbed into bed. Sharing the same bed had become a habit for them.

“Just looking around”

Damon answered lightly, his eyes following Chloe’s movements

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The moment Chloe touched the soft, warm bedding, she couldn’t help but yawn. She turned towards Damon, clutched the blanket, and closed her eyes.

Damon stared at her, his brows furrowing slightly.

Eventually, he switched off his tablet and tossed it aside. He shifted down, pulling Chloe into his arms.

She opened her eyes, looking at him in confusion. Ever since she finished her phone call, she felt his gaze was a bit inexplicable.

“What’s up?”

Damon lowered his eyes to hers. “Don’t you have anything to tell me?”

Chloe’s eyes were filled with confusion.

“Tell you what?”

Damon’s expression turned even grimmer. “Think about what you just said to Jeanette.”

Chloe suddenly laughed. “Chill out, okay?”

Upon hearing this, Chloe nearly burst into laughter.

Damon saw the mischief in her eyes and, annoyed, he nibbled her face.

“Stop playing dumb!”

“I’m not, you heard me. I was just encouraging Jeanette...”

To

Suddenly, she felt a tickle on her waist. Damon had found her sensitive spot, and Chloe went limp, arching her body and trying to evade Damon’s tickling hand. “Stop, it tickles...”

“Are you going to tell me?”

Damon pulled her back into his arms, his long legs trapping her slender ones, his face looking threatening.

“Okay, okay. Good night. Happy now? Ah-”

Chloe cried out softly as Damon’s hand pinched her waist again..

“Why didn’t you say so in the first place?”

“I’m sorry! Let me go-”

Chloe was no match for Damon’s tactics and was left panting after a few rounds.

“I’ll give you a chance to make up for it.”

Damon squinted, looking at the slightly blushing Chloe.

Chloe took a moment to catch her breath, then rested her head on Damon's arm.

Although Damon had a stern face, he allowed her to do so.

Chloe found a comfortable position, sighed lightly, and looked up at Damon's handsome face, feeling a sense of contentment.

She lifted her chin slightly, stretching to meet his lips with a soft kiss.

After a gentle smooch, she whispered, "Good night."

That was more like it!

Damon smiled in satisfaction. "Good night."

Jeanette's photo shoot was at ten in the morning.

After dealing with some things in the morning, Chloe checked the time and headed to the shoot.

Jeanette's latest project was a collaboration between Glamour magazine and Chopard.

The newest product design was a pair of diamond rings.

The design was unique and clever, featuring a bold combination of black and white. The ingenious part was that the pair of rings could be combined into one.

They intertwined, like two vines wrapped tightly around each other, inseparable.

Chloe was also impressed by the ring. Glamour chose the popular singer Jeanette not only for her popularity but also because of her talent.

If she wasn't mistaken, she could even imagine what the background of the photo shoot would look like.

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When she arrived at the photo shoot location, the backdrop was a high-end, pitch-black canvas – a design that was both simple and classy.

A pure black piano was positioned there, its lid open, the white keys standing out starkly.

Yeah, the scene was just as she'd imagined. But... something about the atmosphere in the studio wasn't right.

Inside the CEO's office at the Harper Group, Nate spoke with a tone that was both nonchalant and respectful.

"Sir, Ms. Lennon, the sales director of Chopard's branch, invites you to visit their jewelry exhibition and the photoshoot of their new jewelry line that's about to hit the market. She also mentioned that she'd like to have lunch with you, if possible."

Damon held an expensive black pen in his hand, absent-mindedly doodling on a document. His hand looking even more clean and elegant.

His expression was unresponsive, and without lifting his head, he simply replied, "Decline."

Nate's face didn't register any surprise. Ever since Mr. Harper returned to the country, he had been keeping a low profile. Still, there was no end to the number of women who were dying to meet him every day.

The smart ones would propose a business collaboration first, then find an opportunity to get closer. This kind of thing happened so often that Nate was a little fed up, not to mention Mr. Harper.

“Understood. I’ll inform the secretary to decline at once.”

When Nate turned to leave, Damon paused in his doodling.

“Hold on.”

Nate halted and turned around, “Mr. Harper?”

“The ad photo shoot for Chopard’s new line?”

“Yes. Chopard is one of the permanent jewelry brands in the Harper family’s various malls.”

Damon pondered for a moment before replying, “Accept it.”

A look of surprise flashed in Nate’s eyes.

Back at the photo shoot location...

Chloe glanced at her wristwatch, her eyebrows furrowing slightly.

The photoshoot should have started by now. However, everyone in the studio had gloomy expressions, and they were idly fiddling with the equipment they were in charge of, not saying a word.

Today, Chloe was dressed in black chiffon pants and a white pinstriped blouse. Her long hair was neatly tied back, swinging behind her head as she walked, looking, fresh and efficient.

“What’s going on?”

Chloe asked, worrying that Jeanette was too nervous to proceed with the shoot, or that there was some problem with her makeup or timing.

When everyone saw Chloe, they perked up a bit out of respect for her. Chloe's public feud with Keira and Pulse Entertainment was well known in the industry. And Jeanette, who was previously in trouble due to some negative news, had a comeback and became a sensation overnight.

Not only did Jeanette rise to fame, but even Chloe was highly sought after. Her ability and decisiveness were somewhat awe-inspiring to those in the industry. "Ms. Summers, you're here."

"Hello, Ms. Summers...."

"Ms. Summers, are you here to see Jeanette?"

"Ms. Summers..."

Chloe responded to each greeting, then turned to a prop master beside her and asked,

"Why has the shoot been paused? Is it because of Jeanette?"

The prop master's face fell.

"No, Jeanette has been great, very obedient."

Chloe let out a small sigh of relief. Describing Jeanette as "obedient" was indeed quite fitting.

"Yeah, Jeanette's great. She came early to get her makeup done. She bought breakfast for us, afraid that she might delay the process. She's just so easy to get along with."

“The most popular star doing the most humble things, yet being stood up by a lesser-known artist. This is a slap in the face for Jeanette.”

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Hearing the news, Chloe’s brows knitted together immediately.

The photography team had been prepping for today’s shoot since the crack of dawn. They were already fed up with the grind of their daily humdrum work, and now they were even less keen on it. Still, they got the job done.

Turns out they had been working their asses off for nothing.

“Jeanette got stood up?”

Chloe furrowed her brows in thought, then it all clicked. She had been focusing solely on the competition entries lately and left all the company’s talent affairs to the managers. Only when she occasionally checked Jeanette’s schedule did she know about today’s plan. As for the specifics, she was clueless.

“Yes, if it wasn’t for Philip being a big shot with killer looks, graceful hands that are pretty as a woman’s, and his piano skills, no one would want to work with him!” Chloe sighed inwardly. These three qualities were indeed a rare combination in a person. It was clear that for today’s shoot, there was no one more fitting for the male lead than Philip

But this Philip...

Chloe pursed her lips and chuckled sarcastically. She had a hunch why he didn’t show up.

He was a man who saw Keira as the goddess of his life, a former suitor turned diehard fan. Now that he had a chance to stand up for Keira, of course he wouldn’t miss it. He stood up Jeanette and the entire photography team. Who was he trying to embarrass? Obviously, it was Chloe!

Jeanette was an artist from Pulse Entertainment who then became one of Chloe's protégés. Chloe helped Jeanette rise to fame, causing Keira to take a steep fall from grace and become the center of everyone's attention. Keira was the object of public scorn. Keira had yet to unleash her anger over the matter.

Now, the time had come.

However, Chloe hadn't seen Philip's move coming. He caught her off guard, which was indeed a bit tricky.

"Shh, zip it. Here comes Shawn. Don't stir up any more trouble."

Shawn had been in a bad mood and just had a major blowup, which had everyone on edge. Seeing Chloe, his gloomy expression didn't lighten up much. Chloe thought for a moment and walked over to Shawn who was fiddling with his camera on a folding chair. His assistant awkwardly nodded at Chloe. "Hi, Shawn."

Chloe initiated the greeting.

Shawn looked up at her, pursed his lips, put down his camera, and returned the greeting.

"Hi"

Chloe smiled slightly, looked around, and then glanced at her watch.

"It's not practical to keep holding up the shoot like this. Have you thought about finding a replacement, Shawn?"

Shawn had just sat down when he heard Chloe's suggestion and let out a sarcastic laugh.

"I've thought about it, but where should I find someone?"

Shawn's attitude was somewhat cold. His assistant nervously explained, "Ms. Summers, the thing is, we chose Philip for a reason. He's good-looking, skilled, and can play the piano. These are all necessary qualities. Moreover, if the media found out about a last-minute cast change, it would undoubtedly tarnish the actor's reputation..." Shawn suddenly kicked the chair next to him in anger and said...

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Shawn kicked a chair to the side with a huff, shouting out, "I don't give a damn about his reputation! I'm the one he stood up today! Look around, our whole crew, more than a dozen people, started preparing early in the morning and he just decided not to show up! And I'm supposed to care about his reputation? He should be glad I haven't called him out yet!"

Everyone in the studio was startled by this sudden outburst. They all clammed up, not daring to breathe too loudly.

"But Shawn, he is..."

"I don't give a fuck about who he is! If he can't be professional, he has no place in this industry",

Chloe, standing nearby, pursed her lips and thought to herself. The rumors about Shawn's bad temper were indeed true. Once you crossed his line, there was no calming him down.

"Yes..." an assistant stammered in agreement.

Seeing Shawn like this, Chloe wisely kept her distance. She pulled out her phone and made a call to her company.

"Can someone find out where Philip is right now?"

The person on the other end of the line was puzzled but agreed to help.

In a high-end café, Philip was leisurely sitting in a secluded booth, sipping coffee.

“Philip, you’re way past the agreed time. Do you think this really okay?” Crysti asked, glancing at her wristwatch again.

Without even lifting his eyelids, Philip replied, “What’s wrong? If you piss me off, you’ve got to pay the price.”

Crysti stood there, bitterness in her heart. “Who pissed you off? Glamour, Chopard, the crew, or Miss Jeanette? Philip, Miss Jeanette is really popular right now, many people want to build connections with her. You’re about to start filming and you have your own movie to shoot, don’t you understand how important your reputation is?”

“Shut up! I have plenty of ways to boost my popularity, and I certainly don’t need to ride Jeanette’s coattails. If it wasn’t for her and Chloe...

His sentence trailed off, after all, Crysti was still his girlfriend.

Crysti could read between the lines. It was because of Keira again.

Crysti clenched her teeth, disappointment written all over her face. “I know you are prideful, but even if you don’t want to ride on Jeanette’s popularity, you should think about your reputation. If the media finds out about this, what will you say?”

“I’m sick, I don’t feel well. Haven’t you ever skipped class?”

At this point, Philip’s assistant received yet another call from the filming crew.

“I’m really sorry, Philip got sick yesterday and he’s on a drip right now. Once he’s finished, we’ll be right over! We’re really sorry.”

Philip looked at Crysti smugly, “Did you hear that? You’ve been with me for so many years and you’re still so rigid.”

Crysti's expression turned cold, no emotion on her face.

"How long do you plan on dragging this out?"

"Why the rush? Let's finish this coffee first."

Crysti didn't say anything else. Instead, her assistant awkwardly stepped forward to remind her,

"Shawn, the photographer, really hates artists acting like spoiled brats. He doesn't care about your excuses, you have to fulfill your promises even under extremely difficult circumstances. Once he gets angry, there's no stopping him..."

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"I don't care about how he's gonna cuss me out, I can't handle the stress of long work hours. I believe everyone would put their health first..."

The assistant looked a bit troubled, "Mr. Reed, it's way past the agreed time, some people might be really steamed! You've made your point, maybe we can wrap it up now..." Philip cracked a smile and took another sip of his coffee..

"Let them huff and puff over the phone. Remember, only agree to go after the third call..."

The assistant sighed in relief, "Alright."

Back at the shooting crew, Shawn's assistant hung up the phone and relayed Philip's assistant's words to Shawn.

"He said he's still on an IV drip, asked us to hold our horses!"

Shawn heaved a sigh, slamming the bottled water he was holding onto the table.

“He had the balls to come up with such an excuse!”

But not long after the call ended, Chloe received a few pictures.

She smirked, walking back to Shawn, “Let’s consider replacing him. Because even if Shawn arrives, I won’t let Jeanette continue shooting.”

Shawn looked up at Chloe in surprise,

“Ms. Summers, what are you getting at?”

Everyone around gathered. This had turned into a big scoop in the entertainment industry.

People in showbiz always wore a mask. Every smile hid another face, looking righteous on the outside but sly on the inside. Even when they couldn’t stand each other, they’d still put on a friendly face. They had never seen such an obvious opposition before.

Chloe’s face showed a hint of frost, her voice icy.

“Shawn, the decision to replace him now is a sign of respect to you. I don’t want to let down all the efforts the team has put in, otherwise, I could wait until Philip arrives, and then replace him right in front of his face.”

Upon hearing this, Shawn’s face softened a bit despite the embarrassment.

The one stood up today was not only him but also Jeanette. As Jeanette’s boss, it was understandable for Chloe to be mad about her artist being neglected. As she said, choosing to replace him now gave him time to find a substitute and avoid causing a stir in his crew.

She chose not to blow her fuse right when Philip arrived, definitely an act of protecting his dignity. But...

“Why this sudden decision?”

Chloe, without hesitation, handed over her phone to Shawn.

“If I can tolerate this, then I’m too soft.”

Shawn took the phone and his face turned grave upon seeing the pictures. In the picture, Philip was evidently enjoying coffee leisurely in a high-end café, with the timestamp being the moment right before his assistant called him.

He was trembling with anger, clutching the phone tightly.

“Philip has really crossed the line, he’s gone too far-”

In a fit of rage, Shawn gave a hard kick forward. The bottled water he just drank was knocked over by the force, instantly flying up, and the entire table fell forward.

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Chloe quickly stepped back, but the icy mineral water still came flying straight at her.

The cold water splashed on her chest, causing her to shiver involuntarily. The coldness made it hard for her to breathe for a moment. “Oh my, Ms. Summers, are you okay?”

Her white striped shirt was soaked, and Chloe quickly covered her chest, walking to the corner of the room with her back to everyone.

The assistant nearby jumped in surprise, and Shawn stood up immediately.

“Quick, get a jacket!”

The situation was chaotic for a moment, but soon someone brought a suit jacket for Chloe. To avoid any embarrassment in front of everyone, Chloe quickly put on the jacket and then shook out her soaked ponytail, tying it behind her head.

“Ms. Summers, I’m so sorry... are you okay?”

Chloe took a deep breath, then turned around from the corner. She frowned, saying coldly, “I’m fine.”

But as soon as Chloe turned around, Shawn’s eyes lit up. He quickly came to her side, walking around Chloe, who was now wearing a somewhat loose suit, twice. Everyone was puzzled by his behavior.

“Shawn, you... Chloe asked, puzzled.

Shawn, however, looked at Chloe excitedly, saying,

“Ms. Summers, you should do the shoot.”

Chloe frowned, “What?”

Everyone also looked confused.

“You should do the shoot, replacing Philip.”

Everyone looked at Chloe, puzzled. This was supposed to be a couple’s photoshoot, but Jeanette and Ms. Summers were both women, how would that work? Chloe seemed to have some guess in mind, and she looked at Shawn.

Shawn nodded, "Give it a try?"

Chloe hesitated for a moment, then finally nodded. After giving the makeup artist some instructions, Shawn waited outside, both nervous and excited.

He was waiting by the small round table in the studio. Usually, he hated waiting for people to do their makeup, but this time, he was actually enjoying it.

At this time, outside the studio, a white car stopped steadily, followed by the opening of the driver's door.

A striking figure in red walked out of the car, then slammed the car door shut with a "bang", shook her head lightly, and her voluminous golden curls swayed beautifully on her shoulders in the sunlight.

The woman was wearing a tight red dress, with a soft, slender waist, a full chest, and a fantastic figure.

She walked past the car, up the steps next to it, looking at the low-key, luxurious black car slowly driving up behind her. Her beautiful face, her red lips slightly upturned, forming a perfect curve.

The black Bentley slowly stopped. Nate was the first one to get out of the car. He walked quickly to the back of the car, intending to open the door. However, the woman beat him to it.

"Mr. Harper, please"

Her smile was bright, yet at the same time alluring and sexy. The man in the car, Damon, slightly shifted his body and got out of the car.

A tall figure stood in front of the car, nodding politely to the attendant

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Although it was still Chloe's face, with a switch from women's clothing to men's clothing and long hair to short hair, the demeanor was completely different. They never would have thought that the extremely handsome person in front of them was Chloe, who identified as a woman.

Shawn slowly stood up from his chair. As a photographer with many years of experience, he could immediately tell that the person in front of him was Chloe. Although he had mentally prepared himself beforehand, he was still deeply stunned when Chloe appeared,

Perfect, simply too perfect.

He looked straight at Chloe and clumsily wiped the water droplets from his lips before slowly walking towards her.

Chloe looked at Shawn calmly. As Shawn approached her, he realized that it was not just her excellent appearance, but also her cold and aloof demeanor that had a strong influence hidden within it.

The closer Shawn got to her, the more he felt that pressure.

As the female CEO of Starlight International, Chloe's accumulated prestige over the years was not to be underestimated.

Damon squinted his eyes and looked at the extremely handsome "man" in the distance. His calm expression finally changed slightly. A suspicion slowly arose in his mind. He gradually furrowed his brow.

Nate easily sensed the change in Damon's aura, but had no idea what was happening.

He took two more steps forward, looked up, and immediately noticed the most attractive "man" above.

That man, in his immaculate white suit, fair skin, exquisite and perfect features, and unique demeanor, became the most attractive one.

When he saw that figure, Nate even felt that a divine white light radiated from the man's body. He had always thought that there was no one more perfect in this world than Damon. However, upon seeing the handsome man in the white suit not far away, he changed his thought.

However, why did this person look so familiar? Nate felt that he had seen that man somewhere before. But if he had seen him before, how could he not know? "What's wrong, Mr. Harper..."

Lennon, who was beside him, was puzzled by Damon's pause and the displeased aura emanating from him. He followed his gaze and looked at the figure, and his voice also trailed off.

Good Lord, what a handsome man!

At this moment, Jeanette, wearing a long black dress, slowly walked out from behind Chloe.

When she stood in front of Chloe and looked at her face, a blush suddenly appeared on her face. Her eyes also seemed a bit flustered and shy. Jeanette stared blankly at her for a few seconds, then struggled to avert her gaze and politely said to Chloe, "Hello, this is our first collaboration."

Chloe couldn't help but raise her carefully crafted eyebrows. This subtle movement carried a hint of mysterious charm.

Jeanette's heart suddenly skipped a beat, and she quickly lowered her head, not daring to look at the handsome man's face again.

Chloe found Jeanette's reaction a bit amusing.